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For the People.

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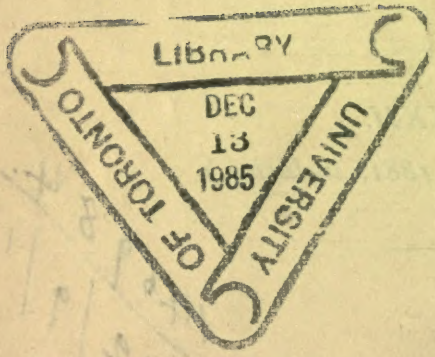

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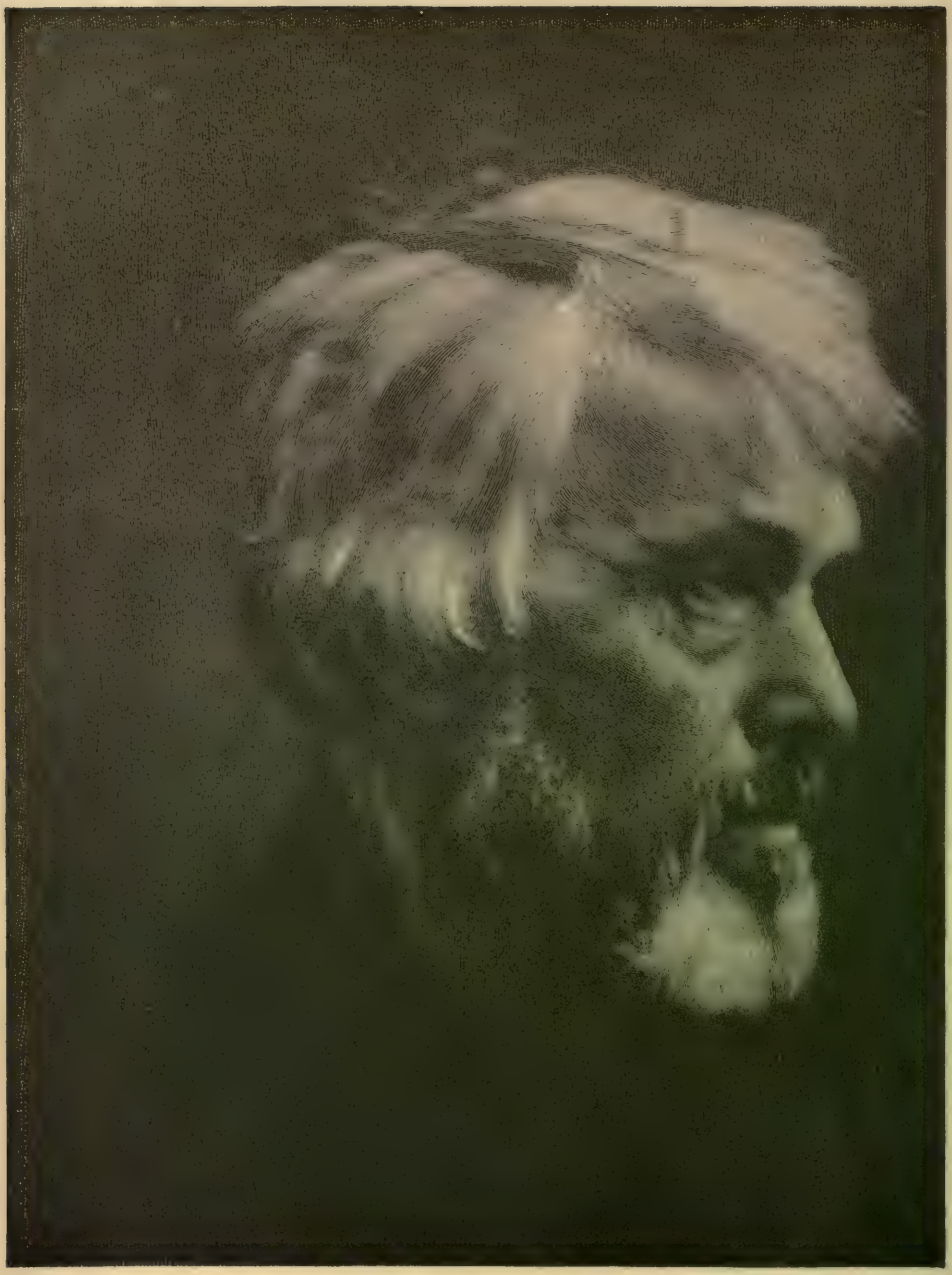

T. Carlyle

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THE WILD SHEEP OF THE SIERRA.

THE wild sheep ranks highest among the animal mountaineers of the Sierra. Possessed of keen sight and scent, immovable nerve, and strong limbs, he dwells secure amid the loftiest summits of the Alps, from one extremity of the range to the other; leaping unscathed from crag to crag, up and down the fronts of giddy precipices, crossing foaming torrents and slopes of frozen snow, exposed to the wildest storms, yet maintaining a brave, warm life, and developing from generation to generation in perfect strength and beauty.

Nearly all the lofty mountain chains of the globe are inhabited by wild sheep, which, by the best naturalists, are classified under five distinct species. These are the argali (*Ovis ammon*, Linn.), found throughout all the principal ranges of Asia; the burrhal (*Ovis burrhel*) of the upper Himalayas; the Corsican moufflon (*Ovis musimon*, Pal.); the African wild sheep (*Ovis tragelephus*, Cuv.); and the American big horn, or Rocky Mountain sheep (*Ovis montana*, Cuv.) To this last-named species belongs the wild sheep of the Sierra Nevada. Its range, according to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, extends "from the region of the upper Missouri and Yellowstone, to the Rocky Mountains and the high grounds adjacent to them on the eastern slope, and as far south as the Rio Grande. Westward it extends to the coast ranges of Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, and follows the highlands some distance into Mexico."* Throughout the vast region bounded on the east and west by the Wasatch Mountains and the Sierra, there are more than a hundred independent ranges and mountain groups, trending north and south in close succession, range beyond range, with summits rising from eight to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, every one of which, according to my own observations, is, or has been, inhabited by this species.

Compared with the argali, which, considering its size and the vast extent of its range, is probably the most important of all the wild sheep, our species is, perhaps, a little larger, and the horns are more regularly curved, and less divergent. The more important characteristics are, however, essentially the same, some of the best naturalists maintaining that the two are only varied forms of one species. In accordance with this view, Cuvier conjectures that the argali may have been distributed over this continent from Asia by crossing Behring Straits on ice.

On account of the extreme variability of the sheep under culture, it is generally supposed that the innumerable domestic breeds have all been derived from the few wild species; but the whole question is involved in obscurity. According to Darwin, sheep have been domesticated from a very ancient period, the remains of a small breed, differing from any now known, having been found in the famous Swiss lake dwellings.

Compared with the best-known domestic breeds, we find that our wild species is more than twice as large; and, instead of an all-wool garment, the wild wears a thick overcoat of hair like that of the deer, and an under-covering of fine wool. The hair, though rather coarse, is comfortably soft and spongy, and lies smooth, as if carefully tended with comb and brush. The predominant color during most of the year is brownish-gray, varying to bluish-gray in the autumn; the belly and a large, conspicuous patch on the buttocks are white; and the tail, which is very short, like that of a deer, is black, with a yellowish border.

* Pacific Railroad Survey, Vol. viii., page 678.

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The wool is always white, and grows in beautiful spirals down out of sight among the straight, shining hair, like delicate climbing vines among stalks of corn.

The horns of the male are of immense size, measuring in their greater diameter from five to six and a half inches, and from two and a half to three feet in length around the curve. They are yellowish-white in color, and ridged transversely, like those of the domestic ram. Their cross-section near the base is somewhat triangular in outline, and flattened over toward the tip. In rising from the head, they curve gently backward and outward, then forward and outward, until about three-fourths of a circle is described, and until the flattened, blunt tips are about two feet apart. Those of the female are flattened throughout their entire length, less curved than those of the male, and much smaller, measuring less than a foot along the curve.

A ram and ewe that I obtained near the Modoc lava-beds, to the north-east of Mount Shasta, measured as follows:

	Ram. ft.	in.	Ewe. ft.	in.
Height at shoulders	3	6	3	0
Girth around shoulders	3	11	3	3¾
Length from nose to root of tail	5	10¼	4	3½
Length of ears	0	4¾	0	5
Length of tail	0	4½	0	4½
Length of horns around curve	2	9	0	11½
Distance across from tip to tip of horns	2	5½		
Circumference of horns at base	1	4	0	6

The measurements of a male obtained in the Rocky Mountains by Audubon vary but little as compared with the above.

SNOW-BOUND ON MOUNT SHASTA.

The weight of his specimen was three hundred and forty-four pounds,* which is, perhaps, about an average for full-grown males. The females are about a third lighter.

Besides these differences in size, color, clothing, etc., as noted above, we may observe that the domestic sheep, in a general way, is expressionless, like a dull bundle

* Audubon and Bachman's "Quadrupeds of North America."

of something only half alive, while the wild is as elegant and graceful as a deer, and every movement tells the strength and grandeur of his character. The tame is timid; the wild is bold. The tame is always more or less ruffled and dirty; while the wild is as smooth and clean as the flowers of his mountain pastures.

The earliest mention that I have been able to find of the wild sheep in America is by Father Picolo, a Catholic missionary at Monterey, in the year 1797, who, after describing it, oddly enough, as "a kind of deer with a sheep-like head, and about as large as a calf one or two years old," naturally hurries on to remark: "I have eaten of these beasts; their flesh is very tender and delicious." Mackenzie, in his northern travels, heard the species spoken of by the Indians as "white buffaloes." And Lewis and Clark tell us that, in a time of great scarcity on the head-waters of the Missouri, they saw plenty of wild sheep, but they were "too shy to be shot."

A few of the more energetic of the Pah Ute Indians hunt the wild sheep every season among the more accessible of the California Alps, in the neighborhood of passes, where, from having been pursued, they have at length become extremely wary; but in the rugged wilderness of peaks and cañons, where the foaming tributaries of the San Joaquin and King's rivers take their rise, they fear no hunter save the wolf, and are more guileless and approachable than their tame kindred.

I have been greatly interested in studying their habits during the last ten years, while engaged in the work of exploring those high regions where they delight to roam. In the months of November and December, and probably during a considerable portion of midwinter, they all flock together, male and female, old and young. I once found a complete band of this kind numbering upward of fifty, which, on being alarmed, went bounding away across a jagged lava-bed at admirable speed, led by a majestic old ram, with the lambs safe in the middle of the flock.

In spring and summer, the full-grown rams form separate bands of from three to twenty, and are usually found feeding along the edges of glacier meadows, or resting among the castle-like crags of the high summits; and whether quietly feeding, or scaling the wild cliffs for pleasure, their noble forms, and the power and beauty of their movements, never fail to strike the beholder with lively admiration.

Their resting-place seems to be chosen with reference to sunshine and a wide outlook, and most of all to safety from the attacks of wolves. Their feeding-grounds are among the most beautiful of the wild gardens, bright with daisies, and gentians, and mats of purple bryanthus, lying hidden away on rocky headlands and cañon sides, where sunshine is abundant, or down in shady glacier valleys, along the banks of the streams and lakes, where the plushy sod is greenest. Here they feast all summer, the happy wanderers, perhaps relishing the beauty as well as the taste of the lovely flora on which they feed, however slow tame men may be to guess their capacity beyond grass.

When winter storms set in, loading their highland pastures with snow, then, like the birds, they gather and go to warmer climates, usually descending the eastern flank of the range to the rough, volcanic table-lands and treeless ranges of the Great Basin adjacent to the Sierra. They never make haste, however, and seem to have no dread of storms, many of the strongest only going down leisurely to bare, wind-swept ridges, to feed on bushes and dry bunch-grass, and then returning up into the snow. Once I was snow-bound on Mount Shasta for three days, a little below the timber-line. It was a dark and stormy time, well calculated to test the skill and endurance of mountaineers. The snow-laden gale drove on night and day in hissing, blinding floods, and when at length it began to abate, I found that a small band of wild sheep had weathered the storm in the lee of a clump of dwarf pines a few yards above my storm-nest, where the snow was eight or ten feet deep. I was warm back of a rock, with blankets, bread, and fire. My brave companions lay in the snow, without food, and with only the partial shelter of the short trees, yet made no sign of suffering or faint-heartedness.

In the months of May and June, they bring forth their young, in the most solitary and inaccessible crags, far above the nesting-rocks of the eagle. I have frequently come upon the beds of the ewes and lambs at an elevation of from twelve to thirteen thousand feet above sea-level. These beds are simply oval-shaped hollows, pawed out among loose, disintegrating rock-chips and sand, upon some sunny spot commanding a good outlook, and partially sheltered from the winds that sweep those lofty peaks almost without intermission. Such is the cradle of the little mountaineer, aloft in the

very sky; rocked in storms, curtained in clouds, sleeping in thin, icy air; but, wrapped in his hairy coat, and nourished by a strong, warm mother, defended from the talons of the eagle and teeth of the sly coyote, the bonnie lamb grows apace. He soon learns to nibble the tufted rock-grasses and leaves of the white spiræa; his horns begin to shoot, and before summer is done he is strong and agile, and goes forth with the flock, watched by the same divine love that tends the more helpless human lamb in its warm cradle by the fireside.

Nothing is more commonly remarked by noisy, dusty trail-travelers in the high Sierra than the want of animal life—no birds, no deer, no squirrels. But if such could only go away quietly into the wilderness, sauntering afoot with natural deliberation, they would soon learn that these mountain mansions are not without inhabitants, many of whom, confiding and gentle, would not try to shun their acquaintance.

In the fall of 1873 I was tracing the South Fork of the San Joaquin up its wild cañon to its farthest glacier fountains. It was the season of Alpine Indian summer. The sun beamed lovingly; the squirrels were nutting in the pine-trees, butterflies hovered about the last of the golden-rods, willow and maple thickets were yellow, the meadows were brown, and the whole sunny, mellow landscape glowed like a countenance with the deepest and sweetest repose. On my way over the shining, glacier-polished rocks along the foaming river, I came to an expanded portion of the cañon, about two miles long and half a mile wide, inclosed with picturesque granite walls, like those of Yosemite Valley, the river pouring its crystal floods through garden, meadow, and grove in many a sun-spangled curve.

This hidden Yosemite was full of wild life. Deer, with their supple, well-grown fawns, bounded from thicket to thicket as I advanced. Grouse kept rising from the

HEAD OF THE MERINO RAM (DOMESTIC).

HEAD OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN WILD SHEEP.

brown grass with a great whirring of wings, and, alighting on low branches of pine or poplar, allowed a near approach, as if pleased to be observed. Farther on, a broad-shouldered wild-cat showed himself, coming out of a grove, and crossing the river on a flood-jamb of logs, halting for a moment to look back. The bird-like tamias frisked about my feet everywhere among the pine-needles and seedy grass-tufts. Cranes waded the shallows of the river-bends, the kingfisher rattled from perch to perch, and the blessed ouzel sang amid the spray of every cascade. Where may lonely wanderer find a more beautiful family of mountain-dwellers, earth-born companions, and fellow-mortals? It was afternoon when I joined them, and the glorious landscape faded in the gloaming before I awoke from their enchantment. Then I sought a camp-ground on the river-bank, made a cup-ful of tea, and lay down to sleep on a smooth place among the yellow leaves of an aspen grove. Next day I discovered yet grander landscapes and grander life. Following the curves of the river, over huge, swelling rock-bosses, and past innumerable cascades, the scenery in general became gradually more Alpine. The sugar-pine and silver-fir gave place to the hardier cedar and Williamson spruce. The cañon walls became more rugged and bare, and gentians and Arctic daisies became more abundant in the gardens and strips of meadow along the streams. Toward the middle of the afternoon I came to another valley, strikingly wild and original in all its features, and perhaps never before touched by human foot. As regards area of level bottom-land, it is one of the very smallest

of the San Joaquin Yosemites, but its walls are sublime in height, rising at a bound into the thin sky two to four thousand feet above the river. At the head of the valley the main cañon forks, as is found to be the case in all Yosemites. The formation of this one is due to the action of two vast ice-rivers, whose fountains lay to the eastward, on the flanks of Mounts Humphrey and Emerson, and a cluster of nameless peaks farther south. On the slow recession of those rock-grinding glaciers, at the close of the Glacial Period, this valley basin came to light: first a lake, then a sedgy meadow, then, after being filled in with flood and avalanche bowlders, and planted with trees and grasses, it became the Yosemite of to-day—a range for wild sheep and wild men.

The gray bowlder-chafed river was singing loudly through the valley, but above its massy roar I heard the deep booming of a water-fall, which drew me eagerly on. Emerging from the tangled avalanche of groves and briers at the head of the valley, there in full view appeared the young San Joaquin fresh from its glacier fountains, falling white and free in a glorious cascade, between granite walls two thousand feet high. The steep incline down which the glad waters thundered seemed to bar all farther progress. It was not long, however, before I discoved a crooked seam in the rock, by which I was enabled to climb to the edge of a terrace that crosses the cañon, and divides the cataract nearly in the middle. Here I sat down to take breath and make some entries in my notebook, taking advantage, at the same time, of my elevated position above the trees to gaze back over the valley into the heart of the noble landscape, little knowing the while what neighbors were near.

After spending a few irregular minutes in this way, I chanced to look across the fall, and there stood three sheep quietly observing me. Never did the sudden appearance of a mountain, or water-fall, or human friend, so forcibly seize and rivet my attention. Anxiety to observe accurately on so rare an occasion checked boisterous enthusiasm. Eagerly I marked the flowing undulations of their firm, braided muscles, their strong legs, ears, eyes, heads, their graceful, rounded necks, the color of their hair, and the bold, upsweeping, cycloidal curve of their noble horns. When they moved I devoured every gesture, while they, in nowise disconcerted either by my attention or by the tumultuous roar of the falling water, advanced deliberately alongside the rapids between the two divisions of the cataract, turning now and then to look at me. Presently they came to a steep, ice-burnished acclivity, which they ascended by a quick succession of short, stiff-legged leaps, reaching the top without a struggle. This was the most startling feat of mountaineering I had ever witnessed, and, considering only the mechanics of the thing, one's astonishment could hardly have been greater had they displayed wings and taken to flight. "Sure-footed mules" on such ground would have fallen and rolled like loosened bowlders. Many a time, where the slopes were far lower, I have been compelled to take off my shoes and stockings, tie them to my belt, and creep barefoot with the utmost caution. No wonder then that I watched the progress of these animal mountaineers with keen sympathy, and exulted in the boundless sufficiency of wild nature displayed in their invention, construction, and keeping. But judge the measure of my good fortune when, a few minutes later, I caught sight of a dozen more in one band, near the foot of the upper fall. They were standing on the same side of the river with me, distant only twenty-five or thirty yards, and looking as unworn and perfect as if created on the spot. It appeared by their tracks, which I had seen on the meadow, and by their present position, that when I came up the cañon they were all feeding together down in the valley, and in their haste to reach high ground, where they could look about them to ascertain the nature of the strange disturbance, they were divided, three ascending on one side the river, the rest on the other. The main band, headed by an experienced chief, now began to cross the rapids. This was another exciting feat; for, among all the varied experiences of mountaineers, the crossing of boisterous, rock-dashed torrents is found to be the most trying to the nerves. Yet these fine, brave fellows walked fearlessly to the brink, and jumped from bowlder to bowlder, holding themselves in perfect poise above the whirling, confusing current, as if they were doing nothing extraordinary.

The immediate foreground of this rare picture was glossy, ice-burnished granite, traversed by a few bold lines in which grew rock-ferns and tufts of healthy bryanthus, with the gray cañon walls on the sides, nobly sculptured and adorned with brown cedars and pines. In the distance were lofty peaks dipping into the azure, and in the mid-

dle-ground was the snowy fall, the voice and soul of the landscape; fringing bushes beating time to its thunder-tones, the brave sheep in front of it; their gray forms slightly obscured in the spray, yet standing out in good heavy relief against the close white water,—their huge horns rising and curving in the midst like the upturned roots of dead pine-trees, while the evening sunbeams streaming up the cañon gilded and glorified all. After crossing the river, the dauntless climbers, led on by their chief, at once began to scale the cañon wall, turning now right, now left, in long, single file, keeping well apart out of one another's way, and leaping in regular succession from crag to crag, now ascending slippery dome-curves, now walking leisurely along the edges of precipices, stopping, at times, to gaze down at me from some flat-topped rock, with heads held aslant, as if curious to learn what I thought about it, or whether I was likely to follow them. After reaching the top of the wall, which, at this place, is somewhere between one thousand five hundred, and two thousand feet high, they were still visible against the sky as they lingered, looking down in groups of two or three, giving rare animation to the wilderness.

Throughout the entire ascent they did not make a single awkward step, or an unsuccessful effort of any kind. I have frequently seen tame sheep in mountains jump upon a sloping rock-surface, hold on tremulously a few seconds, and fall back baffled and irresolute. But in the most trying situations, where the slightest want or inaccuracy would have resulted in destruction, these always seemed to move in comfortable reliance on their strength and skill, the limits of which they never appeared to know. Moreover, each one of the flock, while following the guidance of the most experienced, yet climbed with intelligent independence as a perfect individual, capable of separate existence whenever it should wish or be compelled to withdraw from the little clan. The domestic sheep, on the contrary, is only a fraction of an animal, a whole flock being required to form an individual, just as numerous florets are required to make one complete sunflower.

Those shepherds who, in summer, drive their flocks to the mountain pastures, and, while watching them night and day, have seen them torn to pieces by bears, disintegrated by storms, and scattered diverse like wind-driven chaff, will, in some measure, be able to appreciate the self-reliance and strength and noble individuality of nature's sheep.

Like the Alp-climbing ibex of Europe, our mountaineer is said to plunge headlong down the faces of sheer precipices and alight on his big horns. I know only two hunters who claim to have actually witnessed this feat. I never was so fortunate. They describe the act as a diving head-foremost. The horns are so large at the base that they cover all the upper portion of the head down nearly to a level with the eyes, and the skull is exceedingly strong. I struck an old, bleached specimen on Mount Ritter a dozen blows with my ice-ax without breaking it. Such skulls would not fracture very readily by the wildest rock-diving, but other bones could hardly be expected to hold together in such a performance; and the mechanical difficulties in the way of controlling their movements, after striking upon an irregular surface, are, in themselves, sufficient to show this bowlder-like method of progression to be impossible, even in the absence of all other evidence on the subject; moreover, the ewes follow wherever the rams may lead, and their horns are mere spikes. I have found many pairs of horns considerably battered—a result, most likely, of fighting, though, when a great leap is made, they may possibly seek to lighten the shock by striking their heads against anything that may chance to be favorably situated for the purpose, just as men mountaineers do with their hands. I have been interested in the question, after witnessing the performances of the San Joaquin band upon the glaciated rocks at the foot of the falls, and as soon as I procured specimens and examined their feet, all the mystery disappeared. The secret, considered in connection with exceptionally strong muscles, is simply this: the wide posterior portion of the bottom of the foot, instead of wearing down and becoming flat and hard, like the feet of tame sheep and horses, bulges out in a soft, rubber-like pad or cushion, which not only grips and holds well on smooth rocks, but fits into small cavities, and down upon or against slight protuberances. Even the hardest portions of the edge of the hoof are comparatively soft and elastic; furthermore, the toes admit of an extraordinary amount of both lateral and vertical motion, allowing the foot to accommodate itself still more perfectly to the irregularities of rock surfaces, and at the same time increasing the gripping power.

CROSSING A CAÑON STREAM.

At the base of Sheep Rock, one of the winter strongholds of the Shasta flocks, there lives a stock-raiser who has the advantage of observing the movements of wild sheep every winter; and, in the course of a conversation with him on the subject of their diving habits, he pointed to the front of a lava headland about a hundred and fifty feet high, which is only eight or ten degrees out of the perpendicular. "There," said he, "I followed a band of them fellows to the back of that rock yonder, and expected to capture them all, for I thought I had a dead thing on them. I got behind them on a narrow bench that runs along the face of the wall near the top, and comes to an end where they couldn't get away without falling and being killed; but they jumped off, and landed all right, as if that were the regular thing with them."

"What!" said I, "jumped a hundred and fifty feet! Did you see them do it?"

"No," he replied, "I didn't see them going down, for I was behind them; but I saw them go off over the brink, and then I went below and found their tracks where they struck on the loose *débris* at the bottom. They *sailed right off*, and landed on their feet right side up. That's the kind of animal *they* is—beats anything else that goes on four legs."

On another occasion, a flock that was pursued by hunters retreated to another portion of this same cliff where it is still higher, and, on being followed, they were seen jumping down in perfect order, one behind another, by two men who happened to be chopping where they had a fair view of them and could watch their progress from top to bottom. Both ewes and rams made the frightful descent without evincing any extraordinary concern, hug-

ging close to the rock and controlling the velocity of their half falling, half leaping movements by striking at short intervals and holding back with their cushioned, rubber feet upon small ledges and roughened inclines until near the bottom, when they "sailed off" into the free air and alighted on their feet, but with their bodies so nearly in a vertical position that they appeared to be diving.

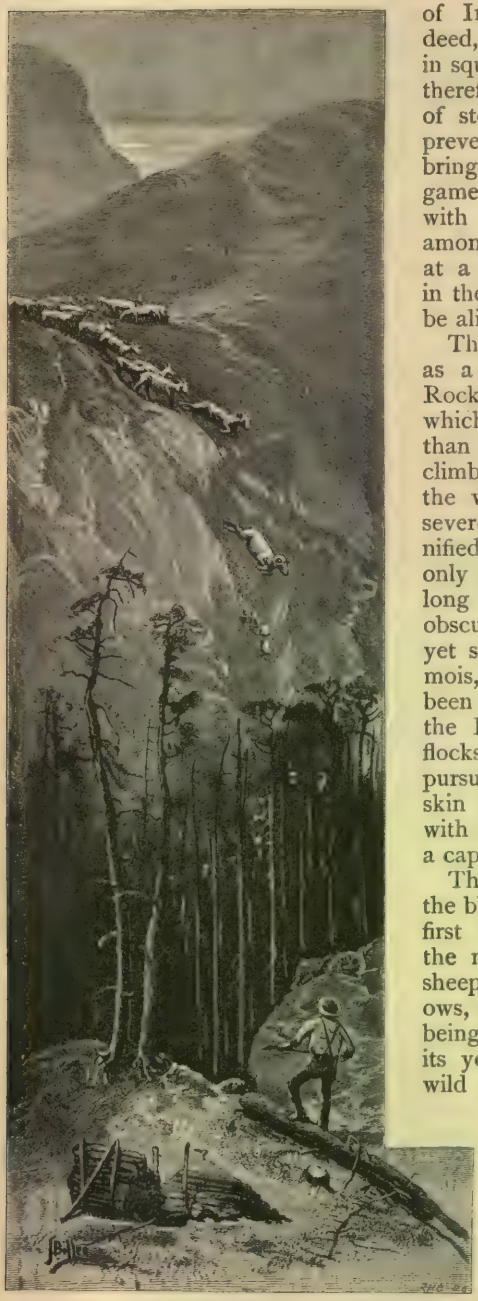
It appears, therefore, that the methods of this wild mountaineering become clearly comprehensible as soon as we make ourselves acquainted with the rocks, and the kind of feet and muscles brought to bear upon them.

The Modoc and Pah Ute Indians are, or, rather, have been, the most successful hunters of the wild sheep. Great numbers of heads and horns belonging to animals killed by them are found accumulated in the caves of the lava-beds and Mount Shasta, and in the upper cañons of the Alps opposite Owens Valley, while the heavy obsidian arrow-heads found on some of the highest peaks show that this warfare has long been going on.

In the more accessible ranges that stretch across the desert regions of western Utah and Nevada, considerable numbers of Indians used to hunt in company like packs of wolves, and being perfectly acquainted with the topography of their hunting-grounds, and with the habits and instincts of the game, they were pretty successful. On the tops of nearly every one of the Nevada mountains that I have visited, I found small, nest-like inclosures built of stones, in which, as I afterward learned, one or more Indians lay in wait while their companions scoured the ridges below, knowing that the alarmed sheep would surely run to the summit, and when they could be made to approach with the wind they were shot at short range.

INDIANS HUNTING WILD SHEEP.

Still larger bands of Indians used to make grand hunts upon some dominant mountain much frequented by the sheep, such as Mount Grant on the Wassuck Range to the west of Walker Lake. On some particular



WILD SHEEP JUMPING OVER A PRECIPICE.

spot, favorably situated with reference to the well-known trails of the sheep, they built a high-walled corral, with long guiding wings, diverging from the gate-way; and into this inclosure they sometimes succeeded in driving the noble game. Great numbers of Indians were of course required, more, indeed, than they could usually muster, counting in squaws, children, and all; they were compelled, therefore, to build rows of dummy hunters out of stones, along the ridge-tops they wished to prevent the sheep from crossing. And, without bringing any discredit upon the sagacity of the game, these dummies are found effective; for, with a few live Indians moving about excitedly among them, they can hardly be distinguished, at a little distance from men, by any one not in the secret. The whole ridge-top then seems to be alive with hunters.

The only animal that may fairly be regarded as a companion of our sheep is the so-called Rocky Mountain goat (*Aplocerus montana*, Rich.), which, as its name indicates, is more antelope than goat. He, too, is a brave and hardy climber, fearlessly accompanying the sheep on the wildest summits, and braving with him the severest storms; but smaller, and much less dignified in demeanor. His jet-black horns are only about five or six inches in length, and the long white hair with which he is covered must obscure the expression of his limbs. I have never yet seen a living specimen of this American chamois, although a few bands, it is said, have been found in the Sierra. In some portions of the Rocky and Cascade mountains it occurs in flocks of considerable size, where it is eagerly pursued by the Indians, who make use of its skin in various ways as clothing, that of the head with the horns attached being sometimes worn as a cap.

Three species of deer are found in California—the black-tailed, white-tailed, and mule-deer. The first mentioned (*Cervus Columbianus*) is by far the most abundant, and occasionally meets the sheep during the summer on high glacier meadows, and along the edge of the timber-line; but being a forest animal, seeking shelter and rearing its young in dense thickets, it seldom visits the wild sheep in its higher homes. The antelope, though not a mountaineer, is occasionally met in winter by the sheep while feeding along the edges of the sage-plains and bare volcanic hills to the east of the Sierra. So also is the mule-deer, which is almost restricted in its range to this eastern region. The white-tailed species belongs to the coast-ranges.

Perhaps no wild animal in the world is without enemies, but highlanders, as a class, have fewer than lowlanders. The wily panther, slipping and crouching among long grass and bushes, pounces upon the antelope and deer, but seldom crosses the bald, craggy thresholds of the sheep. Neither can the bears be regarded as enemies;

for, though they seek to vary their every-day diet of nuts and berries by an occasional meal of mutton, they prefer to hunt tame and helpless flocks. Eagles and coyotes, no doubt, capture an unprotected lamb at times, or some unfortunate beset in deep, soft snow, but these cases are little more than accidents. So, also, a few perish in long-continued snow-storms, though, in all my mountaineering, I have not found more than five or six that seemed to have met their fate in this way. A little band of three were discovered snow-bound in Bloody Cañon a few years ago, and were killed with an ax by some travelers who chanced to be crossing the range in winter.

Man, being the most powerful, is the most dangerous enemy of all, but even from him our brave mountain-dweller has little to fear in the remote solitudes of the Alps. The golden plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin were lately thronged with bands of elk and antelope, but, being fertile and accessible, they were required for human pastures. So also are the magnificent feeding-grounds of the deer—hill, valley, forest, and meadow, but it will be long ere man will care to take the highland castles of the sheep. And when we consider here how rapidly entire species of noble animals, such as the elk, moose, and buffalo, are being pushed to the very verge of extinction, all lovers of wildness will rejoice with me in the rocky security of *Ovis Montana*, the bravest inhabitant of the California Alps.

CALPURNIA.

I.

PRELUDE.

Hot was the noon and heavy. A pitiless, quivering brightness
Hung in the motionless air; and o'er the abodes of the Cæsars
Broke the fierce breath of the sun from the fathomless deeps of the heavens.
Tiber, the ancient, had shrunk in his bed, and, with sluggish pulsations,
Languished his tawny blood in his veins as he crept 'neath the arches,—
Crept 'neath the walls of the city of Mars to the happy Campagna.
Gray was the grass on his banks, and the far-spreading crowns of the palm-trees
Hung with a nerveless droop. Among the rank-growing rushes
Stirred no murmuring breeze; and, hid in the gloom of the ilex,
Moped the voiceless birds. Beneath the arcades of the temples
Brooded the spirit of silence; around the sculptured altars
Drowsed in the wide and tenantless space the heavy-eyed augurs,
Waiting in vain for the worshipers' tread and the prayers of the faithful,
Offering votive gifts on the shrines of the lofty Immortals.
Lo! without, on the Forum the stately façades and the columns,
Lifted their snowy shapes against the deep blue of the ether,
Grave, and placid, and pure, like the thought of a god of Olympus
Swiftly congealed to stone in its large primeval perfection.
Soundless and white was the noon; and, under the resonant arches,
Rose in trembling wavelets the air from the sun-smitten pavements,
And a bright lizard, perchance, that noiselessly slid o'er the marble,
Flashed his golden-brown throat, and a hound slunk by in the shadow,
Sadly, with lolling tongue. Thus, desolate, silent, and weary,
Slept the great city at noon, the city of Mars and the Cæsars.

"AROUND THE SCULPTURED ALTARS
DROWSED IN THE WIDE AND TENANTLESS SPACE THE HEAVY-EYED AUGURS."

II.

IN THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

High on the Palatine Hill, within the cool courts of his palace,
Stretched on the tawny skin of a beast from the African jungles,
Lay Maxentius Cæsar, the scourge of the angry Immortals.
Huge was his frame and seamed with the scars of manifold battles;
Rough-hewn his face and uncouth. A savage, barbarian cunning
Lurked in his keen black eyes 'neath the bulging wall of his forehead,
Furrowed across with a blood-red streak from the rim of the helmet.
Bearded, burly, and fierce, like the men from Teutonian forest:

"THE MAIDS OF THE VIRGINAL VESTA."

Such was Maxentius Cæsar. In Diocletian's absence,
Held he the scepter of Mars and ruled the realm of the Romans.
Close to the Emperor's couch, where the whispering spray of the fountains
Fell with its cooling breath from the tortuous horns of the Tritons,
Stood, with helmet in hand, Ausonius Mycon, the prætor;
Tall and noble his growth, and his face was clear as Apollo's.
"Wroth are the gods," quoth Cæsar. "Great Jove from the high-vaulted heavens
Thunders in cloudless space, but sends no rain to refresh us.
Parched is the land, and the fruits of the earth are sapless and withered.
Have I not hearkened unto the voice of the priests and the augurs
Spying dark omens and signs amid the firmament's arches—
Bulls with flaming horns that dashed through the glittering star-world,
Black-winged birds that filled with their screams the heavens at midnight?
And in the steaming entrails of sacrificial cattle
Ill-boding signs have appeared. The maids of the virginal Vesta,
Late at their shuddering watch by the sacred fire of the goddess,
Thrice have swooned with dread, and terrible visions affright them.
Wroth are the gods; for they brook not the impious worship of Jesus
Risen (they say) from the dead,—a Galilean impostor,—
Brook not the presence of men who sleepless walk in the darkness,
Plotting disaster and death to the city of Mars and the Cæsars—
Who, in the stillness of night, with horrid rites of the Orient
Stain the fair face of the earth. The gods in their vengeance have wakened,
And, at the games which to-morrow will gather the flower of the Romans
Densely about the arena, the foes of the lofty Immortals
Shall with the reeking dust of the earth which their feet have polluted
Mingle their blood; and Death's keen tooth shall sting through their entrails."

Thus in wrath spoke Cæsar; Ausonius Mycon, the prætor,
Lifted his mournful eye, but tamed his tongue, for he dared not
Free the tumultuous thoughts which wrestled with might in his bosom.
And as he wavering stood he beheld, 'mid the blooming acacias
Which close-clustering grew at the brimming marge of the fountains,
Shyly a maiden approaching—a child of delicate stature.

Summers twelve had she told; like a bud-imprisoned blossom
Struggled her virginal grace through the tender beauty of childhood.
Pure was her brow, and her pallid cheek was wasted with weeping;
And in her eyes, where the gathering tears hung mute and appealing,
Lay something strange and remote, like the glow of a deep inspiration.
Wrapped was her slender form in a snowy garment that rippled
Down to her sandaled feet, and shone with glittering brooches
Artfully wrought, like nodding doves that gleamed on her shoulders.
Warily trod she with timorous step on the glittering pavement,
Paused in fear at the shafts of the jasper and porphyry columns,
Then more boldly advanced through the perfumed twilight that lingered
Under the marble arcades where reposed Maxentius Cæsar.
Wondering sore in his mind, Ausonius Mycon, the prætor,
Gazed at the lily-white maid, and saw her tremble and shiver
Like as a charmèd bird that feels the eye of the serpent,
Saw how her bosom shook with smothered sobs, as she prostrate
Flung herself at the Emperor's feet. Then her voice she uplifted—
Cried with a wild, sharp cry, as if wrung from a soul in despairing:
"Cæsar Maxentius, hear me! Oh, hear me, Maxentius Cæsar!
Give me death at thy hand! Oh, let me die, I implore thee!
Why hast thou spared a life so worthless, so weak and unfaithful,
When thou throw'st to the beasts my father, my mother—forgive me,
Christ! and restore me my strength—my mother, my mother,
To be thrown to the beasts in the sight of the blood-thirsty people!
I was weak. I denied my Lord; but now I am stronger.
Now I have strength to avow Him; for hath He not said to the faithful:
'He that loseth his life for My sake'—yes, Lord, I will follow—
Walk through the terrible portal of Death to Thy glory eternal—
Walk with unflinching feet, though my flesh be weak and unwilling!
Take me, O Cæsar, now; for now I am brave and intrepid!
Take me ere I grow weak and my heart within me unsteady!"

Thus she cried and wept, and the voice of her weeping resounded
Wide through the marble halls; while the whispering waters descended
Cool in showers of spray from the Naiad's cup, and the Satyrs,
Poised on tiptoe in heedless delight 'mid the blooming acacias,
Scarcely felt the restraint of the stone which their joy made immortal.

Silently listened Cæsar; a fierce frown wrinkled his forehead;—
Then a curt, menacing laugh which boded ill for the maiden.
"Death thou demandest," quoth he, "and sav'st us the cost of the hunting;
Foolish bird, that fliest unsought to the claws of the eagle!
Sooth, ere to-morrow's noon thou wilt flutter in vain in his talons.
Take her, Ausonius Mycon, and see that her prayer be denied not."
Thus he spoke, and the prætor, Ausonius Mycon, made answer:
"Master," he said, "thy servant I am, and my law is thy bidding.
Yet, if ever I merited praise for aught I have done thee,
Give me this maid as my slave; for choked are the prisons already
With the disciples of Christ that will bleed in the Flavian arena
For the delight of the people. The gods are compassionate, Cæsar,—
Are not athirst for the blood of a pale and shy little maiden,
Who, by affection beguiled and natural love of her kindred,
Trod unthinking their path. My two Egyptian dancers,
Graceful, endowed with a skill that passes all understanding,
These will I give thee if thou wilt deign to accept from thy servant
What is already thine own." But, with a snort of impatience,
Shouted Maxentius: "Take her, and send thy Egyptian dancers,
Even to-day—dost thou hear?—for languor oppresses me sorely."

"AND BORE HER OUT OF THE PALACE."

Stooping, the prætor uplifted the swooning form of the maiden
From the hard touch of the stone, and bore her out of the palace,
Through the exterior court, where brawled the dissolute guardsmen,
Playing at dice and tossing the clinking sesterce of silver
On the mosaic floor, and sentries dozed in the shadow
Of the arcades that were wrought with rarest skill by the cunning
Artist's hand; where arabesques swung their jubilant tendrils,
Like fleet voices of joy for a moment caught and arrested
Soaring in heavenward flight. But onward hastened the prætor
Through the desolate streets and the resonant void of the Forum,
While the faint rhythm of the maiden's heart that beat 'gainst his bosom
Filled his soul with an unknown peace and with tender compassion.

"NOW STOOPS SHE AND TENDERLY GAZES
INTO THE SUNKEN EYES OF A SAINT."

On the Quirinal Hill, not far from the Gardens of Sallust,
Loudly he knocked at the gate and entered a high-ceilèd dwelling;
Placed the maid on a couch, and thus he gently addressed her:
"Child, I see by thy garb that thou art free-born and gentle,
Sprung of patrician race, perchance, for thy bearing is noble.
Far be the thought from my heart to make thee a slave in my household.
Rather my child shalt thou be, and my daughters will comfort and soothe thee,
Till thy young soul shall rebound from its dark and morbid deflection
Back to its natural poise of healthful enjoyment and gladness.
But, till thy wound be healed, I ask no importunate question
Touching thy birth and thy name, but bide my time till thou comest
Like mine own child to my knee, and reposest confidence in me."

III.

IN THE FLAVIAN ARENA.

PALE through the azure expanse of the sky the moon was ascending;
Like intangible snow its breath of silvery vapor
Softly fell through the fields of the air o'er the slumbering city.
Then, with tremulous gleam, the stars burst forth, and Orion
Shone with a frosty sheen, and a vague and luminous shimmer
Rained from the Milky Way. But puré, and ghostly, and solemn
Rose the stately façade of the temple of Jupiter Stator;
Hushed and empty beneath, as if touched with a chilly remoteness,
Lay the white square of the Forum, where loomed the Phocian column
High in the moon-bathed stillness. The sculptured arch of Severus
Glimmered palely amidst the temples of deified Cæsars;
While, 'neath the brow of the Palatine Hill, the vast Coliseum
Flung its mantle of gloom to hide the deeds of the darkness,
Wrought on this terrible day for the joy of a barbarous people.
Sheltered deep in the shade of those huge and cavernous portals
Stood, close pressed to the stone, a little quivering maiden.
Fearless she stood and with burning eyes through the iron-barred gate-way
Gazed at the sated beasts that yawning drowsed in the shadow,—
Drowsed or slunk with velveted tread o'er the star-lit arena,
Snuffing, perchance, as they went the mangled form of a martyr,
Sightless, that stared with insensible orbs to the moon-flooded heavens.
Trembling she stood, and hugged the rigid bars of the iron
Close to her breast; but her sense seemed dead, and feeling, she felt not.
Silence brooded about her; until at the mouth of the portal
Sounded the clank of a lance upon the pavement of lava.
Then she turned with a start, though she long had expected the signal,
Saw 'gainst the brightness without three men advancing to meet her—
One a youth in the garb of the far-famed imperial legion,
Rugged the others and clad in the humble attire of the freedmen.
"Glaucus, I thank thee," so spoke in a shuddering whisper the maiden;
"Christ, who seeth in secret this kindly deed, will requite thee.
Now unbar me the gate and bid these brethren await me
Here, in the gloom of this arch, until I have rescued the bodies
Safe from the fangs of the beasts, that piously we may commit them
Unto the consecrate earth. My soul is constant and fearless,
Though this frail flesh be weak. Yet, if the Lord hold me worthy
Here to receive for the sake of His name the crown of the martyr,
Then return to our brethren, and bid them before the Lord's altar
Breathe a prayer for the soul of their sorrowful sister, Calpurnia."
"Child, thou temptest the Lord," the soldier Glaucus made answer.
"'Let the dead bury their dead,' for thus the Master hath spoken;
Wheresoever they rest, His hand, O sister, will reach them."
"Glaucus," she said, "I am lonely, and yearn and weep for my mother.
Lo, my poor life is a smoking flax and a reed that is bruisèd.
Pray the good Jesus to quench the feeble spark of my being—
He hath no work on the earth for one that was weak and denied Him."
Heaving a sigh, the soldier undid the bolts and the barriers,
And with unfaltering feet Calpurnia passed through the gate-way,
Murmured the blessed name which protects from the powers of evil,
Feeling a new-born strength that gushed through her veins and her fibers;
While with loud-beating heart the soldier gazed from the portal:
"Ah, Christ Jesus defend her! Death's jaws are yawning before her!
Seest thou not the sleek beast that yonder lurks by the pillar,
Crouching now for the leap?—now leaping? My vision forsakes me!

Heavenly Lord, where art thou that thus—but my sense is delirious—
Brothers, support me! Great God! Unharmed she stands, and a halo
Beams from her sorrowful face! Now stoops she and tenderly gazes
Into the sunken eyes of a saint. Oh, hie thee, sweet sister,
Dangers untold encompass thy path! Behold how she raises
Full to the moon the prostrate form, and kisses the pallid
Lips of the dead. O brothers, make haste—why stand we inactive?
Quick, draw the bolts from the gate! Oh, why do ye linger?
Hush! How the air doth quake! The roar of the Libyan lion
Rolls with thunderous echoes around the empty arena.
Darkness gathers about me! The moon in the mist-flooded distance
Loses her light and fades. The stars grow dim and unsteady.
Hark! from afar a faint shriek—a groan! Ye angels, forsake her
Not in her hour of need! I tremble! What see ye, my brethren?
Aid mine unfaithful eyes! Do ye hear a choked supplication
Rise through the stillness of night? And footsteps methinks that draw nearer—
Now retreating again? What is that? On the brink of perdition
Totters my foot! For behold, do ye see in the seat of the Cæsars,
Yonder, above the black arch, the shape of a toga-clad Roman?
Lost! Just God, I am lost! Do you see how he stares unaverted
Fierce at the white void within, like a beast that is sated with murder?
He resembles, methinks, Ausonius Mycon, the prætor!
Lord, thou hast visited swiftly my sin and my weakness upon me!
Yet I shall tremble no more! I will tread where thou, Lord, hast trodden!"

Thus spake Glaucus, but ere his sad voice had expired in the twilight,
Saw he Calpurnia stand at the portal and beckoning to him.
Pale she stood and erect, and her frame seemed frail and translucent,
As if the light of the radiant soul were shimmering through it;
And at her feet, with withered lips and rigidly staring,
Lay her beloved dead; and Glaucus, forgetting his terror,
Straightway unbarred the gate, that, grating, swung on its hinges,—
Lifted the lifeless clay of the saints, and tenderly placed them
Side by side on a bier, and hid their blood-sprinkled garments,
Hid their gaping wounds, 'neath a shroud of precious linen.
Seizing the bier the freedmen emerged from the gloom of the portal;
Swiftly they moved through the night, and Calpurnia followed behind them,
Down the Appian Way and on through the Porta Latina.
Tearless and dumb she hurried away o'er the smooth-trodden pavement,
Feeling scarcely the weight of her limbs, nor the touch of the lava—
Feeling only a world of woe that throbbed in her bosom.
"Ah, little maid, thy grief makes thee blind, and thy vigilant senses
List to the tumult within and thy heart's tempestuous beating;
Dulled are thine ears to the muffled tread of sandaled footsteps—
Footsteps whose shadowy sound awakens no treacherous echo
From the gates of the tombs, where sleep the mighty departed.
Nor do thy fevered eyes descry in the gathering dimness
Something that steals through the mist, now tarries a while at the way-side,
Then, with a peering gaze and noiselessly, hasteneth onward,
Pausing when thou dost pause, and when thou advancest, advancing."

IV.

IN THE CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS.

Hushed from the depths of the earth, with a sweet, ethereal cadence,
Came the soft strains of a song—a hymn of praise and of gladness:

"Blessèd," they sang, "are the dead who die in the Lord"; and a youthful
Voice, with the virginal dew of faith and childhood upon it,
Rose through the sod and hovered aloft like a joy-wingèd seraph:
"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."
Here, 'neath the boughs of a cypress copse, in the sheltering shadow
(Dense and opaque, like a hoar-frost of darkness congealed on the tiny
Spears of the vernal grass), Calpurnia paused, and the freedmen;
Then, with wary hand, she knocked on a stone that was hidden
Half in a jungle of roses that grew 'mid the roots of the cypress.
"Christ is risen," she said; and the answer came to the watchword:
"Yea, He is risen, indeed"; and lo! the stone was uplifted
Quickly by strong arms beneath; and straightway clearer and tenderer,
Like a sweet face that is quickly revealed 'neath the veil that has hid it,
Burst the glad chant from the womb of the earth and soared to the heavens:
"Thou wilt show me the path of life; behold, in Thy presence,
Lord, there is fullness of joy." A moment's glare of the torches,
Flaming red in the gloom, but ghostly and white in the moonlight;
Then a dull thud of the stone, as the martyred dead and the living
Vanished beneath it. Now ceased the chant, and in reverent silence
Bore they the saints to their rest through the long, subterranean chambers,
Haunted by shadowy watchers, and reached the cave where the brethren
Praised the Lord in prayer and song, while the white-haired bishop
Spoke the words of life to strengthen the weak and the weary,
Spoke to refresh the souls that drooping fell at the way-side.
When Calpurnia saw his mild, compassionate visage,
Forth she sprang, embracing his knees; and as the smooth billow
Dumbly swells till it breaks on the strand in melodious ripples,
Thus her imprisoned grief, that had mutely swelled in her bosom,
Burst in a shower of tears at the goal of her perilous wandering.
"Father," she cried, "the Lord hath turned His countenance from me!
Him I denied in my weakness, and now, in His wrath, He rejects me.
Cæsar I prayed for death, but he made me a slave. Oh, my father,
Even the Libyan lion that lurks in the Flavian arena
Harmed me not; so vile I am, and the Lord will not take me;
Lo, I went in this night to save the clay that was precious
Unto my heart from the impious hands of the base and ungodly.
Here I have brought it to thee; thou wilt bury my father and mother
Here in the hallowed soil where sleep generations of martyrs."

"Daughter," the patriarch answered, and murmured a soft benediction,
Placing his hands on her throbbing brow and soothing her gently,
"Thou hast sinned in denying the Lord; but the Saviour is gracious;
He has forgiven thy sin, for hard was thy self-imposed penance.
Think not, child, that He has thrust thee away from His bosom;
If He withheld the martyr's crown in the bloody arena,
He has desired thee to live and, living, to further His kingdom."
"Oh, but my father," Calpurnia sobbed, "I am weak and unworthy!
What is the life of a maiden slave, that the Lord in His glory
E'er should bethink Him of her, and the flickering flame of her being
Shield with His mighty hands against the breath of destruction?
Father, oh pray that I die, for I am alone and am weary."
"Child," the bishop replied, "two sparrows are sold for a farthing;
Yet falls not one to the ground without the will of Our Father.
Wondrous, indeed, are the ways of the Lord, and even thy weakness
He has preserved to work His will, though obscurely and blindly.
Death hast thou sought, and thou weepest that martyrdom is denied thee;
Life has its martyrs, my daughter, as brave, as strong, and as faithful,
Ay, as the martyrs of death. And thine is the work of confession,

Not by thy blood, but by deeds of heroic meekness and patience.
Deeds of forbearance and kindness 'mid unending toil and injustice—
Deeds that calmly shall shine in the gloom which thy path shall encompass,
Like the small flame of a lamp that unsteadily glimmers and flickers
Lone in the night, and showeth the gloom, though it cannot disperse it.
Christ has withheld the fangs of the beasts from thy delicate body,
Shielding thee, child, from the martyr's death, because He will grant thee
That which, my daughter, is harder to bear—the life of a martyr."
Thus the patriarch spoke, and knelt in prayer at the altar
Close at Calpurnia's side, and all the brethren assembled
Bowed their heads in silence, and prayed for the souls of the martyrs
Summoned to stand this night before the face of the Saviour,
Hearing the joyful words from His lips, "Ye blest of my Father,
Enter ye into the kingdom"; while in the dim light of the tapers
Gleamed on the wall, indistinctly, an outline mosaic of Jesus
Drawn as the Shepherd who bears the lamb that was lost on His shoulders.
Deep was the stillness, save for the crackle, perchance, of the torches,
Save for the smothered sobs of a maiden bereaved, or a widow,
Striving in vain to strangle her natural grief, and to follow
Upward her loved one in thought to his blessèd rest from his labors
Safe in the kingdom of God. Then suddenly from the watchers
Came a loud shriek of alarm, and, ere the brethren assembled
Woke from the rapture of prayer, beheld they standing among them—
Toga-clad, tall, and erect—Ausonius Mycon, the prætor.
"Stay, disciples of Christ!" he cried, and his sword he uplifted.
"Fear me no more, for alas! the strength of my arm it is broken.
Here is my sword," and he flung the blade at the feet of the bishop.
"Wreak your vengeance upon me, for swordless stand I among you;
Red are my hands with the innocent blood of your fathers and daughters."
Half re-assured, yet fearful, the brethren paused in the door-ways,
Gazing over their shoulders with glances of doubt and suspicion,
While at the altar immovable stood the reverent bishop,
Grave and serene and pale at his feet lay the maiden Calpurnia.
"Priest," the prætor resumed, "I know not the God whom thou servest;
Yet have I seen the strength He has given this pale little maiden,
Hidden, have heard the words which, through thy mouth, He hath spoken.
Lo! I have waged against Him a vain, ineffectual warfare,
And by the deeds of this night I am utterly broken and conquered.
Late in the watches nocturnal I rose, and the light mists of slumber
Rubbed from mine eyes, and tracked this child through devious path-ways
Unto the Flavian arena. I hoped, perchance, to discover
Where in the womb of the night your hidden worship eluded
Ever my vigilant search. I had not resolved to betray you,
But, by my knowledge armed, to keep you in bitter subjection.
Ah, but this shy little maid has vanquished her valiant pursuer!
Now he is fain to fall at her feet, and beg her to lead him
Unto that fountain of life whence spring such trust and devotion,
Courage so high and serene in the face of death and of danger,
Valor in frailty clad and strength thus wedded to weakness.
Therefore, the God whom Calpurnia serves, O priest, I will worship;
I and my household will bend our knees bringing gifts to His altars;
Thou wilt teach us the wingèd ways that lead to His favor."
Silently burned in haloes of mist the delicate tapers,
Fell their pale sheen on faces upturned in prayerful rapture,
Fell on the reverent priest as he on the brow of the maiden
Placed his hands and blessed her, and spake in a tremulous whisper:
"Daughter, behold! 'tis the voice of the Lord hath given thee answer.
Now thou knowest the worth of the life which He has protected,

Hold it henceforth as His gift, that is left for a time in thy keeping.
Stake it not rashly in self-sought peril, but cherish it dearly!
Though in thy sight it seem worthless and mean, to Him it is precious.
Daughter, be faithful and brave and true to His voice dwelling in thee,
Wondrous results then may spring from the deeds of a weak little maiden."

Far was the night advanced, and the hour of morn was approaching,
Soon from the daylight world overhead came fitful and muffled
Sounds, as if heard through the mists of a dream with remote indistinctness;
Now the dull creak of a vintner's wain drawn by heavy-limbed oxen,
Now the sharp clank of a horse's hoof on the pavement of lava.
Straightway the bishop moved, preceded by ministering brethren,
Bearing torches and tapers, along the tenebrious path-ways,
Paused at an open tomb in the masoned wall of a cavern,
Placed the martyrs with prayer and chant in the coffins of marble,
Bearing the sign of the fish and the words: "*Requiescat in pace.*"
Then, by the torches led through the long, labyrinthine recesses,
Hastened the children of Christ to the upper abodes of the daylight.

One by one they emerged from the blossoming jungle of roses,
Shading their dazzled eyes and cautiously peering around them;
Quickly they spread o'er the fields, or toward the Porta Latina
Urged their steps and sought their accustomed haunts in the city
Last of all, clad in civic attire, the bishop ascended,
And at his side with solemn brow went Ausonius Mycon,
Holding close to his breast the little maiden Calpurnia,
Who, from the terrible strain of the night and the wild agitation,
Lay as if wrapt in a swoon, so deep and calm was her slumber.
Angels with peace in their wings had gently breathed on her eyelids,
Blown the foot-prints of care from the sweet, unconscious features,
Till they relaxed again to their soft and infantine roundness,
Touched by the strange remoteness of sleep that rested upon them.
Gently the bishop clasped her listless hand, as he whispered,
Solemnly: "Prætor, behold, of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Close to the edge of the cypress copse, where the flame-chaliced poppies
Clustering grew, they watched the dawn as it dimly awakened,
Pale with tinges of rose that strayed o'er the crests of the mountains,
Ere with its fiery blush it fringed the hovering cloudlets,
Darting radiant shafts of dewy light and of color
Up 'mid the fleecy embankments of mist and of shivering vapors,—
Opening deeps in the sky whence the night was slowly receding,
Chilly vistas where lingered reluctant, cerulean shadows,
Dark with a tint as of steel; then elfin showers of sunlight
Quivered upward in roseate hues and spread to the zenith,
Till the gray west responsively flushed with a faint crimson pallor.

Long the patriarch stood and gazed at the vanguard of morning.
Touching the prætor, he said: "The kingdom of Christ is advancing
Silently, brightly, and calmly, as marches the conquering daylight
Over the fields of the sky. A glad voice whispers within me:
Surely the Lord will scatter the gloom of the night, and triumphant
Hurl the keen shafts of His truth into the shadows of error,
Lift the light of His visage upon the dwellers in darkness.
Mine the eyes that shall see this realm lie prostrate before Him."

MADAME DELPHINE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes."

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD HOUSE.

A FEW steps from the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, brings you to and across Canal street, the central avenue of the city, and to that corner where the flower-women sit at the inner and outer edges of the arcaded sidewalk, and make the air sweet with their fragrant merchandise. The crowd —and if it is near the time of the carnival it will be great—will follow Canal street.

But you turn, instead, into the quiet, narrow way which a lover of Creole antiquity, in fondness for a romantic past, is still prone to call the Rue Royale. You will pass a few restaurants, a few auction rooms, a few furniture warehouses, and will hardly realize that you have left behind you the activity and clatter of a city of merchants before you find yourself in a region of architectural decrepitude, where an ancient and foreign-seeming domestic life, in second stories, overhangs the ruins of a former commercial prosperity, and upon everything has settled down a long Sabbath of decay. The vehicles in the street are few in number, and are merely passing through; the stores are shrunken into shops; you see here and there, like a patch of bright mold, the stall of that significant fungus, the Chinaman. Many great doors are shut and clamped and grown gray with cobweb; many street windows are nailed up; half the balconies are begrimed and rust-eaten, and many of the humid arches and alleys which characterize the older Franco-Spanish piles of stuccoed brick betray a squalor almost oriental.

Yet beauty lingers here. To say nothing of the picturesque, sometimes you get sight of comfort, sometimes of opulence, through the unlatched wicket in some *porte-cochère*—red-painted brick pavement, foliage of dark palm or pale banana, marble or granite masonry and blooming parterres; or through a chink between some pair of heavy batten window-shutters, opened with an almost reptile wariness, your eye gets a glimpse of lace and brocade upholstery, silver and bronze, and much similar rich antiquity.

The faces of the inmates are in keeping—a sad proportion of the passengers in the street are dingy and shabby; but just when these are putting you off your guard, there will pass you a woman—more likely two or three—of patrician beauty.

Now, if you will go far enough down this old street, you will see, as you approach its intersection with ——. Names in that region elude one like ghosts.

However, as you begin to find the way a trifle more open, you will not fail to notice on the right-hand side, about midway of the square, a small, low, brick house of a story and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep. Its corrugated roof of dull red tiles, sloping down toward you with an inward curve, is overgrown with weeds, and in the fall of the year is gay with the yellow plumes of the golden-rod. You can almost touch with your cane the low edge of the broad, overhanging eaves. The batten shutters at door and window, with hinges like those of a postern, are shut with a grip that makes one's knuckles and nails feel lacerated. Save in the brick-work itself there is not a cranny. You would say the house has the lock-jaw. There are two doors, and to each a single chipped and battered marble step. Continuing on down the sidewalk, on a line with the house, is a garden masked from view by a high, close board-fence. You may see the tops of its fruit-trees—pomegranate, peach, banana, fig, pear, and particularly one large orange, close by the fence, that must be very old.

The residents over the narrow way, who live in a three-story house, originally of much pretension, but from whose front door hard times have removed almost all vestiges of paint, will tell you:

"Yass, de 'ouse is in'abit; 'tis live in."

And this is likely to be all the information you get—not that they would not tell, but they cannot grasp the idea that you wish to know—until, possibly, just as you are turning to depart, your informant, in a single word and with the most evident non-appreciation of its value, drops the simple key to the whole matter:

"Dey's quadroons."

He may then be aroused to mention the

better appearance of the place in former years, when the houses of this region generally stood farther apart, and that garden comprised the whole square.

Here dwelt, sixty years ago and more, one Delphine Carraze; or, as she was commonly designated by the few who knew her, Madame Delphine. That she owned her home, and that it had been given her by the then deceased companion of her days of beauty, were facts so generally admitted as to be, even as far back as that sixty years ago, no longer a subject of gossip. She was never pointed out by the denizens of the quarter as a character, nor her house as a "feature." It would have passed all Creole powers of guessing to divine what you could find worthy of inquiry concerning a retired quadroon woman; and not the least puzzled of all would have been the timid and restive Madame Delphine herself.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME DELPHINE.

DURING the first quarter of the present century, the free quadroon caste of New Orleans was in its golden age. Earlier generations—sprung, upon the one hand, from the merry gallants of a French colonial military service which had grown gross by affiliation with Spanish-American frontier life, and, upon the other hand, from comely Ethiopians culled out of the less negroidal types of African live goods, and bought at the ship's side with vestiges of quills and cowries and copper wire still in their head-dresses,—these earlier generations, with scars of battle or private rencontre still on the fathers, and of servitude on the manumitted mothers, afforded a mere hint of the splendor that was to result from a survival of the fairest through seventy-five years devoted to the elimination of the black pigment and the cultivation of hyperian excellence and nymphean grace and beauty. Nor, if we turn to the present, is the evidence much stronger which is offered by the *gens de couleur* whom you may see in the quadroon quarter this afternoon, with "Ichabod" legible on their murky foreheads through a vain smearing of toilet powder, dragging their chairs down to the narrow gate-way of their close-fenced gardens, and staring shrinkingly at you as you pass, like a nest of yellow kittens.

But as the present century was in its second and third decades, the *quadroones* (for we must contrive a feminine spelling to define the strict limits of the caste as then established) came forth in splendor. Old travelers spare no terms to tell their praises, their faultlessness of feature, their perfection of form, their varied styles of beauty,—for there were even pure Caucasian blondes among them,—their fascinating manners, their sparkling vivacity, their chaste and pretty wit, their grace in the dance, their modest propriety, their taste and elegance in dress. In the gentlest and most poetic sense they were indeed the syrens of this land, where it seemed "always afternoon"—a momentary triumph of an Arcadian over a Christian civilization, so beautiful and so seductive that it became the subject of special chapters by writers of the day more original than correct as social philosophers.

The balls that were got up for them by the male *sang-pur* were to that day what the carnival is to the present. Society balls given the same nights proved failures through the coincidence. The magnates of government,—municipal, state, federal,—those of the army, of the learned professions and of the clubs,—in short, the white male aristocracy in everything save the ecclesiastical desk,—were there. Tickets were high-priced to insure the exclusion of the vulgar. No distinguished stranger was allowed to miss them. They were beautiful! They were clad in silken extenuations from the throat to the feet, and wore, withal, a pathos in their charm that gave them a family likeness to innocence.

Madame Delphine, were you not a stranger, could have told you all about it; though hardly, I suppose, without tears.

But at the time of which we would speak (1821–22) her day of splendor was set, and her husband—let us call him so for her sake—was long dead. He was an American, and, if we take her word for it, a man of noble heart and extremely handsome; but this is knowledge which we can do without.

Even in those days the house was always shut, and Madame Delphine's chief occupation and end in life seemed to be to keep well locked up in-doors. She was an excellent person, the neighbors said,—a very worthy person; and they were, may be, nearer correct than they knew. They rarely saw her save when she went to or returned from church; a small, rather tired-looking, dark quadroone of very good features and a gentle thoughtfulness of expression which it would take long to describe: call it a widow's look.

In speaking of Madame Delphine's house, mention should have been made of a gate in the fence on the Royal-street sidewalk. It is gone now, and was out of use then, being fastened once for all by an iron staple clasping the cross-bar and driven into the post.

Which leads us to speak of another person.

CHAPTER III.

CAPITAINE LEMAITRE.

CAPITAINE LEMAITRE was one of those men that might be any age,—thirty, forty, forty-five; there was no telling from his face what was years and what was only weather. His countenance was of a grave and quiet, but also luminous, sort, which was instantly admired and ever afterward remembered, as was also the fineness of his hair and the blueness of his eyes. Those pronounced him youngest who scrutinized his face the closest. But waiving the discussion of age, he was odd, though not with the oddness that he who reared him had striven to produce.

He had not been brought up by mother or father. He had lost both in infancy, and had fallen to the care of a rugged old military grandpapa of the colonial school, whose unceasing endeavor had been to make "his boy" as savage and ferocious a holder of unimpeachable social rank as it became a pure-blooded French Creole to be who could trace his pedigree back to the god Mars.

"Remember, my boy," was the adjuration received by him as regularly as his waking cup of black coffee, "that none of your family line ever kept the laws of any government or creed." And if it was well that he should bear this in mind, it was well to reiterate it persistently, for, from the nurse's arms, the boy wore a look, not of docility so much as of gentle, *judicial* benevolence. The domestics of the old man's house used to shed tears of laughter to see that look on the face of a babe. His rude guardian addressed himself to the modification of this facial expression; it had not enough of majesty in it, for instance, or of large daredeviltry; but with care these could be made to come.

And, true enough, at twenty-one (in Ursin Lemaitre), the labors of his grandfather were an apparent success. He was not rugged, nor was he loud-spoken, as his venerable trainer would have liked to present him to society; but he was as serenely terrible as a well-aimed rifle, and the old man looked upon his results with pride. He had cultivated him up to that pitch where he scorned to practice any vice, or any virtue, that did not include the principle of self-assertion. A few touches only were wanting here and there to achieve perfection, when suddenly the old man died. Yet it was his proud satisfaction, before he finally lay down, to see Ursin a favored companion and the peer, both in courtesy and pride, of those polished gentlemen famous in history, the brothers Lafitte.

The two Lafittes were, at the time young Lemaitre reached his majority (say 1808 or 1812), only merchant blacksmiths, so to speak, a term intended to convey the idea of blacksmiths who never soiled their hands, who were men of capital, stood a little higher than the clergy, and moved in society among its autocrats. But they were full of possibilities, men of action, and men, too, of thought, with already a pronounced disbelief in the custom-house. In these days of big carnivals they would have been patented as the dukes of Little Manchac and Barrataria.

Young Ursin Lemaitre (in full the name was Lemaitre-Vignevielle) had not only the hearty friendship of these good people, but also a natural turn for accounts; and as his two friends were looking about them with an enterprising eye, it easily resulted that he presently connected himself with the blacksmithing profession. Not exactly at the forge in the Lafittes' famous smithy, among the African Samsons, who, with their shining black bodies bared to the waist, made the Rue St. Pierre ring with the stroke of their hammers; but as a—there was no occasion to mince the word in those days—smuggler.

Smuggler—patriot—where was the difference? Beyond the ken of a community to which the enforcement of the revenue laws had long been merely so much out of every man's pocket and dish, into the all-devouring treasury of Spain. At this date they had come under a kinder yoke, and to a treasury that at least echoed when the customs were dropped into it; but the change was still new. What could a man be more than Capitaine Lemaitre was—the soul of honor, the pink of courtesy, with the courage of the lion, and the magnanimity of the elephant; frank—the very exchequer of truth? Nay, go higher still: his paper was good in Toulouse street. To the gossips in the gaming-clubs he was the culminating

proof that smuggling was one of the sublimer virtues.

Years went by. Events transpired which have their place in history. Under a government which the community by and by saw was conducted in their interest, smuggling began to lose its respectability and to grow disreputable, hazardous, and debased. In certain onslaughts made upon them by officers of the law, some of the smugglers became murderers. The business became unprofitable for a time until the enterprising Lafittes—thinkers—bethought them of a corrective,—"privateering."

Thereupon the United States Government set a price upon their heads. Later yet it became known that these outlawed pirates had been offered money and rank by Great Britain if they would join her standard, then hovering about the water-approaches to their native city, and that they had spurned the bribe; wherefore their heads were ruled out of the market, and, meeting and treating with Andrew Jackson, they were received as lovers of their country, and as compatriots fought in the battle of New Orleans at the head of their fearless men, and—here tradition takes up the tale—were never seen afterward.

Capitaine Lemaitre was not among the killed or wounded, but he was among the missing.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE FRIENDS.

THE roundest and happiest-looking priest in the city of New Orleans was a little man fondly known among his people as Père Jerome. He was a Creole and a member of one of the city's leading families. His dwelling was a little frame cottage, standing on high pillars just inside a tall, close fence, and reached by a narrow out-door stair from the green batten gate. It was well surrounded by crape myrtles, and communicated behind by a descending stair and a plank-walk with the rear entrance of the chapel over whose worshipers he daily spread his hands in benediction. The name of the street—ah! there is where light is wanting. Save the Cathedral and the Ursulines, there is very little of record concerning churches at that time, though they were springing up here and there. All there is certainty of is that Père Jerome's frame chapel was some little new-born "down-town" thing, that may have survived the passage of years, or may have escaped "Paxton's Directory" "so as by fire." His parlor was dingy and carpetless; one could smell distinctly there the vow of poverty. His bed-chamber was bare and clean, and the bed in it narrow and hard, but between the two was a dining-room that would tempt a laugh to the lips of any who looked in. The table was small, but stout, and all the furniture of the room substantial, made of fine wood, and carved just enough to give the notion of wrinkling pleasantry. His mother's and sister's doing, Père Jerome would explain; they would not permit this apartment—or department—to suffer. Therein, as well as in the parlor, there was odor, but of a more epicurean sort, that explained interestingly the Père Jerome's rotundity and rosy smile.

In this room, and about this miniature round-table, used sometimes to sit with Père Jerome two friends to whom he was deeply attached—one, Evariste Varrillat, a playmate from early childhood, now his brother-in-law; the other, Jean Thompson, a companion from youngest manhood, and both, like the little priest himself, the regretful rememberers of a fourth comrade who was a comrade no more. Like Père Jerome, they had come, through years, to the thick of life's conflicts,—the priest's brother-in-law a physician, the other an attorney, and brother-in-law to the lonely wanderer, —yet they loved to huddle around this small board, and be boys again in heart while men in mind. Neither one nor another was leader. In earlier days they had always yielded to him who no longer met with them a certain chieftainship, and they still thought of him and talked of him, and, in their conjectures, groped after him, as one of whom they still continued to expect greater things than of themselves.

They sat one day drawn thus close together, sipping and theorizing, speculating upon the nature of things in an easy, bold, sophomoric way, the conversation for the most part being in French, the native tongue of the doctor and priest, and spoken with facility by Jean Thompson, the lawyer, who was half Américain; but running sometimes into English and sometimes into mild laughter. Mention had been made of the absentee.

Père Jerome advanced an idea something like this:

"It is impossible for any finite mind to fix the degree of criminality of any human act or of any human life. The Infinite One alone can know how much of our sin is

chargeable to us, and how much to our brothers or our fathers. We all participate in one another's sins. There is a community of responsibility attaching to every misdeed. No human since Adam—nay, nor Adam himself—ever sinned entirely to himself. And so I never am called upon to contemplate a crime or a criminal but I feel my conscience pointing at me as one of the accessories."

"In a word," said Evariste Varrillat, the physician, "you think we are partly to blame for the omission of many of your Paternosters, eh?"

Father Jerome smiled.

"No; a man cannot plead so in his own defense; our first father tried that, but the plea was not allowed. But, now, there is our absent friend. I tell you truly this whole community ought to be recognized as partners in his moral errors. Among another people, reared under wiser care and with better companions, how different might he not have been! How can *we* speak of him as a law-breaker who might have saved him from that name?" Here the speaker turned to Jean Thompson, and changed his speech to English. "A lady sez to me today: 'Père Jerome, 'ow dat is a dreadfool dat 'e gone at de coas' of Cuba to be one corsair! Aint it?' 'Ah, Madame,' I sez, ''tis a terrible! I 'ope de good God will fo'give me an' you fo' dat!'"

Jean Thompson answered quickly:

"You should not have let her say that."

"*Mais*, fo' w'y?"

"Why, because, if you are partly responsible, you ought so much the more to do what you can to shield his reputation. You should have said,"—the attorney changed to French,—"'He is no pirate; he has merely taken out letters of marque and reprisal under the flag of the republic of Carthagena!'"

"*Ah, bah!*" exclaimed Doctor Varrillat, and both he and his brother-in-law, the priest, laughed.

"Why not?" demanded Thompson.

"Oh!" said the physician, with a shrug, "say id thad way iv you wand."

Then, suddenly becoming serious, he was about to add something else, when Père Jerome spoke.

"I will tell you what I could have said. I could have said: 'Madame, yes; 'tis a terrible fo' him. He stum'le in de dark; but dat good God will mek it a *mo' terrible* fo' dat man, oohever he is, w'at put 'at light out!'"

"But how do you know he is a pirate?" demanded Thompson, aggressively.

"How do we know?" said the little priest, returning to French. "Ah! there is no other explanation of the ninety-and-nine stories that come to us, from every port where ships arrive from the north coast of Cuba, of a commander of pirates there who is a marvel of courtesy and gentility——"

"And whose name is Lafitte," said the obstinate attorney.

"And who, nevertheless, is not Lafitte," insisted Père Jerome.

"Daz troo, Jean," said Doctor Varrillat. "We hall know daz troo."

Père Jerome leaned forward over the board and spoke, with an air of secrecy, in French.

"You have heard of the ship which came into port here last Monday. You have heard that she was boarded by pirates, and that the captain of the ship himself drove them off."

"An incredible story," said Thompson.

"But not so incredible as the truth. I have it from a passenger. There was on the ship a young girl who was very beautiful. She came on deck, where the corsair stood, about to issue his orders, and, more beautiful than ever in the desperation of the moment, confronted him with a small missal spread open, and, her finger on the Apostles' Creed, commanded him to read. He read it, uncovering his head as he read, then stood gazing on her face, which did not quail; and then, with a low bow, said: 'Give me this book and I will do your bidding.' She gave him the book and bade him leave the ship, and he left it unmolested."

Père Jerome looked from the physician to the attorney and back again, once or twice, with his dimpled smile.

"But he speaks English, they say," said Jean Thompson.

"He has, no doubt, learned it since he left us," said the priest.

"But this ship-master, too, says his men called him Lafitte."

"Lafitte? No. Do you not see? It is your brother-in-law, Jean Thompson! It is your wife's brother! Not Lafitte, but" (softly) "Lemaitre! Lemaitre! Capitaine Ursin Lemaitre!"

The two guests looked at each other with a growing drollery on either face, and presently broke into a laugh.

"Ah!" said the doctor, as the three rose up, "you juz kip dad cog-an'-bull fo' yo' negs summon."

Père Jerome's eyes lighted up

"I goin' to do it!"

"I tell you," said Evariste, turning upon him with sudden gravity, "iv dad is troo, I

tell you w'ad is sure-sure! Ursin Lemaitre din kyare nut'n fo' doze creed; *he fall in love!*"

Then, with a smile, turning to Jean Thompson, and back again to Père Jerome:

"But anny'ow you tell it in dad summon dad 'e kyare fo' dad creed."

Père Jerome sat up late that night, writing a letter. The remarkable effects upon a certain mind, effects which we shall presently find him attributing solely to the influences of surrounding nature, may find for some a more sufficient explanation in the fact that this letter was but one of a series, and that in the rover of doubted identity and incredible eccentricity Père Jerome had a regular correspondent.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAP FITS.

About two months after the conversation just given, and therefore somewhere about the Christmas holidays of the year 1821, Père Jerome delighted the congregation of his little chapel with the announcement that he had appointed to preach a sermon in French on the following Sabbath—not there, but in the cathedral.

He was much beloved. Notwithstanding that among the clergy there were two or three who shook their heads and raised their eyebrows, and said he would be at least as orthodox if he did not make quite so much of the Bible and quite so little of the dogmas, yet "the common people heard him gladly." When told, one day, of the unfavorable whispers, he smiled a little and answered his informant,—whom he knew to be one of the whisperers himself,—laying a hand kindly upon his shoulder:

"Father Murphy,"—or whatever the name was,—"your words comfort me."

"How is that?"

"Because—'*Væ quum benedixerint mihi homines!*'" *

The appointed morning, when it came, was one of those exquisite days in which there is such a universal harmony, that worship rises from the heart like a spring.

"Truly," said Père Jerome to the companion who was to assist him in the mass, "this is a Sabbath day which we do not have to make holy, but only to *keep* so."

May be it was one of the secrets of Père Jerome's success as a preacher, that he took more thought as to how he should feel, than as to what he should say.

The cathedral of those days was called a very plain old pile, boasting neither beauty nor riches; but to Père Jerome it was very lovely; and before its homely altar, not homely to him, in the performance of those solemn offices, symbols of heaven's mightiest truths, in the hearing of the organ's harmonies, and the yet more eloquent interunion of human voices in the choir, in overlooking the worshiping throng which knelt under the soft, chromatic lights, and in breathing the sacrificial odors of the chancel, he found a deep and solemn joy; and yet I guess the finest thought of his soul the while was one that came thrice and again:

"Be not deceived, Père Jerome, because saintliness of feeling is easy here; you are the same priest who overslept this morning, and overate yesterday, and will, in some way, easily go wrong to-morrow and the day after."

He took it with him when—the Veni Creator sung—he went into the pulpit. Of the sermon he preached, tradition has preserved for us only a few brief sayings, but they are strong and sweet.

"My friends," he said,—this was near the beginning,—"the angry words of God's book are very merciful—they are meant to drive us home; but the tender words, my friends, they are sometimes terrible! Notice these, the tenderest words of the tenderest prayer that ever came from the lips of a blessed martyr—the dying words of the holy Saint Stephen, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' Is there nothing dreadful in that? Read it thus: 'Lord, lay not this sin to *their* charge.' Not to the charge of them who stoned him? To whose charge then? Go ask the holy Saint Paul. Three years afterward, praying in the temple at Jerusalem, he answered that question: 'I stood by and consented.' He answered for himself only; but the Day must come when all that wicked council that sent Saint Stephen away to be stoned, and all that city of Jerusalem, must hold up the hand and say: 'We, also, Lord—we stood by.' Ah! friends, under the simpler meaning of that dying saint's prayer for the pardon of his murderers is hidden the terrible truth that we all have a share in one another's sins."

Thus Père Jerome touched his key-note. All that time has spared us beside may be given in a few sentences.

"Ah!" he cried once, "if it were merely my own sins that I had to answer for, I might

* "Woe unto me, when all men speak well of me!"

hold up my head before the rest of mankind; but no, no, my friends—we cannot look each other in the face, for each has helped the other to sin. Oh, where is there any room, in this world of common disgrace, for pride? Even if we had no common hope, a common despair ought to bind us together and forever silence the voice of scorn!"

And again, this:

"Even in the promise to Noë, not again to destroy the race with a flood, there is a whisper of solemn warning. The moral account of the antediluvians was closed off and the balance brought down in the year of the deluge; but the account of those who come after runs on and on, and the blessed bow of promise itself warns us that God will not stop it till the Judgment Day! O God, I thank thee that the day must come at last when thou wilt destroy the world, and stop the interest on my account!"

It was about at this point that Père Jerome noticed, more particularly than he had done before, sitting among the worshipers near him, a small, sad-faced woman, of pleasing features, but dark and faded, who gave him profound attention. With her was another in better dress, seemingly a girl still in her teens, though her face and neck were scrupulously concealed by a heavy veil, and her hands, which were small, by gloves.

"Quadroones," thought he, with a stir of deep pity.

Once, as he uttered some stirring word, he saw the mother and daughter (if such they were), while they still bent their gaze upon him, clasp each other's hand fervently in the daughter's lap. It was at these words:

"My friends, there are thousands of people in this city of New Orleans to whom society gives the ten commandments of God with all the *nots* rubbed out! Ah! good gentlemen! if God sends the poor weakling to purgatory for leaving the right path, where ought some of you to go who strew it with thorns and briers!"

The movement of the pair was only seen because he watched for it. He glanced that way again as he said:

"O God, be very gentle with those children who would be nearer heaven this day had they never had a father and mother, but had got their religious training from such a sky and earth as we have in Louisiana this holy morning! Ah! my friends, nature is a big-print catechism!"

The mother and daughter leaned a little farther forward, and exchanged the same spasmodic hand-pressure as before. The mother's eyes were full of tears.

"I once knew a man," continued the little priest, glancing to a side aisle where he had noticed Evariste and Jean sitting against each other, "who was carefully taught, from infancy to manhood, this single only principle of life: defiance. Not justice, not righteousness, not even gain; but defiance: defiance to God, defiance to man, defiance to nature, defiance to reason; defiance and defiance and defiance."

"He is going to tell it!" murmured Evariste to Jean.

"This man," continued Père Jerome, "became a smuggler and at last a pirate in the Gulf of Mexico. Lord, lay not that sin to his charge alone! But a strange thing followed. Being in command of men of a sort that to control required to be kept at the austerest distance, he now found himself separated from the human world and thrown into the solemn companionship with the sea, with the air, with the storm, the calm, the heavens by day, the heavens by night. My friends, that was the first time in his life that he ever found himself in really good company.

"Now this man had a great aptness for accounts. He had kept them—had rendered them. There was beauty, to him, in a correct, balanced, and closed account. An account unsatisfied was a deformity. The result is plain. That man, looking out night after night upon the grand and holy spectacle of the starry deep above and the watery deep below, was sure to find himself, sooner or later, mastered by the conviction that the great Author of this majestic creation keeps account of it; and one night there came to him, like a spirit walking on the sea, the awful, silent question: 'My account with God—how does it stand?' Ah! friends, that is a question which the book of nature does not answer.

"Did I say the book of nature is a catechism? Yes. But, after it answers the first question with 'God,' nothing but questions follow; and so, one day, this man gave a ship full of merchandise for one little book which answered those questions. God help him to understand it; and God help you, monsieur, and you, madame, sitting here in your *smuggled clothes*, to beat upon the breast with me and cry, 'I, too, Lord—I, too, stood by and consented.'"

Père Jerome had not intended these for

his closing words; but just there, straight away before his sight and almost at the farthest door, a man rose slowly from his seat and regarded him steadily with a kind, bronzed, sedate face, and the sermon, as if by a sign of command, was ended. While the Credo was being chanted he was still there, but when, a moment after its close, the eye of Père Jerome returned in that direction, his place was empty.

As the little priest, his labor done and his vestments changed, was turning into the Rue Royale and leaving the cathedral out of sight, he just had time to understand that two women were purposely allowing him to overtake them, when the one nearer him spoke in the Creole patois, saying, with some timid haste:

"Good-morning, Père—Père Jerome; Père Jerome, we thank the good God for that sermon."

"Then, so do I," said the little man. They were the same two that he had noticed when he was preaching. The younger one bowed silently; she was a beautiful figure, but the slight effort of Père Jerome's kind eyes to see through the veil was vain. He would presently have passed on, but the one who had spoken before said:

"I thought you lived in the Rue des Ursulines."

"Yes; I am going this way to see a sick person."

The woman looked up at him with an expression of mingled confidence and timidity.

"It must be a blessed thing to be so useful as to be needed by the good God," she said.

Père Jerome smiled:

"God does not need me to look after his sick; but he allows me to do it, just as you let your little boy in frocks carry in chips." He might have added that he loved to do it, quite as much.

It was plain the woman had somewhat to ask, and was trying to get courage to ask it.

"You have a little boy?" asked the priest.

"No, I have only my daughter;" she indicated the girl at her side. Then she began to say something else, stopped, and with much nervousness asked:

"Père Jerome, what was the name of that man?"

"His name?" said the priest. "You wish to know his name?"

"Yes, Monsieur" (or *Miché*, as she spoke it); "it was such a beautiful story." The speaker's companion looked another way.

"His name," said Father Jerome,—"some say one name and some another. Some think it was Jean Lafitte, the famous; you have heard of him? And do you go to my church, Madame ——?"

"No, Miché; not in the past; but from this time, yes. My name"—she choked a little, and yet it evidently gave her pleasure to offer this mark of confidence,—"is Madame Delphine—Delphine Carraze."

CHAPTER VI.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

PÈRE JEROME'S smile and exclamation as some days later he entered his parlor in response to the announcement of a visitor were indicative of hearty greeting rather than surprise.

"Madame Delphine!"

Yet surprise could hardly have been altogether absent, for though another Sunday had not yet come around, the slim, smallish figure sitting in a corner, looking very much alone, and clad in dark attire, which seemed to have been washed a trifle too often, was Delphine Carraze on her second visit. And this, he was confident, was over and above an attendance in the confessional, where he was sure he had recognized her voice.

She rose bashfully and gave her hand, then looked to the floor, and began a faltering speech, with a swallowing motion in the throat, smiled weakly and commenced again, speaking, as before, in a gentle, low note, frequently lifting up and casting down her eyes, while shadows of anxiety and smiles of apology chased each other rapidly across her face. She was trying to ask his advice.

"Sit down," said he; and when they had taken seats she resumed, with downcast eyes:

"You know,—probably I should have said this in the confessional, but——"

"No matter, Madame Delphine; I understand; you did not want an oracle, perhaps; you want a friend."

She lifted her eyes, shining with tears, and dropped them again.

"I"—she ceased. "I have done a"—she dropped her head and shook it despondingly—"a cruel thing." The tears rolled from her eyes as she turned away her face.

Père Jerome remained silent, and presently she turned again, with the evident intention of speaking at length.

"It began nineteen years ago—by"—her eyes, which she had lifted, fell lower than ever, her brow and neck were suffused with blushes, and she murmured—"I fell in love."

She said no more, and by and by Père Jerome replied:

"Well, Madame Delphine, to love is the right of every soul. I believe in love. If your love was pure and lawful I am sure your angel guardian smiled upon you; and if it was not, I cannot say you have nothing to answer for, and yet I think God may have said: 'She is a quadroone; all the rights of her womanhood trampled in the mire, sin made easy to her—almost compulsory,—charge it to account of whom it may concern."

"No, no!" said Madame Delphine, looking up quickly, "some of it might fall upon——" Her eyes fell, and she commenced biting her lips and nervously pinching little folds in her skirt. "He was good—as good as the law would let him be—better, indeed, for he left me property, which really the strict law does not allow. He loved our little daughter very much. He wrote to his mother and sisters, owning all his error and asking them to take the child and bring her up. I sent her to them when he died, which was soon after, and did not see my child for sixteen years. But we wrote to each other all the time, and she loved me. And then—at last——" Madame Delphine ceased speaking, but went on diligently with her agitated fingers, turning down foolish hems lengthwise of her lap.

"At last your mother-heart conquered," said Père Jerome.

She nodded.

"The sisters married, the mother died; I saw that even where she was she did not escape the reproach of her birth and blood, and when she asked me to let her come——." The speaker's brimming eyes rose an instant. "I know it was wicked, but—I said, come."

The tears dripped through her hands upon her dress.

"Was it she who was with you last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"And now you do not know what to do with her?"

"*Ah! c'est ça, oui!*—that is it."

"Does she look like you, Madame Delphine?"

"Oh, thank God, no! you would never believe she was my daughter; she is white and beautiful!"

"You thank God for that which is your main difficulty, Madame Delphine."

"Alas! yes."

Père Jerome laid his palms tightly across his knees with his arms bowed out, and fixed his eyes upon the ground, pondering.

"I suppose she is a sweet, good daughter?" said he, glancing at Madame Delphine without changing his attitude.

Her answer was to raise her eyes rapturously.

"Which gives us the dilemma in its fullest force," said the priest, speaking as if to the floor. "She has no more place than if she had dropped upon a strange planet." He suddenly looked up with a brightness which almost as quickly passed away, and then he looked down again. His happy thought was the cloister; but he instantly said to himself: "They cannot have overlooked that choice, except intentionally—which they have a right to do." He could do nothing but shake his head.

"And suppose you should suddenly die," he said; he wanted to get at once to the worst.

The woman made a quick gesture, and buried her head in her handkerchief, with the stifled cry:

"Oh, Olive, my daughter!"

"Well, Madame Delphine," said Père Jerome, more buoyantly, "one thing is sure: we *must* find a way out of this trouble."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, looking heavenward, "if it might be!"

"But it must be!" said the priest.

"But how shall it be?" asked the desponding woman.

"Ah!" said Père Jerome, with a shrug, "God knows."

"Yes," said the quadroone, with a quick sparkle in her gentle eye; "and I know, if God would tell anybody, He would tell you!"

The priest smiled and rose.

"Do you think so? Well, leave me to think of it. I will ask Him."

"And He will tell you!" she replied. "And He will bless you!" She rose and gave her hand. As she withdrew it she smiled. "I had such a strange dream," she said, backing toward the door.

"Yes?"

"Yes. I got my troubles all mixed up

with your sermon. I dreamed I made that pirate the guardian of my daughter."

Père Jerome smiled also, and shrugged.

"To you, Madame Delphine, as you are placed, every white man in this country, on land or on water, is a pirate, and of all pirates, I think that one is, without doubt, the best."

"Without doubt," echoed Madame Delphine, wearily, still withdrawing backward. Père Jerome stepped forward and opened the door.

The shadow of some one approaching it from without fell upon the threshold, and a man entered, dressed in dark blue cottonade, lifting from his head a fine Panama hat, and from a broad, smooth brow, fair where the hat had covered it and dark below, gently stroking back his very soft, brown locks. Madame Delphine slightly started aside, while Père Jerome reached silently, but eagerly, forward, grasped a larger hand than his own, and motioned its owner to a seat. Madame Delphine's eyes ventured no higher than to discover that the shoes of the visitor were of white duck.

"Well, Père Jerome," she said, in a hurried under-tone, "I am just going to say Hail Marys all the time till you find that out for me!"

"Well, I hope that will be soon, Madame Carraze. Good-day, Madame Carraze."

And as she departed, the priest turned to the new-comer and extended both hands, saying, in the same familiar dialect in which he had been addressing the quadroone:

"Well-a-day, old playmate! After so many years!"

They sat down side by side, like husband and wife, the priest playing with the other's hand, and talked of times and seasons past, often mentioning Evariste and often Jean.

Madame Delphine stopped short half-way home and returned to Père Jerome's. His entry door was wide open and the parlor door ajar. She passed through the one and with downcast eyes was standing at the other, her hand lifted to knock, when the door was drawn open and the white duck shoes passed out. She saw, besides, this time the blue cottonade suit.

"Yes," the voice of Père Jerome was saying, as his face appeared in the door—"Ah! Madame——"

"I lef' my para*sol*," said Madame Delphine, in English.

There was this quiet evidence of a defiant spirit hidden somewhere down under her general timidity, that, against a fierce conventional prohibition, she wore a bonnet instead of the turban of her caste, and carried a parasol.

Père Jerome turned and brought it.

He made a motion in the direction in which the late visitor had disappeared.

"Madame Delphine, you saw dat man?"

"Not his face."

"You couldn' billieve me iv I tell you w'at dat man pur*pose* to do!"

"Is dad so, Père Jerome?"

"He's goin' to hopen a bank!"

"Ah!" said Madame Delphine, seeing she was expected to be astonished.

Père Jerome evidently longed to tell something that was best kept secret; he repressed the impulse, but his heart had to say something. He threw forward one hand and looking pleasantly at Madame Delphine, with his lips dropped apart, clenched his extended hand and thrusting it toward the ground, said in a solemn undertone:

"He is God's own banker, Madame Delphine."

(To be continued.)

LILIAN.

WHENEVER the south wind blows,
Straight to the cliff I hie:
A little back from the edge,
On the brown turf down I lie—
And there I ponder and muse;
I hear what the south has to say:
To me it is seldom news,
For I hear it every day.

Lilian thinks 'tis the stir—
The eternal sound, of the sea;
'Tis not of the sea, but of her,
And her virgin love for me.

IN AND OUT OF LONDON WITH DICKENS.

"SPLENDID STROLLING."

JUST out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in crooked little Portsmouth street, stands, or rather totters, a crazy old house. It is one of those venerable buildings which are fast disappearing from the streets of London, its knees crooked, its back all awry. On its timber-crossed front, filled in with dingy plaster, we read, in odd, distorted lettering, "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP." It has two stories, the ground floor forming a tiny shop; its counter, and floor, and shelves heaped and flowing over—or so they were, only last summer—with the most extraordinary collection of old books that ever pretended to be for sale. As we enter through the little door, a voluble man tumbles down the misshapen, shaky staircase from the upper floor into his shop. Descanting on his books, eager to make a sale, the voluble man is, at the same time, not loath to enlarge on the local legend which relates that Dickens took from this house the title and made it the scene of his story of the same name. The foundation for this fable is, I fancy, about as shaky as that of the house itself seems to be, having no other ground, so far as I can discover, than a pardonable, albeit misguided, desire on the part of this poverty-stricken neighborhood to lift itself into an easy and inexpensive notoriety. It is a pleasing delusion, however, and I give it for what it is worth. Indeed, there may be something in it. It is impossible to identify even the quarter of the town in which "The Old Curiosity Shop" of the story is located; neither in Master Humphrey's first walk there,—when, meeting Little Nell wandering in the streets of the city at dusk, he accompanies her to her home, "a long distance away, and in quite another quarter of the town,"—nor in any subsequent mention of the place, is any clew given as to its location. And, at the end, we are told that when honest Kit had married Barbara and they had a little family of boys and girls, he would sometimes take them to the street where his dear young mistress had lived; "but new improvements had altered it so much it was not like the same. The old house had long ago been pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place."

This destruction of the old place, indeed, may have been purely imaginary on the author's part, and an after-thought to hide its identity from our prying eyes. We are not forbidden, at least, to believe that our "Old Curiosity Shop" is the genuine, original old shop: and it is a pardonable, even if puerile, pleasure that comes to us as we stand here at the book-stall outside, looking in through the open door, and refilling the place with gaunt suits of old armor and ghostly bits of furniture; with Nell slumbering peacefully in their midst; their distorted forms not more alien to her youth and purity than the living shapes that move about her:—her gambler grandfather, her dissolute brother, Trent, the genial and ingenuous dwarf, Quilp, and our own, our beloved Dick Swiveller.

At the public-house on the opposite side of Portsmouth street,—to be seen at the left of our sketch,—we can easily imagine Dick waiting and quenching his perennial thirst in the "rosy," while young Trent has gone over to see whether "the old min is friendly," and will respond to Dick's watchword: "the watchword for the old min is to fork, sir, to fork." This public-house is The Black Jack; and of it, local gossip relates that most of this story was written within its walls. Dickens himself never imagined anything more ludicrous than this legend; for by it there is presented to the vivid imagination peculiar to the Briton the grotesque picture of the precise and perhaps too carefully dressed Mr. Dickens, in the guise of a shabby Bohemian of the Jingle or Swiveller type, carrying a small roll of manuscript in his seedy hat, and borrowing "a mouthful of ink" at the bar, as he orders his bit of bread and cheese and "'arf a tankard of bitter beer." No doubt, Dickens knew this tavern well, as he knew all the queer places in London; and those which took his fancy have a certain interest for us, too, even when not localized in his works. Many an American finds a peculiar piquancy in the ale—an unwonted flavor in the rump-steak and marrow-bones, for which the Blue Posts of Cork street is famed, by reason of Charles Dickens's fondness for this queer little tavern.

As for the Black Jack, I have long been convinced that it is the original—the name

having been transferred to it from a similar tavern not far away—of the Magpie and Stump of "Pickwick." This "public" was the favorite retreat of Mr. Lowten after his daily labors in Mr. Perker's office in Gray's

We go far from here—away down into the City*—to the one other scene of this story, which has not less of interest for us than this spot. We can trace it with not one doubt as to its identity: no lettering on

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

Inn, whither he was followed and found by Mr. Pickwick at supper: it rejoicing, he tells us, "in the double advantage of being in the vicinity of Clare Market and back of New Inn." It was convenient, too, in old times, to the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the actors of which did much frequent it; among whom their low comedian, Joe Miller, was always found. The artists of the last century also made it a rendezvous, and the paintings they sketched on its walls are still traceable, albeit besmeared and bedimmed by the hand of time. One other distinguished name is connected with this old tavern: no less a one than that of Jack Sheppard. Indeed, it was long known—is still sometimes spoken of—as "The Jump," from the leap taken by that exemplary youth out of its first-floor window in trying to escape arrest by the emissaries of Jonathan Wild, thief and thief-catcher. It is a low story—that of the inn's first floor, I mean—and the jump was but a poor little one: yet of such trifles is history made!

its front is needed to tell us when we have found it. As we search through Bevis Marks for the house of Mr. Sampson Brass,—which, in order to have just the right one, Dickens had spent a morning in selecting, as he wrote to Forster,—it is with an unshakable certainty, spite of all the changes in the street, that we fix on it; there is no

* It may here be explained to the American reader that "the City," as used in England, means only that portion of London which stretches easterly from Chancery Lane and the Temple to the Minories and Tower Hill, its northern limit being Holborn and the line of the old London Wall, with the Thames on its southern border. Temple Bar formed one of the entrances to "the City," through which royalty was never permitted to pass without the permission of the city authorities,—a remnant of the old municipal rights. Old Holborn Bars, nearly in front of Staple Inn, marked another of "the City" boundaries. This ancient relic was burned in 1867, and Temple Bar has now been carted away. "The City" is, in fact, the capital of London, and the Bank of England is the heart of "the City," in every sense. Business men go to "the City," instead of "down town"; and "a City man" means one in trade.

other house there that will content our imagination, which, fired by familiarity with the scene, traces its well-known lineaments:—the office window, with its thread-bare green curtains all awry; its sill just above the two steps which lead from the sidewalk to the office floor, so that Quilp had no trouble in climbing upon it and looking in, as was his delightful way, and "so close to the foot-way that the passenger who takes the wall brushes the dim glass with his coat-sleeve,—much to its improvement, for it is very dirty." We seem to hear Sampson's eloquence as he laments over Kit's perfidy: "And this is the world that turns upon its own axis, and has Lunar influences, and revolutions round Heavenly Bodies, and various games of that sort!" We seem to see the festive Swiveller snatch the faded brown turban from Sally's head, and with it dust the dirty panes; we seem to see the Single Gentleman half-way out the first-floor window, looking eagerly for the Punch-and-Judy which is coming around the corner; and from out the low, barred basement window, just coming above ground, peeps the peaked, wistful, unwashed face of the Marchioness. They are all there to our vision; as real as the queer foreign faces in the windows of the new Portuguese or something Refuge opposite, or as the Israelites, pushing by on their way to Houndsditch and Petticoat Lane.

If we follow them into Houndsditch, and so on through that street oddly named the Minories, we shall come out on Tower Hill, where—hard by the "genial Tower" of Artemus Ward—lived Mr. Daniel Quilp. I once fancied that I had fixed on his dwelling amid that row of delightfully ancient and quaint houses facing Trinity House and Trinity Square; but as this bit of identification was not wholly unconnected with a glimpse vouchsafed me at that moment, for my merits, of an extremely pretty face and figure in the window of the drawing-room, bringing up a vision of Quilp's charming little wife "in her bower," I cannot deny that it is lacking somewhat in value. But, indeed, Quilp's home is necessarily as unreal and as fantastic in its outlines as was Quilp himself. His wharf and lumber-yard were on the Surrey side of the Thames, his crossing to which, in a wherry, gave Dickens occasion to introduce one of the most vivid of his many descriptions of the river. Since Quilp's untimely death by drowning, and the destruction of his lumber-yard by fire on the same night, the business has fallen to his heirs, who have removed it farther up the river, where it is to be found, much enlarged and flourishing, at the end of Vauxhall Bridge, on the Middlesex side. I never fail, when crossing the bridge, either alone or with Eugene Wrayburn, to stop, and, leaning over the parapet, to gaze and take delight in the goodly show of queer figure-heads, new and trim or worn and battered, like that of Kit, and in all the odd old lumber, with which the yard is piled. But I was never anxious to ascertain, by personal investigation,—no more than was Mr. Sampson Brass himself,—whether Quilp's dog, "who lived on the right-hand side, but sometimes hid on the left, ready for a spring," has been carried to this new yard.

The crazy water-side tavern called "The Wilderness," wherein it was Quilp's malicious delight to entertain his friends, may, by diligent search, still be found. There are yet left a very few specimens of this moist house of entertainment, with which the Surrey shore of the river used to be dotted, "surrounded on three sides by mud and standing on rotten piles of timber, and its front always unwashed," in the words of Mr. Sala; yet, either in "Tumble-down Dick's," or in "Tom Tug's Head,"—perfect types they are,—I can still see Quilp gulping down raw gin, even to Swiveller's amazement, and chuckling fiendishly over the damp discomfort of that sweet pair, Sally and Sampson!

Come back into Holborn with me. Near its upper end, where it merges into New Oxford street, we turn into a street—a short and dirty street of mean buildings, but famed forever in history; for this is Kingsgate street, the abode of Mrs. Gamp. We pause for a while at this corner, before approaching the shrine—we pause, not to see in memory the scene which here took place on the 8th of March, 1668–'9, when King Charles II., the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and Prince Rupert, all riding by in one coach, were upset at the corner of Holborn and Kingsgate street, and, in Pepys's words, "the King all dirt, but no hurt,"—the good gossip not considering the smaller fry worth noticing. It is with less exalted personages that this corner is peopled to us. Bailey, Jr., is here displaying himself, in the gorgeous new livery of Tigg Montague, to the awe-stricken gaze of Poll Sweedlepipe, going for that purpose "round and round in circles on the pavement, rather to the inconvenience of the

passengers generally, who were not in an equal state of spirits with himself."

Kingsgate street is still, as it was then, a street of mean shops and petty industries, among which are many penny barbers. We search among their signs, "Easy Shaving, 1d.," until, at the end of the street, we find Poll's own shabby little shop. There are no birds nor rabbits there any more,—only the scanty outfit of a cheap shaving-shop, presided over by a dejected barber, whose absurdly exaggerated and gayly striped pole, even, cannot convince us that shop or shaver ever drew the line anywhere, even at coal-heavers! But above, in the first-floor front, we still can see that historic window which was "easily assailable at night by pebbles, walking-sticks, and fragments of tobacco-pipes, all much more efficacious than the street-door knocker, which was so constructed as to wake the street with ease and even spread alarms of fire in Holborn, without making the smallest impression on the premises to which it was addressed!"

The well-regulated mind will find an hilarious interest, not unmingled with veneration, in the contemplation of this window, for it looks in upon that apartment, not too spacious, but crowded with many memories, and sacred to "Sairey's" special snuffyness and fluffyness. There stands the great tent bedstead, its sacking bulging down in the middle, so that her "box" can be pushed but partly underneath, thus projecting into the crowded room in a way not only to injure the legs of the hurried visitor, but to do violence to his reason. There are the wooden pippins, strung from post to post, and falling at the slightest provocation on the head of that flurried visitor, who is, at the same time, struck dumb by the sight of those rusty vestments adorning the posts in default of wardrobe or closet, and so retaining the peculiar copiousness of form of their owner that, in the twilight or early morning, they gave the impression that she herself was hanging there. One breathless husband, indeed, had been known to say afterward that they looked like "guardian angels, watching of her in her sleep." But that was "his First," and he never repeated the sentiment, though often the visit! There stands the dwarfish chest of drawers, all their handles gone, so that they had to be opened all at once by tilting forward, or singly, each with a knife, like an oyster; while the rest of the space is filled with the two sprawling old elbow-chairs and the pile of bandboxes, not one of them having a whole bottom! The impatient and bewildered husband, plunging precipitately up the narrow stairs, past Poll's rabbit-hutches and bird-cages into this swarming bower, could be guaranteed an exceedingly lively *quart d'heure*, there is no doubt!

In this room was uttered that precept, fit to be written among the eternal verities for the rightful guidance of life: "Betsy, drink fair, wotever you do"; and these walls echoed to those memorable words from the lips of Mrs. Prig: "Bother Mrs. Harris! I don't believe there's no sich a person!" There in that window you shall see to-day the very flower-pots—I confess to an artless and unashamed joy in gazing on them—among which Mr. Pecksniff rattled with the driver's whip on a memorable occasion, thereby awakening an interest in the bosoms of the ladies of the neighborhood, who, in shrill tones, and all at once, proclaimed it greatly to his credit that he looked "as pale as a muffin"; until, finding he was on a mission quite alien to their thoughts and hopes, they reviled the misguided messenger with equal volubility for "terrifying of delicate females with his corpses." To this very day—it was Mr. Hassard's experience, as well as mine before, and that of others since—there is shown a solicitude by the whole street of slatternly women in the movements of the casual visitor who stands staring at this window, so ludicrous in its suggestion as to drive him—should he be a decorous and timorous bachelor—abashed, back to Holborn.

"Through the square, and up the stairs, a-turnin' round by the tobacker shop," is Mrs. Gamp's formula for finding the residence of Mrs. Harris; but, with all my desire to discover whether that estimable woman meant Bloomsbury or Red Lion Square, I have always, since the doubts cast on the existence of Mrs. Harris by malignant spirits, shrunk from further harrowing Sairey's sensitive soul by a suspicious search for her friend's dwelling-place; it shall forever abide for us in the airy realms of imagination.

We will to-day follow Poll Sweedlepipe and Bailey, Jr., down Holborn to the Bull Inn, where they are going to catch a glimpse of Lewsome, when he comes out to start for the country with John Westlock. We take great delight, as we walk behind them, in the "bragien boldness of that imperent young sparrow," and in meek old Poll's

abject adoration of him; it is one of those affections at once absurd and touching, which no one has ever drawn as Dickens did. The effigy of the Black Bull still stands

SAIREY GAMP'S

over the door-way of the inn, sturdy and rampant as when Mrs. Gamp referred to him in terms of contumely: "That there blessed Bull, Mr. Sweedlepipe, has done his wery best to conker me. Of all the trying inwalieges in the walley of the shadder, that one beats 'em black and blue." I look up at the Bull always in passing—there is no sign needed, he is enough in himself—and smile at the remembrance of the patient's baleful toilet by that precious pair, and their reception of his feeble protest to their plastering the soap into his mouth and sticking the points of his collar into his eyes: "Who do you think's to wash one feater and miss another and wear one's eyes out with all manner of fine work of that description, for half-a-crown a day! If you wants to be titterwated, you must pay accordin'."

In Holborn, near the Bull Inn, is Furnival's Inn, in which John Westlock had his chambers—those "remarkable chambers! there's everything in 'em!" as Tom Pinch said, in his delight. It has always pleased my fancy to believe that these were the very ones occupied by Dickens himself while writing his early sketches, and where he began "Pickwick"; where, too, he was visited by Mr. Thackeray with some sketches for that work, which were not accepted. His memory of his life there would seem to have been pleasant enough, for he says, when John is hypocritically lamenting his loneliness: "There are snug chambers in those inns where the bachelors live, and for the desolate fellows they pretend to be, it is quite surprising how well they get on." He makes the scene of the jolly dinner John gives to Ruth and Tom in these "rooms, the perfection of neatness and comfort"; and here we meet his best specimen of the "laundress" of these inns,—John's "fiery-faced matron in a crunched bonnet," who had, for this occasion, made a desperate rally in regard to her dress, "attiring herself in a washed-out yellow gown, with sprigs of the same upon it, so that it looked like a tesselated work of pats of butter." She is a delicious creation, or rather an accurate and admirable portraiture of that wonderful old woman unknown in any other part of the civilized globe. Once a slave myself to her, while living in the chambers of a certain Inn, I came to know well, and to exult in, "the veritable shining-red-faced, shameless laundress,—in figure, color, texture, and smell, like the old damp family umbrella; the tip-top complicated abomination of stockings, spirits, bonnet, limpness, looseness, and larceny!" Fitting handmaidens they of those "strongholds of melancholy."

Turning from Holborn into Chancery Lane, we thread its length to Fleet street. I am well aware that this street should properly be peopled for us with the silent shadows of the great chancellors for whom it was first named Chancellors' Lane: with Coke, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Romilly, Thurlow, Mansfield, Erskine; the great Wolsey should set it all ablaze to our eyes with the glow of his rich costume and the gorgeous colors of his retinue: yet I take no shame to myself that these seem but shad-

FOUNTAIN COURT, THE TEMPLE.

ows to-day, bedimmed by the palpable personality of pretty Ruth Pinch. She has come from Islington—"merry Islington it used to be called," says Tom Pinch, where he and his sister live in company—for us—with Colley Cibber and Goldsmith and Charles Lamb; with De Foe at school there; with Collins, his mind nearly gone, visited by kindly old Samuel Johnson; with Mrs. Barbauld, the wife of the Unitarian minister; with Mrs. Foster, granddaughter of John Milton, and the last of his family, who died there keeping a paltry chandler shop. Ruth Pinch has walked briskly all the way from her lodgings and now cuts across Fleet street, dodging the cabs and omnibuses, enters the Temple Gate, and passes down the lane into Fountain Court:—there to wait for her brother, for, you remember, "there was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way, and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him; and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her." And what better place to meet her—his and our pet and delight—than in the Fountain Court near at hand,—the pet and delight of the Temple? It is to me the most delightful nook in all London; not only for its lively little fountain, its few pensive shade-trees, its utter peacefulness,—hardly out of hearing of the brawling Strand,—but "because it looks down on Garden Court, and Garden Court ends in the garden, and the garden ends in the river, and that glimpse is very bright, and fresh, and shining on a summer's day." Nor is it any the less so of an autumn day, when it is brilliant in its bravery of chrysanthemums, famed the world over, even as the red and white roses of the garden have been famous for centuries for their size and beauty, not less than for their historic associations.* These were probably the rival roses of York and Lancaster, which Shakspere makes them pluck in this very Temple Garden. And even in the damp and dismal days of the dark London winter, this court has always a charm for me—a vague sort of rural charm, amid the city's stone and brick—scarcely less than that of Kensington or of Kew. I should weary you, reader,—and it would be out of place here, too,—to recount all the historic memories with which this spot is peopled. For more than all these does Fountain Court count to us, in that it was here that Ruth Pinch used to wander and wait for her brother's coming, to walk home to Islington with him; and that here John Westlock found her one day, "quite accidentally, of course"; and that here is the scene of that pretty wooing. The whole picture of the place in this story is most charming, and atones for all Dickens's dismal descriptions

* These roses, Mr. Timbs tells us, were the old Provence, the Cabbage, and the Maiden's Blush.

elsewhere of the delightful old Temple. Forever after, in our vision, that friendly little fountain leaps and sparkles, and bewitching Ruth Pinch trips beside it, or stands coyly looking down, fitting her pretty foot into the crack in the pavement as she hangs lightly on John Westlock's arm.

There is another familiar spot in "Martin Chuzzlewit" which is worthy a visit—Todgers's. It is a long way off in the City, and there is much to beguile our attention on the way. Dr. Johnson has been called by Leigh Hunt the *genius loci* of the Temple and of Fleet street, but we cannot track his foot-prints and visit his haunts here without meeting at every step the myriad memories with which Charles Dickens has peopled these same regions. As we stand here at the Temple Gate, on our way out, it is not the procession of the great and wise of the centuries who pass through in mute majesty, that we see to day: it is the little cortége, surrounding the stretcher on which, silent and senseless after all his vain raging, lies Jenny Wren's "bad boy," which she, coming up with Riah, meets just here. Away on our right looms up the stately mass of St. Paul's Cathedral, its dark dome and glittering cross rising quiet above the turmoil, clear cut above the fog and smoke; and it brings up to me at this moment only young Copperfield's childish remembrance of Peggotty's work-box and sliding lid, "with its view of St. Paul's (with a pink dome) painted on its top." Near at hand, on our left, in the Strand, the eye is caught by the old church of St. Clement Danes, "incongruous and ungainly": and we remember that there, Mrs. Lirriper tells us, "me and my poor Lirriper got married where I now have a sitting in a very pleasant pew with genteel company and my own hassock and being partial to evening service not too crowded." Just above is Norfolk street, Strand, where the "dearest old thing" that even Dickens ever drew had her lodging-house; "and lower down, on the other side of the way," was Wozenham's, her implacable rival; until her hate was melted in the stream of Mrs. Lirriper's womanly goodness, flowing full and unchecked as her own speech. She makes the whole of Norfolk street sacred to me; so that I am glad that a fictitious house has been assigned to her. For hunt we never so carefully no No. 81 is to be found in Norfolk street, Strand.

Still standing in the old gate-way, under the shadow of Temple Bar,—it is gone now!—the sturdy presence of Dr. Johnson, hiding here in that queer freak of his, cannot shoulder aside the burly bulk, surmounted by that spiky hair and iron-bound visage of Jerry Cruncher, seated on his stool, under that window of Tellson's bank nearest Temple Bar, sucking his rusty fingers or chewing a bit of straw, ready to "errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes." Jerry lived, and Mrs. Cruncher "flopped," just below off Fleet street, in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars, and I always glance at the sign in passing, even as Trooper George, on his way across river to the Bagnet's, glanced up at it, "thinking that was something in his line."

Tellson's bank still stands here, and stored its papers in that very room over Temple Bar until room and Bar were taken away, for it is Child's bank that Dickens hides under that name, and his wonderfully vivid description of the old-fashioned place was quite accurate until the recent improvements changed it all. The old bank stood on the site, and perhaps occupied part of the structure, of the older Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson reigned over the Apollo Club, and where Swift and Addison were later visitors. The bank—oldest but one in London—was founded by Francis Child in 1620, and had among its earliest customers Charles II. and Prince Rupert. Pretty Nell Gwynne banked there, and Pepys stored away his savings in the old vaults. One of Addison's descendants was lately of the firm, and may still be there. Besides the old bank, there are no London scenes peculiar to the "Tale of Two Cities" to be found; yet Sydney Carton's deathless spirit still haunts the Temple, and his form is by night always present to me on the pavement of King's Bench Walk and of Paper Buildings, as he strolls there to sober himself before going up to his jackal's work in Stryver's chambers. Here comes Maypole Hugh, too, swaggering up the staircase of Paper Buildings on his way to report doings at Chigwell to Sir John Chester above. Still standing in our gate-way and looking to the other side of Fleet street from where Hugh has just crossed, we see a little modern iron drinking-fountain in front of St. Dunstan's Church. I like to stop in front of it on my way into my chambers in Clifford's Inn alongside; for, at the sound of the tinkling water, as at the prompter's bell, the whole scene changes for me, all but the Temple front, and the three old frame houses, just this side of Fetter Lane, at which the great fire stopped.

These modern stone buildings roll back, leaving only the rows of ancient wooden houses behind them: the front of this new church of St. Dunstan's changes swiftly to that of the old one, with its two wooden giants striking the hours; gloomy old Temple Bar wheels back into place, horrid with its traitors' heads on pikes, and the whole stage is set as it was just one hundred years ago. An ancient wooden pump stands in place of the iron drinking-fountain, and Maypole Hugh, sodden with drink after his night at "The Boot" with Sim Tappertit and Dennis the hangman, is pumping over his own head and shoulders before he dare cross over and present himself in Sir John's chambers.

Beyond this ghost of a relic, there are no other relics existing of "Barnaby Rudge." Fleet Market, just below, of the filth and turbulence of which, in 1780, we have a most vivid description, has given way to the model modern Farringdon Market, with its specialty of the clean and sedate watercress. And standing on this corner of Fleet and of Farringdon streets,—for we have come thus far on our way to Todgers's,—we look across to-day to the site of the old Fleet Prison, burned by Maypole Hugh and his companions in the Gordon riots of 1780. Rebuilt soon after, it came, in time, to be famous as the temporary home of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Jingle, and Sam. Its site is now occupied in part by the Nonconformists' Memorial Hall, and in part by the vast printing-offices of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

These latter buildings extend into Belle Sauvage Yard, opening on Ludgate Hill, and partly cover the ground once picturesquely occupied by the old Belle Sauvage Inn,—entirely gone now, and its memory kept alive for us only by association with "the celebrated Mr. Weller, of the Belle Sauvage," in which terms the fine old fellow first introduces himself to us. We pass several of the taverns sacred to the Wellers—father and son—on our way to Todgers's, but, sadly enough, they are no longer the same as then. The "George and Vulture Tavern and Hotel," George Yard, Lombard street, still exists, but woefully changed,—for the better, its proprietor doubtless believes. They were "very good, old-fashioned, comfortable quarters" when Mr. Pickwick sought refuge there on leaving so suddenly the seclusion of Mrs. Bardell's house in Goswell street, and he left them only when compelled, by his own obstinacy and the sheriff's officer, to go to the Fleet Prison. The tavern is now one of the city eating-houses for harried clerks and hurried men of business; and the occasional lunch I used to take in the old coffee-room, now modernized and enlarged, crowded and noisy, was not satisfying in any sense,—not even in a Pickwickian!

The Uncommercial Traveler, on his way down to the Wapping Work-house one day, "had got past," he tells us, "the India House, thinking in my idle manner of Tippoo Sahib and Charles Lamb, and had got past my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake, and had got past Aldgate Pump, * * * and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbor the Black or Blue Boar or Bull, who departed this life I don't know when, and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where." This pretended confusion is quite Dickensese. For there in Aldgate at this very day you shall see all three of these inns in close proximity—the Bull, the Black Boar, the Blue Horse; the Boar himself standing there in black bass-relief in the wall of the first floor, forming the only sign, for no words are needed—a delightful old relic, a picture in itself.

But I do not mean to take you past the Little Midshipman in this summary way; we, too, must pat him on his little leg for old acquaintance' sake. For this alone: for while the little fellow himself has grown shabby with advancing years, the once modest little shop, over which he still mounts guard, is now a flourishing establishment. He still stands at No. 157 Leadenhall street, opposite the old India House; a naval and nautical instrument-maker still carries on the old business, and seems to be more prosperous than Sol Gills ever was. Whether for that reason or another,—indeed, I know not why it is,—all the old charm has fled. It is the only scene in Dickens's pages which has thus disappointed me. I have taken much more comfort in a similar little establishment at No. 99 Minories; and it had always—long before I found that Mr. Pemberton also so regarded it—been to my imagination a perfect realization of the ideal little wooden midshipman. Evidently Mr. Vanderhoof has been struck in the same way, and has found inspiration here for his sketch, which was wanting in the original shop. There he stands, you see, eternally taking observations, as he mounts guard over the little

shop, the queer bow-windows of which are as "chock-full o' science" as those that were the bewilderment of Captain Cuttle, when he took charge in Sol Gills's absence; and through them I look past all the mysterious nautical instruments, with which counters and walls are crowded, to a little staircase behind, up which that glorious mariner carries the light form of Florence to the little room which I have convinced myself must be above there.

The great house of Dombey and Son was placed indefinitely near at hand, in baleful bans within, and peering in at the windows, to the amazement of the small congregation, all staring at him, and to the exceeding discomfiture of Susan Nipper. A very small congregation it is: a very small one do you always find in these City churches. For we have now reached the region where we are constantly running against these lone, mysterious edifices left stranded in this business quarter by the retiring wave of dwellers in homes. And we are now suddenly stumbling over their ghostly little grave-yards,—"so small, so rank, so

A "LITTLE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN."

one of those city courts, peculiar to London; nobody has ever been able to locate it. It is with a singular shock that one sees, in startlingly large letters on the fronts of three shops in the City,—in Cheapside, in Cannon street, at the corner of Fenchurch and Gracechurch streets,—the legend "Dombey and Son"; and sees, too, that they are flourishing tailors' shops! One scene there is dear to us all, that I know well: the City church in which Florence and Walter are married, and where I always see the love-lorn Toots hovering about outside, unable to listen to those silent, so forgotten,"—often entirely apart from any church, always hemmed closely in by warehouses or the walls of some queer City company's queer hall. When the Uncommercial Traveler thought he deserved particularly well of himself, he gave himself the little treat of a stroll into the City "after business hours on a Saturday, or—better yet—on a Sunday." And this is, indeed, a treat that I wonder so few of us give ourselves. No one really knows the City of London who has not explored it of a Sunday; and above all, in the summer-time, "for then," as Dickens says, "the retired

PEGGOTTY'S HOUSE, YARMOUTH.

spots that I love to haunt are at their idlest and dullest."

And now we have got as far as the Monument, and Todgers's is not far away. I shall let you hunt for it alone, now that I have brought you so far. I have done my share of this search for Todgers's, with the same result which has befallen all who have tried to follow Mr. Pecksniff "in a kind of frenzy," from the stage-coach to where he at last "stopped in a kind of paved yard near the Monument, before a very dingy house, on the front of which was a little oval board like a tea-tray, with this inscription—'Commercial Boarding-House, M. Todgers.'" No, companion of my long stroll from the Temple, nobody has *ever* found Todgers's. "Instances are known of people who, being asked to dine at Todgers's, had traveled round and round it for a weary time with its very chimney-pots in view; and, finding it at last impossible of attainment, had gone home again with a gentle melancholy in their spirits, tranquil and uncomplaining. Nobody had ever found Todgers's on verbal direction, though given within a minute's walk of it. Todgers's was in a labyrinth, whereof the mystery was known to but a chosen few." And, as I have not the fortune to be one of those chosen few, and have never, to my knowledge, succeeded in discovering the true Todgers's, I shall heartlessly leave you in this labyrinth of lanes, and by-ways, and court-yards, and passages, to hunt it out yourself, guided by the undying odor of moldy oranges and decaying fish.

I shall stop here and look in with Tom Pinch at the Man in the Monument, who takes the money for going upstairs; and I shall listen with congenial delight to his cynical sayings as he watches the blameless countryman, with the female of his kind, painfully climbing the stairs: "They don't know what a many steps there is! It's worth twice the money to stop here—oh, my eye!"

Long as this walk from the Temple may have seemed, O wearied reader! we have yet not lagged on the way, and have left unvisited many a scene of interest. But these and many other London spots time forbids us now to visit. There is no end to the strolls through London streets which we may take with Dickens, and I know no more delightful guide than this alert figure, as he takes in turn the arm of each of his myriad creations—those creations "which ought to be counted in the census"—and leads us with them to their favorite haunts. We may fondly fancy that we know something about London, but we find even the self-sufficient Forster constrained to own that there is much to learn concerning it from each of his successive books. If not a born Londoner, Dickens was born for London, and derived his best inspiration from its familiar scenes. To him, as to Macaulay, "its smoky atmosphere and muddy river had more charm than the pure air of Hertfordshire and the crystal currents of the Rib." His love for its streets was keener than that expressed by Horace Walpole or Leigh Hunt, by

WHITE HORSE INN, IPSWICH.

Charles Lamb or Thackeray. Only Dr. Johnson's affection equaled it in intensity and steadfastness; but, unlike the sturdy Doctor, Dickens was passionately fond of country life and country scenery, and there is no pretense in any of his enthusiasm about it. He would go away at times for a trip through, or a residence in, France, Switzerland, Italy; but the quiet and isolation he sought, the beauty of form and of color in lake and mountain and snow-peak he loved so well, did not suffice him to live on; his best brain-work failed him, and he was always finally forced to go, for his intellectual food, back to his beloved streets. "For a week or a fortnight, I can write prodigiously in a retired place, as at Broadstairs; and then a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and the labor of writing day after day without that magic lantern [London] is IMMENSE!!" Especially during the process of incubation was he given to queer "night-walks." He writes to Felton of himself, while composing his "Christmas Carol": "And thinking whereof, he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night, when all sober folks had gone to bed."

Outside of London, there is many an excursion, near or far, which we may make. We may run across country, in company with Dickens, Mark Lemon, and John Leech, on their famous exploring expedition to Yarmouth:—"the strangest place in the wide world. * * * I shall certainly try my hand at it," he writes to Forster. How well he tried his hand at it we all know: from the petty detail of the name "Blunderstone"—which, finding on a guide-post between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, he transferred to the village of David Copperfield's birth: to the grandeur of his description of the sea-storm in which Steerforth perished. Yarmouth is peculiarly famed for its terrible storms and frequent hopeless wrecks, as this past winter has shown. The boat-house, in which he made a home for the Peggotty family, and for Little Em'ly, stands intact in our memory, albeit its original no longer exists. A year or more ago,—no one suspecting its existence,—it was discovered, in removing the roofs from some old buildings, in just the state represented in our sketch; the very window still there in which the light was placed for Em'ly's return. At the time Dickens saw it, it stood far from other dwellings, out on the open dunes, looking across the German Ocean. When it was uncovered, the town had grown all around it.

As we return by rail from Yarmouth down the eastern coast, we cannot pass through Ipswich without stopping awhile, for the sake of the Pickwickian memories with which the old town is filled. In its main street there still "stands an inn, known far and wide by the appellation of the Great White Horse,—rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door." There stands that horse in our sketch; there is the door through which passed Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus. Within those walls is the dreary coffee-room, wherein those gentlemen sat amicably drinking until midnight, and exchanging their touching confidences as to the proper form of a declaration. There still reposes that modest chamber in which the great philosopher guilelessly found refuge a little later; wherein he was, to his horror, confronted by the dread apparition of the lady in yellow curl-papers; and whence he was driven forth in ignominy by that justly indignant virgin. We may still pace those interminable halls, through which, afterward, wandered that venerable form, carrying that famous fat silver watch, hopelessly seeking his rightful bed-chamber, until rescued by Sam.

Ipswich holds forever for us one other memory,—that of Dr. Marigold and his wife, whom he "courted from the footboard of the cart,—I did, indeed! She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop." Here he put up the wedding-ring, as a "choice lot," in his own Cheap Jack patter, and so, handing it up to the smiling English maiden in the window, got *that* choice lot for his wife. Perhaps he had better have left it alone, like most bargains; for, though "she wasn't a bad wife, she had a temper"; and, as Doctor Marigold philosophically puts it, "thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you; but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you,—you are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. Wiolence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawatin'!"

We may follow Nell and her grandfather in their flight from London, of which he writes: "There is a description of getting gradually out of town, and passing through neighborhoods of distinct and vari-

ous characters, with which, if I had read it as anybody else's writing, I think I should have been very much struck." He is quite right. It would be a delightful tramp to follow the course of that pathetic pair to the end, and to the church wherein she lies, as did the Single Gentleman so often in after life; but we have too few indications to permit us to do it. We have no difficulty, however, in tracking Oliver Twist and the housebreaker from Bethnal Green, through the whole length of the town, to Chertsey, where the burglary was committed. I can point out to you the very house, with the little window through which Oliver was squeezed. We may see some charming scenery, if we are not too exacting in our selection of society and not afraid of footing it, by accompanying Sikes in his flight after the murder of Nancy. Fleeing from those pursuing eyes, he strikes north to Islington and so on to Highgate, a quiet suburb on the north of London, which might be a hundred miles off up in Yorkshire, so quaint and so far away it seems. Here is many "an old-fashioned, genteel house," such as Mrs. Steerforth lived in, when David first visited her. It may have been that fine old brick mansion once occupied by Oliver Cromwell, and later by Madame von der Linde. Here too, is the pretty cottage, once the home of David and Dora, in which they went through those delightful housekeeping experiments. From here we follow Sikes through one of the pleasantest strolls in all England, to Hampstead Heath—that breezy upland where Dickens loved to wander. It is haunted with many famous historic ghosts; only one of which we revive to-day. It is that of John Sadleir, the great speculator, whose body—the death-wound given by himself—was found on the Heath. It was out of his "gracious rascality," ruining himself and thousands of innocent people, that Dickens shaped Merdle and his "complaint" and suicide. Here, on the Heath, we may stop awhile in this clear morning air, to enjoy the view; for all London lies spread out beneath us, its customary pall of smoke not yet settled down. Over the dome of St. Paul's, and the tall towers of Westminster, and the vast mass of buildings between, rise the green slopes of the Surrey hills; on the left we follow the winding of the Thames even to its *embouchure* at Gravesend; on the right, in the misty distance, the eye can pick out the battlements and turrets of Windsor Castle. A right royal prospect it is.

But we must hurry on after our hurried companion, who, driven by the Furies, does not even glance, as he passes through Hendon, at its picturesque, ivy-grown little church on a gentle eminence, its pretty grave-yard giving us a view which quite rivals that from Harrow church-yard. We push on to Hatfield. Here, in the little inn on the left of our sketch, Sikes rested, and had food; and here, in the tap-room, the peddler attempted to remove, with his "infallible composition," the blood-stain from

ENTRANCE TO HENDON CHURCH-YARD.

HATFIELD, HERTFORDSHIRE.

Sikes's hat, to his intense rage and terror. We leave the poor wretch rushing out to return to London and his death, while we go farther north.

There is, however, a more gracious memory than his connected with this place. In the grave-yard of the little church of Hatfield, Hertfordshire,—it is on the right,—Mrs. Lirriper tells us they buried "my poor Lirriper"; and we cannot but smile, albeit with a certain moisture of the eye, as we remember how that "dear old thing" came down here on the coach, with a sandwich and a drop of sherry in a basket, when she had paid all his debts; and "kissed my hand and laid it with a kind of proud and swelling love on my husband's grave; though bless you it had taken me so long to clear his name that my wedding-ring was worn quite fine and smooth when I laid it on the green green waving grass."

Instead of walking farther, we may here take the coach, which, tooled by its swell driver, has left the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, this morning,—the "Whytorseller" of Mr. Guppy, where he was sent to meet Esther Summerson, on her coming to London. Our first stoppage is at Barnet, where that young lady, in her night ride with Inspector Bucket, records their first change of horses. While our fresh relay is being put in, we shall have time to stroll out to the main street,—the scene of Oliver Twist's first meeting with the Artful Dodger.* Leaving the coach at St. Alban's, we may, after a visit to the fine old Abbey church, follow Esther and Mr. Bucket to the brickyards, where Lady Dedlock had been that night; and we may then search for the site of Bleak House, near at hand. The house itself, of that name, was found by Dickens at Broadstairs, his favorite sea-side resort, and is still shown to visitors as one of the sights of the place—a square, solitary, sullen, brick house, standing bare and bleak above all others in the place.

Days of splendid strolling may be spent in and about Rochester, where the visitor may still put up at the old Bull Inn—a model of antique discomfort—which harbored Mr. Pickwick, and may follow that eminent philosopher and his friends in their wanderings about that neighborhood; may trace the still more interesting scenes of "Edwin

* See illustration in SCRIBNER for August, 1880.

Drood," all easy of identification; and may find many a spot familiar in Dickens's work or his life, in this old cathedral town of which he was so fond. And all about it, all through sunny Kent, we may stroll through the scenes he knew so well, and loved so well: from Portsea, his birth-place, and Chalk, where he passed his honeymoon; through Cobham park and woods,—the last walk he took on the day before his death; by all the woodland paths and village streets with which his feet were so familiar; and on to Gad's Hill, his latest home.

One of Dickens's favorite walks was by way of Higham to the little village of Cooling, among the marshes, between the Thames and the Medway. This is the lonely village of "Great Expectations," wherein it is reproduced with extraordinary faithfulness: its narrow, neglected roads, its few scattered houses, its forlorn rectory, its general aspect of decay and dreariness. In its church-yard, "a bleak place, overgrown with nettles," still stand the dozen little grave-stones, of varying sizes, of the dozen little children, which he was fond of pointing out to his friends, and which he has reduced to "five little stone-lozenges," for Pip to puzzle over. The visit should be made on a cloudy day, such as Dickens himself used to select; for it is then that the weird strangeness of the scene is best shown. As we stand in the grave-yard, looking across the low wall over which the convict climbed before Pip dared start away, we see the same dreary marshes, the limitless stretches of low land and grass and mud, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, the low, leaden line of the river beyond; damp mists hang heavy over it all, and the wind "rushes from its distant savage lair" off in the ocean.

Across the marshes and stubble-fields we come to the Thames, and the scene of the attempt to put the convict, Magwitch, on the out-going Hamburg or Rotterdam steamer, which resulted in his capture. Just above is an old water-side inn, the Ship and Lobster, wherein the party spent the preceding night, and where Pip, on awakening, heard the sign of the house (The Ship he calls it) "creaking and banging about." The whole description of their rowing from the Temple stairs down the river is full of vivid and accurate detail; to make sure of which, we are told that Dickens chartered a steamer and made the trip, with a party of invited friends. It is worth while to go over the same course in the Gravesend steamer from London Bridge, on any bright day, such as he then selected.

COOLING CHURCH-YARD.

ARTEMUS WARD; HIS HOME AND FAMILY.

THE HOME OF ARTEMUS WARD, WATERFORD, MAINE.

THE village of Waterford, Maine, is a place of about one hundred inhabitants, nestled under the shadow of Mount Tir'm—so named from the Indians, who, in climbing its steep sides, were wont to say, "Tire um Injuns." It is on the west shore of Tom Pond, so called from Thomas Chamberlain, the "Leatherstocking" of the East, who killed Paugus in Lovewell's famous fight, and who, tradition says, being once hotly pursued by the Indians, concealed himself under a shelving rock on the east shore. The site of the village, a level plain known as Waterford Flat, affords room for only a small number of buildings, and in this sequestered nook, on the 26th day of April, 1834, Charles Farrar Brown, better known as "Artemus Ward," was born. A generation ago this quiet village was one of the liveliest places in the State. Many emigrants passed through it on their way to the West, and the stages were crowded with passengers in pursuit of business or pleasure. Upon the arrival of the stages the hotels presented a busy scene, while the several stores had a large trade in furnishing supplies to lumbermen. Now all is changed: travelers go to the north over the Grand Trunk Railroad, or to the south over the Ogdensburg, and a rural quiet pervades the place. It lies among the foot-hills of the White Mountains, which extend downward toward the sea, forming the extensive ridges separating the valleys of the Androscoggin and the Saco, and is the last town among them to the south-east. Within the limits of the "town" are Mount Tir'm, Little Bear Mountain, Vernal Hill, and the several peaks of Beech Hill, and among these twelve lakes and ponds, with deep ravines forming the courses of brooks and rivers. Flowing through the town is a river, "Crooked" both in name and nature. Indeed, while the town is only seven miles in width, this remarkably "crooked" river succeeds in running eighteen miles, and all this in short bends—affording just the kind of navigation to draw volumes of profanity from the raftsmen of the olden time. The hills of Waterford command magnificent views of the surrounding country. Westward, towering above all, are the White Mountains, southward are Long Pond, Sebago Lake, and Casco Bay.

When Hawthorne was fourteen years old, he was sent to a farm in Raymond for his health. This was near Sebago Lake, and his eyes were open to the sublime and picturesque scenery—not to admire and subdue it to his own use, but to be overawed and held captive by it, for he declared in after years that it was there he "first got his cursed habits of solitude." Mr. Whittier, in his poem entitled "The Funeral Tree of the

Sokokis," has this description of Sebago and the snowy mountains lying beyond Waterford:

"Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

"The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glossy floor.

"The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky."

Mr. Seba Smith's "Life and Letters of Major Jack Downing," printed in 1833, doubtless made a wider acquaintance, at the time, for this lake region than any other publication. The author found convenient illustrations for his political hits among the lumbermen who were rafting logs down the Crooked River and across Sebago, and from this business came the phrase "j'ining drives," since adopted by Solon Chase, the eccentric Greenback speaker, and thus brought into frequent use in the recent canvass in Maine.

The Brown family came from Massachusetts in 1783, and has a history of its own. Jabez, who surveyed the town, was a lieutenant in the French and Indian war and an adjutant in the Revolutionary war. He was something of a wit, as became one in this ancestral line. His son Thaddeus, the grandfather of Charles, who was the first of the family that located in Waterford, was also a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He had five sons: Daniel, Malbory, Jabez, Levi, and Thaddeus. The last, now known as "Uncle Thaddeus," is the only surviving member of this family. He is in his eighty-third year, in good health, active, and with memory unimpaired. He was recently called as witness in a lawsuit involving a boundary question, and described accurately certain surveys made sixty years ago. A retentive memory is, in fact, characteristic of the family, being locally alluded to as the "Brown memory." Levi Brown, the father of Charles, died in 1847, at the age of fifty. He kept a store at Waterford, and was also engaged in farming and occasionally in surveying. He was also selectman, town clerk, and member of the State legislature. He was a Democrat in politics and a Universalist in religion. He was one of the first to engage in the temperance movement in Maine, and became one of the strongest advocates of prohibition. But his florid countenance did not advertise well his temperance principles. While on a trip to that far-away region known as "Down East," being engaged on the State Valuation Commission, he stopped at a way-side inn where mine host, thinking he would like something, invited him to "smile." Mr. Brown politely declined, saying he was a teetotaler. The landlord stared at him with undisguised astonishment, and finally said, as if still doubting: "Well, you haven't taken in your sign." He was full of quaint sayings and "little eccentricities," such as characterized the family during several generations, and for which his two sons were noted in later years. His son Charles took pride in being a descendant of a very ancient English family, in deference to whom he added a final "e" when writing his name (Browne), though he also claimed that his relatives in Waterford were among the most genuine and primitive Yankees. Though people of intelligence and active in commercial and other business pursuits, he knew of no persons so little affected by cosmopolitan ideas and fashions.

MRS. CAROLINE E. BROWN. (MOTHER OF "ARTEMUS WARD.")

Mr. Calvin Farrar, the maternal grandfather of Charles, came to Waterford from Guildhall, Vermont, in 1805. He became a man of influence in the town and held several offices of trust in the State government. Two of his sons were graduated at Bowdoin College, one of whom, Calvin, made considerable stir throughout the country as an advocate of hydropathy. He founded the Maine Hygienic Institute, now

ARTEMUS WARD AS A LECTURER.

conducted by Dr. Shattuck. Mr. Farrar built "the old homestead" now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Caroline E. Brown, the mother of Charles. The old "Brown house," as it was called, where Charles was born, was burned in 1871, but the family had some time before this made the old homestead their place of residence. It is a plain two-story house, with "L," painted white, with green window-blinds, a plan of structure common in our Maine villages. The building occupies a pleasant site opposite the street on the north side of the village green, and under sheltering elms. Mrs. Brown, though seventy-five years old, is the sole occupant of her dwelling, doing all of her own housework and entertaining her friends with ready hospitality. Visitors usually find her engaged at her housework, which is quickly put aside when mention is made of Charles, that she may tell all that is known about him; what a "good boy" he really was, how many friends he had, how many sent her words of sympathy when he

died, and how his "funny sayings and doings," of which she never dreamed anything would come, went "clean round the world," to the delight of all English-speaking people. Mrs. Brown is best known in Waterford as "Aunt Car'line," and it is sufficient praise to know that all her neighbors speak of her as a most estimable old lady. A mistake has been made by Mr. Ryder and others in saying that Charles inherited his peculiar vein of humor from his mother. She has her quaint ideas and her Yankee idioms, but the wit and humor is the undisputed property of the Brown family. The proof of this is readily furnished. Just across the way from the old homestead, in a little old-fashioned moss-covered house, lives Daniel Brown, a cousin of Charles's, and who personally resembles him so nearly that the two might readily have been taken for twins. There is the further resemblance in action and speech,—the same witty expressions, the same apparent unconcern while telling a story, with the faculty of constantly bringing forth the marvelous and unexpected; moreover, when anything amuses him, Daniel chuckles and shakes as Charles was wont to do when writing his "goaks."

Mrs. Brown had four children. Cyrus, the eldest, was fitted for college, but was prevented from going by his father's death. He afterward learned the printer's trade, and gained considerable reputation as a journalist. Charles, with whom we are most concerned in this narrative, was only thirteen years old at the time of his father's death, and may be said to have taken care of himself ever afterward. Indeed, we might almost say he had always taken care of himself, being one of those persistent small boys born to make his own way in the world. Finding that the various sketches of his life hitherto published are more or less inaccurate, we have thought a brief history, as given by his friends at Waterford, might not be amiss. When about fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to Mr. John M. Rix, who published the "Coos County Democrat," at Lancaster, New Hampshire. He remained with Mr. Rix about a year, when, hearing that his brother Cyrus was about starting a paper at Norway, a town adjoining Waterford, he determined to leave Mr. Rix and gain employment on the new paper. Mr. Rix opposed his leaving, but was so good as to give him a dollar to help him on his way. He worked for his brother at Norway until the paper, following the ways of newspapers in that lively village, failed. He then went to Augusta, where he remained a few weeks, and then to Skowhegan, where he worked in the "Clarion" office for some time. Either the climate or something else did not agree with him, so one night he lowered his valise with his bed-cord from an upper window and silently departed from the town, soon to astonish his good mother by appearing unexpectedly at the old homestead. He again applied for work to Mr. Rix, who, though he had "forgiven the boy," was unable to employ him, but gave him a letter recommending him to Messrs. Snow and Wilder, of Boston, publishers of the "Pathfinder," and at whose office Mrs. Partington's (B. P. Shillaber's) "Carpet Bag" was printed. Here he remained three years. Then, leaving Boston, he traveled westward in search of employment. After some wandering, he reached the little city of Tiffin, Ohio, where he worked for some months in the "Advertiser" office. From Tiffin he went to Toledo, where he became one of the staff of the "Commercial," and where he remained until late in the fall of 1857. He then moved to Cleveland, where he became local editor of the "Plain-Dealer." In this journal were published the first of his sketches signed "Artemus Ward." It was also while at Cleveland that he first thought of taking the field as a public lecturer. His friends, however, persuaded him for the time to abandon the idea. In 1860 he went to New York, and became the editor of "Vanity Fair," a position which he held but a brief period. Here the idea of lecturing again seized him, and, fully determined now upon making the trial, he brought out his "Babes in the Woods," at Clinton Hall, December 23d, 1861. His first volume, entitled "Artemus Ward; His Book," was published May 17th, 1862. In 1863 he visited San Francisco, and, returning overland through Utah, he made a study of the Mormons which furnished him a theme for his most popular lecture. In 1866 he visited England, whither his fame had already gone, and where he became exceedingly popular, both as a lecturer and a contributor to "Punch," and where he remained until his death.

Waterford is full of recollections of Charles's boyish pranks, and his fellow-townsmen take pride in relating them, though time was when they caused not a little ominous shaking of the older heads, bringing forth repeatedly the prediction that he would never come to any good. One

of his earliest exploits was the organizing of a circus—that moral institution dear to the heart of the small boy. Dressed in one of his mother's gowns, his head ornamented with her best bonnet, the future "genial showman" acted as clown, ring-master, and manager-in-chief, with his village cronies as assistants. His father's red cow, covered with blankets and provided with a stuffed coat-sleeve for a trunk, served as the elephant, and by long and careful training was brought into the ways of the circus trick-mule. The occasion of all others was the initiating of some country greenhorn into the mysteries of the "show business," by permitting him to ride the elephant. When such a youth was found and brought in, he was placed on the back of the animal with great ceremony, to be as surely tossed "sky high." Upon this, Charles would express the greatest surprise that the elephant should act so, and would commiserate the poor victim with much concern. (Charles continued all his life a friend and patron of the circus.) He found place, too, for the cultivation and exercise of his peculiar talents in the school exhibition and debating society. His business was to raise a laugh, and in this he usually succeeded. It is said that while discussing the question: "Resolved, that a boy had better be a farmer than a sailor," of which he took the negative side, he made "such a funny speech that the audience laughed until they were tired out." This was when he was about twelve years old.

Among his youthful diversions was the writing of letters to prominent persons in all parts of the country whose names he happened to see in print—entire strangers to him. These usually referred to some prospective business arrangement. Thus he would write to some gentleman in New York: "Dear Sir—I'm sorry to say I sha'n't be able to get that harness done on the day I promised;" or, "I will not be able to call at your house, as you requested," etc. In this mystification of unsuspecting people he was not unlike the German Owlglass, who, while always playing the fool, never lacked fools upon whom he might try experiments. Nothing seemed to please him more than to get the better of his brother Cyrus. One very cold night in the winter, when he had come home at a late hour from an entertainment, instead of going quietly to his room, for which his mother had provided by leaving the doors unfastened, he stationed himself in the street and called to his brother as if in deep distress about something. Cyrus was slow to wake and appear. Charles continued calling, and with more agony, "Cy! Cy! Ho! Cy!" When Cyrus at last came to the window, he solemnly asked, "Do you really think, Cyrus, that it is wrong to keep slaves?"

He kept up these pranks in after years whenever he was about the village, as, in fact he did in other places, not excepting New York and London. Dr. Shattuck relates that, hearing something like an Indian war-whoop early one summer morning, he looked across the village green and saw Charles standing on the door-step at the old homestead, clad in a long dressing-gown, gorgeously flowered, with a scarlet smoking-cap, ornamented with a large white tassel, perched on the side of his head. The doctor went across the green to see him, when he whooped again and again, declaring the world about him perfectly delightful. His mother, alarmed at the noise, now appeared upon the scene, saying, "Charles, what on earth ails you?" "Why, mother," said he, "it is because I feel so well." Saying this, he whooped again, then turned a hand-spring and stood on his head beside the door.

His best friends did not escape being victimized. Whenever Dan Setchell, the comedian, came to town, something was sure to happen. There was living at the time, some miles from the village, in a wretched hovel, and in most primitive fashion, a family of very simple-minded people. Charles made account of these poor folks by telling Dan that there was living a few miles away, among the hills, a retired actress, rich and accomplished, with two charming daughters. This lady would doubtless be pleased to make his acquaintance, and would, in all probability, entertain him most royally. When Dan's imagination was wrought up to the proper pitch, Charles drove out with him and introduced him to the family. It is needless to say that actor and audience were alike astonished. One day the two drove from Portland to Waterford, and had, as they reported, a "solemn time" of it. Charles had tied a great rope about Setchell, and represented that he was an insane man whom he was bringing home from the asylum at Augusta. He called at a number of houses for mixtures of pepper and vinegar and other condiments, which he purposed giving as medicine to the "insane" man. While taking these, Setchell would affect great aversion to them, and struggle as if resisting to the utmost, and roar and howl like the wild beasts in a

menagerie, which he could imitate most perfectly; all this to the fear and wonder of those who witnessed the performance. In noticing these freaks, we are to bear in mind that they illustrate only one side of his character. So of what is related of him at Cleveland and elsewhere: his refusing to sleep until he had seen some funny object; his dashing over a precipice for excitement, with the thousand and one other odd things that he did. He had, too, a sensible and a manly side, and to relate all the good and all the kind things he did would make as large a book as that recounting his freaks and follies. He did nothing out of envy or malice, and was all the while making friends and not enemies. If his sarcasm is pointed or coarse, it is for the reason that it was directed against "mean or ridiculous things." He was, indeed, one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, generous to a fault, and holding to the last the regard and friendship of all who knew him.

While a great observer of men, and one of the keenest readers of character, Brown took comparatively little notice of places and other objects of interest. A lady who knew him well said that had a beggar in rags been seated by the most beautiful statue, he would have seen the beggar first. This neglect of places several times brought him to grief. Once, when going from Waterford to Boston, he went on board a steamer at Portland, late in the evening, and at once retired to his state-room. A storm was threatening and the boat did not leave. He arose early in the morning and, going out upon the landing, called a hackman and asked to be conveyed to the Revere House. And not until he had broken the second commandment, and had threatened to break the fifth, could he be persuaded that he was yet in Portland.

Though in later years he greatly improved in bearing and manners, appearances were now against him. There was about him a country awkwardness, and bashfulness, and slovenliness of habit which he was long in putting away. It is said of him that he was as "gawky and slouchy" as a young man well could be. "I think," said Mr. Armstrong, at whose office he presented himself at Tiffin, Ohio, shabby, dusty, and forlorn, "he was the gawkiest, greenest looking young fellow I ever set eyes on." His clothes failed to fit him, his yellow straight hair was altogether unmanageable, and he walked with a loose, swaggering gait which threatened to unjoint his limbs. Though better equipped in mind, and able to hold an acquaintance with the spell of the Ancient Mariner, he was easily disconcerted in the presence of strangers. Even after he became known as a writer, his bashfulness sometimes got the better of him and caused, as another playfully remarked, "a hiatus in the show."

It is something to know that Brown overcame for the most part, if not altogether, these early defects. It is to be remembered that he was self-educated, and it is to be remembered, too, that while he was, comparatively speaking, a young man at the time of his death, there were few of his countrymen possessed of more general information. He did not attend school after he was fourteen years old, and while at school had but the meager instruction afforded in our country districts. It is said that he studied little while at school, giving his time mostly to writing and drawing comic pictures; but having a wonderfully retentive memory, he succeeded in getting all of his lessons, excepting arithmetic, which he hated and of which he could not comprehend the simplest rules, never getting further on in the book than fractions. It was by reading and observation that he schooled himself, and though making no claim to accurate scholarship, he had the knowledge which serves the best purposes, that which he could use for his own good and for the benefit of others.

Writing comic sketches is not the easiest thing in literature, and the effusions of the humorist are far from spontaneous. Brown wrote much before he wrote well, and gaining this he was but at the beginning of his career. "Artemus Ward" was a lucky hit, but it required the most persistent efforts to make him both popular and profitable. His first attempts at lecturing were not, as it is generally supposed, a success. He wandered about some two years, among obscure villages, speaking to thin houses and barely making expenses. He was not a little sensitive as to his success as a lecturer, but such was his determination that he concealed his feelings and even turned his failures to account. When his "goaks" failed to "amoose" the audience, or seemed not to be understood or appreciated, he would repeat them and keep on explaining them until the desired effect was produced. The house having responded, he would remark in a delighted manner: "Ah! I thought that would fetch you." Nor was his newspaper work a pecuniary success. He was

already twenty-two years old when at Tiffin, where he had only four dollars a week. When at work on the Toledo "Commercial" he had low wages, though he made the paper famous with his brilliant paragraphs. He engaged upon the "Plain-Dealer" at twelve dollars a week, which was afterward raised to fifteen—but no more, though many of the best things he ever wrote appeared in that paper. "Vanity Fair," of which his writings were the principal attraction, was not a financial success. But genius and hard work, together, at last conquered.

Brown was not in favor of doing anything by halves. He learned his trade most thoroughly, and was one of the fastest compositors of his time. Such, too, was his regard for the printing-office as a means of education that he stipulated that his page, George Stephens, should work at the printer's trade two years before attending school, in order that "he might ascertain how little he really knew, and how important it was to learn."

There has been not a little speculation as to how Brown came by his *nom de plume*, "Artemus Ward." Doctor Shattuck says, that having some confidential business with him during one of his last visits to Waterford, he took the occasion to inquire in particular about it. Brown said it was in this wise: While engaged at the "Plain-Dealer" office, in Cleveland, Ohio, he made the acquaintance of an eccentric old gentleman whose actual name was Artemus Ward, though assuming some more pretentious titles. This man was in the show business, having a few "wax figgers," birds, "snaix" and a kangaroo. While waiting on the printers for his bills, he amused Brown by telling an endless number of anecdotes, all of which were duly treasured up. Among these were some of the incidents in Brown's article entitled "Edwin Forrest as *Othello*." He referred to the following as one of the contributions of the original Artemus Ward:

"Ed was actin' at Niblo's Garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles, and commenced peroosin' the evenin's bill. * * * As I was peroosin' the bill, a grave young man who sot near me axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny.

"'He's immense in that,' sed the young man. 'He also does a fair champion jig,' the young man continnered, 'but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny.'

"Sez I:

"'Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?'

"'No,' sez he.

"'Wall,' sez I, 'I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon, and the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth.'"

The old man claimed himself to be the hero of this story. Brown, however, wanted the credit of correcting the spelling and of dressing the stories up in good literary style. Pleased with the name, he attached it to several of his comic productions, and, finding that it took with the public, adopted "A. Ward" as his own.

A most congenial acquaintance of Brown's was Doctor Shattuck, of Waterford, who had himself been in the lecture field a number of years, and could exchange many reminiscences of persons and places. They had something in common, too, in literary taste, and regularly, upon his summer return to Waterford, Charles borrowed the doctor's copy of "Pickwick," and shook with laughter all the while he was reading.

As he became better known, his visits at Waterford became occasions of social interest, and in these all the people of the place had part. He extended his hand to every child, and knew all he met as neighbors and friends. Only one door was he known to pass. Some rich relatives of his mother, who refused to know him when he was a poor journeyman printer and most needed their friendship, were now fain to offer him the hospitalities of their house, but he never called to accept them. He came to Waterford as his old home,—not that the place had special attractions for him in the way of scenery, as it has for others. He once said of it: "It's a pretty place, and you can keep on calling it a pretty place, and that is all you can say about it." One of the heaviest misfortunes mentioned in his works as befalling any one was the inheritance of a farm in Oxford County, Maine. But it was his home, and, when dying in England, he made request that his body be brought to Waterford for burial.

We have seen numbers of photographs of Brown, but, on account of his light complexion and the peculiar angles of his face, none seem to show him quite as he was known to those who beheld him in life. A sketch in the "London Illustrated Times," showing him as he appeared when lecturing on "The Mormons," at the Egyptian Hall, is most nearly like him. In person he was tall, very thin, agile, with face of Norman type, a high aquiline nose, with sharp bent, and with quick, discerning eyes. He had the delicate, fair hand of woman—the most beautiful hand they ever saw, his friends

say. He was slow and halting in speech, with soft, sweet voice, the tone often of gentle pleading and persuasion. When not directly engaged, he was inclined to abstraction. With all his play of wit, there was a tinge of melancholy, a suppressed expression of suffering or sorrow. A London critic says: "There was a weary look about the lines of the face which has been the attribute of every humorist concerning whose appearance we have any information." His manner of composing and writing, as described by Mr. George Hoyt and others of his associates in the "Plain-Dealer" office, was as peculiar as anything else about the man. He searched everywhere for funny things, and when he found them, or originated them, he seemed himself to enjoy them more than any one else. He had for his desk a rickety old table, and being an inveterate whittler, it was notched and gashed until it looked as though the lightning had gone through it. His chair was a fit companion thereto,—"a wabbling, unsteady affair, sometimes with four and sometimes with three legs." When writing, one leg hung over the arm of the chair like a great hook, and when a funny idea came to him he would laugh "with a guffaw which seemed to shake him from his heels upward." Sometimes he would "pound the table with his fists, slap the long, thin leg that hung over the arm of the chair, and explode with laughter." Upon these occasions he would also call his associates, and read to them what he had written. He laughed nearly all the time he was writing.

Mr. Brown lectured for the last time, Wednesday evening, January 23d, 1867. He died in Southampton, England, Wednesday, March 6th, following, aged thirty-three years. His body found resting-place, first in Kensal Green, but later in the little Elm Vale cemetery at South Waterford, by the side of his father and brother.

Among the mysteries of his life, and they are many, none was greater than that involving the total disappearance of his property at the time of his death. Mr. Maxfield, his administrator, who knew much of his affairs says, that while he did not have as much money as was generally supposed, yet, being in his room in Waterford, one day, just before his departure for England and while he was arranging his business affairs, "so that," as Charles said, "if anything should happen, mother will be all right," he saw a pile of notes on the table amounting to about twelve thousand dollars, which he thought was all the money Charles had. He had a valuable gold watch and chain. The chain was of solid gold, a present from the California miners, very heavy, though plainly wrought, and worth alone several hundred dollars. He had also a diamond pin of considerable value, and two diamond rings. Besides, his last season in London was very successful: for some six weeks, he netted three hundred dollars a night. He was also liberally paid for his contributions to "Punch." But of all this his mother never received a cent, and not so much as a single relic. Previous to his death he had cleared the old homestead of debt, and had willed to his mother a small property at Yonkers, N. Y. What became of the rest?

SAN TERENZO.

[Near the little village of San Terenzo is the house in which Shelley was living before his last cruise in the *Don Juan*.]

MID-APRIL seemed like some November day,
And through the tideless waters, dull as lead,
Our boat, like shadowy barques that bear the dead,
Slipped past the forts that guard the Spezzian bay,
Rounded a point, and San Terenzo lay
Before us, a bright village, yellow and red,
With walls that sheltered Shelley's homeless head,—
His house,—a place deserted, bleak and gray.
The waves broke on the door-step: fishermen
Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again;
Through the still woods we wandered silently;
Then suddenly the forest deeps were stirred
By waving wings, and lo, a great sea-bird
Fled forth, like Shelley's spirit, to the sea!

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS FROM 1859–80.

BY A NATIVE.

INTRODUCTION.

[On the 23d of December, 1787, the ship *Bounty*, manned by forty-two sailors and officers and commanded by Lieutenant Bligh, set sail for the South Seas, under orders from the British Admiralty to collect a number of bread-fruit plants, and with them to stock certain of the British West India Islands. The ship was provided with all necessary accommodations for the safe storage of the young trees, and with skillful gardeners, who should ascertain the necessary conditions for their growth and propagation.

The course laid down for the vessel was "around Cape Horn by the way of the Society Islands, Java and Prince Islands, collecting the bread-fruit plants, which were then to be taken to St. Vincent and Jamaica," after which the vessel was to return to England and report. The ship was stored and victualed for an eighteen months' cruise.

The voyage was more than two-thirds over when the memorable mutiny took place. Fletcher Christian, master's mate, infuriated by some insulting words from Captain Bligh, suddenly, and to all appearance without any previous understanding among the crew, incited a mutiny. Early on the morning of April 28th, 1789, the mutineers surprised Captain Bligh in his sleep, bound him, and carried him on deck. In a few moments he, with eighteen of his officers and men who had remained loyal to their commanding officer and their duty, was cast adrift in an open boat, with only provisions for five days' rations. Captain Bligh, though somewhat hasty in temper and violent in speech when irritated, was a brave and honorable man. By his admirable prudence, courage, and firmness, the small stock of provisions was so husbanded and the course of the boat so wisely directed that, at the end of forty-three days, after experiencing a violent gale and enduring almost the pangs of starvation, he came to anchor off the coast of Timor without the loss of a single man, having traversed a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles. The scanty store of provisions was eked out by such fish and birds as they were able to capture and such berries as they could gather on the desolate, rocky islets at which they touched.

In the meantime, the mutineers steered for the island of Toobonai, one of the northernmost of the Society Islands. After many quarrels and dissensions, and journeyings backward and forward between Otaheite and Toobonai, sixteen of the men decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the others, with seven Otaheitean men and twelve women, set sail in the hopes of finding some uninhabited island, out of the line of travel, where they should settle down. He took a south-easterly course, and finally landed at Pitcairn Island, and burned the ship.

For two years matters went on smoothly, but finally the Otaheiteans rose up against these cruel task-masters, and killed three of them, Christian being among the number. The white men who were left, Quintal, McCoy, Young, and Adams, in their turn, by the aid of the women, killed all the black men, and again for a while all was quiet. McCoy, after experimenting till he succeeded in making some sort of substitute for his beloved Scotch whisky, died a victim to it. Quintal, after losing his native wife, insisted upon helping himself to the wives of his neighbors, but not succeeding in this, tried to murder Adams and Young. He failed in his purpose, but supplied to this lawless community what justification they required for taking his life, which they did by cutting him down with a hatchet.

Nothing was heard of the Pitcairn Islanders for eighteen years. In 1808, an American vessel touched at the island, and its commander, Captain Folger, discovered to his surprise that it was inhabited by the descendants of the mutineers, a number of young people, speaking both English and Otaheitean with fluency; living simple, harmless lives, and free from the vices of the ordinary South Sea Islander. Again the curious community dropped out of public notice till, in 1814, two British frigates cruising the Pacific reached Pitcairn Island. The inhabitants they found to be a peaceful,

law-abiding, religious people, ruled over in patriarchal fashion by John Adams. The quondam mutineer had trained the people under him in ways of frugality and industry. He performed for them the offices of burial, baptism, and marriage. He also held regular religious services, reading the Church of England prayers.

In 1830, the little community, numbering seventy-nine persons, began to feel that it was outgrowing the capacity of the island, which possessed only about four square miles of area. Later the people emigrated in a body to Norfolk Island, sixty degrees west of Pitcairn.

The following narrative is written by Rosalind Young, one of the descendants of the mutineer of that name, and a native of Pitcairn Island. She is a young woman of twenty-four years of age, has never worn a shoe in her life, swims like a fish,—four miles at a stretch,—and is an excellent performer on the organ. The simple, direct English which she writes will tell the rest, some of the homely character of her style being retained as of interest to the reader.

ED. S. M.]

AFTER the removal of the former inhabitants of this island to Norfolk Island, which was successfully accomplished June 8, 1856, some of the people were strongly possessed with a desire to return to Pitcairn Island, which had for them greater attractions, although isolated, than the superior advantages that Norfolk Island had; they therefore left the latter place on December 2, 1858,—the love of the home of their childhood overcoming every other feeling.

The first party that returned was composed of sixteen persons, in two families. One consisted of William Mayhew Young and his wife Margaret, and their seven children, six of whom were by the woman's former husband, Matthew McCoy, who was accidentally shot while in the act of discharging the *Bounty's* gun, when firing a farewell salute to H. M. S. *Virago*, in January, 1853. He left nine children; the two eldest, being married, remained with their husbands on Norfolk Island, and the next daughter staid behind with them, also. The other family that returned consisted of Moses Young and his wife Albina, and their children, five in number. Of the younger persons who then returned, the eldest was only fifteen years of age. A schooner called the *Mary Ann* was chartered to bring them here, and leaving Norfolk Island they reached their destination safely on January 17th, 1859, after a passage of forty-five days. A French vessel was here at the same time, and part of her crew landed on the island a short time after the returned families arrived and staid a few hours. The return party found the houses—which were all simply built of wood, and with thatched roofs—in a habitable state. A few of them had been burnt down, for the purpose of obtaining nails, with which to build a boat. This boat was built by Captain Knowles and his men, whose vessel, the *Wild Wave*, was wrecked on Oeno Island. They made a safe passage to Pitcairn Island, and had built a small vessel to convey them to Tahiti, where they landed, and from thence proceeded to their homes, which they reached in safety. It may not be out of place to mention here that the wife of Captain Knowles had her health completely broken through anxiety concerning the fate of her husband. She waited and lived on in the hope of again seeing him. This hope was fulfilled, but she survived his return only for a short time. This we learned a long time afterward, from a friend of Captain Knowles.

Some few cattle had been left on the island when the inhabitants removed to Norfolk Island, and, their number having increased, they caused great annoyance to the recently returned families, especially as some of the cattle were wild and savage, and the people, with the exception of the two men and a lad of fourteen, were all timid women and children. It was therefore determined to destroy all the cattle, and this determination was eventually carried into effect, but, in the opinion of most of the inhabitants, very unwisely. Although the island is too small to allow many cattle to live on it, still a few might, with great advantage, have been spared. Everything was plentiful then: there was abundance of fish and fowls (the hunting of hens' eggs formed a delightful pastime), goats and sheep; and the island abounded in the fruits which it produces, viz.: bananas of several different kinds; oranges, cocoa-nuts, lemons, limes, and citrons; chirimoyas, guavas, a kind of apple of a beautiful deep-red color called mountain apple, and water-melons. Potatoes yielded well, and yams were very productive, these being the principal food eaten on the island; indeed, all the vegetation was in the most flourishing condition. The island was, at that time, very seldom visited by ships, although from 1860 to 1863 three of Her Majesty's ships, viz.: the

Calypso, the *Charybdis*, and the *Tribune*, had called in the order mentioned.

It was about this time—1863—that preparations were being made on Norfolk Island for the second party to return, which number originally far exceeded that of the first; but, when almost everything was ready, some withdrew. The vessel chartered to convey them was a small schooner,—the *St. Kilda*. The emigrants were twenty-seven persons, two of whom—Mrs. Elisabeth Young and Mrs. Hannah Young—were daughters, respectively, of John Mills and John Adams, mutineers of the *Bounty*. They were grand looking old women, and queenly in their bearing. It was most affecting to watch them, while on the passage from Norfolk Island, sitting together, side by side, on the deck, and talking of their children left behind, till the tears would start from their aged eyes and roll down their furrowed cheeks. Silent tears they were, but they testified to many a deep, tender feeling hidden in the heart. Mrs. Elisabeth Young was the oldest inhabitant of Pitcairn Island, and is now, at the time I write, still living, and carries well her ninety years. Of the others who returned, were Thursday O. Christian and his wife Mary (daughter of Mrs. E. Young, who was mentioned above, and who was returning to see her son, Mayhew Young, who was of the first party); and with them their nine children. A little girl of theirs, about five years of age, died on the passage. As the distance was not now very great, there being about a fortnight's run to the island, the parents begged the captain to preserve the body, to which request he kindly acceded, and they had the mournful satisfaction of bringing their dead to place beside others of theirs, who had long since been laid in the dust.

The others who returned were Simon Young and Mary, his wife, and their eight children (a son of theirs, the first-born, was with Bishop Patteson, of the Melanesian Mission); Robert and Lydia Buffett, and an American, Samuel Warren, who married the eldest daughter of Thursday and Mary Christian on the eve of their departure from Norfolk Island, and agreed to cast in his lot with them; Mrs. Hannah Young, Simon Young's mother, who left all the rest of her children and grandchildren on Norfolk Island, to accompany her younger son to her early home.

After taking leave of beloved relatives and friends, whom, perchance, they were never to see again in this world, the second party left Norfolk Island, with sad hearts, on the 19th of December, 1863, and reached Pitcairn Island, henceforward to be their home, on the 2d of February, 1864.

Before leaving Norfolk Island, the congregation met to commend those who were about to leave to the mercy and protection of our heavenly Father, and with many tears, they sung an additional stanza to a hymn composed by Mr. Nobbs, and which was sung on the occasion of the first parting. The stanza was as follows:

> "Again dissevered is the tie,
> Brethren and sisters part,
> The mournful separation nigh
> Pervades with grief each heart;
> Here now, beneath this sacred roof,
> Fresh blessings we implore,
> Beneath our tears, the fervent proof
> 'We'll love you as before.'"

The night before the *St. Kilda's* party landed was spent on board in thorough wakefulness. The excitement that prevailed was so great as not to allow of any one's taking rest, and lights were sent up and guns were fired, which greatly alarmed the few people on shore, who could not at all account for all the noise and confusion, and so imagined that something of a very terrible nature was about to befall them. However, when the morning came, all fears were calmed, and it was with a true pleasure that old friends met once again. The younger people were all shy, on first meeting, but that soon gave place to a cordial welcome. The two families were all in the enjoyment of health, two infants only having died. In general, everything was going on well; the only want felt was of clothing, and that, for the time being, was well supplied, as the new arrivals brought a good supply.

For bedding, what was commonly used was a kind of cloth, manufactured, with much labor and trouble, from the fibrous bark of the paper-mulberry. This tappa, as it is called, has more of the nature of paper than of cloth, and could not stand much washing. To remedy this, however, the cloth is dyed in the juice of the bark of the candle-nut tree, after the bark is scraped from the tree, and the juice extracted by steeping it in water. The dye is of a reddish color, and renders the cloth tough.

The houses not inhabited were generally in a dilapidated state, and the new-comers found homes with the two families, till some place of abode could be provided for them. In a short time, each family had a home of its own.

The services on Sundays and Wednesdays had hitherto been conducted, in turn, by Moses Young and Mayhew Young, and were held in either of the cottages. The services were in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England. After the second arrival, when the state of things was somewhat settled, all who were able engaged in building a place of worship, which was soon completed, as the structure was perfectly simple. Simon Young was chosen for the pastor of the small community, which place he has held ever since.

On the 25th of December, 1864, the first Christmas Day after the second party's return, a triple marriage took place between three of the former arrivals and three of the second. The names were as follows: Elias Christian, who married Elisabeth, eldest daughter of Moses Young; his brother, Alphonso Christian, who married Sarah McCoy, daughter of Margaret Young, by her former husband; and Russell McCoy, who married Eliza Young, eldest daughter of Simon Young. Everybody rejoiced on the happy occasion, and good wishes were freely expressed that domestic joy and felicity might be the happy lot of all those who had newly entered on the married state. The different families were now nine in number.

One English ship-of-war had before this, in March, 1864, visited the island. Rear-Admiral John Kingcombe, and many of his officers, landed, and spent a few hours on shore, after which, they invited on board ship as many of the islanders as could conveniently go. The day being beautifully calm and bright, the people gladly accepted the invitation, and went on board, where the time was pleasantly spent in going over the vessel and in listening to the band. The visit of H. M. S. *Sutley* was long remembered with feelings of pleasure, and gratitude for all the kindness shown to us by the whole ship's company.

Every day passed on in its quiet way, each having its own allotted duty. Field-work occupied most of the men's time, such as preparing the ground by cleaning it and breaking up the clods, planting, and keeping the fields free from weeds, which grew very abundantly on account of the fertility of the soil. Sweet-potatoes are what is generally planted. Of these there are six different sorts, two having been brought from Norfolk Island by the *St. Kilda*. The arrowroot, also, was brought here at the same time. It grows and thrives to perfection, and is of excellent quality, being prepared with great care and purity. Other plants and seeds were taken from Norfolk Island, but the only other two that survived the passage were the rose-apple and the Sydney banana, which grows to a great height, and is so named from its first being brought from Sydney to Norfolk Island. The rose-apple came also from Sydney, is a small fruit—a little larger than a walnut—and has a large seed. The smell and flavor of it exactly resemble those of a moss-rose.

In the year 1865, and till November, 1866, scarcely any communication was held between Norfolk Island and this island, as few vessels ever called here, and great was our joy to receive even one letter from far-distant relatives and friends, to tell us that they still lived and thought of us. It was quite an unexpected event when, in November, 1866, H. M. S. *Mutine* called here to deliver a large mail from Norfolk Island. But how soon did gladness give place to grief, when, on opening the letters, we found that death had taken away many of our beloved relatives and friends! To none were the tidings more bitter than to Simon Young's family, who then learned, for the first time, of the death of their dear son and brother, who, while with Bishop Patteson, was shot with arrows, as was also a beloved companion, Edwin Nobbs, both of whom died,—Fisher Young on the 24th of August, 1864, and Edwin Nobbs, September 5th of the same year. Fisher died of locked-jaw, and was buried at Port Patteson; and Edwin, who was convalescent, going on shore to attend his friend's burial, took cold, which resulted in the same disease as his companion's, and was buried at sea. Fisher died only three days before his grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Young, who was thought to be calmly sleeping in her bed, but was found to be dead, having passed away in sleep. It was well that the sad intelligence could not reach us at the same time.

About the year 1867, a blight was observed on the potato-patches. It began at one place and went gradually on, so that now each succeeding year witnesses the effects of a more or less extended blight. It begins generally in the end of May, or the beginning of June, and ends in September, covering our colder season. A kind of worm, also, is very destructive, sometimes destroying whole potato-patches. They do most mischief in the warm months. In summer,

the yam crops suffer from caterpillars, which devour every green leaf of the plants; but, happily, these again sprout, and have time to grow well before digging-time comes. The yams that had been planted before the people removed to Norfolk Island were of superior quality, but the cultivation of them proved quite a failure. The kind that is now grown does well, but is not of such value as the other.

In March, 1868, John Buffett, who first came to this island in 1823, came again on a visit to see his only daughter, Mrs. Mary Young. He it was who principally corresponded with us, and his coming so unexpectedly was a delightful surprise, and gave universal pleasure.

The two preceding years were times of great interest among us, as then we watched for the coming of the Royal Mail steamers of the Panama line, but had the pleasure of receiving four visits only before the line was broken up.

In July, 1871, we received a visit from a Russian man-of-war — the *Vitiaz* — from whose officers we received much kindness. After her departure from the island, almost every one of the inhabitants was laid low with some sort of fever and influenza, which, happily, in no one case proved fatal.

In May of the same year was witnessed another wedding ceremony, the first that had taken place since 1864. The parties were Daniel Christian and Harriet McCoy. On the 23d of August, 1871, Robert Young was married to Sophia McCoy. They had been for a long time engaged, and as symptoms of a decline began to show in the young man, the young woman expressed a desire to be united to him, that she might have the privilege of nursing him, as his wife. He yielded eventually to her wishes, although he expressed a fear that, in his state of health, such a union would not prove, in every way, a blessing. He lived only seven months after he was married, and died on the 26th of March, 1872, deeply lamented, as he was highly esteemed by every one.

The following July, the whale-ship *Sea Ranger*, Captain Allen, was here, and on leaving, took with him two of the young men of the island, and John Buffett, to go to Norfolk Island. As this was the first time that any one of the present inhabitants had left the island, much anxiety was manifested when a year had elapsed, and the young men did not return. But on the 30th of September, 1873, great gladness and thankfulness were felt among the people when we welcomed back our dear ones. How eager we all were to listen to all they had to say concerning the friends from whom we parted ten years before! But we learned too, with regret, that it was not likely we should ever again see John Buffett. He had been greatly missed in the religious meetings, after he left us, and he wrote us word that his help was needed by many on Norfolk Island.

On the 23d of October, 1873, Stanley Young, one of the young men who went with Captain Allen, was married to Rebecca McCoy, to whom he had been engaged some time before.

We now pass on to the end of 1873, and the beginning of 1874. The state of the island, as regarded its different products, had been gradually declining. Yam crops, in some instances, almost totally failed. The Irish potato and the sweet-potato both yielded but poorly, and many of the orange-trees shared the general decline. But worst of all, water was scarcely to be obtained anywhere on the island. Brown's Water, a large reservoir that had formerly supplied the inhabitants, was dry, and there seemed but small prospect of rain. Every day succeeded the other in increasing heat, and the plants all suffered. At this time, the people on Norfolk Island, learning of our distress, sent an urgent invitation for us to return, saying that if we would accept, they would charter a vessel to convey us. One principal reason they urged was the rapidly increasing number of inhabitants here, and the limited means of support that the island afforded, in the future, should the people continue to increase.

The question of a return was long debated, and earnestly considered amongst us, and while some eagerly agreed to accept the invitation, others resolutely determined to remain and wait for "better times" to come again, these last believing that "while the earth remained, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night should not cease," and that the Heavenly Father, who makes his sun to "shine on the evil and on the good," is able to send his "rain on the just and on the unjust." And when did any one trust in God and was disappointed? Surely they were not who so believed. Rain in great abundance soon came, and from that time everything has been steadily improving.

When the answer was sent to Norfolk Island, stating the different conclusions at

which the Pitcairn Islanders had arrived, they said in reply that, as we were so undecided, they could not waste their time or money to come here for nothing. There the matter ended, and so it is likely to remain, especially as the inhabitants of this island have since been more generally content to live here than they were before.

On the 30th of November, 1874, Mrs. Margaret Young, one of the first party that returned, died, leaving a husband and five daughters to mourn her loss, and to learn the value of a mother.

Up to this time, communication between this island and Norfolk was seldom held, as the means of so doing were very uncertain; still the liveliest interest was manifested in each other, and the receiving of letters from relatives and friends on Norfolk Island constituted one of the chief happinesses of our existence, and was *the* event looked forward to in our quiet, and monotonous life.

I should have mentioned that in July, 1873, H. M. S. *Chameleon* came on a visit to this island, and brought a large supply of clothing, and other useful articles, from kind Christian friends in Valparaiso and Honolulu, prominent among whom were Rev. S. C. Damon, of Honolulu, and Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso, who have ever been faithful friends of the Pitcairn Islanders.

On the 23d of January, 1875, the *Cornwallis*, an English merchant-vessel, was wrecked on the rocks, on the north side of the island. Such a fearful disaster had never occurred here before, and a feeling of awe and terror possessed every breast at the dreadful event. A son of Moses Young's, a boy of twelve years of age, perished, while attempting to get something that was being washed ashore from the wreck. None of the crew of the *Cornwallis* received any injury, and we did what we could to render them comfortable, during their stay. Two days after the shipwreck, they were taken off the island by an American vessel, the *Dauntless*, whose Christian captain, Wilbur, kindly gave them a passage to New York, whither he was bound.

We hoped that no such calamity would again befall any poor mariner, but still we were ready to offer any assistance in our power, should our help at any time be required. How little we dreamed that before the year was ended we should have another shipwrecked crew thrown upon our hospitality! But so it was. On the morning of the 28th of September following, the inhabitants were surprised to see two boats approaching the island from the north-west; they were instantly supposed to be a shipwrecked crew, seeking to find a home here till some vessel could take them away. And so it proved. It was the crew of the Liverpool ship *Khandeish*, lost on Oeno Island, on the 25th of September. The wind favoring them, they reached this island after a three days' run from Oeno. A boat went off to the shipwrecked men, and accompanied them to the shore, where nearly all of the inhabitants had assembled to welcome the poor sailors. After dividing them off by twos and threes, they ascended the steep hill leading up to the village, where they found a home with the different families till the day of their departure. After a stay of fifty-one days, during which time they were regarded by the inhabitants as part of themselves, they bade farewell to Pitcairn Island and its people, with regret and sorrow on both sides, and embarked on the 19th of November, on board the English ship *Ennerdale*, for San Francisco, where they arrived and cast anchor on the 28th of December, after a passage of forty days. One of the crew of the *Khandeish*, Peter Butler, an American, remained on the island, and was afterward married to the widow of Robert Young.

After the return of the crew of the late *Khandeish* to San Francisco, a deep interest was manifested by the good people there on our behalf, and they have from time to time contributed various articles, and sent them as gifts to us. Among the gifts was an organ, the first instrument of the kind that was landed here, with the exception of an old harmonium left a short time before, by the doctor of an English sloop of war.

Captain Scribner, of the *St. John*, brought the organ, and many other gifts besides. When the instrument was opened in the church house, all the inhabitants gathered around to sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" while our good friend Captain Scribner played. The 18th day of March, 1876, will long be remembered by us, with feelings of the liveliest gratitude to Captain Scribner, and to all the kind people of San Francisco, who had done so much for us.

In September of the same year, Captain Freeman, of the *Gold Hunter*, and in October, Captain Humphrey, of the *Golden Fleece*, brought us gifts of cooking utensils, crockery, etc., sent from San Francisco. We

owe them all a debt of gratitude we can never repay, and feel that we are unworthy recipients of their bounty, and can only pray that, according to the kindness they have shown us, so may God reward them a thousand-fold.

Many vessels now frequently visit the island, especially American ships. The ship captains and their wives invariably show us kindness whenever they call near enough to communicate with the island.

Our clothing and soap have always been obtained from whale-ships that yearly call, for the purpose of obtaining fresh provisions, fruits, etc.

The arrival of a vessel at the island affords, almost exclusively, the only break in our quiet, simple lives. The only holidays observed are Christmas and the 24th of May, the Queen's birthday, on which day, 1877, a wedding ceremony was performed between Edward Young and Sarah Young, second daughter of Moses Young. Everybody rejoiced on the happy occasion, and many good wishes were bestowed on the youthful pair. After partaking of a substantial repast, the younger members of the community engaged in different kinds of games, all thoroughly enjoying themselves. The singing of the national anthem, "God save the Queen," concluded the merry-makings.

On the 2d of November a feast was given to the school-children, who numbered thirty-two, when prizes were distributed among the best of the scholars. The adults also had a spelling-match, which was merrily carried on, till two only remained against each other, whereupon one of the competitors soon decided the game. The prizes consisted of several heaps of fruit, the most fruit to the best speller. Merry shouts of laughter greeted each prize-winner, and all dispersed to their homes after having spent the few hours pleasantly together.

In May, 1878, the brig *Julia M. Avery*, of Honolulu, touched at this island on her way to Tahiti, and, being in the trading business, procured a number of hogs, and a few pounds of wool and cotton, both being of very inferior quality; the wool being mixed with hair, and the cotton having a very coarse texture. From that time, the raising of cotton began to be part of the regular business here.

On the 8th September of the same year, we received a most unexpected and joyful surprise, in the visit of H. M. S. *Shah*, flagship of the rear-admiral, De Horsey, from San Francisco to Coquimbo. The visit happening on Sunday, many of the officers attended divine service in the morning, being a happy addition to our small congregation. Our church was then being enlarged, as it was getting to be too small for the increasing number of the inhabitants. The good admiral intended sailing the same evening, but, on our urgent request, he most kindly consented to wait till noon of the following day. The next morning, almost all the inhabitants, including many of the babies, went on board the *Shah*, where a bountiful meal was spread for them. The day was very calm, but with drizzling rains, yet this did not damp the day's enjoyment. Every one on board was kind, and after spending a pleasant time on board, the islanders returned on shore, leaving behind them every good wish for the *Shah's* company. They left a large supply of flannel, serge, soap, and other goods, but, as we shall see, the admiral's kindness did not end here.

The day after the *Shah* sailed, we had another visit, of an altogether different nature. The *Venus*, a small trading-vessel, having for her master a Captain Scott, who had been here years before, called in for the express purpose of establishing, if possible, a trade between this island and a company in Liverpool, De Wolf & Co., who have also established a business among the other groups of islands in the Pacific. The plan proposed was that we should cultivate and gather whatever produce the island affords, fit for trade, and have the produce ready whenever their vessel should call for it. Here was now a good opportunity for maintaining ourselves by our own industry, and no longer having the feeling of depending on the charitable contributions of others. The offer was, for that reason, gladly accepted by most, while others expressed a doubt whether the plan would succeed or not.

Among the more valuable products of the island may be mentioned arrowroot, cocoa-nut, coffee, candle-nut, and cotton. The arrowroot, as has been before stated, is of excellent quality. The cocoa-nut trees are not now very productive, on account of the great age of many of them. Coffee could be made very profitable. Cotton-seed, of the right quality, was left by Captain Scott, and these, being planted, soon grew, and produced very fine cotton-wool. Many of the plants first put in the ground did not succeed in growing, owing to a long-continued dry weather coming immediately

after the plants had been set. Cotton here needs planting but once in three or four years, for as soon as one harvest is gathered, the plants are covered with new shoots, ready to blossom again.

Some goods were left by Captain Scott to form a store, the person managing the business being Russell McCoy.

A telephone was brought ashore by Captain Scott for the amusement of the islanders, who took turns in speaking to one another at the distance of half a mile. A magic-lantern was also exhibited,—the first that was witnessed by many of the young people and children. When the captain sailed, he took with him two of the young men of the island and Peter Butler.

In March, 1879, the *Enterprise*—one of De Wolf & Co.'s ships—called to take away the first of the produce we had been able to collect, and which amounted to three thousand eight hundred and forty-two pounds of candle-nut and four hundred and seventy-three pounds of cocoa-nut; besides these, a small quantity of wool and cotton. At the same time, our two young men also returned, both having experienced the feeling that "there is no place like home," although that home may be on such a small, out-of-the-way place as Pitcairn Island. Peter Butler, having left the *Venus* some time before, has never been heard of since.

Mention has been made of the continued kindness of Admiral De Horsey. As a very substantial proof of this, we received, in July, 1879, a most beautiful organ, of American manufacture, selected by him and sent as a gift from our beloved sovereign, Queen Victoria. An inscription to that effect was written on a silver plate and placed in the center of the organ, above the key-board. This instrument was sent on H. M. S. *Opal*, and was safely landed and brought up to the village on the evening of the same day on which it arrived. It was opened in the church, which was now finished, and in which the congregation met to sing "God save the Queen," accompanied by the organ.

We were also informed that the good admiral, by his account of his visit to us, had awakened such an interest in our welfare among the people of England that a subscription was immediately set on foot for our benefit. A committee was formed of several gentlemen, some of whom had been to this island in years gone by. The chairman of the committee, Rev. Andrew A. Drew, was brother-in-law to Admiral De Horsey. Several people contributed to what was called the Pitcairn Island Fund, and the result of their untiring exertions was seen in the many valuable and useful gifts which reached us safely on the 28th of March, 1880, a year after they were sent. Such care had been taken by the kind friends in preparing the goods for the long passage, that everything reached us in the most perfect order. Not the least of the valuable presents were a life-boat, the *Queen Victoria*, and a whale-boat, the *Admiral Drew*, so named after the father of the Rev. A. Drew. A few days after the *Osprey* (which brought the gifts) had sailed, the *Chasseur*, a French frigate, called in. It was quite a surprise for us. Most of the officers landed on the west side of the island, where they obtained some cocoa-nuts and oranges. Three of them came up the weary way to the village, accompanied by one of our men. These were the doctor, the paymaster, and another officer. The doctor, who spoke English well, soon made friends with every one, and the two others were also liked by the people. They professed themselves much pleased with their visit, which lasted about two hours, and regret was expressed on both sides that the stay could not be lengthened, as the day was fast declining. So they had to hasten away, carrying with them the sincere good wishes of the people.

The *Ocean King*, an American merchant-vessel, was here on the same day. The captain's daughter, Miss Freeman, and the first officer landed on the island, where they staid for a short time, three of the ladies from the shore accompanying the young lady to the ship, where they received the greatest kindness. The American ladies who have been among us have universally won the love and respect of the inhabitants, and all who have had the pleasure of spending a short time in their company on board can testify to the true kindness of heart shown by them all.

On the Queen's birthday, May 24, of this year, 1880, Francis Christian was married to Eunice Jane, daughter of Moses Young. No festivities marked the day, on account of there being so many who were ill, but only a quiet gathering of the families and friends of the young couple, to unite with them in their happiness, and to wish them joy.

One of the sick persons was Russell McCoy, who had been ill for two months before. Many times was his life despaired

of, and everybody who could render assistance attended him day and night, all showing the kindest attention that lay in their power.

In June, we received a most unexpected visit from a young relative from Norfolk Island, who informed us that there were several others of our relatives and friends—all young men—on their way to Pitcairn Island, to pay us a visit. It was our happiness to welcome them on August 6th, 1880. How thoroughly delighted was every one to behold again, face to face, those whom we thought we were never to see again in this world! How much there was to ask and to answer! How eagerly we inquired about all those we love, so far away, and heard, with thankful hearts, that they were all well!

During their stay, their captain, who was a sincere Christian, held two religious meetings; all who conveniently could, attended. After being with us a week they left, but not until all the inhabitants of this island had met once more on the top of the hill overlooking the beach, to commend them, and to be themselves commended, to the mercy, guidance, and protection of the gracious Heavenly Father who had hitherto led us all thus far. And so we parted, amid tears, and with deep sorrow pervading each heart, yet in the hope that one day we all may meet in that world where parting is unknown.

There is not much more to say before I close this paper; but there is one important point of which no mention has been made, and that is, the partaking of the Lord's Supper. The observance of this sacrament was not kept by us since the return from Norfolk Island until the year 1877, Mr. Young having some scruples about administering it. This coming to the ears of a Christian brother, Mr. Gardner, in New Zealand, he wrote to Mr. Young, telling him that no mention was made in the Word of God about ordained ministers being the only persons that can lawfully administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but that the early Christians went from house to house, breaking bread with one another. The feast of love was first held on November 4, 1877, the total number of communicants being thirty-eight, from the age of fifteen years and upward. An English lady had, some time before, presented a cup for the communion service, which was afterward accidentally broken. On application being made to a friend in San Francisco to replace the loss, a gentleman—Dr. McDonald—very kindly sent a chaste and beautiful wine-cup in its stead, which was received with feelings of sincere gratitude and delight.

As a people, we receive favors on every side. Our wants are not many, and those wants are abundantly supplied. Of books, we have a large store. Kind and Christian friends supply us with these on every hand, to all of whom we tender our heart-felt thanks and sincere gratitude. To all who have ever shown us kindness, and who have ever taken a lively interest in our well-being, we owe a debt of love and gratitude a tithe of which we are powerless to repay. Especial thanks are due to Captain H. G. Williams and Messrs. Hanley and Snow, gentlemen through whose kindness and favor we are able to communicate with those who are near and dear to us, though far away.

Of the present number of the inhabitants of this island, there are fourteen families, one of these having no father or mother; the father, Mayhew Young, having died four years ago. Two other families have only the mothers, one of whom is the widow of Samuel Warren, and the other the wife of Butler, thus making, in all, twenty-four married persons. Of unmarried persons, there are, from eighteen years and upward, five young men and seven young women. Of boys and girls, from twelve to seventeen years of age, there are seventeen—seven boys and ten girls. Of children, from the age of twelve downward, there are forty-two. These make a total of ninety-five. The oldest inhabitant is Mrs. Elisabeth Young, now ninety years old.

From the return of the first party to this island till the present time, only twelve deaths have occurred—five infants and seven grown-up persons. Infectious diseases are unknown, and sickness of any kind is never prevalent.

Of children who attend the day-school (where only simple instruction, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, is given) there are thirty-three from six to fifteen years of age, while forty attend the Sunday-school.

We have everything that is required to render us contented and happy, and have friends whom God has raised up for us on every hand. Still, though such favors are shown us, we are far from being what we should be. While we pray that God would unceasingly bless them, we need also to pray that we may be more worthy of the numberless acts of kindness shown toward us, and seek, by our conduct, to be more worthy of the name of Christians, which we bear.

True, none of the more glaring vices obtain amongst us, but in how many things do we frequently fall short of the duties required of us toward God and toward man!

CONDITION OF THE ISLAND OF PITCAIRN IN 1874.

ATTEND, ye people, and give ear,
While I my tale rehearse;
I'll tell of our condition here,
In this, my humble verse.

But how shall I begin? My rhyme
Will take some hours to do,
Or minutes, rather, at the most,
'Twill take twoscore and two.

Well, to begin: Last summer, we
Had such a scorching drought
That every bush and every tree
Was burnt—the land throughout!

Our water, too, was very scarce;
Our 'tatoes did not yield
Enough to last a whole year through,
So heated was our field.

But February, in seventy-three,—
'Twas on the eighteenth day,—
Abundantly the rain did fall,
For which we long did pray.

Oh, could you see the changes then
The copious showers did make!
The land was all one mass of green,
And how the trees did shake!

For oh what joy they all did feel,
None but the trees could know,
Which once, though clothed in living green,
Had drunk their cup of woe!

A fairer prospect, then, we thought
Would on our island beam;
Ah, what short-sighted mortals we!
Before November came,

The drought, unwelcome visitor,
Began himself to show;
And the effects you may suppose,
For you already know.

This is first month in seventy-four;
The trees, which well had stood
The blast of fifty years and more,
Seem withering and nude.

The long-resisting orange-trees
Are conquered by the heat;
Their fruits are falling, and their leaves
Lie scattered at our feet.

And so of others I could name;
But, friends, let this suffice,
And turn to us, your brethren,
Your sympathizing eyes.

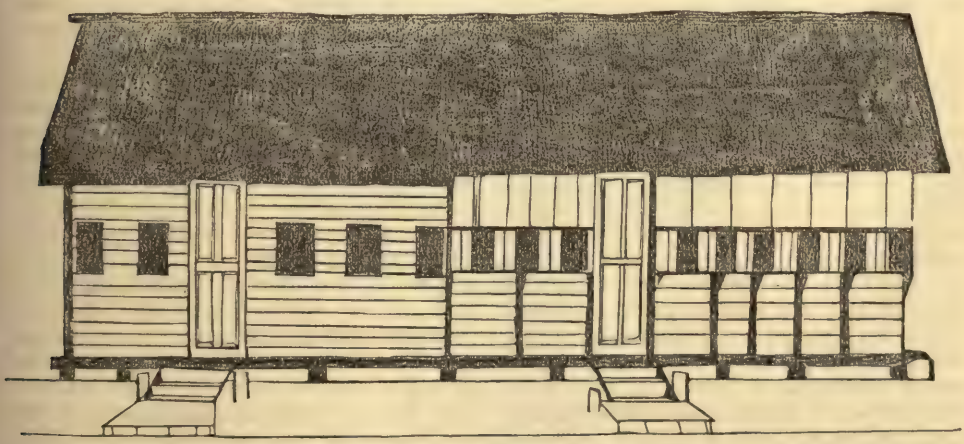
Each day, as hot and hotter grew,
The ground would burn our feet,
And thus we dance without the help
Of fiddle, fife, or beat.

Our skins would make you smile; each day
We black and blacker grew,
Till we look now like Indians,
Our eyes like fire-balls, too!

Have I your tender pity, friends,
Your heart of hearts have touched?
Yet bear with me awhile, for I
Have almost said enough.

Isle of our fathers, thou art now
Dusty and bare throughout,
The center of attraction for
The scorching, withering drought.

Alas! and must we leave thee, then!
Our hearts will cling to thee;
Yet will we pray that soon again
Thy richness we may see.



HOUSE ON PITCAIRN ISLAND. (DRAWN BY A NATIVE.)

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NEW YORK.

I.—THE DISEASE.

A COMMUNITY, no less than a person, is subject to disorders and distempers which call for cure and for prevention, and which, not being prevented or cured, lessen its vigor, and entail discomfort, and cost, and weakness, and death. The disorders of the community, like those of the person, are susceptible of rational study and interpretation, and its defective condition is equally susceptible of amelioration. As the fever-threatened man may be restored to full vigor and guarded against future assault, so the threatened community may be protected against many of the dangers to its health and life, and its strength and stability may be assured.

Among our own communities, probably none is more gravely in need of healing and safeguard than that which occupies the crowded point of land between the Hudson and East rivers. This general fact is accepted, in a very general way, by all who have had its more prominent indications forced upon their senses of sight and smell, and more definitely by those who have investigated even slightly the unfavorable conditions under which this community exists. Complete knowledge on the subject no man possesses; but enough is known to form the basis for a suggestive description of the sanitary condition of New York and to justify some recommendations as to the manner in which its worst defects may be removed.

It is proposed, in this paper, to indicate the actual sanitary condition and surroundings of the city, as they appear, after somewhat careful investigation and study. In a subsequent paper, such remedies for its more obvious defects as seem suited to its conditions will be suggested.

It has been necessary, in connection with work now in hand for the Census Office, to make a somewhat careful examination of the improvements of the city of New York. Especial attention has been given to the original topography, to the modifications of that topography incidental to the conversion of the original surface into the site of a densely built and populous city, and to the manner in which necessary modifications have affected the natural healthfulness of the locality for better or for worse. Enough material has thus been obtained to warrant the expression of an opinion on the subject. The sanitary relations between the houses in which we live, and the sites upon which they are built, the condition of the surface by which they are surrounded, the water with which their occupants are supplied, and the manner in which their discarded refuse is retained or removed, are still but blindly and imperfectly understood.

Unfortunately, knowledge on this subject is yet too limited and too vague to admit of more than the expression of an opinion and the indication of probabilities. The precise manner in which the human subject is influenced by local causes of disease; the degree to which the influence of these causes is modified by attendant circumstances; and the reason why the withdrawal of conditions which are found to be unfavorable produces an improvement in the public health, are not clearly known. As a rule, in all sanitary matters we can reason by comparison only. It is sufficiently known that the contamination of drinking-water by the specific infection of cholera, typhoid fever, and other diarrhœal diseases will, in certain states of the system, reproduce these diseases, and, by an extension of the cause, lead to the establishment of an epidemic. We believe that many other diseases, notably diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis, are in some way allied to the conditions which accompany a defective removal of waste matters. We believe, also, that undue dampness of the soil leads, at least, to the great aggravation of consumption. It seems quite clear that, whatever may be the cause of marsh malaria (fever and ague), that cause operates much more perniciously under certain conditions of the atmosphere which are produced by a combination of heat, moisture, and vegetable decomposition.

Out of this sum of limited knowledge and not very extensive conjecture, there has been formulated what is known as sanitary "science." Science it certainly is not, but it is the best substitute for it that we have, and there is enough experience in the matter to show that a proper observance of its indications and its warnings invariably results in an improvement of the health of

NEW YORK. ORIGINAL TOPOGRAPHY AND SKELETON OF PRESENT STREETS.

the people. I have stated the sanitary claim thus mildly, because the general public has an undue disposition to expect too much from the improvement of local conditions. It bases hopes upon local amelioration which, being disappointed, may react and discredit that which is really valuable in modern sanitary suggestion. So, also, much of the advice that is given by enthusiasts,—their enthusiasm carrying them beyond the reach of ascertained knowledge or probability,—failing of its desired effect, leads to a doubt as to the value of any sanitary recommendation on the subject. Too much must not now be expected; but full confidence may be accorded to the simpler and more perfectly defined branches of the subject, concerning which all authorities are agreed.

The first and most important thing to be considered, in studying the sanitary features of any town, is the natural and the artificial topography of the ground upon which it stands. Original conditions are sometimes obliterated to the eye without being deprived of their power for harm. In other cases, they may have been so overcome and counterbalanced by "improvements" that it is to the artificial rather than to the natural conformation that we have to look for causes of salubrity or of insalubrity. The city of New York, settled early in the seventeenth century, and now grown to be one of the great human hives of the world, was founded, and, for a long time, was extended, without the least thought being taken of the question of health. Many of the original inherent defects of the territory are now concealed rather than suppressed, and, in not a few cases, the effort to fit it to the uses of a dense population has tended greatly to increase its original unhealthful condition. Could the natural surface of Manhattan Island be taken in hand afresh, in the light of what is now known, a New York might easily be made which would satisfy all the requirements of the sanitary law. It has some natural advantages which are almost unequaled elsewhere, and which even now exert a very important influence in counteracting local causes of ill-health. Built as it should have been built, it would have been a sanitarian's paradise. Built as it has been built, it is riddled with faults of the gravest character, from the Battery to Harlem River.

The accompanying map shows the original topography of Manhattan Island below Sixty-fifth street, as accurately as it has been possible to reconstruct it from the best available records. It is overlaid with a faint indication of the present streets and avenues. The original water-courses of importance, the swamps and ponds to which these furnished outlets, the original shore-line, and the various elevations and depressions, are shown, it is believed, with reasonable accuracy.

It cannot be claimed that this map is absolutely correct. It disagrees in some essential features with Gen. Viele's map, and in some cases the courses of the streams differ from those which have been accepted by local authorities. It is, however, the product of careful study, and it may be considered as being, on the whole, more in accordance with the sum of the information contained in the earliest records than any of its predecessors.

The earliest settlement, up to 1642, was on the low land about Bowling Green, Fort Amsterdam occupying the site of the present block south of that space. In 1661, the growth had extended as far as Wall street, and, in a straggling way, up the east side of Broadway and along Pearl street, which was then washed by the waters of the East River. In 1728, there had been some encroachment on the shore by filling-in,—or by "dumping,"—from the foot of State street to Old Slip, and about the foot of Wall street. A village-like extension of the settlement reached as far as Duane street. In 1755 the filling-in had progressed as far as Front street for about half the distance from the Battery to Fulton street; and in 1782, the city having solidified rather than extended, the filling to the line of Front street had become general, and piers had been projected nearly to the present line of South street. Corresponding encroachments had been made on the North River shore.

The character of the filling by which this extension beyond the original water-line was made is described in an account of a severe epidemic of yellow fever, in 1796, as being a sufficient (and the probable) cause of the outbreak. The slip east of Whitehall was filled with street dirt and garbage and spoiled provisions. Even whole carcasses of horses and swine were half buried there from time to time, and left to rot under the summer sun. This condition was reformed after the first outbreak, and such excessively foul deposits were confined to the upper end of Front street. The next year, the fever made its appearance near this new dumping-ground, and the region of the Battery was exempt.

That such material should have been used for the formation of ground upon which human habitations were to be erected, would, to one not familiar with the lateral growth of New York, seem almost incredible. Unfortunately, the subsequent record of similar work is hardly more flattering, and it would not be extravagant to say that a very large portion of the river border of the city, which has been considerably extended on both sides to about Fortieth street, has been built up with a mixture of sewage deposits, garbage, street dirt, and the composite product of the ash-barrel.

This process of constructive geology is now going on with considerable activity. All about the shore of the lower part of the city there are many sewers discharging at the bulkhead between the obstructing slips and among vessels, by which the tidal movement is very greatly retarded. Eighty such outlets are in action below Fourteenth street; the street dirt and other solid matters washed out of them during heavy storms, much of it of the worst organic origin, forms, when not removed by dredging, the basic stratum upon which future more directly artificial deposits are to be made. Along West street, near the Cunard Dock, where the impervious bulkhead has been completed, and where the great collecting sewer is being constructed, a capital opportunity is afforded for studying the sanitary features of this method of town extension. The whole of this street, two hundred and fifty feet wide, has been filled in on a deposit of sewer mud, and there are indications that this deposit reached in places very nearly to the surface of the street. The bulkhead obstructs the natural soil drainage so that the water coming from the higher land, being dammed back, has to be removed during the construction of the sewer by pumping. After the work is done, this water will be largely removed by evaporation. The liquid now delivered by pumping is black with filth, and of the vilest odor. Much of the material of which West street is being constructed is nominally ashes; but it is evidently ashes enriched with that endless variety of organic matter which the New York domestic deposits in the ash-barrel—a material entirely unfit for the production of a stable soil, or for deposit within the limits of a great city.

The probability is that when the present undertaking of the Department of Public Works shall have been completed, the city being inclosed with a wall of solid masonry, and the discharge of the sewers being led to the heads of the piers, the refuse of the ash-barrels will be more safely disposed of, and the mud of the sewers will be deposited where, whatever its effect upon the channel, its influence on the public health will be much modified. On the other hand, the reflex action of the natural drainage of the filthy soil, arrested by the sea-wall and provided with no adequate means of deep escape, cannot be regarded as a promising feature of the coming condition.

As the map indicates, there was not very much elevated level land in the lower part of the island. A deep creek set inland along the course of Broad street, nearly to Wall street, another ran up Maiden Lane to Nassau street, and a depression penetrated for some distance at Peck Slip. Just above that point, a low marsh nearly connected the East River with the Collect Pond (where the Tombs now stands). This pond found its outlet to the Hudson River through a depression at Canal street, its channel being joined by that of another stream running from Reade street west of West Broadway. There was a continuous swamp separating the lower part of the island from the higher ground north of Canal street and of Pearl street. This higher ground, with the exception of an extensive swamp on the east side, between Grand street and Twelfth street, was apparently well elevated above the tide level, and parts of it were of tolerably uniform grade. It was penetrated by the valley of Minetta Brook, which led to the Hudson River above Canal street, and which extended as far as Twentieth street and Fifth Avenue. Another brook of considerable size discharged into the East River at Fifteenth street, and took its rise in the district between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and between Twenty-first and Twenty-seventh streets. The other streams shown are still familiar to those who have known New York for a quarter of a century past; but those above described became obliterated so long ago that few remember their exact locality and character. During the growth of that part of New York through which their courses lay, the only thought given to natural water-courses, or swamps, or hills, was to prevent their acting as an impediment to the making of streets or the building of houses.

The character of the surface to be exposed by the leveling of hills, and the character of the subsoil to be covered by earth removed during this operation, troubled no one's

mind. All that was exacted of a stream, or pond, or marsh, was that its water should not rise high enough to interfere with improvements—and even this exaction was by no means general. Dampness of soil, as such, and the exposure at the level of the cellar of water-bearing strata of rock or clay, were doubtless unheeded then as they are still.

Fortunately, that part of the city now under consideration, which was high above tide level, was mainly a porous sand formation, affording excellent foundations for buildings. But the swamps and the courses of the old streams, and the low, wet banks of these streams, afforded extremely unfavorable foundations. The houses built over them are suffering to this day from undue moisture and a stagnation of water, due to the total obstruction of natural channels.

At Seventeenth street, the made land has been extended from First Avenue, which was the original shore-line, to beyond Avenue D. On the west side, Twenty-third street has been extended from the original shore at Tenth Avenue to about four hundred feet beyond Eleventh Avenue. The whole shore from Thirty-fifth street, on the east side, to Fortieth street, on the west side, has been considerably projected beyond the original shore-line, and a vast population is there living on artificial land, the composition of much of which has already been indicated, and the drainage of all of which is at least imperfect.

Above Twenty-seventh street we strike a much more rugged and varied formation, rock predominating over a very large part of the area, and the elevation above tide-water being considerable. This district was intersected by several considerable streams, running through deep valleys bordered by high, rocky hills. In establishing the grade of the streets and avenues, consideration seems to have been confined solely to the equalization of "cut" and "fill," so that, in grading a street, the excavation through the necessary higher land should give material for the embankment across the valley. A very large part of the cutting was through solid rock, and this rock was dumped into the flat in the most irregular manner, as a foundation for the extension of the street. When a stream was crossed, there was generally a pretense of making a culvert; but too often the superimposed weight pressed the rough stone culvert so deeply into the mire as to close the channel entirely. For example: the stream shown as leaving Central Park just east of Sixth Avenue was, during the construction of the Park, tolerably well defined, the low land through which it flowed rarely being flooded. By 1865, the heavy embankments of the streets and avenues had so destroyed the drainage culverts, that several squares were sufficiently flooded to be used for a number of winters as skating-ponds. These are now built over.

It would be proper to say that the obstructions to the natural drainage, caused by the filling of streets across these deep places, are sufficient to do harm, but not sufficient to prevent a greater harm. While it prevents anything like free natural drainage, it permits a widely diffused percolation of sewage matters, now that the area has been occupied by houses. An attempt has been made to relieve this defect, in this particular locality, and elsewhere, by the construction of open stone-work drains to restore the original flow of the stream. Those who have had an agricultural experience of the instability of such conduits will hardly expect this relief to be permanent.

Scriptural injunction to the contrary notwithstanding, rock generally forms the worst site for a house, and a deep, dry, clean sand forms the best. Rock or impervious clay diverts the downward movement of water which falls upon the surface of the ground, and carries it laterally in the direction of greatest inclination. Where a town is built upon an undisturbed, impervious surface, it is easy to determine the constant direction of under-ground flow, and to provide against it; but where the natural conformation is seriously interrupted by deep street-cuttings, or by excavation for cellars, both the surface-flow and the water borne by seams and fissures are subject to modifications which are rarely taken into the account in the subsequent building of houses. There are very many districts, in the most expensively built parts of New York city, where these features of uncertainty are especially prominent.

To reconsider the influence of the natural conditions of Manhattan Island, and of the manner in which those conditions have been modified by art, with a view to indicating the sanitary result, it may be said that much of the city below Madison Square—the sand formation—was originally good, and would be good to-day, but for its contamination, by leakage from sewers and otherwise. It certainly has no defect which it is not possible to remove quite completely.

The swamp areas were originally bad, and are probably, all things considered, not less bad at the present time. They have been more or less efficiently drained,—generally less,—but the ground-water naturally moving toward them carries with it an unwholesome amount of organic matter, leading probably to a decided contamination of the soil. The accretions of the shore were bad in origin, and are vilely bad in their present condition. Work now in progress may modify, but it will by no means remove, their inherent foulness. The rocky sites, with proper attention to the drainage of foundations and cellars, and with an amount of care that is rarely, if ever, expended in excluding soil moisture, need not be objectionable; without such care they must be unwholesome. The sites of the old marshes and valleys, across which streets have been carried on high embankments, were not fit for human habitation in their original condition, and unless much more than ordinary care is exercised in construction, houses built several feet above their stagnant and polluted waters cannot be healthful residences. The heavier soil of Murray Hill, and of other parts of the island bearing naturally much water, needs, for the safety of its population, the same careful treatment that has been indicated as necessary in the case of the rocky sites.

Upon the foundation thus described, and with an eye single to rapid aggrandizement, a busy and bustling community has grown as by magic, and has secured to itself most of the superficial attributes of a great and splendid city. The intelligence and enterprise out of which the prosperity of New York has been created has concentrated itself intently upon two leading objects: material prosperity, and architectural and decorative magnificence. It has not only thrust the fundamental requirements of healthful conditions of life into a collateral position, it has, until very lately, absolutely ignored the whole subject. From the time when New York began to be a city until this day, the construction of its streets, and sewers, and wharves has been, if not guided, at least largely controlled by men who have either sought only political or pecuniary profit, or who have been obliged to concentrate their attention so fixedly upon the security of their chairs and their salaries that the interests of the public have been too much unrecognized or disregarded. In saying this, no personal reflection is intended upon the present or past chiefs of department of the city. Some of the important offices are now, and have often hitherto been, held by worthy, respectable, and intelligent men; but any one who may attempt to obtain information at their hands cannot fail to be impressed with the degree to which their attention and their best exertion is necessarily devoted to the mere business of politics. To this is to be added vast cupidity among lower officials, and endless rascality. Surely any one who examines the older sewers, and drains, and pavements of New York must recognize the fact that much of the most important work has been conceived in ignorance and executed in infamy.

This condition, unfortunately, is an immovable one. It seems almost futile to point out errors or to indicate improvements in face of the probability that public work will always remain in the hands of politicians, and in face of the certainty that politicians, however meritorious in their private capacity, will never render such public service as the public good demands.

The feature of the municipal improvements of New York to which reference is most frequently made in sanitary discussion is its sewerage. A very careful expert examination of this work, conducted during September, October, and November, 1880, shows it to be, as a whole, very much better than the popular belief concerning it would indicate. There are still, especially below Forty-second street and in Harlem, many old sewers, which were constructed without reference to any definite plan, which were laid in insecure ground, of which the materials are inadequate and the grades most defective, and which are, all things considered, as bad as they very well could be. Some of the worst of these sewers have been rebuilt and much improved, but there is still a very large proportion of the work done before the sewerage was put into the hands of the Croton Aqueduct Board, in 1849 (when the length of the existing sewers was estimated at about seventy miles), which is quite unfit for the work of sanitary drainage.

In New York, as everywhere else, the early work of sewerage related to the suppression of brooks. In 1676, the brook flowing through Broad street was lined with planks, and converted into an open sewer. This originally drained the low grounds about Beaver street. It has been improved and rebuilt from time to time, and little positive information is to be obtained concerning it. It has no man-holes, and it is mostly

below tide-level. It is said to be built of stone and brick, and still to retain some of its original wood-work. It is liable, at any time, to fall in pieces; but it still serves as an outlet for the entire drainage of about thirty-eight acres of densely covered territory. The lines of drainage now delivering into it are indicated in the accompanying sketch. In like manner, the brooks leading from marshes and ponds, in other low parts of the city, were first inclosed, and then covered, and finally converted into public sewers, serving for the discharge of domestic wastes and of surface and subsoil water. Such work was done only as necessity compelled it, and the manner of its doing was dictated by the opinions or by the notions of those who happened for the moment to be in positions of authority.

About the beginning of the present century, when speculation in real estate became rife, public improvements of this sort were prosecuted with vigor. The brook in Canal street was walled in, and a stone bridge was built at Broadway. It was proposed, at about this time, to lay out an extensive park on the east side, one of the leading features of which was to be the Collect—a beautiful pond supplied by living springs, and reported to have no bottom (its depth was about forty feet). The suggestion was considered impracticable, because of the remoteness of the locality and the impropriety of spending public money for such a purpose. This remote region is now probably the most densely populated area of Christendom.

The increase of pavement and of roofed area made necessary some general provision for the removal of rain-fall, and the system of conducting it to large, deep sewers was a natural outgrowth of the office already being performed by large, deep sewers originally constructed with another aim. Stone being inconvenient to handle, brick came into use, and the construction of the sewers was much improved,—though, as the brick-work was laid with lime-mortar, which seems long since to have disappeared, many of these sewers are simply shells of open brick-work, held in position by the pressure of earth about them.

In New York, as elsewhere, the introduction of a public water-supply was undertaken without the accompanying provision of a comprehensive system of drainage. The house-waste was turned into old drains and sewers not constructed for such use, and not adapted to it, or into vaults

OLD BROAD-STREET SEWER.

and cesspools and street-gutters where there were no sewers. Experience, the world over, has amply indicated the defects of the prevailing method of sewerage, but no important modification of it was made in New York until the introduction of pipe-sewers, in 1864. It is still adhered to wherever sewers are constructed of such large diameter as to require the use of brick.

When the care of the construction and maintenance of sewers was placed under the control of the Croton Aqueduct Board, the population of the city being about half a million, the extension of the sewer system was carried on at the rate of about twelve miles per year, so that in 1855 the total length had more than doubled. The control of the Croton Aqueduct Department was rather nominal than real. It had charge of the construction, it is true, but it could build only such sewers as were ordered by the Common Council, and there was nothing like system in the work. Sewers were sometimes required to flow in a direction

contrary to the grade of the street, and the orders given were by no means generally controlled by the obvious engineering requirements of the locality. The greatest improvement undertaken during this period was the adoption of the egg-shaped section (four feet high, two feet eight inches wide), which contracted the ordinary flow into a smaller and better flushed channel.

Through the absence of a comprehensive system, and by the action of unfaithful contractors and equally unfaithful inspectors, the early work was of the worst character. Much of it still exists, buried out of sight beneath the streets, and really doing more harm than good. The discredit of work done under its direction is by no means chargeable to the Croton Aqueduct Department, which was little more than the agent of the Common Council in executing its separate enactments. Its annual reports for the years 1863 and 1864 contain frequent and emphatic appeals for the necessary authority to execute much-needed reforms.

In 1865, the Legislature passed a Sewerage Act, which was the first attempt at systematic work. At this time the population had increased to three-quarters of a million; the extent of the sewerage was estimated at nearly two hundred miles; and there were two thousand eight hundred and forty receiving basins to collect the water of the street gutters. A corps of engineers was now organized; the city was divided into drainage districts, and plans were prepared for those parts of the city into which an extension of the system seemed of most immediate importance; but the two hundred miles of old work in narrow and crowded business streets constituted a most troublesome problem. Many of the more serious existing defects were gradually improved; but their condition to this day leaves very much to be desired. In 1868, an intercepting sewer was constructed in Eleventh avenue, between Twenty-third and Thirty-second streets, which delivers the outflow of the sewers of this district at the foot of Twenty-third street. The effect of this work was most advantageous, and it led to a considerable extension of the system.

In 1870, the city government was reorganized, and the new charter provided for a Department of Public Works, under which a bureau was formed having charge of the sewerage and drainage of Manhattan Island. It was one of the early acts of this bureau to construct, in compliance with the recommendation of the Board of Health, the system of under-ground drainage (above Fifty-fourth street) to which reference has already been made. It has also greatly extended the use of vitrified pipe in the construction of sewers, and has done important work in the construction of intercepting or collecting sewers at certain places along the river front.

The statistics of the existing sewerage works are as follows: sewers, 341 miles; under-ground or land drains above Fifty-fourth street, 14 miles; culverts, 18 miles; receiving basins (gutter catch-basins), 4540. Total cost (estimated), about $10,000,000.

As above stated, the average quality of this work is much better than is generally supposed. Some of the later constructions especially reflect credit on the skill and ingenuity of the engineer directing them. The chief fault to be found with the sewerage and land-drainage system relates especially to the defective condition of the older work, and to the inherent vice of the methods pursued. In many places land has been left undrained which ought to have been drained: the sewers, nominally tight, are far from being really tight, for even the pipe-sewers leak at nearly every joint, and the whole system is an enormous source of soil-pollution. The land drains cannot be trusted to remain permanently serviceable; the sewers are constantly pouring into the rivers a mass of street dirt and decomposing organic matter, much of which is permanently lodged in the slips between the piers; and, worst of all, the whole net-work of sewers—which is brought into communication with every house through its connecting drain—is a vast, foul, and unventilated gasometer, wherein organic matter of the worst description, and always more or less infected with the dejecta of the sick, is undergoing the worst form of decomposition, and producing resultant gases of the most pernicious character.

These defects are mainly unavoidable in any method of sewerage by which storm-water and household wastes are delivered through the same channel, and they are universal in all works of combined sewerage. They manifest themselves not only in American cities, but quite as much elsewhere, even in London, where the outcry against them is constant and increasing.

It is by no means all parts of the sewers, even in the lower portions of New York, that are especially foul; but the foulness in many places is excessive, and it certainly would be a moderate statement to say that

no half-mile of the brick sewers of the city is entirely clean; the aggregate deposit, especially during the dry and hot summer months, is simply enormous. An inspection of the pipe-sewers shows them to be in much better condition; but even here considerable accumulations exist; and not seldom, where the sewer is laid in a rocky embankment, the escape of the liquid portions of sewage at the joints leaves the most offensive solid matters stranded along the line.

Worse even than the sewers, though fortunately not in direct communication with the interiors of the houses, are the thousands of catch-basins at the street corners. Even in a city the streets of which are decently paved and decently kept, the catch-basins always retain along with their mud a great amount of decomposing organic matter. In New York, the streets of which are filthy beyond description, this condition is correspondingly worse; so bad, indeed, that the only reason why they are not so dangerous as the interior of the sewers themselves is that their exhalations are exposed to atmospheric dilution.

With an incomprehensible fatuity, engineers in charge of city sewers have accepted as a means for ventilating them the entirely trivial device of covering their infrequent man-holes with slightly perforated covers. That some immunity is thus secured against the pressure given to the atmosphere of the sewer by a rapid increase in the volume of its flow, and otherwise, is doubtless true; but these perforated covers can have no more effect upon the enormous production of foul air within the sewers than had the small vent of the Black Hole of Calcutta upon its poisonous atmosphere.

To say that the sewerage system of New York is especially bad, according to the world's standard of such work, would not be true. To say that it is tolerable, as an element of the improvement of a great city, would be equally untrue. It is as good as such sewerage is apt to be; but all such sewerage is quite unsuited to the sanitary requirements of a city.

It is a popular notion that New York has an almost unequaled advantage of site, in the fact that it is washed on each side by a great river, by which its drainage is at once removed. This is not the case. The East River is not a river at all; only a constricted tidal gut, through which the ebb and flow are very strong—the ebb, owing to the greater height of the tide of Long Island Sound entering from Throgg's Neck, being much the stronger of the two and so effecting a certain preponderance of outflow at Sandy Hook. The North River is a broad and deep estuary, of which the ebb is greater than the flow by the amount of the fresh water of the Hudson (sometimes insignificant in summer), and of the small creeks and "kills" which drain the very narrow water-shed of the lower valley. This comparatively slight excess of outward current has but a limited effect on the removal of discharged sewage, as the great tidal basin inside of Sandy Hook has very wide area, where the movement is so slight as to permit deposits to form. In considering the effect of the surrounding water on the disposal of matters discharged by the sewers, we are therefore met by the probability that only an insignificant proportion of them ever crosses the bar at Sandy Hook. In one form or another, nearly the whole contribution—and it is enormous—is deposited, consumed by fishes, or evaporated between Sing Sing and Throgg's Neck on the north, and Coney Island and Prince's Bay on the south. Under the action of the winds much of the coarser refuse is stranded on the shore.

Bad though the public sewers are, as a source of sewer-gas and as a means for furnishing a foul and often infected taint to the atmosphere of dwelling-houses, they are, doubtless, a less important factor in influencing the public health than are the drains by which they are connected with the houses, and the soil-pipes and waste-pipes by which the wastes of human life are conveyed to those drains.

"Sewer-gas" is, perhaps, entitled to all the blame that it receives, as a source of disease and death. Its name, however, is a misleading one, for the foul emanations given off by the outlets of our sinks and basins, and baths and water-closets, is more often due to processes whose seat is in the house-drainage pipes themselves than to the decomposition of filth in the more distant sewers. It is, therefore, advisable to withdraw attention somewhat from defects in the public sewers, which the community is probably powerless to overcome, and to direct it to defects of house-drainage, which are much more completely under individual control.

The whole system of interior house-drainage has grown up since the introduction of a public water-supply;—it has really "grown" up. Its methods are purely the

creature of circumstance, and their development has been guided by the desire for close economy on the one hand, and by the desire for profitable work on the other. The art of house-drainage is one of the many arts which the world is disposed to intrust to "practical" guidance. In this department, the plumber still rules supreme. Architects, with rare exceptions, being already overtaxed with the artistic and the commercial elements of their profession, are glad to leave the prescription of plumbing-work where it has always remained—in the hands of those who are to carry out the work. Specifications for plumbing are usually drawn up by plumbers, or copied from previous plumbers' specifications. Physicians, with equally rare exceptions, while recognizing the influence of defective drainage, cannot pretend to master the details of an art so different from their own, and now undergoing such rapid development. Householders, while relying solely on the plumber's advice, have not ceased to regard him as a plundering enemy, and to shun every occasion for his services. If extravagant, and given to the multiplication of costly luxuries, they are apt not to look beyond the obvious advantages of copious water-supply and its ready removal. Among plumbers themselves there are many honorable exceptions to the general rule,—many men who are earnestly striving to discover and to remove defects in the established processes of their trade; but the great mass of those engaged in that handicraft have no conception of the principles by which their work should be guided, and no respect for any suggestion looking to a radical modification of what they have been taught to do.

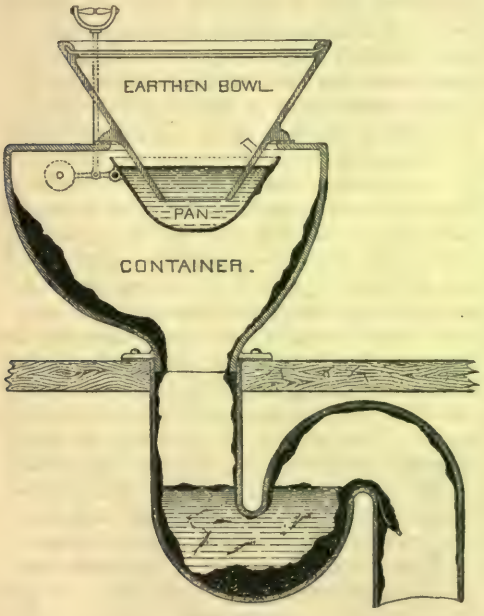
Here, more than anywhere else, lies the great danger to the health of the people of any city. A well-built house may be almost entirely protected against the unwholesome influence of its surroundings, and may, undoubtedly, if reasonably well located, be made a safe habitation; but a city house, however well built, which contains the inherent defects very rarely absent from the best houses, and which are almost universal in all except the best, seems so subject to the infection of disease that one can regard the robust health of its occupants only with the sort of wonder with which we contemplate the ruddy vigor of bone-boilers and scavengers. It is one of the beneficent mysteries that characterize our existence that we so often face dangers unscathed, and lead, in health and happiness, long lives, which ought, according to all sanitary rules, to be short and miserable. But it is only the many fortunate ones who do escape the dangers by which they are menaced. That these dangers are fatal to more than a few of our race is shown by the enormous aggregate mortality from preventible diseases which are always present among us, and which burst into such frequent epidemic explosions. There is every reason to believe that diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, malignant diarrhœa, and many other zymotic diseases, are either directly occasioned or greatly fostered by what is known under the general term "defective drainage." It is perfectly demonstrated that typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera, whatever their ultimate origin, find their channel for extension solely in certain infected substances which are discharged from the diseased body. We know, absolutely, that by a proper regulation of the drainage of any house (and of course a proper care of the dejections of inmates sick with the disease), we can render the origin of another case of cholera or typhoid fever in that house impossible. Its occupants may receive infection elsewhere, but if the house-drainage and the care of the sick are what they should be, they cannot receive it there.

To secure such a result as this, it is necessary to improve the standard of house-drainage work, not only to the point to which the Board of Health of New York has thought it prudent to demand improvement, but radically and absolutely.

It would extend this paper beyond its assigned limits to attempt anything like a complete description of the almost universal faults of our soil-pipes and waste-pipes and traps. They are quite generally wrong in principle and bad in execution. Especially in the older houses, the perforations of lead soil-pipes are an unsuspected but often serious source of trouble. In old houses as well as in new, the absence or insufficiency of soil-pipe ventilation is another. In old houses as well as in new, the discharge of the drainage through earthenware pipes laid under the cellar floor, the joints almost always leaking, is another. The siphoning or emptying of traps by the flow of water through the waste-pipes to which their outlets lead, is another. The separation of the house-drains from the foul street-sewer by a simple water-seal trap, with no means for the admission of fresh air to the house sys-

tem, is another. There are others still, of minor character, but of great aggregate influence.

The cardinal fault of all, not even surpassed by the unventilated soil-pipe, is the water-closet which is in almost universal use all over Christendom. This is known as the "pan" closet. It probably is not, but it certainly might be, the invention of the devil. The principle of its construction is shown in the accompanying diagram. It consists of an earthenware bowl closed at the bottom by a planished copper pan, arranged to hold water to a certain depth in the bowl. Seen from above, it has a most cleanly and innocent appearance. Immediately below the copper pan there is a chamber of horrors known to the trade as a "container," and a container indeed it is! It contains what it pretends to remove, until no other utensil of human economy is one-half so foul. It is of cast-iron, and has its outlet through a bent pipe (a trap), which shuts off its atmosphere from that of the drain beyond, as the sealing water



PAN CLOSET.

of the pan shuts it off from the atmosphere of the room. This container becomes splashed, and soiled, and coated, and furred with an accumulation of fœcal matter and urine, which the mere tilting of the pan, with its cupful of water, is powerless to remove, and much of which remains in adhesion to the iron until wasted away by the slow processes of a foul and dangerous decomposition, made still more foul and dangerous by the entire absence of fresh air.

In this container, day and night, year in and year out, this decomposition is ever going on. The gases produced penetrate and infect and escape from the sealing water of the pan, and the bacteria originating in fermentation in the sewer and soil-pipe, spreading through the foul contents of the unflushed trap, find a fresh field for their activity in the coating of the container. When the pan is thrown down, after use, the pent-up gases escape through the seat with a stifling whiff familiar to all who have been subjected to it,—as who in a modern city has not been! The movement of the pan is actuated by a spindle which passes through a hole in the iron wall of the container, which often has sufficient windage for the constant escape of the contained air. The bowl is attached to the container by a seating of putty, which in time becomes corroded and leaking. These closets generally getting their supply of water by the operation of a valve, and an escape being needed for the leakage of this valve, a hole for its passage is made through the wall of the container, and this furnishes another means for the unobstructed escape of foul odors.

The popularity of the pan closet is largely due to the fact that an enormous demand enables it to be manufactured very cheaply, and to the fact that it is, "after all, the most reliable,"—that it "does not get out of order,"—which means that whatever is dumped from its pan is hidden from sight, and that it has a large outlet which is not liable to become obstructed. A moment's consideration of the diagram and description here given must convince any sane person that it is radically unfit to be used within the walls of any dwelling-house.

During the past few years earnest efforts have been made to produce something less objectionable, and two substitutes have attained considerable popularity: one of them is of the class known as the Jennings, which holds water in the bowl and discharges through a valved outlet placed at the side. This closet at first commended itself to all sanitarians, but experience with it has developed a considerable tendency to foulness in connection with the valve, and in the restricted space between the valve and the trap below. The other substitute holds its water in the bowl by a weighted valve closing tightly against its

outlet in place of the pan. This also has a second trap below, and the intervening space, while undoubtedly far preferable to the container of the pan closet, is still unclean and unventilated, and the closet is by no means free from serious objection. These three classes of closets are practically the only ones in use in New York City, if we except a very common kind of hopper closet, which is so foul as to be quite unacceptable for family use.

In a very large majority of cases, water-closets are flushed, not as they should be, from independent cisterns containing water drawn upon for no other purpose, but through valves connected with the main water-supply of the house. The use of such "valve" closets on the cellar or basement floor is not open to serious objection; but their use should be prohibited on all higher floors. All who are accustomed to use stationary wash-basins will have frequently noticed that when the faucets are opened for drawing water there is a strong inward suction, caused by the emptying of the pipes by the opening of faucets below. This same suction occurs under corresponding circumstances when the valve in the water-closet is opened. When it does occur, the foul atmosphere of the closet-bowl—and too often the foul smearing of its walls—are drawn directly into the pipes, to mingle with the supply from which drinking-water is taken. Serious epidemics of typhoid have been directly traced to this source of contamination. Its undetected agency in producing disease has probably been very great.

Under the water-closet, for the protection of the ceilings below, it is a common practice to introduce a "safe"—a leaden tray to receive leakage and overflow. In a large majority of existing work, the outlet to this tray is directly into the main trap below the water-closet, and furnishes an escape for its exhalations. To make a water-closet "first-class," it is usually considered necessary to inclose it with tight ornamental carpentry, whereby the space under the seat, more often than not fouled and stained by slopping and leakage, becomes another unventilated seat of foul decomposition, whose gaseous products find ready access to the spaces within partitions, and diffuse themselves behind walls and between ceilings and floors, tainting the atmosphere of the whole house, until an unaccustomed nostril detects the closet odor at the first opening of the street door.

The defects in house-drainage enumerated above are not confined to houses of the worst, nor even of the medium class, but are prevalent in the very best houses in New York,—almost without exception. They are defects in the presence of which even the best house is far from being a safe residence. Other faults—such as the unclean condition of waste pipes—might be enumerated, which are almost as common, and the influence of which, while less marked, is still most serious.

Add to the above, wet cellars, damp foundations, the use of the cellar as a source of the air to be heated for the warming of the house, and the general lack of ventilation, especially when steam heating is resorted to, and some idea may be formed of the reason why this great city is subject to a death-rate which, in the light of what is now known, is the disgrace of its authorities and the shame of its intelligent citizens.

Nor is it alone to the condition of the houses and their drainage, nor to the public sewerage, with its accompanying soil saturation and contamination, that we are to look for the causes of such wide-spread insalubrity. The worse than defective paving of the streets, the utter neglect of superficial cleanliness, the vast, unsolved problem of garbage removal, and the universal license concerning the fouling of the streeets and gutters, are no mean factors in the problem.

Even those New York readers of this magazine who are chiefly familiar with the great thoroughfares, and with streets which are kept comparatively unfoul by private subscription, will readily concede the justice of the above allusion. Let them but walk a little way out of the usual course of their daily routes, and they will realize that no description could portray the horrible state of the streets. Almost the whole region south of Fourteenth street, west of Fifth Avenue and West Broadway, and east of Second avenue; nearly the whole of the bordering streets of the city; and that great foul center of crowded population between Broadway and the Bowery, are simply vast areas of indescribable filth which can hardly be equaled outside New Orleans and Constantinople. That a population can be so healthy as it should be amid such filthy and rotting surroundings is not to be believed by any one who accepts the necessary relation between cleanliness and healthfulness.

The prevalence of offensive industries in certain parts of the city, and in its vicinity, on Long Island, is another factor to be

seriously considered. The dumping of the garbage-boats in the Lower Bay, thanks to the noses of those who live along its shores, is likely to be stopped before it shall have accomplished its full measure of mischief; but its possibilities for mischief are very great.

The water supply of New York, already taxed to its utmost, and about to be greatly increased, has one bearing on sanitary conditions which has received too little attention. The water used is surely much less than the water wasted; and, whether used or wasted, it contributes an increasing supply to the millions of defective joints of sewers and house-drains through which it escapes into the soil, aggravating the area of saturation and contamination, and giving greater effect and extension to one of the most subtle causes of local insalubrity. There is a clamor, and, under present conditions, a need, for an increased water supply, which must involve an increased foul saturation of the ground.

The foregoing description of the condition of the public and private works of New York City which have a marked bearing on the state of the public health, seems a sufficient justification for the sub-title given to this paper. New York, as a whole, is certainly subject to grave physical disorders, mainly of a chronic character, which, undermining the public health, certainly constitute a disease of the gravest kind. In so far as the community escapes sickness and untimely death, it escapes them only. It is to the fresh blood that it is constantly drawing from the country and from Europe, to the very remarkable natural advantages of its situation, and to the exposure of its great thoroughfares to the prevailing winds, that its partial immunity is due. The only reason why it may not become as healthy as its frequent influx of fresh blood, its exposed site, and its natural facilities for drainage would indicate, is that its population does not realize, and probably cannot be made to realize, the degree to which daily life within its borders is surrounded and overshadowed by removable causes of unhealthfulness. This realization once secured, and all feasible remedial measures being carried into effect, the health of the city might easily be made as remarkable as are its prosperity, its commercial stability, and its exterior magnificence.

In a subsequent paper, a Remedy for the Disease will be suggested. The suggestion will not be pitched to the key of expediency. It is no part of the purpose of this writing either to flatter the people of New York with the idea that its condition, bad though it may be, is not worse than that of other great cities, nor to temper the curative prescription to what their uninformed notions may be disposed to accept. The existing facts have been stated without reserve; and the only means for the complete relief which the present state of the world's knowledge suggests as effective, will be set forth without qualification, in the hope that sooner or later the perfect sanitary standard will be accepted and enforced, and that this great metropolis may yet enter upon a new and vigorous life, untrammeled by the bondage of preventable disease, and fearless of preventable death.

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX WITH SCHWATKA.

THE writer, as an officer of Lieutenant Schwatka's Franklin Search Party, of 1878–80, had unusual opportunities for studying the Esquimaux character and habits, and proposes to record in this article a few observations derived from his experience.

It was early in the month of August, 1878, that Lieutenant Schwatka's party left the whaling schooner upon which they had taken passage to North Hudson Bay, and established themselves with the natives of that section of the country. Around them had clustered a village of from fifteen to twenty *tupics* (tents made of seal-skin), and comprising about eighty or ninety people, old and young. It is the friendly custom of the Esquimaux to gather around the white visitors in their country, in order to supply them with the much-needed anti-scorbutic—fresh meat, and to eat of the crumbs that fall from the rich men's table. Surrounding the whalers in their winter quarters are the snow-huts of the natives, and in convenient proximity to the galley at meal times may be seen the inhabitants themselves, gazing with wistful eyes at the "barge" of hard-tack, and sniffing the

aroma of the luscious pork-stew. To them the hard bread, that would defy the teeth and puzzle the digestion of many people here, is like candy to our children; and the "blackstrap" molasses which is fed to "poor Jack" is ambrosial nectar to them when mixed with the sailors' barley-coffee, or even with hot water, composing that time-honored beverage, "swankey." So was it around our tent at Camp Daly, but for a short time only, as the season for killing reindeer with the fur of suitable quality for winter clothing was rapidly passing, and it became necessary for the settlement to break camp and scatter through the game country, as is their custom in the summer and fall. Indeed, it is not until midwinter is upon them that they re-assemble at some convenient point on the coast, where they can hunt for seals and walrus, and get the much-needed blubber for food and fuel.

Their life in their hunting-camps is one of constant exercise. The game is roaming over the country, and the tent of the hunter remains in one place but a few days. Before leaving the shore for the hunting-grounds, most of the dogs are put upon the islands near the main-land, where they feed upon the little fish found in the sea-weed when the tide recedes. A few dogs only are taken into the country to assist in moving camp, but otherwise their presence is a nuisance, for, to prevent them from chasing the game, they are kept tied near their master's tent, and make existence in the neighborhood a burden by their constant whining and shouting for freedom. Day and night they keep up this terrible uproar with sleepless industry, so that, when the noise ceases, the hunter knows that his dog has burst his bonds and is probably already in mischief.

During the latter part of the month of August, I visited one of these hunting-camps on the southern bank of Connery River, above the gate-way through which the search party passed on the return from King William's Land, in February, 1880. In this camp were three *tupics*, containing four families, and when moving camp, which occurred every other day while I was with them, every one, old and young, men and women, had his load, and the dogs staggered under burdens that would fill with sadness the heart of a member of the S. P. C. A. Even a palsied old crone had upon her back the skins that comprised her bed. It was a comparatively light load, but she had to keep up with the line of march as best she could, or fall behind and come along at her leisure. Only when we forded the river, which was accomplished at a portage over and through the stones of which the water dashed with great violence, did any one go to the assistance of the old woman. Then two young men took her light frame in their brawny arms and carried her safely through the torrent, landing her upon the opposite shore, where she was again left to follow or not as she pleased. It is astonishing what burdens these people will carry upon their backs, by means of a thong which passes across the breast and just below the shoulders, sometimes supported by an additional thong over the forehead. Besides their share of the load, the women have the youngest child in their hoods or sitting upon the back-load, with their feet around the mother's neck. The men seldom offer to relieve their partners of the infant, unless it be the heir, in which case the father will sometimes deign to take him upon his own bundle. But it always seemed to me as if the fathers would rather see their daughters left behind to become food for wolves than lower their dignity by carrying a female child.

Arrived at the spot selected for the new camp, bundles are laid aside, and all, throwing themselves upon the ground, enjoy a few moments of peaceful rest. Then pipes are filled and passed from mouth to mouth, and conversation upon the prospect of reindeer being seen is entered into by the men, while the women erect the tents, unload the dogs, and put down the bedding. If there is any meat in camp, moss is gathered by the women, and a fire is started in the doorway of the tent to cook a potful of meat, while the men lounge about and smoke, or roam over the hills to look for traces of reindeer. During the day-time, while the men are hunting, the women and children generally repair to the nearest lake, and fish for the fine salmon which abound in all the waters of that locality, and which are eaten either raw or cooked.

The rivers and lakes around Camp Daly are not only filled with salmon, but flocks of ducks inhabit the waters, laying their eggs among the rocks that bound their shores, and rearing their young upon the placid waters of the tributaries of Hudson Bay. The eider-duck, which is known to the Esquimaux as *me-ah-tuk*, or duck proper, is seen in great abundance wherever water can be found in the vicinity. Even at Franklin Point, on King William's Land, in June, 1878, we found it of great value to us to

know that we could subsist on ducks while, temporarily, other game appeared exhausted, and, for about two weeks, they formed our only diet. We ate a great many geese and swans, besides eggs of various weights and measures, from the snow-bunting to the *cokejuke*, by which name the arctic swan is known. Its egg is about the size of a pint cup, and one would afford a solid meal to at least two persons. During the first few weeks of our occupancy of Camp Daly, we frequently sought the neighboring ponds and lakes to bring fresh game to our larder, and found the ducklings and goslings most delightful food. Our incursions did not seem to affect the quantity displayed, and not until the day came when all the waters were frozen did we recognize the fact that our geese had wandered. An amusing incident occurred shortly after our arrival at this camp, and after the natives had nearly all departed to their hunting-grounds. Lieutenant Schwatka desired to establish north and south points by a culmination of the planet Jupiter, and had stationed Henry at the farther point with a pan of oil and moss to show as a light, while he himself made the observations, and, in order to distinguish his signals from all the ordinary sounds of camp-life, chose a duck call, which happened to remain in his shot-gun case, by which to indicate the direction. One "quack" meant to the left, two, to the right, and three, to remain as you were. Presently came the signal "quack," and Henry stepped to the right, a little too far. "Quack, quack," sounded the lieutenant's call, and Henry started to the left with his pan of oil, but at the same time the sound smote the ears of the ducks on North Hudson Bay and adjacent waters, and quickly came the responsive cry: "Quack, quack," "Quack, quack," until the whole department of ducks responded to the call, and Henry, in his confusion running from point to point, at last asked relief, while in the meantime the planet culminated, and the desired opportunity was lost.

One of the greatest discomforts of arctic travel is the enforced uncleanliness. It is often asked, How could you associate and maintain such intimate relations with those dirty savages, living in the same tent or snow-hut with them? To this the answer very naturally assumes the form of another question: How could they live with us? For certainly we were about as dirty as they could be. In winter, water is too scarce and too precious an article to waste in washing. Generally all the water you have is ice or snow melted over an oil-lamp—a very tedious process. Another obstacle is the fact that you must wipe your hands and face pretty soon after washing, or they will soon be frozen; and when a towel has once been used, its future usefulness is seriously impaired. It then becomes frozen as stiff as a board, and about as available as that for wiping one's hands and face. When in permanent quarters, it is, of course, different, and a certain degree of cleanliness can be observed. Then when a towel is used it can be hung near the lamp, and will eventually get dry; but in the meantime it catches the particles of soot from the lamp, and after using it the second time it is hard to tell whether your face has been washed or not. The natives never wash, and, as they are a healthy race, suffering only from pulmonary diseases and disorders of the stomach, occasioned by overloading with rancid meat, it becomes an open question whether cleanliness is necessary to health. They have no cloth, and consequently no towels, and it is amusing to see the devices to which they are forced to provide substitutes. The men eat while sitting or standing in a circle, and pass a large piece of meat, either cooked or raw and bloody, from one to another, each in turn seizing a morsel in his teeth and cutting it off with a large knife, to the imminent peril of his nose. At the end of the meal, their hands and faces look as if they had been eating out of a trough. They don't mind the dirt, but they hate to waste the blood or gravy, so they scrape their hands, fingers, and cheeks very carefully with their knives, and then lick the knives clean with their tongues. If either the men or the women get their hands covered with oil by handling blubber, they first lick off the oil and then wipe their hands upon a napkin improvised from the skin of a bird. When a duck, goose, dovekie, or any other large bird has been killed, they skin it, gnaw the fat from the skin, and then dry it in the sun. Then these skins are put carefully away, to do service as napkins and towels.

While the spring snows are on the ground the natives suffer greatly with snow-blindness, and even after the snow has disappeared, their eyes are often terribly inflamed. There is a constant desire to rub them while in this condition, but their hands are always so dirty that to do so increases rather than diminishes their suffering. I once saw a most charming substitute, when Koo-pah came

into my tent with a rabbit's foot in his hand, which he occasionally drew across his eyelids, to remove the perspiration that would otherwise have caused him great annoyance. I was surprised to see the "hare's foot," which has for so long been the favorite paint and powder puff of the green-room, put to a kindred use in the hands of a savage.

The Esquimaux women are exceedingly expert in the use of the needle, and make many ornamental pieces of clothing, as well as bags for various purposes. They have not yet reached that degree of civilization that makes pockets a necessity, and so each man carries a bag, more or less ornamental according to the taste or skill of his wife. Some are very pretty indeed, exhibiting agreeable contrasts of color by using the skin of several animals, or the skin from different parts of the same animal. Since the advent of the whalers in the northern waters, cloth can occasionally be obtained for the purpose of bag-making, and some made of that material show excellent taste and judgment in the choice of beads of various colors, with which they are often profusely adorned. Reindeers' teeth also are used for ornament, and dangle from the fringe that decorates the hunter's pouch or adorns the bead-work breast-plate upon his wife's coat; as may be imagined, these present a ghastly appearance, owing to their resemblance to human teeth. The hunter does not usually wear the pouch or bag hanging in front of him, by passing the string over the back of his neck, but passes the string around the front of his neck and lets the bag dangle behind. In this receptacle he carries his pipe and tobacco, his matches or flint and steel, his box of caps and the little box containing *et-tu-mó-yer*—the leaves of a small running vine dried and chopped fine to mix with his tobacco. It is only when hunting or traveling alone that he carries the bag at all. When his wife is with him she must carry whatever is necessary, and for this purpose she uses her hood, which is unnecessarily long, or puts the articles in her loose stocking. When the lord and master wants his pipe, he turns to his obedient slave, and says: "*Pay-ú-let-e-now?*" (where is the pipe?)—whereupon she cuts the tobacco, fills and lights the pipe, and, after a few puffs as reward, hands it to her majestic ruler. He would, perhaps, find the cold wind disagreeable to his hands should he remove his mittens to prepare the pipe, so the wife must suffer. When building their snow-huts, the men wear long mittens of reindeer fur, made, like gauntlets, to cover the end of the coat-sleeve, where they are tied down to keep out the snow while they are cutting and handling the blocks. These are carried on the sled during a march, and, of course, through the day are frozen stiff. Shortly before halting, the wife has to put these frozen mittens inside the bosom of her dress, and next to her bare skin, that they may be thawed out and warm by the time her husband wants to wear them. Or, if this precaution be neglected, she must put them upon her own hands first, and thaw them in that way. While the men cut the snow-blocks and build the house, the women chink the cracks, and, if it is very cold or windy weather, cover the building with snow by means of a wooden snow-shovel. When it is completed, the women arrange the beds, light the lamps, and make the habitation as comfortable as possible. The husband's frozen shoes and stockings are passed over to the wife, to beat off the snow and ice, and place them over the lamp to dry. This duty often keeps the weary woman awake nearly all night, while the husband sleeps away his fatigue and arises to put on dry stockings in the morning. No wonder that the Esquimaux seldom travel without their women.

In my correspondence with the "New York Herald," a full account was given of seal and walrus hunting, but nothing was there said concerning the method of killing ducks and geese by spearing. In hunting the seal during the winter and spring, while the air is too cold for him to find comfort in sunning himself on the surface of the ice, the hungry Esquimaux has to look for his prey through ice of from two to twenty feet in thickness. Here, again, are shown the excellent qualities possessed by his much-abused dog. The little hole through which the seal inhales his fresh air communicates directly with the well-like hole by which he approaches the surface of the water. The dog's keen instinct scents the blow-hole, though, as is often the case, it be covered with snow, and conducts his master to the spot. A shelter is then built by erecting a few blocks of snow to break the force of the wind, and the patient hunter takes his place for a long and dreary watch for the return of the seal to breathe. He cannot walk around, for that would frighten away the animal, and sometimes his vigil has been known to extend over two days at one sitting. When the long spring days

ENGRAVED BY R.D. SERVOSS N.Y.

ESQUIMAUX ENTERTAINMENT.

have begun to pour their incessant sunshine upon the frozen sea, the seal comes out upon the ice to enjoy a sun-bath, and then is approached and slain by the treacherous hunter, who has succeeded in convincing him that he is only another seal.

Walrus are approached in a similar manner on the ice, and are sometimes struck in the water from the edge of the ice-pack.

A most novel and interesting method of bird-catching is practiced during the spring and early summer, while the ducks and geese are molting and unable to fly. The Esquimaux puts his *kyack*—that is, his seal-skin canoe—on his head, like an immense hat, and repairs to the big lake, or the sea-side, where he has seen the helpless birds swimming and feeding in the water. Here he launches his frail bark, and, when seated, which is not always accomplished without a ducking, takes his double-bladed oar in his hands, and at once starts in pursuit of the game. Before him, on his *kyack*, where he can seize it at the proper moment, lies his duck-spear, together with other implements of the chase. Cautiously approaching the featherless flock, he sometimes gets quite near before his presence is

BREAKING CAMP.

observed, but even then, before he is within striking distance, there is a great spluttering in the water, as the band scatters in every direction, vainly beating the water with the curious-looking stumps that soon will wear their plumage and once more do duty as wings. Some dive below the surface and come up a great way off, and always just where you are not looking for them; but as the flock takes alarm, the hunter dashes forward, feeling the necessity for speed rather than for caution. He is soon within fifteen or twenty feet of the struggling mass, and, seizing a curious-looking spear, with three barbs of unequal length, he poises it for a moment in the air, and then hurls it with unerring aim at the devoted bird, impaling it with a sharpened iron or bone spike in the center of the barbs. The handle of the spear is of wood, and floats on the surface of the water, so that the hunter can recover his weapon and the game at his leisure.

In some sections of the Arctic, the game thus captured forms a great staple of food; for winter use the birds are packed in bales of about three feet in length and two feet square on the ends, looking very much like small bales of cotton that have been tarred and feathered, for it must be remembered that the inside and outside of the birds remain intact when packed away. It is no objection to an Esquimaux palate that they decay before winter freezes the bale as solid as a rock.

While traveling through the Ookjoolik country, on the west coast of Adelaide Peninsula, we found the natives well supplied with this delicacy, and did not hesitate to accept some of the many cordial invitations to game dinners that we received from these hospitable savages. We found here, also, that the natives were supplied with goose-grease preserved in bags for winter use, and a most seasonable and dainty fare it proved to be. Salmon-oil is also similarly preserved, and is equally palatable. In a temperate climate it would probably seem objectionable, but in the Arctic winter everything of that character is demanded by the system, and, fortunately, instead of proving nauseous, is really delicious. The roe—called by the natives *shu-way*—of the salmon is kept in bags, and only needs pickling to rival the famous Russian caviare.

Nearly all the rivers and lakes that empty into the Arctic seas are filled with fish, usually salmon and trout of unusual size. Pahpah, an aged Inuit from Amitkoke, which is about half-way up the Melville Peninsula, on the Fox Channel side, told me that in an immense lake near his old home were salmon "as large as a man," and so strong, that, in capturing them, occasionally the fishermen were drawn into the lake. They sometimes caught them by striking them with a seal spear, the head of which separates from the shaft and turns in the wound like a harpoon. These, however, were larger than the usual salmon, though I saw some, while on Back's Great Fish River, that would measure more than twelve inches across. As a general thing, they are speared while passing the rapids; their bodies are then piled upon the ground, and stones are built around and over them to protect them from the ravages of wolves and wolverine. Like the ducks and geese, they are "cachéd" without cleaning, and the summer sun soon reduces them to a condition that would seriously impair their value at a Fulton Market stand. Around the numerous rapids in the vicinity of our *igloos*, at the point on the river which is marked as the Dangerous Rapids, and is known to the natives as *E-tam Nartz-zook*, we found a great many caches, covering several tons of fish. The rapids occur at intervals of a mile or two for a distance of about ten miles, and it was here that Lieutenant Back, upon the voyage in which he discovered the river, was compelled to disembark and convey his boats and material by portages, a task in which he was materially assisted by the natives.

It is more the position than the nature of the animal hunted which gives the spice of danger to the sport, and adds the excitement of action to the chase. Seal-hunting through the ice is intensely monotonous and dull, while, on the contrary, when the seal is lying upon the ice, half dreaming and half awake, on the slippery edge of his hole, the question as to whether or not the devices to deceive and insnare him will prove successful adds great interest to the work, which increases in proportion as the distance between the sportsman and his game diminishes. It is no unusual experience to see the provoking animal slip swiftly into his hole just as the hunter is about to pose himself for a shot or to throw his spear. This occurs, perhaps, after about an hour's work in sliding closer and closer to the seal, while he is lying upon one side,—the hunter hitching himself along during the occasional naps indulged in by the unsuspecting animal. But so accus-

tomed is he to such a termination of the chase that he merely arises from his recumbent position, says, "*Mar-me-an-nar*," and, lighting his pipe, strolls off to look for another opportunity.

So is it with bear-hunting. While the bear is in the water, and the hunter follows him in a boat, there is little excitement in the sport; but when upon the ice, and the bear is seen before he knows that danger is near, then there is something feverish in the hasty and whispered preparations for the chase. The load is unceremoniously dumped upon the ice, and the hunters, seating themselves upon the sled, drive off in the direction of the bear. The dogs, relieved of the weighty load, imagine that something is about to happen, and dash ahead, their ears erect and turned forward, their eyes eagerly scanning their limited horizon. Presently they see the huge beast before them, or the wind brings a sniff of bear's grease to their hungry nostrils, and then they are off with a will. Nothing can exceed the impetuosity with which they now fly along, each one straining every nerve to reach the distant foe, the sled swinging from side to side, splashing through shallow pools in the ice, or bridging an ice-crack that tries the mettle of the best jumpers in the team, and compels the others to swim. Once in a while, the best efforts of the driver cannot prevent the front end of the sled coming in contact with a hummock that brings the vehicle to an abrupt stand, and sends the team sprawling in every direction. Again released from its arrest, the excitement increases when the majestic animal is seen more distinctly, as the sled draws nigher. It is not long now before instinct warns him of approaching danger, and, pausing in his leisurely walk in search of a sleeping seal, he turns around to survey the surface of the level ice. He soon recognizes an enemy, and away he goes at full speed, with a rocking, lumbering canter that impresses you more with his size and strength than with his grace.

Now the hunter leans forward, and with his knife severs the traces of the team, and follows them as fast as his sinewy legs can carry him, reckless of water-holes and ice-cracks, his whole soul bent upon coming up with the bear at bay, in time to get the first bullet into the body, in which case the carcass belongs to him. The dogs have now come up with Bruin, and, snapping at his heels, compel him to halt and defend himself. Turning around and growling angrily, he lowers his head, and with opened mouth rushes at the most importunate of his foes, who eludes him with true canine dexterity. Occasionally he rises upon his haunches and strikes out furiously with his fore paws. Woe to the dog within reach of that terrible blow, for his fate is sealed. Sometimes an unfortunate brute comes near enough to be caught and squeezed in an embrace that nothing but death can loosen. And now the hunters come panting upon the scene of action, and have to use great care to avoid killing their faithful dogs, as I have known them to be killed, by the bullet passing entirely through the bear and striking the dog on the other side. A rifle, or pistol, is the favorite weapon in these days, when most of the hunters have fire-arms, but a few years ago they were not so well supplied, and relied upon the spear, with an iron barb, or one made of walrus tusk, worked to the proper shape and sharpened to the greatest possible extent. With such miserable weapons these brave Esquimaux do not hesitate to attack the polar bear, the largest and one of the most ferocious of his species. They rely upon the dogs engaging the attention of the animal while they come in to their support, but often the enraged beast turns from his little tormenters and attacks his still more dangerous foe, the hunter, who now needs all his coolness and skill to overcome his adversary. At Depot Island, in North Hudson Bay, during the summer of 1880, I met an old man named Noo-loo, the top of whose head had been bitten off in a contest with a bear. Few people can boast of such an experience as this. Had it been dragged off with a ponderous claw it would have seemed strange enough, but to have had it bitten off seems to indicate a proximity that must needs be decidedly unpleasant.

On the 3d of July,—the day we reached Cape Felix, the most northerly part of King William's Land,—Too-loo-ah, one of the best men I ever met in any land, chased a polar bear about ten miles out on the ice of Victoria Straits, in a nearly northerly direction. The chase is described in the foregoing paragraph, but when Too-loo-ah came up, and before he could get a chance for a shot, the bear, disregarding the dogs, made a rush for the active young hunter that almost brought his heart into his mouth. Recovering his composure in good season, he sent three bullets from his Winchester rifle, backed by a charge of seventy-five grains of powder behind each,

right into the animal's skull, and the huge beast lay dead almost at his feet.

Not so exciting as this was a chase we had in a whale-boat in Hudson Bay, in August of 1880, when two bears were killed. We first saw them asleep on a cake of ice—a mother and cub—and lowered a boat to capture them. Lieutenant Schwatka, the mate of the vessel, and the writer, got into the boat, armed with rifles; but the bears had an impression that danger was brooding, for they lowered themselves into the water and swam for dear life. The cub kept close to his mother, and occasionally rested himself by riding on her back. Closer and closer came the boat, and no amount of exertion on their part seemed sufficient to draw them away from their pursuers. When within about forty yards of them, they clambered out on a cake of ice and stood at bay. The mother crouched upon her haunches, swinging her head from side to side, growling all the while, and bidding defiance to her enemies. Lieutenant Schwatka, who was seated in the bow of the boat, sent a bullet from his magazine gun through the old bear's backbone; he had aimed at the heart and the motion of the boat had thrown him out that much. It was an effective shot, nevertheless, and the huge animal was rendered powerless by it. Just then the mate, who sat beside Lieutenant Schwatka in the bow, got a good chance, and shot her through the head, ending her career then and there. It would have been easy enough to have shot her at any time, but there was a risk of killing the cub, which we were very anxious to capture alive. Now that the mother was *hors du combat*, all our energies were devoted toward securing the little fellow, who clung to his mother's body with the most touching fidelity, vainly endeavoring to cover her with his little body, and protect her from her adversaries. Occasionally he would pause from licking her wounds, and, rising on his hind legs, would growl defiance at us, and smite the air with his little paws. He was not a foe to be despised, for already he was nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog, and had teeth like a wolf, which we had occasion to notice when he opened his mouth so as to display them all. The boat was rowed to the opposite side of the cake of ice, and Lieutenant Schwatka, recalling his experiences on the plains, landed, holding in his hand a lance-warp, with a slip-noose in the end, and, after several ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in throwing the noose over the cub's head, whereby he was dragged into the water and towed, with his mother's lifeless body, alongside of the ship, where he was hoisted on deck. To say that he was angry would scarcely indicate the fury he expressed. He bit at the rope that held him in bondage, and growled most terrifically and incessantly, and, when on deck, flew at everybody that came near him. Two ropes were attached to him—one around his neck and the other around his hind leg—and, tied to opposite sides of the ship, kept him reasonably safe. The captain, however, when he came on deck, ordered him killed, and the mate put him out of the way with a bullet from his pistol. I could not bear to see the cunning little rascal shot, and went below before the tragedy.

Lieutenant Schwatka felt especially grieved at his fate, for he had hoped to bring him home, a living witness to his prowess. It

BEAR-HUNTING: THE ROMANCE AND THE REALITY.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, U. S. N.

does not fall to the lot of every man to lasso a polar bear, and a picture of the affair would make such a startling illustration for the pictorial press! I could already see the event spread before the public with two immense polar bears standing erect, their mouths opened to the fullest capacity, and paws extended to seize the intrepid Schwatka as he advanced to the attack, swinging his lasso around his head. To show him what a fine subject it was, I made a rough sketch of it. But on the other page I sketched the occurrence as it really was, and presented the contrast: the big bear dead upon the ice and the little cub standing over the body, while the brave lieutenant held on to the gunwale of the boat with his left hand, to keep from falling on the slippery ice as he threw the rope with his right.

If it were not for the inconvenience they put you to, and the fact that carrying a heavy load upon your back has the effect of quieting any tendency to inordinate mirth, a pack of dogs loaded for the march would afford no end of amusement. In

addition to their usual back-loads, the tent-poles are fastened to the dogs, sometimes one on each side, and the inextricable confusion they get into at times is perfectly irresistible. They go prowling around, smelling of different stones and places just as if they had nothing on their backs, until, at last, one pole still dragging behind, the other sticks out in front, and the dog is as firmly planted as if in the stocks. He can neither go ahead nor back out. Your attention is called by his yelling, for they do not like to be left far behind the marching column—they have too wholesome a fear of wolves. Sometimes they indulge in fighting even when loaded, for they are the most savage dogs in the world, though they seldom bite people. In their tussles a dog will get knocked completely over, and then he is anchored, for when the load is beneath, the dog cannot rise; it keeps him there. Occasionally they get involved in each other's sticks so that they have to be unloaded before they can be extricated. At each halt while on the march, some of the dogs require attention. There are some in almost every pack that never are at ease until they get their loads down under their bodies and dangling between their hind legs. Then they are perfectly happy, and they trail along the stony places and wade through the marshes until whatever has been assigned them to carry is totally ruined—unless, perchance, it be meat, which is never unfit for use. They are most affectionate creatures, too, and when you sit down to rest your weary limbs they gather around, pant their warm breath into your ear and slobber down your neck, and when you drive one away he immediately pitches into the dog nearest him out of revenge, and, others joining in, there is a general row. Lines are broken, loads dropped, meat-bags burst open, and then for a moment attention is diverted from fighting to eating all the provisions you had counted on for supper for the night. They take the deepest interest in everything you do, and watch every movement you make, evidently imagining that you might be eating, and will throw them a morsel if they only watch long enough. They never rest. Should a reindeer or a rabbit come in sight, they are off at once, handicapped though they may be, and it requires the united exertions of the men, women, and children to bring them back again. They generally obey the women better than the men—that is, they will come to the women when they call, more quickly than they will to their masters. I have read that the dogs are allowed to sleep in the *igloo* and *tupics* to help keep the occupants warm, but such has not been my experience. In fact, I have seen every energy exerted to keep them out. It seems to be the one great aim of the Esquimaux dog to get inside of his master's house, and the master seems to live for nothing except to keep the dogs out. Sometimes a favorite leader is allowed to occupy the door-way of an *igloo*, which is so small that he acts as a plug to keep the others out. But you will see his shaggy body framed with noses sniffing the warm air with evident delight, and scenting the luscious blubber that fills the large stone lamp. The leader understands his privilege and will seldom molest anything; he patiently waits until something is dropped upon the snow floor, then if his nose recommends it he eats it, and resumes his position near the door. If you halloo at him to clear out, he immediately turns upon the dogs in his rear with a growl, as much as to say, "Don't you hear what master says? Keep back there!"

There is always one bully in every team, who gets all the choice bits that are stolen by the others, and generally manages to keep fat, no matter how short they are of provisions. He waits for the others to make the raid, and then stands on the outside to take it away from them. These bullies are in several grades. There is the chief, of whom all are afraid, and then there is the next in rank, of whom all are afraid but the chief; a third, of whom all are afraid but two, and so on down. Sometimes the food is cut into small pieces and thrown out upon the ice for all to help themselves, and then there is a rough-and-tumble fight, and snarling and growling, as if a whole cage of hyenas had broken loose. But here the bullies have no advantage; indeed, the advantage is with the small, lively fellows that slip in and get the meat while the big ones are fighting. When a dog manages to steal a piece of meat he has a lively time of it, for soon every other dog in camp is after him, and he has to eat it on the run, if at all, headed off at every turn by one of the bullies, and whining and choking at the same time. It certainly is one of the most comical exhibitions ever witnessed.

Nothing can exceed the energy of the Esquimaux dog, and no animal will do the same amount of work with as little food. Upon our return trip, during the winter of 1879–80, it was no unusual thing

for our dogs to go eight days without food, working in harness every day. During the summer, when not working, they are fed only about once in twenty days, if at all. The consequence is that they always have good appetites. They are always looking around for something to eat, and they have the most irresistible curiosity.

I remember one day, during our journey from Terror Bay to Tulloch Point, on King William's Land, during the fall of 1879, we had halted for a rest during the afternoon, and some one imagined he saw a tent on the crest of a distant hill. Too-loo-ah immediately got out the long spy-glass, and, lying flat upon his stomach, rested the instrument upon the bundle he had just dropped from his shoulders. But as his eye was placed at the eye-piece, he jumped back, evidently startled, for he said he could see nothing, which was very likely, since at the same moment one of the dogs, with an investigating turn of mind, had approached the other end of the glass and was looking at him with his mild eye through the object-glass of the telescope.

After three months of weary marching with dogs and sledges, most of the way over unexplored territory, the Franklin Search Party found itself, on the 3d of July, 1879, at Cape Felix, the most northerly point of King William's Land, and there commenced the summer search for the history of Sir John Franklin's fated expedition. Already, while upon their journey up the coast, they had found the opened grave of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of H. M. S. *Terror*, with the few remaining bones, together with some rotting clothing lying within the rude tomb and scattered among the rocks near by. A prize medal, awarded to that officer while a pupil at the Royal Naval College, established the identity of the remains, which was further confirmed by fragments of astronomical instruments found in the grave, evidently indicating it to be that of one of the scientific officers of the expedition. This grave was discovered near Cape Jane Franklin, and near by lay scattered, in utter confusion, many interesting relics of the lost crews. Here, also, we found a copy, in the handwriting of Sir Leopold McClintock, of the record found by him twenty years previously, and showing the spot to be the place where the retreating crews first encamped after abandoning their ships, in the spring of 1848. Here commenced that terrible march where the brave adventurers, already wasted by disease, at last were compelled to succumb in the unequal contest with hunger, cold, and fatigue. As we followed their line of march down the coast, we found evidences that they had been unable to make better marches than from two to four miles a day, and nearly every camping-place was marked by the tombs of the dead, or the bleached bones of those who perished beyond the reach of their comrades. Finally, at a point on the main-land about five or six miles west of Richardson Point, were found the remains of those who, through superior physical resources, had succeeded in reaching the farthest point on their route to Back's Great Fish River, where they soon would have met with relief from the natives, who live the year round at the Dangerous Rapids, on that river, and subsist chiefly upon fish, which they catch in immense quantities from the never-failing stock existing in this famous tributary of the Polar Sea. Where these men perished, the natives had found, many years ago, a boat, with skeletons, and a sealed tin box, two feet long and a foot square upon the ends, which, upon being broken open, was found to contain books and a piece of magnetized iron. There seems little doubt that the books, so carefully preserved by the famished explorers, were their more important records, and that the piece of magnetized iron was the dip-needle employed by them in establishing the position of the north magnetic pole, near which they had been beset for nearly two years, affording a most valuable opportunity for ascertaining, with great accuracy, the position of that interesting point on the globe. The bravery of these poor fellows was indicated in an unusually marked degree by the affectionate care bestowed upon the remains of their comrades who fell during the march, all of whom received decent burial until the point was reached where the last few finally starved to death. The waning strength of the party was indicated, as we traced their line of retreat, in the diminished size of the stones that composed the graves, until, at the last one, on King William's Land, they were scarcely larger than pebbles. The tenacity with which they clung to their precious records, and only perished with them when the last man died, was most noble, and to doubt that the books that they guarded with such heroic devotion were any other than the history of their labors and discoveries in the interest of science and geography,

GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT JOHN IRVING.

would be a most unworthy imputation upon their good sense.

All the bones of these poor fellows which were found by our party were carefully collected and entombed, with the exception of those of Lieutenant Irving, which, having been identified, were brought home to be delivered to his friends, and have already been transmitted to the British Admiralty, together with the relics collected and brought away to illustrate the history of our search.

The sledge journey and search made by Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition constitute one of the most remarkable trips ever achieved. To start upon a year's journey, through an entirely unknown territory, with only one month's rations, required no little resolution; and that they would necessarily be compelled to live as do the natives, dependent entirely upon the game of the country through which they passed, seemed, in comparison with other contingencies, scarcely worthy of consideration. Upon their return they safely encountered the rigors of an unusually cold winter, even for that latitude, and during one month (January, 1880), whose mean temperature was —53.2° Fahrenheit, once observed the thermometer at —71° Fahrenheit. And yet, so thoroughly were the white men of the party acclimated that they experienced no more suffering from the extraordinarily low temperatures than did their native allies, thereby affording another illustration of the superior endurance of the Caucasian race.

RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

IMPRESSIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE IN 1848.*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THOMAS CARLYLE is an immense talker, as extraordinary in his conversation as in his writing,—I think even more so.

He is not mainly a scholar, like the most of my acquaintances, but a practical Scotchman, such as you would find in any saddler's or iron-dealer's shop, and then only accidentally, and by a surprising addition, the admirable scholar and writer he is. If you would know precisely how he talks, just suppose Hugh Whelan (the gardener) had found leisure enough in addition to all his daily work to read Plato and Shakspere, Augustine and Calvin, and, remaining Hugh Whelan all the time, should talk scornfully of all this nonsense of books that he had been bothered with, and you shall have just the tone and talk and laughter of Carlyle.

I called him a trip-hammer with "an Æolian attachment." He has, too, the strong religious tinge you sometimes find in burly people. That, and all his qualities, have a certain virulence, coupled though it be in his case with the utmost impatience of Christendom and Jewdom and all existing presentments of the good old story. He talks like a very unhappy man,—profoundly solitary, displeased and hindered by all men and things about him, and, biding his time, meditating how to undermine and explode the whole world of nonsense which torments him. He is obviously greatly respected by all sorts of people,—understands his own value quite as well as Webster, of whom his behavior sometimes reminds me,—and can see society on his own terms.

And, though no mortal in America could pretend to talk with Carlyle, who is also as remarkable in England as the Tower of London, yet neither would he in any manner satisfy us (Americans) or begin to answer the questions which we ask. He is a very national figure, and would by no means bear transplantation. They keep Carlyle as a sort of portable cathedral-bell, which they like to produce in companies where he is unknown, and set a-swinging, to the surprise and consternation of all persons, bishops, courtiers, scholars, writers, and, as in companies here (in England) no man is named or introduced, great is the effect and great the inquiry. Forster of Rawdon described to me a dinner at the *table d'hôte* of some provincial hotel where he carried Carlyle, and where an Irish canon had uttered something; Carlyle began to talk, first to the waiters and then to the walls, and then, lastly, unmistakably to the priest, in a manner that frighted the whole company.

Young men, especially those holding liberal opinions, press to see him, but it strikes me like being hot to see the mathematical or Greek professor before they have got their lesson. It needs something more than a clean shirt and reading German to visit him. He treats them with contempt; they profess freedom, and he stands for slavery; they praise republics, and he likes the Russian Czar; they admire Cobden and free trade, and he is a protectionist in political economy; they will eat vegetables, and drink water, and he is a Scotchman who thinks English national character has a pure enthusiasm for beef and mutton, describes with gusto the crowds of people who gaze at the sirloins in the dealer's shop-window, and even likes the Scotch night-cap; they praise moral suasion; he goes for murder, money, capital punishment, and other pretty abominations of English law. They wish freedom of the press, and he thinks the first thing he would do, if he got into Parliament, would be to turn out the reporters, and stop all manner of mischievous speaking to Buncombe and wind-bags. "In the Long Parliament," he says, "the only great Parliament,—they sat secret and silent, grave as an ecumenical council, and I know not what they would have done to anybody that had got in there, and attempted to tell out-of-doors what they did." They go for free institutions, for letting things alone, and only giving opportunity and motive to every man; he for a stringent government that shows people what they must do, and makes them do it. "Here," he says, "the Parliament gathers up six millions of pounds every

* By arrangement with the Massachusetts Historical Society and Mr. Emerson, we have the honor of here printing this record of the writer's impressions of Carlyle, collected from letters home in 1848, for the occasion referred to in Mr. Ellis's note on page 91.—ED. S. M.

year, to give to the poor, and yet the people starve. I think if they would give it to me, to provide the poor with labor, and with authority to make them work, or shoot them,—and I to be hanged if I did not do it,—I could find them in plenty of Indian meal."

He throws himself readily on the other side. If you urge free trade, he remembers that every laborer is a monopolist. The navigation laws of England made its commerce. "St. John was insulted by the Dutch; he came home, got the law passed that foreign vessels should pay high fees, and it cut the throat of the Dutch, and made the English trade." If you boast of the growth of the country, and show him the wonderful results of the census, he finds nothing so depressing as the sight of a great mob. He saw once, as he told me, three or four miles of human beings, and fancied that "the airth was some great cheese, and these were mites." If a Tory takes heart at his hatred of stump-oratory and model republics, he replies: "Yes, the idea of a pig-headed soldier who will obey orders, and fire on his own father at the command of his officer, is a great comfort to the aristocratic mind." It is not so much that Carlyle cares for this or that dogma, as that he likes genuineness (the source of all strength) in his companions.

If a scholar goes into a camp of lumbermen or a gang of riggers, those men will quickly detect any fault of character. Nothing will pass with them but what is real and sound. So this man is a hammer that crushes mediocrity and pretension. He detects weakness on the instant, and touches it. He has a vivacious, aggressive temperament, and unimpressionable. The literary, the fashionable, the political man, each fresh from triumphs in his own sphere, comes eagerly to see this man, whose fun they have heartily enjoyed, sure of a welcome, and are struck with despair at the first onset. His firm, victorious, scoffing vituperation strikes them with chill and hesitation. His talk often reminds you of what was said of Johnson: "If his pistol missed fire he would knock you down with the butt-end."

Mere intellectual partisanship wearies him; he detects in an instant if a man stands for any cause to which he is not born and organically committed. A natural defender of anything, a lover who will live and die for that which he speaks for, and who does not care for him, or for anything but his own business,—he respects: and the nobler this object, of course, the better. He hates a literary trifler, and if, after Guizot had been a tool of Louis Philippe for years, he is now to come and write essays on the character of Washington, on "The Beautiful," and on "Philosophy of History," he thinks that nothing.

Great is his reverence for realities,—for all such traits as spring from the intrinsic nature of the actor. He humors this into the idolatry of strength. A strong nature has a charm for him, previous, it would seem, to all inquiry whether the force be divine or diabolic. He preaches, as by cannonade, the doctrine that every noble nature was made by God, and contains, if savage passions, also fit checks and grand impulses, and, however extravagant, will keep its orbit and return from far.

Nor can that decorum which is the idol of the Englishman, and in attaining which the Englishman exceeds all nations, win from him any obeisance. He is eaten up with indignation against such as desire to make a fair show in the flesh.

Combined with this warfare on respectabilities, and, indeed, pointing all his satire, is the severity of his moral sentiment. In proportion to the peals of laughter amid which he strips the plumes of a pretender and shows the lean hypocrisy to every vantage of ridicule, does he worship whatever enthusiasm, fortitude, love, or other sign of a good nature is in a man.

There is nothing deeper in his constitution than his humor, than the considerate, condescending good-nature with which he looks at every object in existence, as a man might look at a mouse. He feels that the perfection of health is sportiveness, and will not look grave even at dullness or tragedy.

His guiding genius is his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice; but that is a truth of character, not of catechisms.

He says, "There is properly no religion in England. These idle nobles at Tattersall's,—there is no work or word of serious purpose in them; they have this great lying church; and life is a humbug." He prefers Cambridge to Oxford, but he thinks Oxford and Cambridge education indurates the young men, as the Styx hardened Achilles, so that when they come forth of them, they say, "Now we are proof: we have gone through all the degrees, and are case-hardened against the veracities of the Universe; nor man nor God can penetrate us."

Wellington he respects as real and honest, and as having made up his mind, once for all, that he will not have to do with any kind of a lie.

Edwin Chadwick is one of his heroes,—who proposes to provide every house in London with pure water, sixty gallons to every head, at a penny a week; and in the decay and downfall of all religions, Carlyle thinks that the only religious act which a man nowadays can securely perform is to wash himself well.

Of course the new French Revolution of 1848 was the best thing he had seen, and the teaching this great swindler, Louis Philippe, that there is a God's justice in the Universe, after all, was a great satisfaction. Czar Nicholas was his hero: for, in the ignominy of Europe, when all thrones fell like card-houses, and no man was found with conscience enough to fire a gun for his crown, but every one ran away in a *coucou*, with his head shaved, through the Barrière de Passy, one man remained who believed he was put there by God Almighty to govern his empire, and, by the help of God, had resolved to stand there.

He was very serious about the bad times; he had seen this evil coming, but thought it would not come in his time. But now 'tis coming, and the only good he sees in it is the visible appearance of the gods. He thinks it the only question for wise men, instead of art, and fine fancies, and poetry, and such things,—to address themselves to the problem of society. This confusion is the inevitable end of such falsehood and nonsense as they have been embroiled with.

Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. He has stood for scholars, asking no scholar what he should say. Holding an honored place in the best society, he has stood for the people, for the Chartist,* for the pauper, intrepidly and scornfully teaching the nobles their peremptory duties.

His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with this merit, in my judgment. This *aplomb* cannot be mimicked; it is the speaking to the heart of the thing. And in England, where the morgue of aristocracy has very slowly admitted scholars into society,—a very few houses only in the high circles being ever opened to them,—he has carried himself erect, made himself a power confessed by all men, and taught scholars their lofty duty. He never feared the face of man.

* The Chartists were then preparing to go in a procession of 200,000, to carry their petition, embodying the six points of Chartism, to the House of Commons, on the 10th of April, 1848.

[At the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society in April, 1857, Hon. Edward Everett communicated a valuable manuscript received from Mr. Carlyle, containing memoranda of the Franklin family before the Doctor's father came to this country. In January, 1870, Mr. Carlyle himself made a communication to the Society through its recording secretary, Mr. Deane. In February he was chosen an honorary member, gratefully acknowledging his election the next month. Just preceding the monthly meeting of the Society last February had come the intelligence of Mr. Carlyle's death. In conformity with the usage of the Society that the President should announce the death of a member, with remarks of his own, to be followed by those of one or more of the Society, as the occasion or the subject may suggest, Mr. Winthrop promptly wrote to Mr. Emerson to insure his attendance on the occasion. He was the only man in the whole country who, by the warmest relations of personal intercourse, friendship, and correspondence, and by the appreciative sympathies of kindred genius, could meet and fill the demands of that occasion. It was on the day, perhaps at the very hour, when the rural grave in Scotland was to receive the mortal relics of the stern and rugged philosopher. Mr. Emerson kindly responded to the call, and appeared with his helpful daughter. But few of the members most constant in their attendance were aware what was to occur, and the regrets of many who might have been present are keen. Mr. Winthrop had, with his wonted felicity, introduced the theme and recognized the presence of Mr. Emerson. The scene which followed was a memorable one, never to be forgotten by those who felt what a privilege they enjoyed in taking the full impression of it, with all its vividness and suggestiveness, into heart and thought. In recalling it some may possibly have wished that the camera had been there to fix, for more elaborate art, the singularly suggestive and impressive elements of the scene. But anything like form, disposal, or preparatory effect would have marred the charm of its exquisite simplicity. The newspapers have, as fully as facts warrant, and much more so than a tender delicacy can approve, commented freely upon the character and degree of the disablement which the passage of years has visited upon Mr. Emerson. It is enough to say that such visitation as is upon him was manifested simply in enhancing the impression of his gentle, placid mien and tones, and, on this occasion, gave an added charm to his features and utterance. Some of the most impressive and memorable elements of the scene, which will be most fondly cherished by the witnesses, do not allow of description or relation. A small table, with two chairs for Mr. Emerson and his daughter, were brought into the Dowse library-room, where the meeting was held. The manuscript, long since written but never put in print, was a loose one, and only parts of it were to be read by Mr. Emerson. Of the incommunicable features of the scene, very touching to its witnesses was his gentle reference and compliance as he looked to his daughter for direction as to the passages to be read, and to the connection of them. Some slight labial impediments caused an occasional halting in the delivery of elongated words, never favorites with Mr. Emerson. These served, in part, for those delays on words which are so familiar to his hearers as marking his pauses and

emphasis. For the rest, he was helped in imitative utterances of them by the silent lips of his daughter. The apt and racy significance of the most pointed passages came forth in full force, and with the old incisiveness and humor. So hushed was the silence and so intent was the listening that those who were quick of hearing lost nothing of word or intonation. But even these, the more removed in their seats, one by one drew nearer in a closing circle around the reader. Their faces and inward workings of thought showed the profoundness of their interest as they waited for the interpretation of the great philosopher of England by the greatest philosopher of America. GEORGE E. ELLIS.]

THE LITERARY WORK OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

THIRTY years are conventionally supposed to constitute the space of time which is loosely spoken of as a generation, and those whose memories can run to that length may, perhaps, be allowed to speak for the generation to which they belong, with, as it may be, less or more of authority, but, certainly, with sufficient knowledge. It is safe, therefore, for the present writer to say that at no time during the present generation in England has such a feeling been aroused in regard to the death of a man of letters as that which was felt in London when the announcement was made that Mr. Carlyle's condition was hopeless, or, as our simpler forefathers would have had it, that "Thomas Carlyle, Esq., lay a-dying at his house in Chelsea." On the extreme verge of the period of memory to which I have alluded, the death of Wordsworth gives the first landmark of this peculiar kind. It was followed nine years afterward by that of Macaulay in the very height of his fame. Thackeray, who had written on this latter recruit for "the majority" some of his most pathetic words, followed in 1868. Seven years afterward, his rival, as some thought, went to join him, and a bare month ago, George Eliot, whom a strong faction would even with these great names, preceded her neighbor, and, perhaps, in some sort, teacher, to the grave. These are the five greatest names borne on the literary schedule of England's necrology during the last thirty years, but none of them has occupied anything like the position which was occupied by Mr. Carlyle. In some cases their fame had passed its zenith, and had begun to descend; in others it was a matter rather of partisan assertion than of universal acceptance. In others, though they were acknowledged as consummate masters of one particular portion of the field, that portion was hardly thought by the general reader to be a very extensive one. But Mr. Carlyle, though with inconsiderable exceptions he confined himself entirely to prose, and though in prose he hardly cultivated more than two plots, the historical and that of the critical essay, has yet for many years been accepted by competent critics of all shades of opinion as the undoubted head of English letters. He had gained that position fifteen years ago by some forty years of laborious work, and, unlike some of his predecessors in the throne both in our own and in other countries, he had not endangered his supremacy by neglecting the adage, *solve senescentem.** In the rare instances in which, during the last stage of his career, he broke silence, no loss of power was observable, and if the king did not often meddle in the common jousts, he never took his spear in hand without acquitting himself in a manner becoming royalty. The hot debates which had once taken place as to his style, his principles, his moral influence, his philosophical value, had long died out. No one, save perhaps a very few very foolish people, looked on him any more as a dangerous pantheist, or an immoral defender of might instead of right, or a corrupter of the English language. Few people, on the other hand, upheld him as an inspired prophet, or an apostle of a new politico-ethical faith, or a harbinger of reformation in the language. He had passed the unquiet stage of violent acceptance and violent refusal, and had entered upon that placid possession of respect for his merits and tolerance for his short-comings which is usually reserved for those who have ceased to live. The three English editions of his collected works had, for some years, put a complete knowledge of what he had done while it was day with him within the reach

* Dismiss the aging horse from service, etc.

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat.
HORACE, Epist. I, I, 8.

of almost all classes of readers. Moreover, though for the most part the respect due to the personal privacy of great men was fairly well observed,—indeed, he took care to make it so,—pleasant personal anecdotes concerning his homely, vigorous wit and rugged amiability constantly spread through London society and gave a more intimate and personal complexion to the respect with which he was regarded. Many of these have never made their way into the professed collections of gossip, and even stern haters of *ana* may perhaps indulge a hope that they may some day be collected. How Mr. Carlyle would dispatch the character of some notable man or book with a couple or a dozen words of epigram; how he would benevolently extinguish presumptuous youth and ruthlessly ignore troublesome age; how persons of the most exalted station had to take their chance of his plain speaking ("uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch") and make the best of it—these legends (some of which are doubtless apocryphal, but most of which might be true, if they are not) are duly recorded. The result of them, joined to the general respect for the intellectual greatness of the man and for his position as a consummate master of literary art, was to produce a general sentiment respecting him which in different ways recalls something of that felt toward Scott by our fathers and something of that felt by our grandfathers toward Johnson, but which is differentiated from both these by the greater individuality and importance of Mr. Carlyle's literary position and the unique character of the influence he exerted over the men of his time. All this is over now, and English literature is, for the moment, orphaned; nor is it very clear (since, in such matters, the lack of a natural succession is supplied by a process of adoption on the part of the children) who is to be put into Mr. Carlyle's place.

A full biography of him would be no small task for any one, and nothing like a complete life is likely to appear for some years. He was born on the fourth of December, 1795, at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, of good farmer folk, though at the time of his birth his father was pursuing the trade of a stone-mason—one of the numerous Socratic reminiscences which cluster around the author of "Sartor Resartus." As usual with Scotch boys, he went early to the common school of the parish—Hoddam—and had the rudiments duly impressed on him there. Thence he went to the higher or burgh school of Annan, a little town on the Solway, which "Red Gauntlet" has made classical. Here he met Edward Irving, his first friend, and one who had a peculiar influence on his destiny, as we shall shortly see. At fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, which, like most of the Scotch universities, was merely a high school as far as its students were concerned,—indeed, it was but recently that in a protectionist spirit it had protested against the actual High School of Edinburgh being permitted to teach Greek,—but which had a sufficiently distinguished staff of professors. He was not, as is sometimes said, seven years at the university, but only four, and his references direct and indirect to it are not friendly. The truth is, that at that time, whatever may be the case now, the Scotch universities had nothing of the indescribable romantic charm of the older English institutions, nor were they very satisfactory places of mere learning. When he did leave Edinburgh, he at once decided that he had no vocation for the ministry, the usual destination of studious youth in his country, and he therefore fell back on the equally usual alternative of school-mastering, the rough and distasteful, but perhaps not unprofitable, vestibule through which so many men of letters have had to pass. A couple of years at his own old school at Annan, a couple more at Kirkcaldy, enabled him to "dree his weird" in this respect, and at the latter place he renewed his acquaintance with Irving. Then he went to Edinburgh and started fairly in literature. Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" was his exercising ground, and the editor of that work helped him to his first solid piece of literary reward by suggesting that he should translate and preface Legendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry." After some time of work in Edinburgh, Irving, who had gone to London, recommended him as a tutor, to the parents of Charles Buller,—one of the most widely, though most vaguely, known political names of the first part of the century,—and a year or two in London not merely introduced him to very pleasant and very valuable society, but to literary work on the "London Magazine," the short-lived but remarkable periodical which numbered on its staff, during its few years of life, Lamb, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, Wainwright, and others. Here appeared part of the "Life of Schiller," and for some years between 1824 and 1827, Carlyle was much occupied

with translation, all the work of that kind reprinted in his collected editions being originally of this date and more besides. But Irving had unwittingly done his friend an even greater service than in introducing him to the Bullers. He had himself been asked to superintend the reading of a certain Miss Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr. Welsh, of Haddington. The usual result of such an intercourse followed, but the pupil rejected the master, and he suggested that his friend Carlyle should take his place as tutor. The drama was repeated, but with happier result, and Thomas Carlyle gained the wife who for forty years was the "light of his life," after whose death, in 1866, he was never the same man again, and who seemed to some of their friends to have in a different way intellectual powers nearly as remarkable as her husband's. Besides these things, Miss Welsh was in a modest way an heiress, and her property of Craigenputtoch at once saved her husband from the necessity of hack-work, and gave him a singularly suitable place for the completion of his "Lehrjahre."

The site and appearance of this famous moor-land farm-house have been often enough described, and its adaptation to its purpose has been often enough commented on. But perhaps hasty readers are not aware of the immense amount of work that Mr. Carlyle did there. In rather less than five years, from 1828 to 1833, most of the best and best-known "Essays," especially the "Burns,"—a splendid example of the happy conjuncture of the right man and the right place,—"Sartor Resartus," and very much else which either never saw the light or was designedly suppressed or destroyed, were produced, while the plan at least of the "French Revolution" was formed. Above all, the period of apprenticeship to literature was completely got over. Mr. Carlyle was no precocity; he did not to all appearance begin to write at all until he was five and twenty; he confined himself to translation, criticism, biography, until he was fully five and thirty. Even had "Sartor Resartus" had a more speedy welcome from the booksellers it would not have appeared till its author had reached the ordinary half-way house of life, while the "French Revolution" was not completed till he was past forty. Yet no man ever wasted his time less, and when, in 1834, he finally took up his abode in Cheyne Row, Chelsea,—the place of his future residence for nearly half a century,—no better-equipped man for the work that he had to do could have been found in the capital of England.

Somewhat short of this particular point, when Mr. Carlyle had given up the hopeless pursuit of "hawking his poor little book about," comes a very convenient opportunity of halting to survey the work which he had actually done; for it was a little before this time that Francis Jeffrey, prince of blundering critics, wrote to Macvey Napier, his industrious and sorely tried successor in the "Edinburgh Review," the following words, which I must ask to have printed in capitals as a perpetual warning to all censors of literature. The date is London, February 7, 1832:

"I FEAR CARLYLE WILL NOT DO; THAT IS, IF YOU DO NOT TAKE THE LIBERTIES AND THE PAINS WITH HIM THAT I DID, BY STRIKING OUT FREELY AND WRITING IN OCCASIONALLY. THE MISFORTUNE IS THAT HE IS VERY OBSTINATE, AND, I AM AFRAID, CONCEITED; AND, UNLUCKILY, IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, HE FINDS PEOPLE ENOUGH TO ABET AND APPLAUD HIM, AND TO INTERCEPT THE OTHERWISE INFALLIBLE REMEDY OF GENERAL AVOIDANCE AND NEGLECT. IT IS A GREAT PITY, FOR HE IS A MAN OF GENIUS AND INDUSTRY, AND WITH THE CAPACITY OF BEING AN ELEGANT AND IMPRESSIVE WRITER."

I do not hesitate to say that these are, in their own way, perhaps, the most instructive words to be found in all literature. Jeffrey was, indeed, frequently unfortunate in his judgments; but in other cases there is generally something to be said in mitigation of the judgment which, in his turn, he has to undergo. There is here no drop serene of political prejudice, as in the case of the Lake poets. There is no provocation of youthful imbecility and inequality, as in the case of Byron. One man of letters, admitted (and this is at once a saving and a damning clause for Jeffrey) to be "a man of genius and industry," comes before another man of talent, to be judged on his literary merits solely, and is told that he must submit to letters of denaturalization, if he is to be passed. Let it be remembered that Jeffrey was certainly no fool. A fool would not have admitted that Mr. Carlyle was a man of genius. A fool admitting this would not have dared to suggest that a man of genius and industry could be improved by the process of striking out and writing in. Jeffrey was simply one of the numerous

persons of talent who are hopelessly under the control of accepted conventions. He had a series of test-standards to which—*more majorum* from the days of Boileau—he adjusted literary aspirants, and according to their unfitness for which he condemned them. He, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," doubtless regarded with scorn the admirable verses in which, ten years before, one of the most formidable assailants of that review had expressed the truth of the matter:

"But this you may know, that, as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree."

Jeffrey's idea of the complete vegetable was a tree duly subjected to the topiary art, and neither oak nor beech lends itself to that process.

At this time Mr. Carlyle had already a considerable literary baggage, printed or unprinted. There was the mass of contributions at different periods to reviews, and the book-sellers' hack-work—the "honest journey-work in default of better"—of which he has preserved a few essays, to be noticed later, and the translations from the German which fill five volumes of his collected works. There was "The Life of Schiller," there was "Sartor Resartus,"—a stumbling-block to the readers of "Fraser,"—and lastly there was, though only on the stocks as yet, the "French Revolution." This had had, as most people know, to undergo a fiery trial which, had its author been a man of less genius and of less industry,—let us thank the Shylock of Craigcrook for the words,—might have withheld it from the world altogether. Let us take these in turn and see what is to be made of them.

Translations, regarded merely as such, have but a dubious, and, at best, a mediocre literary interest. In the hands of writers such as Dryden and Shelley, who dare to be audaciously unfaithful, and to whom the gods grant that their infidelity shall be successful, they may acquire a certain independent value. But, for the most part, the interest of the translation is not in so far as it more or less imperfectly reproduces the original, but, on the one hand, in so far as it inspires a desire to read that original, and, on the other, in so far as it forms and contributes to the translator's ability to produce independent literary work. The "Wilhelm Meister," and those translations from German romance which Mr. Carlyle chose to reproduce, have, perhaps, less of the drawback of translations than most others, but they still suffer from it. No one who is able to read Richter, or Musæus, or Goethe in German will ever, of pure choice, bestow his valuable or even his valueless time on "Quintus Fixlein," or "Libussa," or "Meister" itself, in their English dress. But these books acquire a most lively interest when we begin to estimate their influence on the matter and the form of the author of the "French Revolution" and of "Frederick the Great." It is, perhaps, hardly a commonplace to say that nothing affects an author's style so much as his practice in translation. Mere reading, if the reader be tolerably expert in the language he reads, alienates his style but little. He does not need to go through the process of translation; his eyes and his brain are generously content to filter the foreign presentment into a familiar one for him without insisting on a literal and grammatical version. But when he comes, pen in hand, to undertake the process of conversion, with the sense of the double responsibility to writer and reader which translation imposes upon all who are not book-sellers' hacks, the case becomes different. He must bathe himself in his original, and it is, at least, a chance if he succeeds in washing off the traces of his bath by any subsequent immersion in English undefiled, or whatever the native language may be in which he undertakes to initiate his proselyte. It is notorious that, for many years, the complaints that Mr. Carlyle had Germanized English were loud. Yet, oddly enough, he maintained side by side with this Anglo-German dialect a practice of very orderly, and, according to the Jeffreyan standard, even elegant English eighteenth-century composition. Much of "The Life of Schiller," which dates from the period of these translations, is visibly written in this latter style; and Jeffrey and Brougham doubtless to their dying days regretted that the wholesome discipline of "avoidance and neglect" had not confirmed Mr. Carlyle in this tendency. The "Schiller," indeed, as it is now published with a later preface and a still later appendix, is a very odd and almost unique specimen of literary change. In the earlier work we have the language which the author might have continued to use if the topiary art had been successfully practiced on him. It is unequal, not inelegant, effective enough as mere book-sellers' work, abso-

lutely destitute, for the most part, of the peculiar charm and the peculiar stimulating power for which its author will be remembered among English men of letters. The translations and the "Schiller" thus give us the two currents, the Saône and Rhone, of Mr. Carlyle's future literary river. In all the rest of his work we see how their united force waters the vineyards, supplies the great cities, and serves as central artery to the mighty province of his literary domain. In these comparatively early works, not merely the style, but also the matter, is noteworthy. From the nature of it, it could contain little or nothing of its author's own thought. It could only indicate that thought more or less indirectly and suggestively. The first two independent works of his genius completed the presentation. If we had nothing of Mr. Carlyle's but the "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution," we should lack a great deal of literary delight. We should not, perhaps, lack much literary instruction. The one still remains, on the whole, the most perfect presentment of his humoristic criticism; the other is, unquestionably, the best presentment of his remarkable combination of minute historical research with the widest and most comprehensible historical view. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that no book of the nineteenth century has equaled "Sartor Resartus" in the peculiar effect which it has had on the minds of young readers. The comparison of the chemical mixture which remains liquid as long as it be undisturbed, but shoots into crystallizations directly after the slightest shock is administered to it, is a hackneyed one; but nothing so aptly expresses this effect. Like all Mr. Carlyle's works, "Sartor Resartus" is remarkably barren in purely practical admonition. What he has to teach is, it has been well said, "an attitude, not a gospel"; and it is the attitude of "Sartor Resartus" which hundreds and thousands of English-speaking and English-reading youths during the last half-century have felt constrained, much to their souls' health, to adopt. To blench at no paradox, to accept no convention, to pierce below the surface at whatever cost apparently of safe and comfortable foot-hold, to get rid of belief in believing and assumption of knowing,—these are the lessons taught in this earliest book, as it may perhaps be allowably taken to be, of the master's, and no others will be learnt from the most attentive student of his later lucubrations. Yet the lesson, incomplete even with the "French Revolution," as far as the universality of its application goes, would have been more incomplete,—would, indeed, have been hopelessly and dangerously incomplete,—without the succor of the book which had so strange a preliminary experience before it could get itself published to the world. After all, the too celebrated subscriber to "Fraser" had his excuses. If a trained critic like Jeffrey could go so far wrong, what might be expected of a layman? To the average English ear of 1830, "Sartor Resartus" had the double defect of talking in a language not understood of the people about things of which the people knew nothing. The "French Revolution" was, as a subject, at least free from the latter drawback. If the average Briton knew very little about its details, the fact of it and the importance of it were still fresh in his memory. He had not ceased "to plume himself because we beat the Corsican," or to believe—in which, indeed, he was not far wrong—that it was the turning-point of the history of Europe. There was, therefore, at least, common ground between him and his author. His interest and dim general acquaintance with the subject supplied the term wanting in the case of "Sartor Resartus," and while the United States, to their eternal honor, had welcomed the latter book long before it could venture to make its appearance in volume form in England, the "French Revolution" made its mark from the day of publication, forced itself onward against all opposition, and for nearly half a century has held, and is never likely to lose, the position of the *locus classicus*, in which all men of English birth and speech shall seek their knowledge of that tremendous fact. That it is worthy of the position which, in England at least, is generally assigned it, of the best of its author's works, judged from all points of view, I have no doubt. It is not so marvelous a monument of insight as the "Cromwell." Detached passages from the "Essays," from the "Latter-day Pamphlets," and from other pieces excel it in originality of humor, and quaint, fantastic perversion, and topsy-turvification. "The Life of Sterling" is even more admirable as a work of art. The "Frederick" is a more surprising evidence of untiring labor and of the comprehensiveness of grasp which is afraid of no mass of details, and which knows how to master them all.

But if these separate good gifts are more eminently present in other works, the

"French Revolution" exhibits them in the most harmonious combination. It is the most practically serviceable in the education of the citizen and the man of letters, and above all, it is the first sprightly running of its author's mind in the direction of practical and historical application of an original, if partial and one-sided, view of human life and human affairs. M. Taine's memorable complaint of the extravagant titles of the chapters, of the way in which the events are enveloped in a cloudy haze of declamation, will always remain a most interesting proof of the incompatibility of certain eyes to adjust themselves to certain telescopes. To the French critic, the events of which he had, as he thought, a nicely coördinated idea, were thrown into "pi" by Mr. Carlyle. To most Englishmen, even if they have taken the trouble to ascertain the facts by careful reference to authorities the most indisputable and the most diverse, the mysterious and almost incredible events of the French Revolution range themselves into a possible and intelligible whole in Mr. Carlyle's account, and in that account almost only. Such a view does not exclude difference of political opinion; it does not exclude the admission that in some cases the writer may have failed to take the true view. It simply amounts to an assertion that, in this famous book, for almost the first time since Tacitus, history had ceased to be a matter of words and names, of dates and figures. Between the "Annals" and the "French Revolution," the dramatic truth of history had for the most part been lost sight of; in the latter book it emerged into full recognition. That we have since suffered many things from the dramatic historian matters little; the fact remains that the "French Revolution," after nearly a century of very praiseworthy philosophy of history, made the dry bones of the science live and move, and once more have an active being.

Any elaborate inquiry into that most interesting of subjects to the purely literary critic, the style of Carlyle, would be here out of place; yet, perhaps, a few words as from one who has considered that matter with such light as he has had may be given. The vague popular notion that this style consists in a mere Germanizing, and especially Richterizing, of English may be dismissed at once. For, in the first place, the first evil characteristic of a purely German style, as it appears to the impartial considerer of German literature in the original, from Wolfram von Eschenbach to Heine, is absent. That characteristic is clumsiness consequent upon length. The style of Carlyle is never clumsy, and it is rarely long. The truth is that, in the formative period of his studies, Mr. Carlyle had evidently three different models before his eyes. There was the English style of the seventeenth century, before Dryden had coördinated it into harmony,—a style loose, unequal, not to be depended upon, but unmatched in striking appropriateness when it happened to be appropriate. There was, secondly, the French style of the memoirs and casual writings of the eighteenth century,—a style unequaled in detached felicities, but cast generally in a mold which requires to be strangely altered before it can give any good result in this speech of ours. There was, thirdly, the German determination to say what had to be said quite irrespective of any preëstablished harmony between the conventional forms of speech and the meaning which had to be conveyed by that speech. Pepys, Voltaire, Richter, suggest themselves, turn by turn, as the antitypes of the singular hybrid language in which our author got his thoughts dressed and ready for the inspection of mankind. But the general result was wholly felicitous. Let us go for a negative definition of style to the writer who of all writers in our own day is most antipodean to Mr. Carlyle, save that both were humorists. The writer, says Théophile Gautier, to whom an idea presents itself which he cannot clothe in words, is not *écrivain*—has no *style*. To escape a negative condemnation may be thought to be a justification of the imperfect kind, yet there are few authors who are justified in this way so completely as the author of the "French Revolution" and "Sartor Resartus." He can say what he pleases, even though the saying require an altogether Herculean task of rearranging the arrangements of his mother-tongue. He is never obscure by reason of his style merely; he never needs to have recourse to the clumsy elongations of the sentence in which inorganic talent takes refuge in all languages, and especially in German. Soon, too, after the time which we are now considering, a fresh and remarkable testimony to his varied capacities and excellencies was published. This was the collection of essays or miscellanies which he had contributed to various reviews or magazines during his period of probation. This collection (unlike the "Sartor," first reprinted in America) has since been augmented by some remarkable works, some of which I may have occasion to comment upon later. It did not, per-

haps, show the *differentia* of a new writer so fully as the two more independent works which have just been commented upon. But as "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution" remain the best examples of Mr. Carlyle's original faculty, so the "Essays," which were republished in 1839, remain the best example of his faculty of adaptation,—the critical faculty, more especially,—and are, perhaps, the best existing proof of his purely literary power. They contain also, beyond all doubt, the best examples of his limitations. The last test of the critic is, doubtless, the question, How does he bear himself toward those things or persons with whom he happens to disagree? Carlyle cannot wholly stand this test, and, in so far, he is an imperfect critic. Yet how many imperfect critics are there who achieve such a result as he has achieved? The list of his critical essays is, perhaps, the most varied that any author of his standing has to show; and the letters—so often referred to—which passed between him and Macvey Napier, show that even the completed and published results do not exhibit fully the range of his talent. He began by devoting himself to that German literature which was his first love and his last, and of which, like most men with their first loves, he was not, perhaps, an altogether wise judge. But the second volume, as ordinarily printed, of his "Essays," shows at once the enlargement of circle which he was seldom afterward to lose. The essay on Burns is, in many ways, a test essay. Burns is, as a rule, to the Englishman a stumbling-block, and to the Scotchman foolishness,—not in the sense of the original quotation, but because he deems himself bound to indulge in inconsiderate and indefensible laudation. The essay of which we are speaking did not say the last word about Burns, because Mr. Carlyle always had, and could not but have, a certain incapacity to take poetry merely on poetical grounds, and to decide whether it was or was not bad or good on those grounds. One of his proposed essays on "French Poetry in 1841" would probably have been —had it seen the light—a memorable study of the sorrowful chances which wait on those who undertake uncongenial tasks; yet by sheer force of solid sense and human sympathy he has said better things about Burns than have ever been said before or since, and better than are ever likely to be said, until some one takes up the task to whom the dialect is no stumbling-block, who is not frightened by the poet's moral obliquities, and who, at the same time, has no national, or pseudo-national, temptation to speak unadvisedly with his lips. In the same context comes the equally remarkable essay on Voltaire. It has made French critics very angry; it has made English critics, who are by no means Voltaireans, confess that there is a good deal more to be said. But is there anywhere a more vivid account of the whole of that remarkable phenomenon called François Marie Arouet? Is there to be found in literature a better introduction to Voltaire, which the intelligent reader may, in the course of his reading, correct, but which will put him in case to undertake that reading with a chance of comprehension, and not a certainty of miscomprehension? The third volume brings us to that admirable paper on the "Nibelungen Lied," which it is not wonderful that the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" gently chid the author for not offering to him. I speak of this with all modesty, but with some tolerable knowledge of early German literature, and with a knowledge which perhaps also will pass muster of the earlier and more voluminous French or Franco-German literature of the *chansons de gestes*. But I do not know that to this day, after forty years' ceaseless disinterment and careful examination of early mediæval literature, any paper has appeared equal to this of the "Nibelungen Lied," in the power of putting merely English readers in a position to appreciate the fertile fancies—now graceful now fierce, now southern now northern—of their ancestors a thousand years ago. The following essay on "German Literature of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries" deals with far baser matter, but it has the same power of initiating the reader into the spirit of the time; while, in so far as it deals with Reynard the Fox, it is one of the best comments ever made on one of the most delightful things in literature. It is a pity indeed that the critic's knowledge of the real original, as far as we have it in the French of the thirteenth century, was imperfect, but that is only an unimportant detail. The essay of the fourth volume—I name only those which give salient illustrations of the author's idiosyncrasy, where all are admirable—is the famous one on Boswell's "Johnson," where perhaps the force of fellow-feeling is better illustrated than anywhere else, and which, in contrast with Macaulay's delightful but flashy paper, re-

mains a monument of solid insight. The fifth is almost wholly composed of masterpieces. The short note on Irving's death is of unsurpassed personal interest. But the four essays which compose the volume are masterpieces without any allowance for what is merely personal. They are, it may be said, digressions from the "French Revolution." I may perhaps be allowed to speak of the essay on Diderot with some positiveness, inasmuch as, with the exception of Mr. Morley, I do not know another Englishman, besides myself, who has actually read the works of that strange man of letters from beginning to end. Here, as almost always with Mr. Carlyle, though one may quarrel with details, there is nothing to do but to acquiesce with a proviso as to general points of view in his total estimate. He has not done his singular subject full justice, but if any one will take the trouble to read his essay and then to compare it—I do not say with Mr. Morley's book or with Rosenkrantz's—but with that recently put forth by a famous French critic, M. Scherer, he will see the difference at once. It is the difference between genius and talent, between a man who had a complete though a biased comprehension of the facts and situations, and one who had endeavored to apply tentatively and shrinkingly certain preconceived ideas to a very complex and puzzling fact. I, for instance, disagree with not a few of Mr. Carlyle's minors; I decline to recognize in M. Scherer any major whatsoever. Of the "Cagliostro," the "Diamond Necklace," and the "Mirabeau," it is impossible to speak here simply for want of space. They are patterns of the historical essay, the separate tractate giving a vivid glimpse of separate points which cannot without digression be handled in a general history. Of more dubious truth, yet on no account to be passed over, is the essay on Sir Walter Scott. Here, if anywhere, Mr. Carlyle proved himself a hanging judge, and here perhaps the quality of mercy might have been most advantageously displayed. Scott's noble and stainless character, his wonderful versatility of literary talent, the excellence of his work at its best, and the huge addition which it made to the sum of human happiness, might have bribed a less austere judge than Mr. Carlyle. But it did not bribe him. He thought he saw evidences of unworthy ambitions, of mistaken views of life, of hasty work, of deafness to the voices, obedience to which he himself thought to be the whole duty of man. He probably held himself bound, as a Scotchman writing of a Scotchman, to show no mercy, and he showed none. And yet—which after all is not quite surprising—the essay on Scott, like the essay on Burns, remains the best eulogy of its subject. The would-be curser has blessed, though not altogether,—which indeed no true man writing of another, whatever his purposes or prepossessions may be, is likely to do.

To return to the narrative of his life. The thirty years which passed from the time of his establishment in Cheyne Row to the death of Mrs. Carlyle, were occupied wholly with literary companionship and literary work. The latter has been noticed, or will be noticed presently. Of the former there is abundance to say, were this the place for saying it. A certain detachment from London society was always noticeable about Mr. Carlyle, but especially at this early time he was in much of it, if not of it. His introduction to the Bullers had early given him access to most of the philosophical Radicals, and to the most advanced of the Whig party; and, for a considerable time, he and John Stuart Mill—a strangely assorted pair—were the closest of friends. It was owing to Mill's vicarious carelessness that the first volume of the "French Revolution" was lost, and it was during a chance call on Mill at the India Office that Mr. Carlyle was first introduced to Sterling. The life of the latter incidentally shows us a good deal of its author as well as of its hero, during the decade which closed in 1840. Those were the days of the Sterling Club, and of much other pleasant companionship. Toward the close of the period, too, Mr. Carlyle, whose fame had been slowly established by the "French Revolution" and by the reprints—after America had set the example—of the "Sartor" and the "Essays," took, probably at the advice of his friends, a step which at this distance of time seems a little curious—the step of lecturing. Only one of the four courses he delivered did he choose to preserve in his collected works, though all were well attended and highly popular. The mere epithets, "well attended" and "highly popular," have such an odd sound in connection with any proceeding of Thomas Carlyle's that it is scarcely surprising that he should not, after these experiments, have cared to continue the practice. It is, however, probable that the best-known and most popular course, that on "Heroes," did a good deal to send hearers to his books, and thus to

do away with the ignorant and foolish prejudice against his style and his ideas which still existed to no small extent. By 1840, however, he had thoroughly made his mark in England, and was fast becoming the center of pilgrimages, in the body or in the spirit, such as those he had himself made to Goethe and to Coleridge ten years before. Of his attitude in relation to the former there is no need to speak, but it has often been suspected that the "Life of Sterling" does not tell the whole story of the relation to Coleridge, or, rather, that it tells it in an indirect way, and that some such process of enchantment and of disenchantment befell the biographer as that which, by hypothesis chiefly, he asserts of his subject. But it is not difficult to see that the Coleridgean indifference to conduct must have been wholly horrible to Mr. Carlyle, and that the Coleridgean moonshine—not being his own variety of that fascinating kind of light—was scarcely less horrible. By the time, however, at which we have now arrived, he was master, not pupil, and was rapidly becoming recognized as such by others than his own familiars. The years from 1839 to 1845 were chiefly occupied with the composition of the "Cromwell,"—a task upon which he bestowed, perhaps, more elaborate pains, as well as more genius, than any previous historian. Circumstances were more favorable than they had been in the case of the "French Revolution," and he was able to add to the most careful collation of documentary evidence, actual visits to the places mentioned—visits resulting in a hardly matched vividness of description. He had also for some time begun to interest himself not a little in actual politics, though in a most curiously original way. "Past and Present" is at once a monument of the keen practical spirit of the man and of what may be called his literary *flair*, or scent. Ecclesiological mediævalism was at its very height, and in itself Mr. Carlyle hated it, or regarded it with a partly unutterable sense of sarcastic astonishment. Yet he managed, out of a book published to interest readers who read in this spirit, to make something quite different,—to expound his own views, preach his own gospel, and illustrate his own fancies. These views and fancies, as well as those before expounded in the tract on "Chartism," and those subsequently developed in "Latter-day Pamphlets," and elsewhere, were anything but palatable to his Radical friends, while the opposite party was hardly likely—at any rate, for a time—to be propitiated by the furious denunciations of game-preserving, of the "business of owning land," of this and that and the other, which occurred here and there in the midst of demonstrations of the Tory theory of government. But all this time his reputation, and, so to speak, his popularity, public and private, grew steadily, and a rich harvest of stories from all sources will reward the biographer who sets himself patiently and humbly to Boswellize. His miscellaneous employments gave way early in the fifties to the project of writing a life of Frederick the Great, which was undertaken on the same plan of careful documentary investigation and actual inspection of places as the "Cromwell." There is no doubt that the labor involved was immense, and, as the author was now advancing in years, it may well be that at times it was felt to be a burden.

Fortunately or unfortunately, this is not the place for a critical examination in detail of Mr. Carlyle's work, and only a very general summary can be attempted of what he did in this, the second and longest period of his career. The success of the "French Revolution" had placed him, not indeed, beyond the reach of carping criticism, but in the rank of an admitted master of English prose, In the same year as the collected essays, was published—as has been just remarked—the tractate on "Chartism," which has sometimes been combined with them, and has sometimes made its appearance independently. It was its author's first direct and independent attempt to meddle with English politics of the actual kind, and its merits and defects were very much what might have been anticipated by a clear-sighted critic. The "Condition-of-England" question was treated in altogether too *a priori* a fashion for the treatment to commend itself to merely practical politicians, who set before themselves the simple question, How is the Queen's government to be carried on? as the deciding test of all suggestions. Judged even from a less limited stand-point, it was, perhaps, wanting in practicality, inasmuch as the writer, after the wont of study-politicians, does not by any means grasp the whole of his subject; yet it was in principle sound and healthy, as Mr. Carlyle's work almost always has been, and it may be doubted whether, in forty years, it has grown wholly obsolete. The two works which were produced in the next year—1840—were, in more senses than one, remarkable. One—"Heroes and Hero

Worship"—was its author's chief, if not his only, bid for popularity, and has, perhaps, remained the most popular of his works. It is not the best; indeed, in the judgment of the present writer, it is very far from the best. For the desire to meet the hearer half-way—it must be always remembered that these were originally lectures—has resulted in an undue emphasizing of certain peculiarities of style, and in a reduction, to an unnatural scale, of the ordinary conditions of writing. Mr. Carlyle here attempted to put his philosophico-political creed in little, and, as it happens, it is not a creed which bears that process well; so that the book remains an unsatisfactory book, full of noble passages, directed wholly to a noble end, but of a popular kind, compared with other work. Nothing of this sort can be said of "Past and Present,"—a unique book, which no one, perhaps, but its author could have written, neither the like of it will any other man write. Mr. Carlyle was, as has been said, nothing so little as a mediævalist; yet in some respects the Middle Ages had a strong attraction for him, and in this particular instance he bent to the work with hardly surpassed success his marvelous talent for making the dry bones of history to live. The reconstruction—not to use the discredited word restoration—of the past is marvelous; the application to the present is, if possible, more marvelous still.

"Past and Present" was a *tour de force*, and a wonderfully successful one, yet it was altogether eclipsed by the book which at some interval, occupied by continuous and unremitting labor, followed. Few books have had such a fortune as the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." It found its subject under the ban of both the great political parties in England; it left him emancipated from any purely political ostracism of any kind. In saying this, I by no means intend to convey any expression of opinion that Mr. Carlyle has established Oliver Cromwell in the position in which he would seem to have wished to establish him,—that of a wholly disinterested and pure-souled patriot. Whitehall and Drogheda must disappear from the map of the United Kingdom before any general agreement on this point is obtained; and there must cease to be believers either in legitimacy and privilege on the one hand, or in the right of the nation to have its affairs managed in its own way, on the other. But the point is that this book lifted Cromwell from the position of a pet aversion or a pet idol into that of an ordinary historic personage, whose actions may be judged favorably or unfavorably, but who can no longer be regarded as a mere monster or portent. Remarkable as had been the historical faculty for weaving details into clear narration which Mr. Carlyle had already shown, this book carried his reputation in that matter still higher, while his editions, as they may be called, of the "Letters and Speeches" revealed an entirely new talent in him. These documents, in so far as they had been known at all, had been a riddle for two hundred years. Mr. Carlyle treated them exactly as an editor of Æschylus treats the choruses of the "Supplices" or the "Choephoræ," with the difference that his emendations and elucidations, instead of being merely felicitous guesses and display of scholarship, are certain and indisputable recoveries of fact. Intense sympathy, unremitting labor, a wonderful literary faculty, and a complete familiarity with the circumstances of the original utterance and the original utterer, had enabled him to deal with them in the manner rather of science than of art. As with all work of the very first class, the thing was done once for all. Estimates of Cromwell's character will always differ, but we shall no more go back, nor will our sons go back, upon anything before this book as a basis for such estimates, than we shall go behind Bentley's "Phalaris" or Darwin's observations on the breeding of pigeons.

There was again a considerable interval before Mr. Carlyle produced anything new, and his two next works, dating from the troubled period which closed the forties, were sufficiently remarkable. One of them is the most debatable and the most debated of all his works; the other is that which by common consent stands, as a work of art and as a personal monument, first of all. By the estimate which a man forms of "Latter-day Pamphlets" may be judged, perhaps, the degree of his initiation into the Carlylean mysteries, and at the same time the degree with which he has preserved in the course of that initiation his faculty of sound judgment. To the uninitiated they are an abomination merely, and the reason is not far to seek, for in them as in no other work is to be found the caricature of the author's peculiarities of style, the inurbane exaggeration of his violence of diction,—which in our own days a great disciple of his has unfortunately imitated,—the willful consideration of all things through a pair of specially colored glasses, which earlier, and

even later when Philip was sober, he would himself have called Carlyle, seeing all things in Carlyle. To the devotee, on the other hand, all this is admirable and quintessential. Between these two extremes, the impartial but appreciative critic may discover to his sorrow some evidence of spoiling, but still more, perhaps, of deep insight, of curious felicity of phrase, of rugged imperviousness to popular fallacy. "Hudson's Statue" is, and remains, hitherto, the appointed morning bitters for Englishmen of the nineteenth century, after they have gone through one of their periodical fits of worship of the unworthy. But it is medicine, not drink, except to a few exceptionally constituted palates. On the other hand, the "Life of Sterling" may be said to be *nocturna versanda manu, versanda diurna*. The comparative simplicity of the style, the abstinence from any wanton treading even upon obtrusive toes, the matchless episodic passages,—such as that portrait of Coleridge which, one-sided as it doubtless is, is so absolutely faithful to the side to which it confines itself, the affectionate and complete presentation of a typical nineteenth-century man,—the abundance of personal and autobiographic detail, neither impertinently profuse nor affectedly limited, the pathos, the careful art, the unstudied naturalness of the book, could not fail and have not failed of their effect. With "In Memoriam" it builds the temple of nineteenth-century friendship for Englishmen, as no other age or country has ever had it built.

Perhaps as the "Sartor" and the "French Revolution" are the most instructive of Carlyle's works for the estimate of his literary and philosophical position, as the best essays represent his highest positive achievement in style, as the "Cromwell" is his most astonishing performance in point of research and creative criticism, so these two books are the most intrinsically and independently interesting of all. Two passages there are at any rate in them which deserve never to be forgotten. The one is the author's, the other is an extract from a letter of Sterling's. "Sure enough," says the fierce pessimist of the pamphlets, "if one in a thousand see at all in this sad matter what I see and have long seen in it, his life either suddenly or gradually will alter in several particulars, and his sorrow, apprehension, and amazement will probably grow upon him the longer he considers this affair, and his life, I think, will alter ever farther, and he—this one in a thousand—will forgive me and be thankful to the heavens and me while he continues in this world or in any world." "Toward me," writes Sterling on his death-bed, "it is still more true than toward England that no one has been and done like you." There are hundreds and thousands of men in England who have countersigned both these sayings since.

Yet another interval of silence, and this time a very considerable one, followed these two notable books; but, like the former intervals, it was occupied with sufficient preparation for the forthcoming work. No notice in any way corresponding to its bulk and deserts can here be attempted of the "Frederick." I think that it has—in England—been hardly judged. It is of course fair to remember that the author, when the first volume appeared, had reached his grand climacteric,—that a certain hardness of judgment, approaching to prejudice, had crept over him, and that it was sufficiently obvious that he was no longer, as he had once done, illustrating his principles by examples taken fairly as they came, but was, of malice prepense, illustrating them by a deliberately chosen paradox. Great as Frederick was in various ways, he seems—and I trust will always seem—detestable to most Englishmen. To me, personally, my own hearty detestation of the hero does not affect in the least my equally hearty enjoyment of the book; but it is not so with most people, and I do not know that one can fairly expect that it should be so. Let it only be said that in no work is the so often mentioned mastery of detail more marvelously exhibited, while in none are the detached passages of vivid description more attractive. The early history of the house of Hohenzollern, the Voltaire episode, the history of the police-persecuted school-master whom Frederick relieved, could not have been better done by Mr. Carlyle himself in the vigor of his manhood; that is to say, they could not have been so well done by any other living man.

Once more, and for the last time, we must come back to the outward life of our subject. His election in 1865 as Rector of Edinburgh University was in some sort the climax of his worldly career. The distinction, in itself, may seem but a small one, but it has to be remembered that it is allotted on a very peculiar principle. The Rector is elected by the students, and not merely literary but political and other considerations enter into the question. Mr. Carlyle had never laid himself out for flat-

tery of his university, nor even for flattery of his mother-country, and in this blind sort of way a seal was doubtless set on his position in literature. But Nemesis, the eldest and youngest of goddesses, waited upon him here. While he was absent at Edinburgh delivering his inaugural address —a very admirable one—his wife died suddenly, and "the light of his life went out." He never, in any important degree, put pen to paper for the purposes of publication again. His house still continued to be a sort of Caaba of English literature, and his person and works continued to be a loadstar to those who, indocile to the system of personal worship, reverenced the principal and master figure and product of English letters. Only at rare intervals was his silence broken afterward. He had already taken a very decided line in the matter of the conflict between the Northern and Southern States of America,—a question upon which it were, perhaps, better that no word should be spoken here. Three times during the last three lusters of his life did he break silence in similar fashion, and once or twice otherwise. The Jamaica business, in which his old friend John Stuart Mill took so strong a part against the English governor, found in Mr. Carlyle a still stronger defender of the unpopular side. I was at Oxford at the time, and I remember well how Mill was then the reigning star of philosophic speculation, and how his occultation followed at once, and, as it happened, though doubtless for other reasons, forever. To dethrone a logician because he had taken a side, logical or illogical, in practical politics was no doubt unreasonable; but pure reason is not expected of boys of twenty. Some of us saved the logician while we damned the politician. All of us, I think I may say, save an insignificant minority, were on Mr. Carlyle's side against Mr. Mill.

Again, in 1870, Mr. Carlyle made some profession of faith in the matter of the Franco-German war, and here he scarcely carried his audience with him, though I think that none of the dissentients bore him any grudge for the fact. Years passed, and 1875 brought some pleasant "last fruits from an old tree," as one who had against expectation done Carlyle justice might have called them. The "Early Kings of Norway," and the essay on the portraits of John Knox showed, perhaps, a certain relaxation of the loins, a slight dimness of the lamp as far as literary style and brilliancy were concerned, but if it was old age it was the old age of Carlyle. Two years later, another political debate interested him, and here again we found him making "polemical utterances." I do not remember that the warmest friends of the Russians found much gratification in their new ally who was so obviously reminiscent of Zorndorff and Kunersdorff: I am quite sure that the most decided of their opponents did not quarrel with Mr. Carlyle for his expression of opinion. Then he relapsed into what, after all, was, perhaps, his natural element—silence. A considerable physical collapse was reported years ago, yet the old faculty of humorous epigram remained untouched. One of the most striking stories of Mr. Carlyle which I have heard, and which, I think, has never yet made its way into print, was the following. Some years ago a new history of England, greeted with much shouting, had appeared, and judicious or injudicious friends, thinking to please Mr. Carlyle, asked his opinion of it. "Yes," said he,—and the racy dialect unfortunately not reproducible in print accentuated his words,—"I have read it, that is to say, I took it up, and I saw that here was a young man who had taken pains about his subject, and perhaps knew something about it. But I saw that there was a great deal about the British constitution, and a great deal about liberty, and as I don't care a ——for the British constitution, and as I don't care a ——for liberty, I thought it would be waste of time to go further." We—I speak for the great multitude of Mr. Carlyle's English admirers, who maintain their freedom of judgment—knew what to make of this: it is not too much to hope that others will know what to make of it, too.

Toward the end of January, in the midst of the severest weather which has been felt in England for a generation, it was whispered that Mr. Carlyle was seriously ill. Those who took an interest in him had heard that for some time past the powers of life were failing, and not a few, knowing how these visits of Arctic weather tell on the old and infirm, had feared for the result. It was on Saturday, the 29th of January, that the first news came of a really alarming collapse, and on the following Saturday, February fifth, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, the greatest Englishman of our days had ceased to be. His last week of life was a season of feverish political excitement which a little diverted attention from Cheyne Row to a point lower down Thames bank. Yet few men who cared at all for

things worth caring for, failed during those seven days to turn first to their newspaper for news of the dying master, and fewer did not feel a shock when they learned that the end was at last come.

So has a great light gone out in our midst. Some reference was made at the beginning of this paper to the personal and moral influence, independent of mere literary influence, which Mr. Carlyle has so long exercised. But no treatment of the subject would be complete without some further remarks on this. I have for my part no doubt that a very high place is assured to the author of the "French Revolution," of "Cromwell," of the "Essays," of the "Sterling," in the purely literary estimate of any competent critic of English at any future time. But it is doubtful whether any one who has not been an Englishman in Victorian times will ever be able fully to understand the position which Mr. Carlyle occupied as a teacher of men during almost the whole period of the reign. The word teacher must be used because there is no other available, but it is an awkward and in some sense a delusive one. For, as has been already hinted, definiteness of gospel was no part of Mr. Carlyle's work, and those who sought to find a definite gospel in him, as many of his earlier admirers did, and not a few later ones of the foolisher sort, took but little good by their endeavor. Either they tried to transfer their master's formulas to their own facts,—thereby doing the very thing he most protested against,—or they emphasized some particular, and in his case symbolical, crotchet until it became ridiculous and absurd. Accordingly, the most gifted of those who about thirty years or more ago might have been definitely called Carlyleans have either fallen into comparative literary sterility and decadence, or, being saved from this by their natural force, have ended in a wild dogmatism on all things under the sun which is hardly saved by its eccentricity from being simply foolish. It was a great characteristic of Mr. Carlyle himself that he never spoke with insufficient knowledge. It is a characteristic of some of his imitators that they never speak with knowledge that is sufficient. But the real influence which he has exercised, the total amount of which is as enormous as its tendency is good, has been of a different kind from this. During the whole time of his literary fertility, and in hardly less degree since that period came to an end with the completion of the "Frederick," the vast majority of English youths possessed of brains have been infallibly, and half by instinct, directed to some work or other of Mr. Carlyle's—it hardly mattered which—at the period when they were beginning to think for themselves. The influence was sometimes lasting, it was frequently powerful, it was almost always good. For a very short time during the process of vaccination, the patient may have been a little the worse for it, but the beneficial effects in a healthy subject were permanent. The reading of Carlyle by a person who has any capacities of original thought does not often, now that the outward peculiarities of his style have become familiar things in literature and are in many cases almost trite, result in a Carlylese mania such as was once too common. The humorous eccentricity and exaggeration is enjoyed, the happy turns of phrase are caught up and remembered, the vivid pictures of actual events enrich the gallery of memory. But the preëminent importance of Mr. Carlyle has been his contribution to what in a much-quoted phrase, less happily applied by its original inventor, has been called the criticism of life. No one has in relation to his own time had such power to thaw the frost of custom and circumstance, to dispel the clouds of convention, to quicken and waken the soul of the reader, and to plant it face to face with the fact of the mystery, the gravity, the momentous importance of life. Thousands of young men, who are now no longer young, must remember how —it may be in the secular stillness of Oxford rooms environed by everything that could suggest merely learned and dreamy ease, it may be in the roar and bustle surrounding London lodgings where everything told of business and the desire for gain—this singular mentor came to them and with stentorian voice—harpocratic-stentorian, as Sterling would have said—suggested that neither in dilettantism nor in money-getting was the business of man. As to what was his business, Harpocrates succeeded Stentor and no word was vouchsafed. Carlylism, if such a term may be used, is a kind of religion, but it is one of those religions which have no confession or accepted symbol, and in which every adept is a law and a general council to himself. Therefore it happens that among the most fervent admirers of this dead man is to be found the widest and at first sight the wildest diversity of practical belief on every subject of interest to mankind. High Tories, believers in the orthodox creeds, enthusiastic defenders of art for art's sake, find themselves side by side with democrats,

free-thinkers, persons who cannot judge a work of literature or of art except according to its agreement or disagreement with their ideas on morals, on politics, on religion. All that is required of any one who acknowledges himself to be of the faith is that he should at any rate be thorough; that he should not be afraid to follow his conclusions out to their last results; that he should, so long as it seems to him that two and two make four, obstinately refuse to say that two and two make five, and that he should acknowledge no final standard or test but the deliberate answer of his own soul on the questions presented to it. Perhaps it may be said that of the twenty-seven millions (or whatever the number may be now), "mostly fools," no very large proportion can ever be got or expected to answer these conditions. It is at any rate something that an influence should have been working thus for many years in the direction of the whole, the good, and the true.

They have said—and it is curious how often, in reference to Mr. Carlyle, the famous quotation (they have said what say they let them say) recurs to the memory—that he had no heart, that the dim, common populations awoke no sympathy in him; that as he himself failed to discover in all Voltaire one really great thought, so in all his own was to be found no real feeling for the weakness and the suffering of his fellow-creatures.

To Mr. Carlyle, there was nothing specially venerable in the people merely because they were the majority; nothing specially venerable in his Cromwells and Fredericks because they were the minority. The rare touches—rare because it was not his special mission to utter them—of sympathy with failure and incompetence, which are to be found in his work, are worth libraries of plaintive gush over such things. "Few boast that they have found the whole," said Empedocles. But this man did seek to find the whole, and sometimes might have boasted that he had found it; yet he could find time to spare for regret and pity over what was not the whole, or anything like it. Let any one who will turn to the passage which treats of the failure of Braddock,—surely, as we have him from the two master portrait-painters of England during the last half-century, no hero nor anything save a most lamentable failure of a hero. Yet the *lachrymæ rerum* have never been dropped more effectively in such a case: the sense of the fact that many are called, but few chosen, has never been more nobly translated into words. There are few besides Mr. Carlyle who have ever, in our days, succeeded in giving both sides of the question as he has done,—few who have been able to take the Astleys and the Winchesters at their noblest, while recognizing what seemed to them to be the nobler of the Cromwells and the Harrisons. It was left to others to insult Strafford, to others to belie the truth of history about Charles the First. He had no need of that hypothesis—the hypothesis that the adherents of a falling or fallen cause must necessarily be fools or knaves. And in this largeness of vision, which he shared with few of his contemporaries, is the secret of his abiding strength.

Much, however, of the value of this influence, and much of the strange attraction attaching to the man and the work that exercised it, are necessarily things which, with altered social and intellectual conditions, will pass away. A generation which has not felt the difficulties and the temptations in the stress of which this voice crying in the wilderness was such a help and rallying cry to the men of its own time, will naturally think much of it mere unmeaning glamour, just as the generation upon which, almost before its time, it first pealed thought it to be. With this, however, we need not greatly trouble ourselves. The direct influence of Mr. Carlyle has been unspeakably important "for us," as Sainte-Beuve remarked on a curiously different matter to Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it is hard to think that it can ever become wholly unimportant. But even if, in the changes of things, this should happen, there would still be the massive literary value of Mr. Carlyle's work to save his name and fame, and to carry both securely. From this point of view, that work may seem to be exposed to two drawbacks. Its bulk is very great, and much of it is the expression of vehement, passionate, and almost inarticulate feeling. Such work is almost always faulty and unequal, and it would be absurd to deny that faultiness and inequality characterize some parts of the complete work of Carlyle. There were times, notably in the days of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," when he seemed to have got into the most perilous of all literary practices—the practice of imitating himself. There were times, as in the case of the "Frederick," when it seemed that even his gigantic grasp of detail and his unremitting labor would not suffice to enable him to

coördinate the enormous mass of matter with which he was surrounding and overwhelming himself. But there was always one point about his work which was pretty sure to save it. In the remarkably dignified and characteristic letter in which he refers to Jeffrey's "rewritings and omissions," he says that his work was usually deliberate work, which made him all the more reluctant to see light editorial alterations of it. There is little doubt that it was at all times deliberate. No hasty writer could have recovered the "French Revolution." No hasty writer could have succeeded in bringing order out of the chaos of details digested into the "Cromwell" and the "Frederick." It must be remembered that great as Mr. Carlyle's productiveness was, his span of life and the prolonged apprenticeship of silence which he served gave him room and verge enough for his labor and a plentifully stored magazine to start with. Between the thirty years of his comparatively silent youth and the fifteen years of his comparatively silent old age, forty were left, and forty years of such a life as he lived—a life undisturbed by bread-winning drudgery of the non-literary kind, and cut into by but little indulgence in society—give room for a great deal of work. Much of that work is hitherto uncollected, and some of the uncollected part, notably his letters, which, if they can be got together, will yield in interest to hardly any similar body of correspondence, well deserves collection. But no doubt the work on which he chose himself to set his seal is sufficient for his passport to the literary land of matters unforgot. Hardly any writer at any time has seen during his own life-days so many new forms of speech, invented by himself, pass into the general dictionary of phrase: none in our time at least has displayed such varied power of prose writing in the most opposite styles and on the most widely differing subjects: in none certainly are the four qualities of copious and careful information, fresh and original style, earnest purpose, and, pervading the whole, a vein of the soundest common sense safeguarding the most audacious paradox and toning down the most eccentric metaphor, so eminently present. This, at least, all sound criticism must allow, though for the present, and perhaps not for the present only, sane criticism is disposed to allow very much more. The admirable image in which the leader of the younger generation of English men of letters has described Mr. Carlyle will always recur to some memories:

"Storm-god of the northern foam,
Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and breaks the sea
And thunders back its thunder rhyme for rhyme,
Answering as though to outroar the tides of time."

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

I.

"I dream of all things free,"

trolled a young man lustily, as, with his coat over his arm, he descended the last slope of one of the most precipitous of the Blue Ridge mountains.

"I dream of all things free, of all things free."

His voice, reverberating among the hills, echoed the last words, "free, free," in diminishing tones, until they died away. He sang, not on account of his musical powers, certainly, but in the very plenitude of youth and health.

The exhilarating air of the mountains may have prompted the words of the song, and it was not difficult to associate freedom with the singer. His clear eyes and sun-embrowned complexion bespoke an out-of-door life, and his easy stride down the mountain suggested vigor of mind and body. When at last he reached the low-land, the sun was setting and its level rays filled the valley with a mellow, golden light. Pausing to look around him, Roger Dent saw two dwelling-houses and a church. The houses, large, comfortable-looking country homes, were surrounded with fields and meadows, teeming with life. The church, a modest structure, set in the midst of clustering graves, gently reminded one of death. It was a cheerful little grave-yard, however, lying just now in the last best glow of the setting sun. The turf was fresh and green, and the head-stones were low and unobtrusive; the chief monuments being hardy flowering plants, and luxuriant vines that wandered everywhere at their own sweet will.

"That must be my destination," thought Roger, turning from a contemplation of the graves, and surveying with complacency the larger dwelling on his right; "but I shall loaf among the tombs until dusk, for there are young women in that house, and my tramp over the mountain, through mud and brambles, has played the mischief with my clothes. I shall manage to arrive and make my bow just before the lamps are lit, and by that time I hope the lumbering cart with my valise will have put in an appearance."

Having come to a decision with characteristic promptness, Roger turned toward the church-yard and, entering, began with slackened pace and hushed song to wander pensively among the graves. Many of the moss-covered tombs bore the patronymic of the family he had come to visit, and he smiled to think that he was becoming acquainted with the names, ages, and virtues of the departed members of the house of North, before he had been introduced to the living ones.

The necessity for exertion being removed, our pedestrian was not long in discovering that his scramble through the wild fastnesses of a thickly wooded mountain had disposed him to rest rather than to meditation. He seated himself on a flat tombstone and began to study with lazy interest the mountain landscape, that every moment changed and softened in the thick-coming shadows of evening. In a little while he succumbed to an unwonted sense of drowsiness, and, stretching himself on the marble slab, that still retained some of the warmth of a long summer day, fell fast asleep. The coat he had carried over his arm served as a pillow. He looked very handsome, extended at full length on the tombstone, and with his feet crossed seemed very much like a Crusader.

He had been sleeping soundly for about a quarter of an hour when he was awakened, not suddenly, but through gradations of discomfort, peculiar sensations, and vague dreams, until full consciousness dawned upon him. He became aware of soft whispering, suppressed giggling, and what seemed to be delicate fingering about his wrists and ankles. The process of awakening had been so gradual that he was sufficiently collected not to betray himself by a sudden movement, but to peep cautiously through his eyelashes in order to discover the nature of his visitants, and to see that they were at least not ghosts come to torment him for taking a short nap on a tombstone. The figure he saw indistinctly through his more than half closed lids had nothing ghostly about it. A sturdy boy, whose face was hidden by a broad-brimmed hat as he bent over his victim, was deliberately tying Roger's feet together with a stout piece of twine. The indignant remonstrance the young man was on the point of making with

boot and tongue, was arrested by a soft touch on his hands, which were lightly clasped above his head, out of range of his vision. He liked the sensation of the warm, slender fingers that were fluttering over his broad palms, and it was with difficulty that he refrained from closing his strong hands over the little ones that were weaving a cord in and out, around and about his wrists. The rascal who was tying his feet had, evidently, a confederate who was trying to secure his hands in a like manner; but a singular want of firmness in the manipulations made Roger smile, as Samson might have smiled at the green withes with which Delilah bound him.

The delicate, fluttering fingers seemed to betray a feminine hand, and the young man, not unwilling to carry the joke a little further, pretended to sleep on, planning, meanwhile, how to turn the laugh on his would-be captors. He even began to snore, which so lulled his tormentors into security that they grew bolder, and conversed unreservedly in loud whispers.

"I wonder," said the boy at his feet, knotting the twine vigorously, "if he 'dreams of all things free,' now?"

"Dreams go by contraries, you know. But I dare say he isn't dreaming at all, he sleeps so soundly," whispered the voice above his head, with a ripple of laughter that communicated itself to the busy hands, and then on to Roger's hands, so that he was obliged to snore vociferously to keep from laughing, too.

"Magnetism, by Jove!" he thought. "These velvet fingers play on me as if I were a piano. I am sure they could make me think or feel anything they chose."

"Have you any more string? Mine has given out, and one of his thumbs is loose," said the voice, so dolorously that Roger almost regretted his inability to furnish the string himself.

"No," replied the boy, "not even my cravat. I tied that cat's legs with it this morning. Haven't you got a ribbon or something yourself?"

"Nothing but—but ——"

"Well, take *that*."

Roger became aware that a ligature was produced from somewhere; his thumb was captured and about to be tied up, when it occurred to him that this was the auspicious moment for a *dénouement*. His plan had been to free his hands suddenly (the tying amounted to nothing, for the owner of the voice, however skillful in piano-playing, evidently knew nothing about securing a man's hand—with a string), and then to rise to a dignified sitting posture, and, while he was getting out his knife to cut the twine about his feet, to bring his captors to open shame by a homily on their barbarous treatment of a stranger; and then, perhaps, when his feet were liberated, to pommel the boy.

Unfortunately for the success of this well-matured scheme, the boy at this moment, giving a vicious pull to the string, struck a sensitive spot on Roger's ankle, which made the young man wince and utter an involuntary groan. In a moment the boy took to his heels; and a hurried rustle of garments and light scampering of feet gave token that his confederate had done likewise.

Quick as thought, Roger slipped his hands from their ineffectual noose and sat up. He looked around him in every direction—north, south, east, west; the boy and his companion had disappeared as quickly and completely as though they had descended through a trap-door into the bowels of the earth. Roger was disposed for a moment to think that he had been dreaming; but his still captive feet, and the strings dangling loose about his hands, testified to the contrary. A bright gleam of intelligence shot into his eyes when he found that around his thumb was tied a long elastic band of knitted blue silk.

"So ho! my little lady!" he chuckled, as he drew the pretty ribbed string through his fingers. "I will find out who owns the fellow to this if I die for it! I will teach you how to molest unoffending strangers!"

II.

Roger put the blue band carefully away in the breast pocket of the soft flannel shirt that formed a part of his easy hunting-dress, and then proceeded to cut the twine from his feet and ankles. While he was thus engaged, he heard the church-yard gate open and shut. Looking up hastily, in the hope of catching at least a glimpse of his late companions, he saw, instead, a gray-headed old negro, who carried a spade on his shoulder.

"The plot thickens. Enter grave-digger," thought Roger. "Well, Uncle, what kind of country is this, where little imps go about tying people's feet?" he asked, still snipping away at the strings, as the old man came within speaking distance.

The new-comer planted his spade in the

soft mold, and, leaning on it, contemplated the evidences of the trick that had been played on Roger. His old face wrinkled into a smile that displayed a single tooth, as he replied:

"Marster, I reckon childun is de same in ebery country. Dey is a mischeevous set, all ober de worl'."

"Have you any idea what children did this? I should like to give them a piece of my mind," said Roger, rising from his sepulchral bed, and putting on the jacket he had carried over his arm during the heat of the day.

The grave-digger scratched his frosty poll contemplatively. "It mout be de miller's childun. I seen 'em playin' 'bout here to-day, and dey is de troublesomest childun dat ever was. And den ag'in it mout be de school-marm's. But whosomever dey is, marster, dey aint agwine to keer for a piece of yo' mind. It take somethin' harder dan dat to skeer de childun 'bout here."

"Just let me catch them," said Roger, confidently. "Who lives in that house to the right?"

"Mr. North."

"I thought so. Can you tell me the best way to get there?"

"To be sho. I lives dar on his farm. You kin go by de main road; dat is de shortest way. But de footpath you see dar by de creek aint so dusty, an' it'll take you straight to de gate."

"Then the footpath, by all means, and here is something for your pains."

"Thanky, marster, thanky. You *is* a gentleman. De footpath 'll take you right by de mill, and ef you see de miller's childun playin' 'bout, you kin jest try an' git some satisfaction out on 'em. It's mo' dan I kin do for de tricks dey plays on me."

"By the by," said Roger, looking back, "are there any children at Mr. North's?"

"Yes, marster, an' dey is ebery bit as bad as de oders."

Roger pursued his walk along the pleasant path that, for some distance, ran parallel with the brawling mountain stream. It was the golden moment just before dusk; the distant hills were beginning to wrap themselves in purple mist, but the plain was aglow with those long, upward pencilings of light that linger in the sky after the sun has gone down. The forest, in the full leafage of midsummer; the mill-stream, fretting over its rocky bed; the meadow-lands, dotted with sheep and cattle; even the sear and rusty stubble-fields—were bathed in a mellow light that filled earth and sky with tender beauty.

Roger was not insensible to the charms of Nature; he was drinking in with delight all her enchanting scenery, her balsamic breezes, her wild, fresh odors, as he wended his way with light heart and step, keeping a sharp lookout for the miller's children,—it may be, for the miller's daughter.

He was a fine-looking fellow, tall, and exceedingly well made—a fact that his shooting-jacket and long boots made even more apparent. Notwithstanding his late experience, he began his song again,

"I dream of all things free, of all things free."

It was not long before the rushing, whirring sound of the mill-wheel reached his ears, and soon after followed a sight of the picturesque old saw-mill itself. His eyes brightened when he found that there, below the turbulent rush from the mill-wheel, playing barefoot in mid-stream, frisking about in the shallows, skipping from rock to rock, and splashing each other with water, were the miller's children, a boy of about twelve, and a tall, slim girl a year or two older.

Roger slackened his pace, and continued his "all things free" under his breath, while he cast a quick, scrutinizing glance at the young people. The only clue he had to the identity of the children he was in search of was the approximate height of the boy, and his being without a cravat. The miller's son corresponded to both of these particulars, but then he was also without hat, coat, or shoes. As to the miller's daughter, he immediately resumed his rapid pace after a glance at her.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that can't be the girl, for she hasn't on stockings."

The path by the stream seemed to be a favorite one; for Roger, as he pursued his way, met or overtook several persons: plowmen plodding homeward, rustic lovers loitering in the gloaming, and two boys who were persecuting a cur of low degree, but who, at his approach, scrambled helter-skelter over a hedge.

Once again he met a boy and girl, but this time the girl, although she wore stockings, was a wee toddler whose big brother was helping her over the rough places.

Roger scanned the faces and general appearance of all whom he met, and they, in return, glanced back at the strange, stylish young man who looked a little—just a little—as though the world belonged to him.

The grave-digger's information proved correct. The footpath, after meandering through fields and meadows, over stiles and hedges, brought him at last to the gate that opened on the avenue leading to Mr. North's house.

He arrived, as he had arranged to do, at dusk, and, as he approached, he saw that the gate was partly open, and standing there was a slight, girlish figure, clad in white, apparently on the lookout for some one.

"Teddy, is it you?" she called, in a fresh young voice, eager and panting, as if the speaker had been running, or was agitated.

"No; it is not Teddy," said Roger, gently, so as not to startle the girl, who was peering out into the twilight.

But his precaution was in vain. The figure started back with an exclamation, and the gate swung to. When Roger, with some little difficulty, opened it again, he saw, far up the avenue, something white, like a slip of moonlight, disappearing in the shadow of the house. The girl, he found afterward, had a strongly developed talent for getting out of the way.

The deep, friendly baying of house-dogs announced his approach as he drew near, and when he reached the house he found Mr. North on the porch, waiting to receive him.

"Ah, here you are! Glad to see you. Been expecting you this half-hour. Your portmanteau arrived some time ago. Come in. Down, Ponto! Down, Music!" said the host, cordially welcoming Roger with one hand, while he put down the vociferously hospitable dogs with the other.

Roger Dent was the son of one of Mr. North's early friends, and, making a leisurely pedestrian tour through the mountains, had been invited to make a visit to Northwood while in the neighborhood. The two gentlemen had never met before, but the guest was at once made to feel at home, and after the first greetings were over and Roger had made some changes in his dress, he was ushered into the drawing-room and introduced to the family circle.

The family circle consisted of Miss North, known at home as Susie, who, her father being a widower, was at the head of the house—a bright, fresh-looking girl of about twenty, cheerful and good-tempered, with a great deal of practical sense, but, from having been early forced into a position of responsibility, a little inclined to be prim and didactic; Alice, four years younger, a gentle, shy creature, with delicate arched eyebrows, that gave her soft brown eyes the expression of a startled fawn; Frederick, commonly called Teddy, a lad of fourteen, good-humored, frank, and mischievous—the average boy,—and Arthur, two years younger and two heads taller—something more than the average boy. He had a beautiful face and a passionate love of music. He was not so robust as the others, his strength not keeping pace with his rapid growth, and this circumstance, together with the fact that he was the youngest, was the occasion of his being greatly petted and indulged.

Members of a household are apt to pair off according to age or tastes, and, in this one, Susie was her father's constant companion, while the phrase was always "Alice and the boys."

When Roger made his appearance in the drawing-room the lamps were lit, and the family, with the exception of Alice, were assembled for tea. He made acquaintance with Miss North over a cup of the cheering beverage, which she poured out for him at a little table in one corner of the room. Quite at the other end of the large, old-fashioned room, the boys had a table to themselves, where Teddy was giving undivided attention to his supper, and Arthur was poring over a book, his head supported on one hand, while with the other he occasionally helped himself to a morsel of bread.

Roger, although apparently intent only on making himself agreeable to Susie and her father, soon found himself scrutinizing these young gentlemen with interest. Could either of them be his friend of the churchyard? The studious, fragile-looking Arthur he soon put aside as out of the question. He was not sure about Teddy; but time would show.

After awhile, Alice slipped into the room, and, if she had had her way, would have stolen unobserved to her place by the boys. She was painfully diffident in company, and had, moreover, an unconquerable aversion to men, especially to young men.

"Alice," said her father, arresting her steps in the middle of the room, "I want to make you acquainted with the son of my old friend Mr. Dent."

The girl placed an unresponsive hand in Roger's, and gave him a shy, startled glance, but words would not come.

"I believe we have met before," said Roger.

"Yes, at the gate," she replied, quickly, with a blush, and, turning away, took her

seat at table with the boys, with her back to the rest of the company.

"Oh, yes, at the gate," thought Roger, laughing to himself at her tell-tale cheeks as he went back to his seat between Susie and her father.

Mr. North,—a fatherly looking old gentleman,—always urbane, was never more so than when in the depths of an arm-chair, sipping tea. It was to him what smoking is to other men, mildly exciting and soothing at the same time. Under the influence of his tea and a new listener, he expanded into eloquence, and entertained Roger with his well-matured views on political economy.

Susie would put in a word from time to time, in a vain attempt to turn the conversation into shallower channels.

Roger tried to be interested, but his attention would often wander to the table where Alice and the boys were indulging in a great deal of mirth. She was evidently not shy with her brothers, and her flow of talk was as incessant and musical as the tinkling of rills.

"Papa," said wise and careful Susie, after a while, "don't you think that three cups are almost too many? You know you complained of not sleeping last night."

"There goes Susie, the Great American Regulator," mumbled Teddy, his mouth full of bread and butter. "I wonder if she will allow the Bird of Freedom to have another cup. He wouldn't 'dream of all things free,' if he had Susie to look after him."

"Hush! he might hear you," whispered Alice, in a panic.

"Who—the Bird? What if he did? He wouldn't know himself by that name. It isn't the one he was christened by."

"You are such a boy for names," said Alice.

"What do you think of him?" asked Teddy.

"Horrid. He smiles in such an abominably supercilious way. They are all hateful. It makes me sigh to think that you and Arty will have to be young men some day."

"You will change your opinion by that time, judging by Susie," said Arthur, in his grave way.

"Hear the parson!" said Alice.

"Parson, indeed!" exclaimed Teddy. "I know everybody calls him that, but preacher would be a better name."

"Why?"

"Because he preaches while he does not practice."

"Rather unreasonable to expect one fellow to do both," said Arthur.

The table at which Alice and the boys sat was between two windows that opened to the floor, and through which the night air, fresh from meadow and garden, floated into the room. More objectionable things, such as gnats and mosquitoes, floated in, too, and after a while a big beetle bobbed about the lights, and beat itself against the wall, in frantic efforts to get out again.

Alice gave a little scream, and spread her fan over her head.

"Oh, boys, it's as big as a cow! Do, one of you, put it out. If it gets in my hair I shall faint."

"Yes, Teddy, put it out," said Arthur.

Teddy needed no prompting. No game was too large or too small for his adventurous hand. He jumped up, overturning his chair and brushing a book from the table in his heedless spring at the winged beast that hovered over Alice's head.

"Come, Teddy, don't make such a noise," cried his father, impatiently.

"You will have to go to bed, young gentleman, if you don't behave," said Susie, with authority, serenely unconscious of the grimace Teddy made in reply.

Roger slipped forward to right the table, which seemed in danger of being upset. He picked up Alice's fan and the book which had fallen on the floor. The latter lay open at a pictured page, and he glanced involuntarily at the wood-cut as he was about to return the book to its place. His attention became riveted when he discovered that it represented Gulliver asleep, being bound by the Lilliputians. He looked up and caught Teddy's eye.

The boy threw back his head and began searching the upper air intently for the beetle which he held in his hand.

"This is an interesting picture," said Roger. "Do you know what it represents?"

Teddy, thus pointedly addressed and brought to bay, recalled his eyes from the ceiling and said, with crimson face but stolid air, unconsciously imitating Roger's deliberate manner:

"Yes, it is the Bird of Freedom."

Roger stared. Was the boy stupid, or only impudent?

Teddy took advantage of this mental debate to dash through the open window to the portico beyond. When Roger looked round, Alice had slipped away through the other window, and Arthur was leaning on the table, his pale, serious face bending over a book.

"So Dean Swift was the remote cause of

my adventure," thought the young man. "But I will have it out with those young people yet. What are you reading?" he asked, in a gentle tone, of Arthur, whose frail appearance and lovely countenance interested him. Everybody's voice softened in speaking to the lad.

Arthur glanced hastily at the head of the page over which he was bending, and then, raising his beautiful eyes to Roger's, said slowly and with a faint color:

"Emerson on 'The Oversoul.'"

"Good gracious! And how old are you?"

"Twelve."

"You had much better throw your books in the fire," said Roger, warmly.

"Come, Arthur," said Mr. North, "it is bed-time. Call in the others and let us have some hymns before we go."

Alice and Teddy were called in. Alice took her seat partly behind her father's big chair, above which only her brown hair and eyes were occasionally visible. Teddy brought the books. Mr. North read a chapter from the Bible, and when it was finished, Susie seated herself at the piano and played the accompaniments while Arthur sang "The day is past and gone," and other old-fashioned evening hymns.

Roger thought he had never heard anything so sweet as the boy's voice. Fresh, clear, and strong, it seemed to lift the hearer's spirit into a pure region where thought and praise are one. After the first thrill of surprise and pleasure, he discovered that it had also the remarkable effect of keeping Alice still. Ordinarily it was as impossible to get a satisfactory look at her as to examine an apple-blossom whirled about one breezy day in spring. But she forgot her shyness and the existence of supercilious young men in the pleasure of listening to Arthur. For the first time Roger had an opportunity of studying her face, as she emerged from behind her father's chair, in order to see the boy, whose appearance while singing was as seraphic as his voice. She had an oval face, with wide-awake brown eyes, soft, waving hair of the same color, an insignificant little nose, and a full, tender, crimson mouth. She wore a white dress sprinkled over with little blue stars, a blue sash, and a blue bow at her throat.

"What a pretty creature! If she would only look at me!" thought Roger.

His eyes wandered from the charming face to the slim, white fingers, so obviously incapable of any force but the mighty force of tenderness. His pulse quickened as he thought of the velvet touch of her hand as it rested on one of Teddy's scrubby little fists.

When the singing was over, Mr. North read prayers, and the company bade each other good-night.

Before leaving the room, Roger went to the table where Alice and the boys were putting the books in order.

"Good-night, young people," he said, with the smile that Alice called abominably supercilious. "Putting up your books, I see. I know that you make good use of them. I congratulate you, Master Teddy, on your practical application of your reading: you have taken a lesson from 'Gulliver's Travels.' And you, Miss Alice, remind me of the story we read in English history of the Countess of Salisbury. Good-night!" and with a profound bow he went away.

Alice and Teddy looked at each other.

"Who *is* the Countess of Salisbury, Teddy?" asked Alice.

"Blessed if I know."

"Teddy, how could you and Alice be so mean as to run away and leave me, after telling him Gulliver's picture was the Bird of Freedom?" asked Arthur.

"I should have burst if I had staid a minute longer," said Teddy.

"So should I," said Alice.

"And what did you think I was going to do? I wanted to laugh as much as either of you."

"What *did* you do, Arty?"

"Why, I picked up the first book I came to, and pretended to be deep in it. I thought he would let me alone, but bless you, he asked me what I was reading. I had to look at the top of the page to find out, and when I told him it was about overshoes, or oversoles, or something of the kind, he thought I was killing myself studying, and then *I* nearly burst."

"What a jolly old bird! He will be the death of us before he goes away," cried Teddy.

"You had better not play any pranks on him. You know Dad is very particular about company, hospitality, and all that kind of thing," said Arthur.

"*You* are a great fellow to talk," said Teddy, significantly. "But I wish I had known that he was the fellow papa was expecting when I saw him flapping down the mountain, singing the battle-cry of freedom. How was I to know that the bird was Mr. Dent? Decent people generally come in a carriage, or at least on horseback."

"Oh, he is decent enough for a young man," said Alice; "and then you know he is making a *pedestrian* tour."

"I don't know why you call him a bird," said Arthur.

"Because he sings," replied Teddy.

"That is just what he don't do. He growls. I should have called him a bear."

"Yes, Teddy," said Alice, "one of the bears that came out of the mountain to eat up naughty little boys."

"Pooh!" said Teddy, who was sensitive with regard to size, being shorter than his younger brother; "and what about naughty little girls? He is much more likely to eat you up."

"'Sugar and spice, and all that's nice, and that is what little girls are made of,'"

sang Alice, as she danced away upstairs to bed.

III.

THE family at Northwood were early risers. When Roger looked out of his window next morning, across the dew-spangled lawn, he saw, at the gate in front of the house, Alice and the boys, who had been up and out for hours. While he was leisurely contemplating the group, two men, who had come to see Mr. North on business, rode up and, dismounting, tied their horses to the rack near by. As soon as the men had disappeared into the house, and were presumably deep in conference with Mr. North, Alice sprang upon one of the horses and Teddy on the other, while Arthur was left to be umpire of a race. In a moment, Teddy and his sister were galloping at full speed along the avenue to the outer gate, which was a quarter of a mile beyond. Roger held his breath in terror as he watched the mad ride. A woman's seat on horseback, always insecure, is doubly so on a man's saddle, and he expected every moment to see her dashed to the ground. He heaved a great sigh of relief when they came tearing back on the home stretch, Alice poised as lightly, and apparently as safely, as a butterfly.

The girl gave a merry shout of triumph as she beat Teddy by a neck, and Roger could scarcely refrain from shouting "*Brava!*"

"What an exciting creature she is!" he thought, as he went down-stairs in answer to the breakfast-bell, "and how unexpected! To think of her screaming at a beetle, and then trusting her neck to a hard-mouthed brute like that!"

Alice, flushed from her race, and radiant with victory, came in to breakfast looking like a dewy rose; but she only lifted her eyelashes when she bade Roger good-morning. He found the meal a very pleasant one, notwithstanding, for he had the pretty madcap to look at, which was a good thing, although she would not so much as glance at him. He had Susie to talk to him; Mr. North did not get in until late, and the young hostess had an opportunity to discuss other things besides political economy. Roger was not long in deciding that Susie was a nice, sensible girl, and her breakfast was so excellently well cooked and served that, if he had been a little older, he might also have decided that she would make a good wife. At present the road to his heart was through the imagination. Susie was a pleasant fact; but Alice was a delightful possibility. However, he did not seem to get better acquainted with her; and though days passed and his pedestrian tour seemed to have come to an end at Northwood, he had not succeeded at the end of a fortnight in solving the mystery of the blue silken band, the children very astutely eluding the subject.

Indeed, Roger's interest in the matter had considerably abated, in his desire to overcome Alice's disfavor. He even began to regret the adventure in the church-yard, in the belief that it had something to do with her avoidance of him, and yet he could not conceal from himself that it was the adventure which first attracted his attention favorably toward her. She was as enticing, but as difficult of access, as the moon for which he had cried in infancy. At times, when the beauty and freshness of the evening tempted the inmates of Northwood to long rambles in the woods and fields, he would try to make himself useful to her as a protector; but he found that she was quite able to take care of herself. She seemed to be afraid of nothing but beetles, which only appeared when the candles were lit; besides, she was always dashing off on mysterious expeditions with Teddy and Arthur.

Once he had three minutes' consecutive conversation with her, and, although he knew it was owing to the fact that there was a hedge between them, it made him quite happy.

"Miss Alice," he said, peering on tiptoe over the tall brambles into the meadow, where she stood ankle-deep in the luxuriant, wind-swept grass, hunting for mushrooms—"Miss Alice, you are an interesting study."

"How so?" she asked, feeling safe be-

hind her hedge, and looking out of her wide-open brown eyes directly at him, for the first time.

"Why, you seem to be afraid of amiably disposed young men, and yet you have no fear of the most vicious brute of a horse."

"You see, I *like* horses."

"There is a great deal in that; but why have you such an antipathy to young men?"

"I never know what to say to them."

"You find a great deal to say to Teddy and Arthur."

"They are only boys. I am *devoted* to boys."

"I am glad to hear that, for it has not been so very long since I was a boy."

Alice smiled.

"Were you a nice boy?"

"I don't know; but I can write home, and inquire."

"Because if you were, it is such a pity you ever grew up, you know."

This was not encouraging.

"Better to have been drowned, like a superfluous puppy, I suppose?"

"That would have been a pity, too," she said, contemplatively, as if deciding upon the less of two evils.

Such as it was, it was the kindest thing she had ever said to him, and he felt like vaulting over the hedge and thanking her on the spot. She, probably, saw the purpose in his eye, for she nodded a friendly good-bye and hurried away.

There was one thing besides a beetle of which Alice was afraid, but Roger did not know of it; he found out one afternoon when he was taking a solitary scramble up the mountain.

It looked a little cloudy when he started on his walk, but after scanning the heavens in the most weather-wise way, he decided that the rain, if there should be any, would not come before night. The mountain—the same that he had descended the evening of his arrival—was steep and thickly wooded. The single, little-frequented path that wound up toward its summit was narrow, shelving, and sometimes lost itself in a thicket. It required familiarity with the way and a sure footing to be able to get along at all. A heedless step would break off the crumbling edge of the path, and a shower of earth and stones would rattle down the mountain, indicating the distance to its base. Eyes, not on the alert, were in danger from undergrowth and overhanging dead-wood.

Roger, singing his song of "all things free," was half-way up the mountain, when a sudden rush of cooler air, accompanied by an ominous whispering in the living foliage overhead, and a rustle of last year's dead leaves around his feet, made him say:

"Humph! this storm is nearer than I thought."

He paused to consider whether he should go back or brave the coming gust. Reflecting that a contest with the elements is sometimes not without pleasurable excitement, he had decided to go on, when his progress was again arrested, this time by approaching footsteps. Some one as yet concealed by a turn in the path was advancing so rapidly as to bring him to a stand-still: there was not room for two swiftly moving bodies in the narrow footway. A moment later brought him face to face with Alice, who was hurrying down as fast as her little feet could carry her. Her hat had fallen off, and was hanging by its ribbons behind her. Her hair, brown as a nut and fine as cobweb, was blown in wild disorder about her richly glowing face. Her brilliant color and quickened breath gave evidence of her excitement and rapid pace. She frowned at the sight of Roger as at any other impediment to her haste.

"We are going to have a storm," she said, breathlessly, as she went by him, while he squeezed himself against a bowlder of rock to let her pass. He watched her with anxiety as she ran fearlessly down the perilous path, sure-footed and agile as an Alpine kid.

Suddenly she paused, as a vivid flash of lightning shot across the sky, accompanied by a peal of thunder that reverberated among the hills with awful distinctness, like the prolonged roar of artillery around a beleaguered city. The storm was breaking just above their heads.

Alice screamed and covered her face with her hands; then she turned and ran back to Roger with outstretched arms, crying, in an agony of terror:

"Save me! save me!"

Her bright cheeks had become deathly pale, and her hands, as he caught them, were as cold as ice. She was nearly beside herself with the unreasoning dread of lightning that possesses many persons. Unacquainted with this mental trait, Roger was afraid that she would faint.

He drew her hand through his arm and tried to lead her down the path, which every moment became more difficult to follow, as the darkness of the tempest increased. She trembled so violently that her firm, eager footing lost its cunning, and she

stumbled at every step, so that he was obliged almost to carry her down. She seemed unconscious of the rain that began to fall heavily, but would shudder and cower piteously with every clap of thunder or gust of wind, and Roger could hear her heart beating violently as she leaned on him for support. The way down the mountain was long, slow, and difficult. When they reached the house they were drenched with rain, and Alice seemed more dead than alive.

They found Susie, who had dispatched servants and friends in every direction, watching and waiting in the greatest anxiety for her sister's return. It seemed that Alice, through some mistake, had been led to believe that her brothers were on the mountain, and had gone to meet them. When the storm came up, nobody knew where she was. Susie dosed her with hot drinks and put her to bed. Roger did not see her again until next evening at tea.

"Goody!" said Teddy; "to think of Alice having to be brought home by the Bird! Wont she hate him worse than ever?"

"I wish we had been there to see," said Arthur.

When Roger met Alice again, on the following evening, she was quite as independent as ever and a little more shy. Perceiving this, he took a sudden resolve, and after tea went upstairs and packed his portmanteau. When he came down, the family had disposed themselves for the evening. Mr. North had his paper, and Susie her work-basket. Teddy was following the fortunes of "The Headless Horseman." Arthur, at the piano, was playing softly his *repertoire* of easy pieces that Susie had taught him. Through the open window, Roger caught a glimpse of a white dress fluttering in the moonlight. He went directly out on the portico, and found Alice, sitting on the low, broad balustrade, gazing dreamily at the full moon, that in return shed some of its own mysterious beauty on her upturned face.

"Miss Alice," he said, quickly, without giving her time to be either shy or frightened, "I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye?" she repeated, in genuine astonishment. "Why, where are you going at this time of night?"

"Night is the best time for summer traveling, especially for pedestrians; and this is such a rare night," he said, glancing carelessly at the moon.

"But you have not spoken of going at this time until now," stammered Alice, wholly unprepared for this sudden move.

"I have not had the pleasure of speaking to you often on any subject. You seem to prefer not to hear what I have to say. But I was determined not to be deprived of the pleasure of saying good-bye to you."

"Is it a pleasure to say good-bye to me?" she asked, a little nettled by his manner.

"It is better than nothing."

"Oh!" she said, softly.

"Wont you shake hands?"

"But you are not going this minute?"

"As soon as you bid me good-bye."

"Then I will not be so inhospitable as to hurry you," she said, sweetly, her native courtesy, or coquetry, getting the better of her timidity, now that the ice was broken.

They did not hurry.

Roger had cut the Gordian knot. He had staked everything on a single chance, and had won. If she had taken him at his word and had bade him good-bye without remonstrance, he would have gone; and they would, probably, have never met again. As it was, he did not go away.

Two or three days afterward, Teddy and Arthur, who had been waiting an hour for Alice to keep an appointment to go fishing, saw her coming down the avenue with Roger, creeping at a snail's pace.

"That beats cock-fighting!" cried Teddy, viciously digging his heel in the gravel.

"What?" asked Arthur.

"Those two."

"What about them?"

"Don't you see? Spoons!"

"No?"

"Yes; she will never go a-fishing for fish again."

"The bear came out of the mountain and gobbled up the naughty little girl. Let's go without her," said Arthur, shouldering his fishing-rod.

Teddy seemed to have prophesied rightly. At any rate, when Alice came up she had forgotten the appointment, and said, between smiles and blushes, that it was too warm to go fishing to-day.

IV.

ROGER remained at Northwood several weeks, and before he resumed his pedestrian tour he made several attempts to unravel the mystery of the blue band. He was really very curious about the matter; and he thought, moreover, that it would be well to punish Alice a little for her childish prank, and for the persistent coldness with which

she had treated him. Accordingly, one Sunday, after evening service, as they walked through the church-yard on their way home, he paused beside the tomb on which he had fallen asleep.

"Alice, dear, have you no association with this grave?" he asked.

"Of course," said she, lowering her eyes to read the inscription, and looking a little solemn; "for it bears my name, Alice North. My grandmother is buried here."

"Oh!" murmured Roger, silenced by this unexpected turn to his train of thought.

Another time, when they were strolling at twilight in the garden, he said, looking admiringly on her light summer dress:

"You wore this, Alice, the first time we met."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I remember the little blue stars, and your blue ribbons."

"What a memory!"

"Alice, dear, did you happen to wear anything else blue that evening?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"What, dear?"

"My little blue ring with the turquoise?"

"No, I am sure you hadn't on a ring. But did you not *lose* something that evening?"

"Yes, now that I think of it, I did," she said, not looking directly at him.

"Tell me."

"Must I really?"

"Yes, really."

"Well, then,—a little piece of my heart."

Before Roger could reply she turned into another walk, and, running away, left him with her girlish laughter ringing in his ears.

But his time came at last. One rainy afternoon, Alice took out a piece of knitting. Roger watched her slim white fingers for some time, as they deftly plied the shining needles, before he noticed that she was knitting a ribbed band of blue silk, the very mate to the one he still wore near his heart.

Here, under his eyes, was the solution of the mystery that he had employed so much unnecessary *finesse* to discover.

"What are you knitting?" he asked, his eyes dancing with suppressed amusement.

"Something for Arthur, that I ought to have finished long ago, but I am so lazy."

"Something for Arthur!" exclaimed Roger, breaking into irrepressible laughter. "That is a good joke! Do boys about here wear that kind of thing?"

"Yes," said Alice, in innocent wonder. "Don't you? But I believe I did hear that they had gone out of fashion for gentlemen."

Roger continued to laugh in such an absurd manner that Alice looked annoyed and continued her explanation with dignity.

"I made him a pair last year, for a Christmas gift; but he lost a part of one not long ago, and I promised to knit him another. I told him I believed that he had hung a cat with it or thrown it away. Boys are so hard on their things! He confessed to having tied the fore paws of a beast with it——"

"A beast!" exclaimed Roger, blankly. "Alice, what are you talking about?"

"About Arthur and his lost suspender, of course."

"Suspender!" exclaimed Roger, striking his forehead, as he became suddenly enlightened.

"Yes, suspender. What did you think I was talking about?" asked Alice, wholly puzzled.

"Oh, nothing!"

AN ANTIQUE INTAGLIO.

GREAT cities that defied Time's power are dust,
And mighty temples ruins; yet this gem,
Seeming a fragile thing, outliveth them.
Its beauty bears no trace of Time's keen thrust,
Undimmed the marvelous luster that doth trust
To none its secret; every delicate line
Glows with immortal freshness and divine,
That fears no ravage of decay or rust.
How infinite is art! A magic glass
This tiny, chiseled disk becomes to me:
Greece and her glories rise and shine and pass
Before my dazzled eyes; then fade to wan
And spectral shores, where the Ægean Sea
Guards the lone ruins of the Parthenon.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANKS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

An important extension in the Post-Office Savings-Bank system in England has lately been introduced by Mr. Fawcett's act of last session, and it may be interesting to trace briefly the history of this banking organization, which has in less than twenty years gained two million customers and thirty-two millions sterling of deposits and interest. The Post-Office Savings-Bank Act came into operation in September, 1861; but for nearly fifty years before that time the system of trustees' or old savings-banks had existed and flourished in most of the principal towns, and the capital of these banks amounted to twenty-four millions (of pounds) in 1841, to twenty-nine millions in 1850, and to forty-one millions in 1860. While giving much credit to the trustees and managers of these institutions for their zeal and ability in carrying them on, chiefly from philanthropic motives and often at personal inconvenience, it was felt by many people that, by the use of a widely spread government organization, the risk of loss to the depositors would be greatly obviated, and in addition a much larger number of savings-banks could be available. It was also desirable to extend the hours for making deposits, the old savings-banks being open only on one or at most two days of the week for an hour or two. After some discussion in the press, Mr. Chetwynd, of the money-order department of the post-office, submitted some proposals to Lord Stanley, of Alderley, the Postmaster-General, in which he gave a short description of the suggested system, namely, that every money-order office should receive and pay money on account of the Central Government Savings-Bank, the depositor being furnished with a pass-book for entries to be made at the office, and that receipts for deposits should be sent direct from the central office to the depositor. Before the scheme was finally settled, various modifications were made as to payment of interest, etc.; and in 1861 the new act was passed and the following provisions came into operation: The Postmaster-General was to designate what post-offices should be savings-bank offices; deposits of not less than one shilling at a time, or more than £30 in one year, might be made at any of these offices, provided that the total amount to the credit of the depositor did not exceed £150 exclusive of interest, and when principal and interest together were £200, all interest was to cease till they were less. All deposits were to be acknowledged by the Postmaster-General (thus providing an immediate check on the receiving office). Interest was to be at two and a half per cent., or rather at a halfpenny per complete calendar month for every complete pound in the bank. Minors and married women might be depositors, also friendly societies and penny banks, etc. Depositors were to send their books yearly to the Postmaster-General for the interest to be entered, but no postage was to be charged for sending them, or for any communications with the central office. Deposits might be transferred to or from trustees' savings-banks. Deposits might be withdrawn at any office mentioned in the form of application to be sent to the Postmaster-General. All post-office employés were bound to secrecy as to their depositors' accounts. Such were the principal provisions of the new system, and they remain virtually unchanged except by the additional facilities granted under the act of last session. As is the case in many legislative changes in this country, the old system of trustees' savings-banks was allowed to go on alongside of the new savings-banks, but the regulation of the former by government was made more stringent. The result was that in 1870,—nearly ten years after the new system came into operation,—the old savings-banks had decreased in number from 638 to 496, in depositors from 1,586,000 to 1,385,000, and in capital from forty-one millions sterling to thirty-eight millions. Meanwhile, the post-office savings-banks had grown to 4082 in number, with 1,183,000 depositors on their books, and fifteen millions sterling of deposits and interest. During the next nine years, the new savings-banks more than doubled their business, their deposits reaching thirty-two millions sterling, which belonged to about two million depositors, or an average of £16 each. More than six thousand offices are now available, or one office for every twenty square miles, so that opportunities for depositing savings have been brought within easy reach of most of our population. Since 1870 there has been little change in the position of the old savings-banks; their capital is now forty-four millions sterling,

and their depositors are a million and a half in number, although fifty banks have been discontinued, leaving only four hundred and fifty establishments in the United Kingdom. The larger interest hitherto given by the old savings-banks, as compared with the new, has, doubtless, assisted the former in maintaining their popularity, especially among the more opulent saving classes, the rate of interest having been usually three per cent. against two and a half per cent. paid by the post-office. The average amount invested by each depositor is, moreover, much higher than in the new banks: namely, about £29, as compared with £16, and the cost of management would thus be somewhat less, and the much greater concentration of the business, in only four hundred and fifty offices, should also tend to economy. We accordingly find the percentage cost of management of the trustees' savings-banks to have averaged between six shillings and seven shillings per cent. in the last ten years, against nearly twelve shillings per cent. in the post-office banks. Prior to the passing of the act in 1861, it was estimated that the cost of each transaction, that is, each deposit of money or withdrawal, in these banks would be sevenpence, but up to the end of 1879 the average cost was eightpence. It must, however, be remembered that a fair amount of this cost is for postage, from which the country takes a profit, and £100,000 of the charge represents outlay on new central offices in London. The income for paying interest in both the old and new savings-banks is derived from investments made in government funds by the National Debt Commissioners, who, up to last year, paid three and a quarter per cent. to the trustees of the old banks, and, as stated, from this sum the depositor received nearly three per cent., the remainder being absorbed in expenses. Owing, however, to the lower value of money of late years, the investments made by the National Debt Commissioners have failed to produce three and a quarter per cent., and the deficiency has been covered every year by payments from the exchequer; or, in other words, the tax-payers of Great Britain have made an annual contribution to the depositors in these banks. This has now been remedied by Mr. Fawcett's Savings-Bank Act of 1880 (43 and 44 Vict., c. 36), by which the interest payable by the National Debt Commissioners to the trustees is reduced from three and a quarter to three per cent., and the maximum interest to the depositor is now two and three-quarters per cent. Unless, then, the value of money continues to fall appreciably, the interest will be fairly earned by the depositor without the overweighted tax-payer having to assist. It is possible, too, that the small difference, only a quarter per cent., between the interest in the new and old savings-banks may lead to a further closing of the latter, and a diminution of the business of those banks that survive. The new facilities for investments of small sums in the funds, to which I shall now refer, may also draw away many customers from the old banks.

Up to the present time, the holders of stock in the public funds have not been very numerous, owing, perhaps, to the difficulties attending the purchase and sale of small amounts of stock. In 1880, only about two hundred and forty thousand persons were entitled to dividends in the funds, of which seventy-six thousand received dividends under £10, thirty-eight thousand received sums from £10 to £20, seventy-seven thousand took from £20 to £100, and thirty-six thousand took sums above £100; and even these numbers should be reduced by the number of holders of more than one description of stock, and who are, consequently, counted under each class. The three million and a half depositors in the savings-banks may, indeed, be considered, in one sense, as holders of public stock, since their deposits are invested therein; but the more direct investment, which is carried out by the act of last session, seems better calculated to give the investing masses a nearer personal interest in the national credit. Under the provisions of this act, a depositor in a post-office savings-bank may invest a certain sum not less than £10 in either consols, reduced three-per-cents, or new three-per-cents, and this investment will be made for him by the central office in London on his sending thither his deposit-book and filling up a form of application, which he can obtain at any post-office bank. The limit of stock to be purchased for any one depositor in one year is £100, and the whole amount to his credit must not exceed £300. These amounts are, however, independent of savings-bank deposits; so that a depositor may make a deposit of £30 and an investment of £100 stock in the same year, and may have to his credit £150 in the bank and £300 stock in the funds, and his annual income from the two amounts would thus be £12 15*s*. The question of allowing

larger sums to be deposited is one that has been much discussed, and naturally the bankers have always objected strongly to the competition of the state, with its tax-aided resources in case of need. The present system touches little, if any, business that would be profitable to bankers, even if it were likely to come to them; but an extension of the limit of deposits to even £50 in one year would be a very different matter, and would place a large and dangerous engine in the hands of the Government.

But to resume the provisions as to investment in the funds: Within seven days after the depositor has applied for a purchase of stock, he will receive an investment certificate of the stock purchased for him, and the current price of the stock, and the commission charged will be entered in his deposit-book. The price charged will be that given or obtained by the National Debt Commissioners on the day of purchase, or, if no such transaction occurs, it will be the price certified by the Bank of England as the price of stock on that day. The rates of commission charged for purchase include the cost of receiving the dividends afterward, and seem very moderate, viz.: 9*d.* for stock not exceeding £25; 1*s.* 3*d.* for stock from £25 to £50; 1*s.* 9*d.* from £50 to £75; and 2*s.* 3*d.* from £75 to £100. The commission on the sale of stock is the same, but as a depositor may own and wish to sell stock up to £300, the rates from £100 to £200 are fixed at 2*s.* 9*d.*, and from £200 to £300 at 3*s.* 3*d.* It is necessary to make the smaller sums pay a somewhat higher *ad valorem* rate, as these small transactions require the same formalities as the larger ones. The dividends on the stock are carried to the credit of the owner in his deposit-book once a year in the same way as interest on his savings. If, however, he wishes to have a separate control of the dividends and capital, he can apply to the central office for a "bank certificate," with dividend coupons attached, for £50, or any multiple of £50, and he will then draw the interest himself. The amount of the stock for which he takes a certificate is then deducted from the sum entered to his credit in the books of the department, and, in fact, passes out of the savings-bank control altogether; so that the depositor can again increase his purchase of stock through the savings-bank to the limit of £300 allowed by the act, provided his investment in any one year does not exceed £100, including what he bought before he had his stock written off. The fees for these stock and dividend certificates are the same as for selling stock, namely, 1*s.* 3*d.* for £50 and 2*s.* 3*d.* for £100; but, in addition, there is a small fee to the Bank of England, under the National Debt Act, 1870 (33 and 34 Vict., c. 71), which has to be paid by any owner of government funds who desires to take advantage of these coupon certificates. All these small fees are charged to the depositor's account, and entered in his book. The foregoing provisions as to investment in the funds apply also to depositors in trustees' savings-banks, who may now use their own bank as the intermediary for the purchase of stock, and a depositor who transfers his account from or to a post-office bank may transfer his investments also, without any expense to himself, by sending his investment certificate to the savings-bank to which his account is transferred.

Besides the extension of the government savings-bank system to investment in the funds, a plan has been introduced by Mr. Fawcett, the present Postmaster-General, for encouraging minor savings, by providing forms for fixing twelve penny postage-stamps, which will then be received at any post-office savings-bank as a deposit of one shilling for either a new account or an addition to an existing one. Objection to this was urged in some quarters, on the ground that it would encourage servants and employés to save their masters' or other people's stamps, and invest the proceeds for their own benefit; but the risk of temptation to pilfering was not considered likely to be serious, in view of the benefit to the masses by these facilities for small savings, and the experiment was tried for a few months in certain counties, and has now been extended to all parts of the Kingdom.

Lastly, I would mention that both life insurance and annuities have been granted at the post-office savings-banks since 1865, the limit on a life-insurance being between £20 and £100 on lives between sixteen and sixty; and, for immediate or deferred annuities, the maximum limit is £50 per annum. These branches of business have not, however, met with much favor, only eight thousand persons having purchased annuities to the annual value of £100,000; and the life insurances amount only to about £350,000, held by four thousand three hundred people. The competition of the many friendly societies has, doubtless, prevented a large expansion of this business.

JENNY LIND.

THERE has perhaps never been a time when questions of art—literary, pictorial, and musical—have been so much and so ably discussed as the present. One of these questions, however, has not been so exhaustively treated as many which, in my opinion, are of minor interest. Success, that magical word which opens vistas of glory and wealth to its numerous aspirants—success, and how it can best be obtained, is the subject with which I wish to couple the name of Jenny Lind.

How often have we heard remarks on the peculiar influence exercised by some artists, on the mysterious affinity between them and their audiences, who are attracted to them unconsciously, nay, sometimes unwillingly, by this magnetic power! The leaders of opinion, our art critics, whose aim ought to be to guide and to enlighten the public, too often treat this phenomenon as an unaccountable hallucination. Austere and disdainful, they will not admit that an electric spark produced by a word of a Talma or a Rachel, by a musical phrase of a Malibran or a Grisi, may cause a thousand hearts to vibrate with the same sensation. They accuse these entranced admirers of yielding to an infatuation which cannot be justified, and attribute to a system of puffing, to the clever meddling of managers, and to the intrigues of the artists themselves, triumphs which they condemn as unreal.

Would it not be better to approach and consider this remarkable fact from a higher point of view? Notwithstanding contrary assertions, the hidden causes of that singular effect might perhaps be explained and traced to a positive and solid basis. This I shall endeavor to do in connection with the success achieved by the celebrated artist who has filled the two hemispheres with the fame of her talent.

Jenny Lind was born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820. From her earliest infancy she showed a disposition of an extraordinary character for music. At the age of three her childish voice had not only acquired power and intonation, but a quality of tone and a sensibility which drew tears from her listeners. When only nine she was admitted by the director, Count Pulre, to the school of singing attached to the Court Theater. Without personal attractions, deprived even of the simple enjoyments of childhood, she sought and found in music a little world of her own, in which she could forget the entire absence of true motherly affection and the many other troubles of her dismal home. It is often seen that adversity and a lonely life develop the reflective powers and a spirit of observation. This was the case to a singular degree with the young Swedish vocalist.

She appeared repeatedly on the stage in the parts of little fairies—for instance, as one of the genii in Mozart's "Flauto Magico," and always to the delight of the Stockholm audience. In her twelfth year she almost lost her voice for a time, but nothing daunted by this *contretemps*, she devoted her energies to the theoretical and instrumental study of music. Her precocious aptitude awakened the attention of one of her professors, Herr Berg, a musician of more than average ability, who soon became so interested in his gifted pupil that he gave much of his time to her advancement, guiding her not only in her elementary lessons but gradually initiating her in the school of the best classical authors.

After an interval of four years, and at a moment's notice, she undertook, in a public concert, the music of *Alice* in the fourth act of "Robert le Diable," and, having recovered her wonderful high notes, sang the final trio with so much fire and expression as to take her audience by storm. Such a progress had been unexpected, but became still more surprising when, later on, she took up her abode with the family of the popular Swedish composer, Adolph Frederick Lindblad.

A clever musician, whose melodies have a charm of their own, impregnated, as it were, with the characteristic tenderness, nay, sadness, of Northern song, a friend of Mendelssohn, an enthusiast with a highly poetical mind, Lindblad could not fail to be attracted by this girl, so wayward, fitful, self-willed, but wonderfully endowed. He had never felt the value of his own compositions so much as when interpreted by the little Jenny. It is no wonder that, after some time, the impressions he received led to feelings of a different nature, and it can hardly be doubted that some of his most striking inspirations found their origin in his hopeless love. It was chiefly through his influence that she acquired a musical knowledge almost unparalleled. It would

not be an easy matter nowadays to discover a young lady of sixteen able to play and sing from memory, from the first to the last note, Gluck's "Armida," Spontini's "Vestale," Cherubini's "Deux Journées," Dalayrac's "Château de Montenero," besides the operas of Mozart and Weber, the oratorios of Haydn, and all the melodies of Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. It would be still more difficult to find an artist who could understand and enter into the spirit of these great masters, divine their intentions, preserve their local coloring, and appropriate their style. But it would be almost impossible to name a vocalist able to read at sight the most difficult compositions, to remember strains of irregular rhythm and perform them immediately as if she had herself created them.

Such, however, was Jenny Lind, and in this preparation, in this perseverance, in this early and undivided study, may be seen the germ of her subsequent prodigious popularity. Quite different this from the system now adopted of venturing on the first European stages after a few lessons from a renowned master, some drawing-room successes, and without even a sprinkling of the real acquirements which alone can justify a public career.

No wonder that curiosity should be aroused to see the young favorite in a prominent part, and that when she made her first appearance, as *Agatha*, in "Der Freischutz," in her eighteenth year, an overcrowded house, comprising the court and the *élite* of Swedish society, awaited her *début*. It was more than a common theatrical triumph which she achieved on that memorable evening—it was a revelation; and for years afterward she attracted crowds of enthusiastic admirers to the Royal Theater, of which she was the principal support. All the artists of the opera vied with one another to shower on their young colleague marks of affection such as are seldom, if ever, seen in similar establishments. It was natural that the gentlemen, beginning with Herr Günter, first tenor, should fall in love with little Jenny; but that the dethroned prima donnas should bear their defeat by a comparative beginner patiently and even cheerfully is an occurrence worth recording. Taking in turn the parts of *Euryanthe*, in Weber's opera of that name; of *Alice*, in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and of *Julia*, in Spontini's "La Vestale," she astonished, as much as she pleased, by giving a marked character and individuality to each rôle, which could hardly be expected of one so inexperienced in lyric dramas of the highest order. Her fame soon spread all over Germany and France, and numerous engagements were offered her from all parts; but she remained faithful to her own native country, maintaining her prestige in the theater uninterruptedly till the year 1841. It could not escape her perspicacity that to reach the summit of her art something more was wanted than the applause so liberally bestowed on her by those who, having watched her since her childhood, were naturally biased and predisposed in her favor. With the legitimate ambition which has always distinguished true genius, she threw over, at least *pro tem.*, her engagement in Stockholm, and, aided by the liberality of some of her Swedish friends, resolved on a still more serious and persevering study in the French capital. There, during nine months, as a pupil of Manuel Garcia, the renowned professor of singing, she worked hard to correct the defects of her voice, to acquire the true Italian style of vocalization, and to judge for herself of the merits of her contemporaries, and, later, rivals. Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, were then the leading stars of the Italian opera; Cinti Damoureau, Dorus-gras, Stoltz, Duprez, and Levasseur, of the French Académie de Musique. It is evident that with her keen judgment she could not fail to derive the greatest benefit from following all these artists in their varied and extensive *repertoires*, adopting their readings where she considered them superior to her original conception, or rejecting them when she felt that, though different, her own interpretation approached more nearly her ideal. She succeeded in making her naturally harsh and unbending organ supple and pliant. To acquire, by dint of unceasing study, the most perfect shake; to blend the different registers of her voice so skillfully as to conceal effectually any break; to execute passages and runs with a full, rich tone, instead of the thin, wiry quality which belongs generally to *bravura* singers; to be infallible in her intonation,—these were the great aims she accomplished.

Meyerbeer, who had already previously begun negotiations to secure her for the Royal Opera, at Berlin, after her Stockholm successes, sought her personal acquaintance in the French capital, and, struck with her attainments, so varied and so infinitely above the average, recommended her most warmly to the director of the Académie de Musique,

who, complying with the *maestro's* request, fixed a day for her *audition* at the theater. Some of the first living musicians, Rossini, Auber, Halevy, were summoned to hear and judge the "Swedish nightingale," but the director himself never made his appearance. The then reigning prima donna of that establishment, Mlle. Rosina Stoltz, whose influence was paramount, and who, besides his admiration for her talent, had inspired the director with a warmer feeling, had put her veto to his presence on the occasion. Thus, in spite of the sensation she created, not even an offer was made to Miss Lind. She was offended to the core by this gratuitous insult, and, notwithstanding invitations at once pressing and tempting, she never would accept an engagement in Paris. The composer of "The Huguenots" was even more indignant than she herself, and prevailed upon her to appear in a limited number of performances at the Royal Opera-House, in Berlin. To prepare for this task, she went for a month to the Prussian capital, in order to perfect herself in the German language.

After a short visit to Stockholm, her real period of glory began with her performance of "Norma," at the Royal Opera-House, Berlin, December 15, 1844. She positively fascinated everybody, nor was there any abatement of enthusiasm in her successive representations. Expectation was, however, raised still more when she was announced as the heroine in Meyerbeer's last and unpublished work, "Das Feldlager in Schlesien" (The Camp of Silesia), based on an incident in Prussian history. This work, the scene of which was transferred afterward by Scribe and Meyerbeer to Russia, has since become one of the most popular operas of these celebrated authors, under the name of "L'Etoile du Nord." The libretto, which in its first form was far from producing the excitement and interest which the experienced French playwright infused in it, would not have passed muster before the critical Berlin audience but for the newly discovered vocal star. The old Dessauer march and other national airs introduced failed to touch the popular vein, but Jenny Lind bravely bore the brunt of the battle, and issued a complete victor. The piece of all which led to almost frantic demonstrations was a trio for voice and two flutes, which, though since sung with equal perfection by Adelina Patti, carried then the honors of the day, and was considered as an almost unsurpassable vocal achievement.

As might be anticipated, nothing else was canvassed and discussed during that winter but the magic effect of the young artist. The directors and managers of the principal theaters in Europe were put on their mettle, but Miss Lind, who, like a musical Cæsar, might have said "*Veni, vidi, vici*," decided to follow an independent course—to go and sing where and when she liked, and not to be bound by a permanent engagement anywhere. In spite of the pressing solicitations of all classes, she never appeared again on the Berlin stage.

Thus, after the conclusion of her engagement, in April, 1845, she visited in turn Hamburg, Cologne, and Coblentz. At this latter place she sang on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to the King of Prussia at Stolzenfels, and during the time of the great Rhenish Festival. After concerts at Frankfurt and other German towns, with the same invariable result, she bent her steps northward, and received in Copenhagen and Stockholm renewed applause, subsequently making her *début* in Leipzig, December 6, 1845, under Mendelssohn's direction. It was a momentous event in the history of art. How Jenny Lind was received by the severe judges of the Gewandhaus concerts can be easily imagined, and the honors she gained there were, perhaps, the most gratifying of her career.

Mendelssohn, by whose family at Berlin she had already been received with unaffected and cordial friendship, became one of her most constant admirers. That this great tone-poet wrote the soprano part in "Elijah" for her, that had he accomplished his opera of "Loreley," he would have chosen her as representative of the heroine, are incontestable facts, and the best proof of the value he set upon her genius. How melancholy that this dream of his ambition should have been nipped in the bud by his premature death! Robert Schumann worshiped the rising star with equal fervor, and it may be fairly asserted that none of the melodies of either great master ever found a more worthy exponent than Jenny. With Clara Schumann she formed a friendship which has lasted uninterruptedly to this day.

Her *début* at Vienna was merely a repetition of the clamorous demonstrations of enthusiasm which greeted her everywhere, and, prompted by the desire of securing such a gem for the London public, Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theater, offered her an engagement for English opera on

terms only equaled by those formerly given to Malibran. Michael Balfe was to write a new work on purpose for her, and guarantees had been promised to surround her with the best available talent. After a long correspondence she accepted Mr. Bunn's proposal, much to the dismay of the *impresario* of Her Majesty's Theater, Mr. Lumley, and his aristocratic supporters. Every effort was made, by personal influence and by letter, to shake her determination not to break her contract for the English opera, and at last, finding a flaw in the agreement, after an endless litigation and a most amusing warfare in the English and foreign newspapers, she yielded to the entreaties of those who thought that her fit place was the stage of Her Majesty's Theater. With Lumley it was a vital question. His principal artists having fallen out with him, a formidable opposition had been organized by them at Covent Garden, with the name of Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Costa, that prince of conductors, whose banner was followed by the splendid orchestra and chorus formerly attached to Her Majesty's Theater. The lessee of the older establishment, being at his wit's end, felt that unless he could produce a startling novelty his prospects were worse than disheartening. His propositions to come to an amicable arrangement with Mr. Bunn having been rejected, he undertook to shield Miss Lind from any possible consequences arising from her altered determination.

Shortly after her arrival in London, the prohibitory injunction of Mr. Bunn against her appearance elsewhere than in his own theater was withdrawn, on payment of an indemnity of £2500. Meanwhile, the excitement of the public had reached a pitch unheard-of in theatrical annals, and long before the evening of her first performance, *Alice*, in "Robert le Diable," no places could be obtained anywhere. The ordeal to which the new-comer was to be subjected was by no means an easy one. Though Mr. Lumley's intention was to form a combination of artists worthy to support the rising star, he had but partially succeeded. Gardoni and Lablache were of course cordially accepted; Staudigl, a German basso with a voice of extraordinary power and extent, proved also a valuable acquisition, but Sanchioli, Montenegro, Fraschini, and Coletti failed to come up to the mark; orchestra and chorus, hastily put together, were wofully deficient when compared with the opposition, and the conductor, Mr. Balfe, had very often a Herculean task in keeping them together. On the other hand, the acknowledged and justly popular vocal celebrities Grisi, Persiani, Corbari, Alboni (no doubt the first contralto of her period), Mario, Salvi, Tamburini, Ronconi, Marini, Tagliafico, and Polonini, with all the secondary parts admirably filled, formed at Covent Garden a phalanx which seemed almost invincible. To their own attractions must be added the entire reconstruction of the theater, tastefully ornamented, and with a new stage of the largest dimensions. Against all these Miss Lind, unknown and an entire novice in the Italian language, had to contend almost single-handed.

At her *début*, no one of the *sommités sociales, litteraires*, or *artistiques* was absent. Mendelssohn, who had been engaged to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts in London, was one of the first to arrive. He watched the whole performance with the utmost attention and interest, and was as vociferous in his delight as the rest of the audience. The reception of the prima donna was altogether unprecedented. During the whole of that season her fame, which had spread like wildfire, was on the increase, and her personification of *Amina* in the "Sonnambula," of *Maria* in the "Figlia del Reggimento," of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, added fresh laurels to her already rich garland. A new attraction was promised in the shape of an opera written expressly by that already renowned young composer Guiseppe Verdi, who had chosen for his subject an adaptation of Shakspere's "King Lear," the part of the *King* to be allotted to Lablache, that of *Cordelia* to Jenny Lind. The time, however, being too short to complete this work, Verdi proposed another, just terminated, "I Masnadieri." Of this much was expected, but it fell flat, notwithstanding that the cast included, besides Jenny Lind, Gardoni, Lablache, and Coletti. The libretto, a feeble adaptation of Schiller's drama, "The Robbers," was partly answerable for this failure, but the music cannot be numbered amongst the happiest inspirations of the Italian *maestro*, and the popular idol in the part of *Amalia* felt ill at ease in the share allotted to her by the composer.

A whimsical circumstance quite marred what was to be one of the most striking scenes of the drama. *Old Moor*, who, like *King Lear*, has discarded his younger and devoted son for the elder, *Franz*, a demon

in human form, is punished for his credulity by being thrust into a dungeon by this villain, there to starve. *Carl*, the rejected son, who has become the chief of a band of outcasts, discovers the whereabouts of his unhappy father, whose prison-doors he forces open. The old man, on appearing on the stage, half crazy by his sufferings and famine, exclaims, "I am starving!" Now *père* Lablache, having the circumference of two *Falstaffs* rolled into one, looked anything but a picture of starvation, and when he made the piteous appeal, naturally set the whole house roaring.

Altogether "Norma" and this opera proved the only disappointments in an otherwise uninterrupted series of successes. The trial had been severe, but the goal had been won, and a more decisive victory than that of Jenny Lind was never known in the records of the Italian opera. A subsequent tour in the provinces under Mr. Lumley's auspices produced the most brilliant result in every respect, and the engagement was immediately renewed for the following year.

The death of Mendelssohn, November 4, 1847, affected Miss Lind deeply, and she took immediately the initiative in a movement whose object was to render a worthy tribute to his memory.

The season of 1848 introduced to the London audiences an artist of the highest merit, Mme. Pauline Viardot Garcia, at the Royal Italian Opera, and a rising talent of no mean order at Her Majesty's Theater, Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli. But, though received with the utmost favor, they did not dim the splendor of the Northern star, whose attractions seemed rather to increase than otherwise. Miss Lind now undertook the additional parts of *Elvira* in "I Puritani," and *Adina* in "L'Elisir d'Amore."

At the end of the operatic season she undertook another tour in the provinces with even greater *éclat*, if possible, than the first, giving on several occasions the aid of her talent at concerts for the furtherance of existing, and the establishment of new, charities, which produced the most satisfactory results.

The concert which had been resolved upon for the Mendelssohn memorial came off at Exeter Hall, December 15, 1848, under my direction. "Elijah" was the work chosen by her to do homage to her dear and lamented friend, and taken in all it was perhaps one of the most complete performances of this oratorio ever heard. Throwing into her part all her pathos and dramatic power, and being in several instances almost overcome by the depth of her feeling, she entranced the immense crowd filling every nook and corner of the hall, and at once established her superiority in this new branch of her art. The impression she created will never be forgotten. The receipts exceeded £1700, and led, with subsequent additions, to the foundation of a permanent scholarship, the first scholar elected, six years later, being the now celebrated English composer, Arthur Sullivan.

One might have anticipated that, reaching the climax of her career when just in the prime of womanhood, worshiped almost more than applauded, and having the world at her feet, she would for years to come continue to earn a rich harvest in every capital of Europe. But great and painful was the surprise when, at the end of that year, it was first whispered, and afterward positively announced, that she intended to retire absolutely and forever from the stage. It was only by the most urgent entreaties that she consented to give, in the early part of the season, 1849, a limited number of so-called "operatic concerts," and a very few representations of those works in which she had chiefly gained her laurels. The former, however, were stopped after only one attempt, as, for the first time, not even Jenny Lind's name could induce the public to patronize such a hybrid entertainment. Her last appearance on any stage took place May 18, 1849, in the very part in which she had created such a wonderful sensation at her *début* two years previously —*Alice*, in "Roberto." On that evening terminated her career in the lyric drama, and it may be as well to recapitulate what she achieved in that short period, to observe some of her characteristic features as compared with those of her contemporaries and rivals, and to explain the probable reasons which prompted her to take such a sudden resolution.

The principal cause of her retirement was the objection of a gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married—an engagement which was afterward broken off—to her further appearance on the stage, but other powerful grounds may have influenced her decision. Without for a moment disparaging the unexampled but, in many instances, deserved impression she produced, it cannot be denied that it was only in five parts she held an undisputed sway over her audiences. They are the often mentioned *Alice*, *Amina*, *Figlia*, *Lucia*, and *Elvira*—operas

in which the interest, from beginning to end, is centered in the prima donna. The characters, with the exception of *Lucia*, are those usually allotted to the more lyric than dramatic class. They all require emotional power, a great mastery over technical difficulties, and, generally, the perfect expression of genial and tender affections. They do not appeal, like *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Fides* in "The Prophet," *Valentin* in "The Huguenots," *Selika* in "The Africaine," or *Fidelio*, to the highest requirements of tragic personification, and, though the *repertoires* of our times have been so vastly extended, it would be difficult even now to point out compositions so entirely adapted to the style, method, and individuality of the Swedish songstress as these were. Of three works belonging to the heroic style,—Weber's "Euryanthe," Spontini's "Vestale," and Bellini's "Norma,"—only the last was included in her London *repertoire*. The omission of the two former, in which she made her mark both in Stockholm and Berlin, cannot be regretted enough.

Her sphere being thus limited, it was natural that she should hesitate before continuing her theatrical engagements, feeling, as she did, the immense responsibility of maintaining a position so exceptional, so glorious, but also so dangerous. Her conscientiousness as an artist, and the never-failing, sometimes superhuman, energy in the accomplishment of her task which threatened gradually to undermine her health, were other motives for her unexpected withdrawal not generally understood or appreciated. Her strength did not equal her ambition, which was almost as great as her talent. When on the stage, and in order that nothing should interfere with what she looked upon as her mission, she would give up all the pleasures of social intercourse, refusing invariably dinner or evening parties, and sacrificing the best years of her life to her feeling of duty. How often did she tell me that, knowing what the public had a right to expect from her, and being fully aware that any short-coming in her performances would destroy the prestige she had acquired after so many years of trial, she felt she could not continue the strain for any length of time without being crushed beneath the weight of the self-created difficulties of her position. The exacting demands of opera and concert goers had been so exceptionally raised, not only by her own merit but by the often injudicious eulogies in the organs of the press, that each of her new characters was looked forward to as a necessary improvement on all its predecessors. Unless the already over-anxious artist had thrown all her soul into her impersonation of new works, there would have been an outcry of a diminution of her efficiency. Such constant excitement was too much for her physical and moral strength, and thus her resolution to abandon the scene of her triumphs became almost a necessity.

There has always been a disposition to cry up by-gone times,—artists who had either retired from public life thirty or forty years before or had died,—to extol the qualities of a Catalani when hearing Pasta, of a Sontag when listening to Bosio, and, in fact, to find fault with everything new. Have we not heard in our times the bold assertion that none of the present stars could come up to Malibran or Grisi—that no tenor of our period could approach either Rubini or Braham? And, after all, is not this very natural? The impressions we receive in the effervescence of youth, when everything has a tinge of freshness, we like to hold fast to, to engrave them in our memory and to carry them to the autumn and winter of life. We do not want new idols to take the place of those we have worshiped so long, and we are even unwilling to acknowledge it, should we recognize their superiority. But there has doubtless been an immense increase of talent of the first class, and we must also not forget that the acquirements of a prima donna of 1881 not only include the masterpieces of the classical school, the florid style of the Rossinian epoch, Meyerbeer's grand and romantic lyric dramas, but Verdi's fiery and stirring compositions, Gounod's fascinating and poetical effusions, and Wagner's stupendous epics. She is expected to unite the highest declamatory power with a perfect command of the stage, extraordinary flights of vocalization having given place to simple phrases, strongly accentuated and requiring almost appalling vigor; moreover, instead of being accompanied by a string quartette, she has now to do battle with the whole and often overwhelming blast of the modern orchestra.

It is, therefore, not my purpose, nor, indeed, would it be possible within the limits of the present article, to assume the invidious task of establishing a comparison between Jenny Lind and the renowned vocalists of the present day. I will, however, select two of her contemporaries, and one of her immediate predecessors, who could

claim the name of rivals: Fanny Persiani, Giulia Grisi, and Maria Malibran.

Though the *Amina* of Malibran preceded that of Jenny Lind by almost eleven years, there was, at the same time, a striking similarity and diversity in their rendering of the part. Both were in the zenith of their glory, both in the full ripeness of their talent; a sad fate carried the gifted Spaniard to her grave at the age of twenty-eight, while the fair Swede voluntarily abandoned prospects of boundless fame and fortune when twenty-nine. Malibran was all impulse, never playing or singing the same part alike in two successive performances; at times sublime, at others hardly to be recognized; the spoiled child of the public, she very often, when inspired, touched the fibers of even the coldest spectators so as to move them to tears. Her acting in "La Sonnambula," when cruelly and unjustly accused by her lover, her broken accents, contrasted with an outburst of despair true and graphic as nature itself, was more than a triumph of art. You felt the warmth of the sunny South in every note. Then, again, when awakening from her state of somnambulism, she recognizes him whom she had given up as lost forever, her "*Ah m'abbraccia*" contained such a world of love and happiness that every eye was moist with emotion. Jenny Lind's assumption of the rôle was a perfect study from beginning to end. The delineation of the character such as she had felt it remained the same, nor did she ever swerve in her vocalization from what she considered the correct reading. When singing in her state of trance, the strange modulation of her voice, her apparent immobility whilst expressing her conflicting emotions in the most touching manner, were vastly superior to Malibran, but her articulation was more *lingua Toscana in bocca, Suedese* than *Romana*—her elaborate Scandinavian *cadenzas* jarred sometimes with the ideas, so true and passionate, of the Italian composer. In the very *finale*, where Malibran produced such a thrilling sensation by her strict adherence to the original, Jenny Lind destroyed the effect by doubling the part of the tenor in order to introduce a few high notes. These, however, were the only blots in a performance in every other respect faultless and irresistible.

With Giulia Grisi, the reigning favorite of Paris and London for more than five and twenty years, the contest of the "Swedish nightingale," limited to only two operas, "Norma" and "I Puritani," was arduous, and the issue undecided. Of Bellini's lyric tragedy there was perhaps never a better exponent than the beautiful daughter of Lieutenant Grisi, with her commanding, classical profile, her shapely head so well set on her magnificent shoulders, her mixture of pride, love, jealousy, and repentance. Having first sung the part of *Adalgisa* with Madame Pasta, the original representative of the haughty Druidess, she not only knew every note of Bellini's music, but, receiving from the composer himself invaluable hints as to his intentions, Grisi's name became as much identified with *Norma* as with *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Semiramide*. The withering scorn and irony and the outbursts of rage of *Norma* were never better understood than by the favorite of Rossini and Bellini, and from the beginning to the end of her career this part was always considered the culminating point of her greatness. Yet, with the exception of the first recitative, which Grisi had made her own, the grand *scena* of "Casta Diva" was infinitely superior as conceived and performed by Jenny Lind. In the last scene, also, *Norma's* farewell to *Pollione*, her appeal for mercy to *Oroveso*, the high priest, on revealing the terrible secret of the existence of her children, were sung and acted with a harrowing expression by which they carried everywhere the sympathies of the public, and, though a child of the cold North, she far distanced her Southern rival in warmth of feeling and poetical conception. It cannot, however, be denied that, though unsurpassed when expressing softer feelings, she lacked the weight and power requisite in this character, and was deficient also when expressing the conflict of her passions on discovering the infidelity of her lover, and when conceiving the resolution of sacrificing her children. In "Puritani," Bellini's last work, the honors were equally divided, although the part of *Elvira*, composed expressly for the beautiful Giulia, had hitherto been considered as her exclusive property. If Grisi won the victory in the first act, imparting to the popular "*Son vergine vezzosa*" all the buoyancy of youth and love, Jenny Lind triumphed in those inspirations of the second and third which are justly numbered amongst his happiest—the aria "*Qui la voce*" and the duet with *Arturo*. The dull and obscure libretto offered little scope for dramatic effect, but both the great artists lavished so generously all the treasures of their grace and perfect vocalization

on the music that ever since this opera has been one of the most attractive of the Italian *repertoire*.

The other prima donna at the rival establishment of Covent Garden, Fanny Persiani, was not favored by nature with an expressive face or regular features, her eyes and her long silky hair being the only redeeming points in her personal appearance. Her voice, though thin and sometimes shrill, had been cultivated not only by her father, the once celebrated tenor Tacchinardi, but by her husband, the *maestro* Guiseppe Persiani. To the latter, an experienced and clever musician, the young vocalist was indebted for a great deal of the tact and refinement she displayed in her personifications. The operas of "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" had been written expressly for her by Donizetti, her gentle manners and finished style fitting her remarkably well for the ill-fated bride of Edgar Ravenswood, while the archness and the mocking spirit assumed by the heroine of "The Love Spell" were equally attractive. Her vocalization in the most complicated *cadenzas* would have been as exceptional as surprising if her intonation had not become at times more than doubtful, not to say distressing. Her daring, however, was extraordinary, and she was able to execute shakes on the highest notes with a facility that astonished her hearers. And yet, notwithstanding the qualities enumerated, her hold on the masses was far below that of Jenny Lind. One could never help thinking, when dazzled by the glare of these vocal fire-works, how much time and labor they must have cost their frail exponent. How different from Jenny Lind! Having curbed her rebellious organ so as to modulate it to any degree of force or softness, giving the same difficult passages, not *mezza voce*, which was the wont of the Florentine prima donna, and which rendered her task so much easier, Miss Lind employed the fullness and richness of her vocal chords so efficiently that, instead of a thin, wiry thread, you admired in her scale-passages a string of pearls of equal value and exquisite purity.

In "L'Elisir," the balance between her and the pet of Her Majesty's turned rather in favor of the Italian artist, who, with her pure and clear Tuscan articulation, brought out all the point of Romani's poetry, and the coquettish, brilliant setting of the words by Donizetti. He had studied how to turn her unquestionable talent to advantage, and fitted her in the part of the fickle, wayward, yet not heartless girl to a nicety. Here Miss Lind, wanting occasionally that *vis comica* in which Madame Persiani excelled, labored under a disadvantage which all her art could not entirely remove. Not so in *Lucia*. Who, having seen Jenny Lind, can ever forget the expression of mental agony, the fixed looks of threatening insanity, the stifled voice of a heart rent in twain by despair and rising to an almost painful climax of hopeless passion, or her last scene, when in her madness she was recalling the vows of her lover and her own dream of happiness! Madame Persiani was correct and lady-like throughout the opera, giving a faithful outline of the heroine, but Miss Lind was the living picture of the hapless Lucy.

Where she stood, however, alone and unrivaled, and where the most difficult judge could hardly detect a flaw, was in the part of *Alice* and of the *Figlia*. The whole conception of the simple French peasant-girl, the guardian angel of the misguided *Robert*, was a histrionic and musical achievement such as has rarely been seen or heard. In another style, a similar praise must be awarded to the representation of the adopted daughter of the regiment. Every *nuance*, from mutinous archness to the most emphatic expression of grief; a variety of vocal effects —now an unassuming melody, now a dazzling display of *bravura*, combined in one part— left no room for criticism.

On renouncing the glories of the stage, Miss Lind had formed a project to devote herself henceforth entirely to a branch of the art hardly less important, but not exacting the same amount of self-abnegation, viz.: oratorio and concert singing. This decision was confirmed by an event which entirely changed her sphere of action, and led ultimately to her complete withdrawal from public life. The unexampled impression she had created in Europe had excited the greatest interest among lovers of music in the United States, and an indefatigable caterer for novelties of more than common attraction, Mr. P. T. Barnum, conceived the idea of tempting the young artist by a proposal—which thirty years ago seemed of almost gigantic dimensions—for a series of one hundred and fifty concerts. The conditions were one thousand dollars (more than two hundred pounds) for each concert, which was subsequently increased by one-half of all the sums exceeding the nightly receipt of five thousand five hundred dollars.

After a lengthened correspondence, the agreement to that effect was signed, and

Jenny Lind, accompanied by her friend and companion, Miss Ahmanzon, her secretary, Mr. Max Hjortsberg, Signor Giovanni Belletti (an excellent baritone who had already been singing with her at Stockholm and at Her Majesty's Theater), and myself, as conductor, started from Liverpool on August 21, 1850. The leave-taking on that morning was of the most imposing character. Though the departure was fixed for an early hour, the roadsteads, and every available spot whence a glance of the steamship *Atlantic* and its precious freight could be obtained, were filled with a vast multitude, who bid a hearty and touching farewell to their favorite queen of song.

The journey was one of the pleasantest imaginable, and friendships were formed on board, on the spur of the moment, with some charming American ladies, which predisposed Miss Lind in favor of the new country more than any description could have done. Mr. Barnum met us on our arrival at New York, September 1st, and nothing could exceed the completeness of the arrangements he had made with so much care and attention: an admirable orchestra, including the *élite* of the profession, had been secured, every comfort in the accommodation of the great artist and her party provided. September 10th, the day of the general rehearsal, almost equally momentous for her future in the States with her first performance, arrived. None but the staff of the principal newspapers, and those prominent by their musical or literary merit, or by their social position, were admitted in the vast area of Castle Garden, thus forming at once a most discriminating but not easily to be pleased public. After the overture to "Oberon," played with as much delicacy as power, and an *aria* from Rossini's "Maometto," sung to perfection by Signor Belletti, the diva stepped forward.

She was then in her thirtieth year, her features were irregular and could not be termed handsome, but her figure was well-proportioned and equally balanced between grace and dignity; in her eyes flashed the fire of genius, and when singing even the most difficult passages, there was a total absence of effort and of those distorting grimaces which so often impair the influence of the best vocal power. When thus inspired, her whole face lighted up and became perfectly beautiful. She was greeted with an immense outburst of applause. Silence being at last restored, she began the grand scene from Norma, "Casta Diva," commencing with the recitative "*Sediziose voci, voci di guerra*" (Seditious voices, voices of war). Scarcely had she uttered these words when the very warlike voices of a triple salute of guns shook the building and increased the already feverish excitement of the audience. She faltered and stopped, the orchestra became mute and motionless. The mystery, however, was soon solved. A new constellation had been added to the star-spangled banner—the admission of the State of California into the Union was being celebrated. This news was greeted with mingled cheering and merriment, and only after it had subsided the fair songstress resumed her task.

It was highly interesting to note first the breathless attention of this unique assembly, and then to follow the gradual phases of surprise, wonder, and delight created and developed by the magic of the singer's power. Not like many other celebrities on such occasions, who consider it *infra dig.* and not worth their while to employ more than half-steam when before a non-paying audience, Jenny Lind rehearsed as she always did, taking the matter seriously, working, as it were, with the orchestra, electrifying the musicians with her ardor, scattering the treasures of her voice, and identifying herself with the composer. And what a result! It was touching to see those severe judges carried away by their ecstasy at having their anticipations so far surpassed. From that moment if any doubts could have been entertained they vanished, and the first concert, given on the next evening, September 11th, and the unheard-of ovation offered to Jenny, were reported, on the morning of the 12th, in every daily newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the American continent.

To enumerate the details of one hundred concerts, given with unvarying success in different parts of the States, would exceed by far the limits of this paper, nor can I do more than glance at the various sensations experienced by us all in this surprising succession of new and wonderful cities, of fresh and eager audiences, contrasting with the so often used-up and *blasés* frequenters of European concert-rooms. With that beehive of the world, the home of all nationalities, New York, where thirty-five concerts scarcely satisfied the craving for the Swedish idol, how many ineffaceable recollections are connected! It was there the fact was recognized that the welcome given to the great artist was one of an entire people.

Nor was there a falling off in those other vast emporiums of civilization, commerce, and wealth—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, etc. Smaller towns, like Richmond, Charleston, Nashville, Pittsburgh, differed from the first named only in inverse ratio to their size, the attendance being even greater and the enthusiasm more marked. One single concert in Richmond, for example, brought the enormous sum of thirteen thousand dollars (twenty-six hundred pounds). That two concerts at the seat of Congress, Washington, should prove eminently satisfactory was not to be wondered at, considering that the President, the whole Senate and House of Representatives, and the *élite* of society were present; but that at Providence, with a population of only fifty thousand, six hundred and fifty dollars (one hundred and thirty pounds) should have been paid for one single ticket is perfectly amazing. It was only in tropical Havana that the warmth of the reception did not correspond with the heat of the outer atmosphere. There was even a decided opposition when Miss Lind appeared at the Tacon Theater, and for the first time in her career discordant sounds greeted her before she had sung a note. The Havanese, as a rule, did not care for concerts in any shape, and unjustly vented on the prima donna their displeasure at the high prices asked. This put her on the mettle, and throwing all her talent in the scale, she actually conquered her public *à la pointe de l'épée*. She resented, however, the gratuitous insult offered her, and though recalled five times and encored with acclamation, she calmly bowed, without complying with the tumultuous request for a repetition.

On returning to the States, the concert party, which, besides Signor Belletti, had included Mr. Richard Hoffmann (piano) and Burke (violin), was further strengthened by the engagement of Signor Salvi (tenor), and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the distinguished composer and pianist. Differences having arisen between the *impresario* and the prima donna, they separated amicably after a concert at Philadelphia on June 9th, the engagement originally entered into for a year thus terminating at the end of nine months. Miss Lind then gave a series of concerts on her own account in various towns of the State of New York, accompanied by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Signor Salvi, Mr. Burke, and myself. These in every respect exceeded by far all expectations. They were interrupted only by a short stay at Springfield and Northampton, Massachusetts, two of the most lovely spots on earth, where the great artist found some rest after her unceasing activity, and gathered new strength for the accomplishment of the tasks before her.

One by one those charming places, Hartford on the Connecticut River, Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, and Rochester, yielded their contingent of admiring crowds. A fortnight's delightful stay at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, preceded the last concert (at Buffalo) for which Signor Belletti and myself were engaged with Miss Lind, who passed the winter in the States, making a short artistic tour to Canada, and returning afterward to Boston.

The friendship between herself and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, based on mutual esteem, and which had existed for several years, having ripened to a deeper feeling, they were married in that city, February 5, 1852, and shortly afterward a brilliant farewell concert in New York terminated her professional career in America. Though urged over and over again by her transatlantic admirers to return to this field of her triumphs, she would not be prevailed upon to venture a second time on such a responsible undertaking.

Jenny Lind's influence on the progress of music in America cannot be estimated. True, there had been many vocalists of repute, amongst others the celebrated operatic company of the Havanese Theater, with Angiolina Bosio, Tedesco, Salvi, Badiali, and Marini, but their performances, though patronized to a certain degree by the upper ten, were marred by a very indifferent *mise en scéne*, and never did more than barely cover the expenses. Jenny Lind was the first who, in the prime of life, with the option of *carte blanche* for all the capitals of Europe, whether on the stage or in the concert-room, preferred the fresh and unspoiled public of a new and comparatively untried country to the tempting prospects held out nearer home.

The style of her singing, the variety of her repertoire,—from the simple Swedish ballad to the most elaborate Italian *bravura*,—attracted not merely the privileged few, but made her the idol of the masses. Stipulating for music of the highest class, imparting to her programmes an artistic interest by introducing not only vocal but instrumental features of an elevated order, she gave an impulse to art by her own example which was soon followed, extended, and is now brought

to such a point that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati can boast of operatic establishments equal, and, in many cases, superior, to those of Paris, London, Milan, Berlin, or Vienna, not to speak of the recent gigantic musical festivals of Philadelphia and Boston.

On returning to Europe, Madame Goldschmidt and her husband spent a few years in comparative retirement at Dresden, whence they returned to England in 1856, where they gave oratorios as well as miscellaneous concerts which, far from falling short of those on former occasions, exceeded them greatly. In the concert-room, whether in the classical masterpieces of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, or Mendelssohn, or in the lighter style of arias and songs, she always demanded of herself the highest standard of excellence. When assuming the first soprano part in "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," "The Requiem," the melodies of Schubert and Schumann, or her own national songs, the earnestness and zeal, the total abstraction from all that surrounded her, impressed and fascinated the hearers quite as much as her dramatic performances had done.

I remember that at a concert at Natchez, on the Mississippi, when the steamer stopped to take fuel, she sang before an audience of about a thousand persons, composed of a small number of planters and their families, the great bulk being colored people. There, as in another small place, Memphis, and at the unusual hour of eleven o'clock in the morning, she executed her solos with a finish and perfection which would have astonished the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theater, in London, or the Académie de Musique, in Paris. When I complimented her, and expressed my surprise that before so many who probably heard for the first time an artist of her renown, and would have been satisfied with even an ordinary performance, she should have taken so much pains to do her very best, she replied: "I value my art much too highly to degrade it even occasionally by any willful disregard of what I consider due to it."

Here, then, is, in my opinion, the secret of her wonderful success. It is just that conscientiousness, that reverential feeling, which prompted her always to inspire even those who knew hardly anything of music with her ardor and made them share her own emotion.

During her tour in England, Madame Goldschmidt's powers were unimpaired, and when, some years ago, she decided, with a few exceptions only, to retire from public life, regret was universal. Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt have since succeeded in founding the Bach Choir, and to them London is indebted for the masterly rendering of the formerly inaccessible, nay, almost unknown, stupendous creations of the giant, John Sebastian.

I have not alluded in this brief, and, as I am fully aware, most incomplete sketch, to the numberless acts of benevolence and generosity by which Madame Goldschmidt, during a long period, endowed not only her own Sweden but Great Britain and America with charitable institutions which will perpetuate her name, and I will not dilate on the qualities which distinguish her as wife, mother, and friend. One peculiar charm of her meteor-like dramatic career must not be lost sight of. Having retired so early in life, she is remembered, like Malibran, as ever young. But it is very much to be lamented that she did not turn her powerful influence to better account, particularly in America. There, where all the best materials abound, she might have laid the ground-work of a permanent school of music on the largest scale. What results might she not have achieved by taking the initiative and forming a college, uniting the greatest talent in Europe as a staff of professors!

I may, perhaps, on some future occasion, expand the idea of the model establishments I would propose for that fertile and, strange to say, almost unexplored soil of the great republic which, sooner or later, must distance old Europe in the fine arts as it does now in all the branches of scientific invention and commercial enterprise.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* VII.

A COSSACK. (BY PERMISSION OF CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A YEAR OF DIPLOMACY.—1707.

THE year 1707 was chiefly given up to diplomacy. Of such diplomacy there were two centers: one in Poland, where Peter as yet was weaving plots, and sending his agents to every court of Europe to obtain peace, to get allies, or to embroil his rival in future quarrels; the other in Saxony, where princes and embassadors were throng-

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ing for a sight of the victorious Charles, and were suing for his friendship, or endeavoring to appease his wrath. Not only the Protestants of Silesia, but Rákóczy and the rebels of Hungary and Transylvania, sought his assistance against Austria. Many Germans, on the other hand, including Leibnitz, either from a feeling of Protestant sympathy or from a real love of humanity and freedom, had convinced themselves that the government of Louis XIV. was a menace to civilization and to progress, and urged Charles to become the champion of religious freedom against France, as his predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus, had been against Austria. But the example of Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War was urged also by France. Louis XIV. proposed a French alliance, the junction of the armies of Charles and of Marshal Villars, and the subsequent partition of Germany. These views were skillfully urged by French envoys, and were supported by a lavish distribution of bribes and presents. All this, however, was without result. Charles remained firm in his resolution not to interfere, though serious misunderstandings arose between him and the Emperor, and all the resources of the allies had to be brought into play to avert the possibility of an attack on Vienna. The causes of dispute were not serious, but each of them excited the inflammable mind of Charles, and each confirmed him in his obstinacy. The weightiest of them were the attacks of the Imperial Government on the privileges confirmed to the Protestants by treaties, and the complaints of the Protestants of Silesia, to whom the King had rashly given his word on passing the Oder. The views of Charles on this subject were so strong that, at the end of 1706, a report was in circulation that he had determined to demand henceforth the election of a Protestant and a Catholic emperor alternately. The other difficulties were of a more trifling nature. Some Swedish recruiting sergeants had been mobbed in Breslau, and one had been killed. For this, Charles demanded satisfaction. The rich Austrian chamberlain, Count Zabor, had quarreled with Strahlenheim, the Swedish minister at Vienna, and had dared to express himself contemptuously of King Stanislas. Then there was a dispute about the secularized bishopric of Eutin, which was another phase of the quarrel between Holstein-Gottorp and Denmark; and, finally, the Austrians were accused of a breach of neutrality because they had assisted the Russians to escape after the battle of Fraustadt. Prussia, on Charles's demand, had punished Colonel Schlund for giving the Tsar advice on the improvement of his artillery, and had proscribed the theologian Dippel for a pamphlet criticising the Swedish decrees against the Pietists; but the Emperor could not bring himself to be thus submissive. The breach between him and Charles widened daily, and the French lost no opportunity of increasing it.

As an attack on Austria by Charles would have practically aided France, and would have necessitated the recall of the imperial troops, the Duke of Marlborough, who had already been successful as a negotiator, urged by the Elector of Hanover and others of the allies, went to Saxony with an autograph letter from Queen Anne —"not from her chancery, but from her heart,"—as she phrased it. Charles accepted Marlborough's compliments, but made none in reply. Neither made a favorable impression on the other, though Marlborough preferred Charles to Augustus or Stanislas, both of whom he had the fortune to meet. Marlborough made no formal propositions. He surveyed the ground, endeavored to ascertain the real feelings of the King, suggested to Piper the possibility of mediation in the case of the Eutin bishopric, proclaimed the warmest sympathy with the Protestants of Germany, and full agreement with the King on this point, but expressed the wish of his Queen that the claims of the Silesian Protestants against the Emperor should not be pressed until after the termination of the war with France, when both England and Holland would support them. Although the relations of King Charles to the Emperor gave the allies great anxiety during the whole of the summer, the vexatious questions were finally arranged. An indemnity was paid to the widow of the recruiting sergeant killed in Breslau; satisfaction was given for the conduct of Count Zabor; and the affair of the Eutin bishopric was settled by the Danish Prince Charles, who had been supported by Austria, giving up his claims in return for a pension from Holland and England. The Silesian business was more difficult. Charles would not desist from his demands; the Emperor refused to grant them; and England and Holland refused to guarantee the Peace of Altranstädt until Charles should become reconciled with the Emperor. Things went so far that the King, who had already prevented the Duke of Savoy from taking part

in the siege of Toulon by threatening to invade his dominions, finally said to Piper: "I have already, out of politeness, waited too long for the final explanation of the Emperor; therefore, I have resolved to march the day after to-morrow." Neither Piper nor Cederhjelm could move him, though they talked with him till midnight. Sleep brought other counsels, and the next day the King was more yielding. All sides took advantage of this disposition: the Austrians signed the conditions which Charles demanded for the Silesian Protestants; and England and Holland, in spite of the efforts of Russia, consented to guarantee the Peace of Altranstädt.

In December, 1706, Peter left St. Petersburg for Moscow, intending to keep the Christmas holidays there, as in former years. But at Narva he was met by a courier from Menshikóf with the news of the Treaty of Altranstädt and of the departure of Augustus for Saxony. Instead of going to Moscow, he went straight to Volynia, where his army was in winter quarters, and passed more than four months at Zolkiew, near Lemberg, "in order to keep on his side the Republic, which remained without a head, as the peace was made without its knowledge." Besides Menshikóf, he had with him there Sheremétief and Repnin, Prince Gregory Dolgorúky, and the hetman Mazeppa. Even his son, the Tsarévitch Alexis, then in his eighteenth year, came on from Moscow and staid till the middle of May. One of his most trusted advisers was wanting—Count* Theodore Golovín, who had died four months before, of fever, at Glukhof, while hastening from Moscow to meet the Tsar at Kíef. His body, which had been taken to Moscow, still lay unburied in the church, because Peter insisted on accompanying it to the grave. It was not until the beginning of March that, seeing no chance of his speedy return, the Tsar gave the order for the funeral. Golovín was one of the old adherents of Peter's family, who was loved not only as a friend, but trusted in the conduct of business. Enjoying the confidence of the Tsar Alexis, he had watched over Peter's boyhood until, in 1686, he was sent by Sophia on an important mission to Siberia, where, in 1689, he concluded the first treaty with China,—the unfortunate treaty of Nertchínsk,—of which we shall speak more at length in another place.

The title of admiral passed to Apráxin; the ministry of Foreign Affairs was intrusted to the chamberlain, Gabriel Ivánovitch Golófkin. Twelve years older than the Tsar, and connected with his family through the Naryshkins, Golófkin had passed his life in the intimacy of Peter, and had accompanied him in many of his expeditions. He had remained at Moscow during Peter's journey to the West, but had written him familiar and jesting letters. During the war, he had been charged with important duties, and had kept up his correspondence in the same vein, occasionally too coarse to translate. Golófkin soon received the title of count from the Emperor Joseph, which was subsequently confirmed by the Tsar, and after the battle of Poltáva he was created chancellor.

The most important man in the Foreign Office, however, was Peter Shapírof—a personage of a different sort. The son of a poor Polish Jew employed as a translator, he had been apprenticed to a tradesman, and had been found by Peter in one of his wanderings about Moscow. The Tsar was struck by his quickness and his knowledge of languages, took him into his service, and rapidly promoted him. Shapírof accompanied Peter in his journey abroad and during his earlier campaigns against the Swedes, was made privy secretary in 1704, became director of the Foreign Office in the autumn of 1706, was promoted to be vice-chancellor in 1709, and in the following year was created the first Russian baron. He occupies, henceforth, a prominent place in the history of Peter's reign.

A diet of the Confederates of Sandomir was in session at Lemberg, a dozen miles from the Tsar's head-quarters, but its members were too wavering in mind to know what to do. As Peter wrote to Apráxin: "Here everything is as new beer, and we don't yet know what it will be like."

Meanwhile, as the Tsar was left without allies, he resolved to ascertain whether Charles was ready for peace. Colonel Morel de Carrière, a French officer in the Russian service, was sent to Besenval, the French minister to the Swedish Court, with propositions, in Peter's own handwriting, of which the substance was that he would be ready to cede Dorpat; if this were not enough, he would pay a money compensation for Narva; or, if peace were impossible other-

* He was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Leopold, on November 16, 1701.

A COSSACK OF THE UKRAINE. (FROM L'ART, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.)

wise, he would yield Narva, but nothing more. The same propositions were made through the wife of the Crown hetman Sieniawski—a daughter of the Crown Marshal Lubomirski—to the Voievode Jablonowski, the uncle of King Stanislas, who had great influence at the Swedish head-quarters. The same offer was also made through Desailleure, the French minister, with Prince Rákóczy, and then a promise was made that the Russian troops would be put at the disposition of Louis XIV. in case his mediation were successful. These overtures were all fruitless. Charles put off Besenval under various pretexts before refusing outright. At first it was that the Tsar was not in earnest, or he would not excite Poland against Stanislas, and that he wished only to have the air of being inclined to peace. In June, Charles replied

to Besenval's persistent applications that he should not believe the Tsar until he had his propositions in writing, as he could not trust his word, and the title of Prince of Ingria given to Menshikóf showed that the Tsar had no thought of peace; when compensation was broached, he said that he would not bargain away his subjects for money. In August, he said that he could do nothing until he went back to Poland; that then would be time enough to give passes to the Tsar's plenipotentiaries. In October, when the Tsar offered to give up everything except Noteburg, St. Petersburg, and a narrow strip of land on each side of the Neva, Charles replied: "I will sacrifice the last Swedish soldier rather than cede Noteburg."

This was the last attempt of Peter, but others, like Piper and Stanislas, still tried to dissuade Charles from the invasion of Russia, and urged him to make peace, now that he was at the height of his fame. To Piper the King said that he knew with whom he had to deal, and that the moment he was back in Sweden the Tsar would overturn Stanislas, and put Augustus or Rákóczy on the throne of Poland. To others he said he was willing to make peace, but in "Saxon style." To Stanislas, who complained of the misery of his subjects, and almost regretted having accepted the crown, Charles said: "The Tsar is not yet humiliated enough to accept the conditions of peace which I intend to prescribe." Later in the autumn he replied to the renewed entreaties of Stanislas: "Poland will never have quiet as long as she has for a neighbor this unjust Tsar, who begins a war without any good cause for it. It will be needful first for me to march there and to depose him also." Charles talked of restoring the old order of things in Russia, of canceling the unpopular reforms, and of abolishing the regular army and bringing back the Streltsi; and so sure was he of success, that on taking leave of Stanislas, on the eve of the campaign, he said: "I hope Prince Sobieski will always remain faithful to us. Does Your Majesty not think that he would make an excellent Tsar of Russia?"

In seeking for aid and counsel, the Tsar naturally turned first to England. Already, in 1705, Whitworth, the English minister, on arriving in Moscow, had expressed the willingness of Queen Anne to mediate between Russia, Poland, and Sweden, but added that anything the Queen could do would depend entirely upon the attitude of the King of Sweden. For that reason he had on his way to Russia passed by Silesia and Danzig, and what he had seen and heard there had convinced him that King Charles was disinclined to peace; he therefore could make no definite proposition. At the end of 1706, Matvéief, the Russian minister in Holland, was ordered to go to London, "as this was now the main stronghold of the grand alliance." He was instructed to say that if the promise of the Queen, given through Whitworth, should be carried out, the Tsar, out of gratitude, would be ready to join in the grand alliance against France; and that even if the Swedes were unwilling to come to terms, the united powers could put down both France and Sweden. The Tsar left the terms of peace entirely to the Queen, with the sole condition that he should not be obliged to give up those hereditary possessions which he had reconquered, though he would make great concessions on other points. Matvéief was ordered to lay stress upon the advantages to England of a Russian alliance and of a Russian port in the Baltic, since Russian goods, and especially naval stores and materials, could easily be brought to England several times a year, and to express the willingness of the Tsar to sign a commercial treaty. To one paragraph, that if necessary he might assure the English Government that Russia had no intention of having a large fleet of war vessels on the Baltic, the Tsar made an autograph note: "This is very well, but it would be better not to mention prematurely the number of vessels." Should negotiations be likely to fail, he was to seek for means to influence Marlborough, Godolphin, and the Secretary of State for the Northern Department, and could even promise them large presents, but he was to act cautiously and economically in this respect. Here Peter added another note: "I do not think that Marlborough can be bought, because he is so enormously rich. However, you can promise him about two hundred thousand, or more."

Matvéief arrived in London in May, 1707, and was at first pleased with the agreeable manner of the English officials, but he speedily encountered difficulties. Some of these arose from the constitution of England, and Matvéief had trouble in explaining to his superiors the differences between Whigs and Tories, between the partisans of the Queen and those of Hanover. He was especially annoyed that the

merchants, in spite of their advantageous trade with Russia, were unwilling by their representations to help on his demands. He made a journey to Windsor expressly to expedite his negotiations, but the only answer was that there was no time to consider his propositions. Finally, Harley, in a friendly conversation, explained to him that discussion was postponed because the Queen, in the present circumstances, did not wish to quarrel with Russia, with which it had an advantageous trade, nor with Sweden, since King Charles had declared that he would do nothing against Austria. As Matvéief could not be kept much longer without a formal answer of some sort, Queen Anne gave him an audience in September, and said that she was ready to make an alliance with the Tsar; and at the end of the month Harley called on him and talked over the terms of the answer of the Queen to the Tsar. In this letter, the Queen said that she waited only for the consent of Holland to state on what terms the alliance could be made, and that she was then ready to make a special commercial treaty. Harley confided to Matvéief, in the greatest secrecy, that the English Government had promised money to the Swedish ministers to save Patkul from execution; "but," he added, "that is a private affair; publicly, the Queen cannot interfere, but still I think Patkul's life will be saved." Marlborough wrote to Matvéief that he was using all his influence in Holland to persuade the States-General to agree to the entrance of Russia in the grand alliance, but Matvéief did not trust much to these assurances, and wrote to Van der Burg, his agent at The Hague, to find out whether Marlborough was acting according to his promises, or whether he had "honey on his tongue and gall in his heart." Two months passed without answer from Holland, and the English ministers said they must wait till Marlborough returned. "The ministry here," wrote Matvéief to Golófkin, "is more subtle than the French even in *finesse* and intrigue; their smooth and profitless speeches bring us nothing but loss of time." Marlborough came to London about the middle of November, visited Matvéief the next evening, and talked a long time with him alone. He recounted in detail his efforts in Holland, but brought up many difficulties. Matvéief finally asked the Duke to say plainly, as an honest man, without sweet promises, whether the Tsar could hope for anything or not. Marlborough, in reply, was profuse in professions and promises, and with these Matvéief had to be content.*

Huyssen, Peter's secret agent, had some relations with Marlborough on the Continent, and, according to his report, the Duke declared that he would be ready to coöperate with the Tsar, provided he were given a principality in Russia. When Golófkin referred this to Peter, he replied: "Answer Huyssen that if Marlborough wishes a Russian principality he can promise him one of three, whichever he wishes,—Kíef, Vladímir, or Siberia;—and he can promise him also that, if he persuades the Queen to make a good peace for us with the Swedes, he shall receive, as the revenues of his principality, fifty thousand ducats for every year of his life, in addition to the Order of St. Andrew, and a ruby as large as any in Europe." The negotiations with Marlborough did not proceed further. No mediation was possible so long as Peter refused to give up St. Petersburg, and Charles refused to make peace without it.

Reference has been made to the offers for the intervention of Louis XIV. In Prussia, Izmaílof made equally fruitless efforts for mediation, or at least for a declaration of neutrality, and promised Count Wartenberg one hundred thousand ducats for his effective assistance. Dorpat and Narva were offered to Denmark as an inducement to declare war once more against Sweden.

At the end of February, 1707, the Polish Diet at Lemberg sent a deputation to the Tsar with the demand that those parts of the Ukraine west of the Dnieper—the district of Biela-Tserkof—which had been seized upon by the Cossack Paléi, should be at once restored to the Republic. They complained of the great distress which they still suffered in consequence of the necessity of providing the Russian army with provisions and forage, and of the unlawful exactions of

* Matvéief appears to have had some talk with Marlborough even before proceeding to London; for Marlborough, in a letter to Godolphin, dated The Hague, April $\frac{3}{14}$, 1707, says: "The embassador of Muscovy has been with me, and made many expressions of the great esteem his master has for Her Majesty; that he would do everything to merit her friendship; and, as a mark of it, he had resolved to send his only son into England; but he desired nobody but the Queen might know it, since he must pass *incognito* through several countries. He is also very desirous of the honor, as he calls it, of the Queen's appointing him a house. As it can be of no precedent to any country but their own, and as the expense is so very inconsiderable, I hope Her Majesty will do it; for *it is certain you will not be able to gratify him in any part of his negotiation.*"

the officers, alleging that they were better off during the Swedish occupation, when things taken were more promptly paid for; they complained that instead of twelve thousand Russian troops, as agreed to, they were compelled to support many more, and threatened that, unless some allowance were made, they would give no provisions during the six summer months. They demanded also the immediate payment of two hundred thousand rubles, according to treaty. Golófkin, who had charge of this negotiation, replied that forty thousand rubles had already been given to the Crown army, and thirty thousand rubles to the Lithuanian army; that there had been no agreement to pay in advance, and that nothing was due for the previous year, because the requisite number of Polish troops had not been put in the field. The Poles proposed to give up the claim for money if they should be relieved from supplying the troops, but this the Tsar considered impossible, and agreed to pay immediately fifty thousand rubles; but he refused to pay damages for illegal acts committed by marauders, although he gave strict orders for the maintenance of discipline, and appointed General Bruce to act with a Polish commissary in investigating complaints and punishing offenders. Fifty thousand rubles had been promised to the Poles, but it was not possible at that time to raise more than twenty thousand. The Poles would not consent to take less than half, and continued to press for the surrender of Biela-Tserkof, in the Polish Ukraine. It was impossible to give them back the Ukraine at the risk of sowing discontent among the Cossacks, when Charles XII. was again expected in Poland, and yet it was impolitic to alienate them, and, by a direct refusal, perhaps send them over to the party of Stanislas. It was necessary to temporize, and in spite of his recent disgrace and punishment, the veteran Ukraíntsef was named Commissary to the Diet. His great experience in Polish affairs, and his diplomatic skill, combined with a judicious distribution of money, brought the Diet to accept the twenty thousand rubles, and to be satisfied with the promise of the Ukraine. "All here have now become merry," wrote Ukraíntsef to Golófkin, "and feast and make good cheer, hearing that the enemy, with all his forces, is going against us by the way of Lithuania, for they think that Stanislas Leszczynski will stick to him. The hetman Sieniawski was very sad for a week over the capture of his wife by the enemy, but since he has come to Lemberg he is comforted again, and scarcely a day passes that he is not at a banquet."

The Tsar was not satisfied with this neutral position of the Polish magnates, and felt it necessary to weaken the influence of Stanislas. In pursuance of this aim, he sent a special mission to Rome, in order, if possible, to persuade the Pope to refuse recognition to the Swedish puppet. He chose for this mission a man who subsequently attained distinction as a diplomatist, Prince Boris Kurákin, his friend and comrade from boyhood,* who had studied at Venice, and had already visited Rome. This step had been suggested more than a year before, both by leading Poles and by the Catholic clergy. The Tsar had atoned for the unfortunate affray in the Basilian monastery at Polótsk by expressions and acts of sincere repentance, by the immunities accorded to the Uniates during the war, and by the privileges granted to Catholics and Catholic missionaries in Russia. The reverential curiosity which he had shown in his visits to Jesuit colleges, and his attendance with his son at the consecration of the Bishop of Kuiavia, disposed in his favor those enthusiasts who were ready to see in all this symptoms of a desire to unite the two churches. Prince Kurákin was well received at Rome; attention was given to his arguments as to the danger to Catholicism of allowing Swedish Protestant influence to become predominant in Poland; and Pope Clement XI., through Cardinal Paulucci, promised that he would not recognize Stanislas as king until he had been so recognized by the whole of Poland.

To bring order into Polish affairs, the Tsar considered it indispensable to provide another king in place of Augustus, who could now have no claims either on the loyalty of the Poles or the support of Russia. Both in Moscow and in Vienna, it was said that Menshikóf was intriguing for the Polish crown, and the arrival of the Tsarévitch Alexis gave some color to the rumor that Peter designed to place his son on the vacant throne. The Polish magnates had their dreams of gaining the honor which Charles had conferred on Stanislas. From Peter's point of view, it was necessary to have some strong and able man, who could lead armies as well as rule men, and his choice fell first on Prince Eugene of Savoy,

* Prince Kurákin had married the sister of the Tsaritsa Eudoxia.

then at the height of his reputation. In order to get the consent of the Emperor, in whose service Prince Eugene then was, he decided on sending a solemn embassy to Vienna, and placed at the head of it Prince Boris Prozorófsky, a member of one of the oldest Russian families, but better known by his escape from the massacre at Astrakhán, after Stenka Rázin had hanged him by his feet to the city wall for a whole night. Prozorófsky arrived, with a suite of two hundred men, but the order for his departure never came. The difficulty was this: It was impossible to choose a king before the throne was formally declared vacant, and the Diet hesitated to proclaim the interregnum, as no official notification had been received of the abdication of Augustus. It was not until April that Peter could bring them to agree on this. He wrote to Menshikóf from Lemberg: "It was hardly possible to manage affairs with these rascals so as to bring them to sign and confirm all the treaties and issue universals." The embassy of Prozorófsky was given up, and the Tsar sent instead a letter to the Emperor,* in which he bitterly complained of the cowardice and faithlessness of King Augustus, especially of his shameful surrender of Patkul. Urbich, in presenting this letter, set forth the Tsar's desire to enter the grand alliance, his willingness to give some of his troops for service against the rebels in Hungary, and his intention of procuring the election of Prince Eugene as king of Poland. Negotiations were carried on cautiously, but the secret got out, and with his congratulations Count Wratislaw was able to send to the prince some effusions of the rhymesters of the day. Prince Eugene was in Milan, preparing to go to the siege of Toulon, when he received the proposition. Thanking the Tsar for the flattering honor, he said that his acceptance must depend upon the permission of his sovereign, and wrote to the Emperor Joseph that, in accordance with the principles of strict obedience which had governed him for the twenty years he had been in the imperial service, he left the matter entirely in his hands, without any feelings of vain ambition. Although the Emperor could see advantages to himself in the project, yet he did not dare further to offend Charles XII., who had so taken to heart the success of Stanislas, especially as his troops were scattered on the Rhine, in Italy, and in Hungary. A polite but evasive answer was therefore returned to all the Russian propositions; it was said that, as the services of Prince Eugene were indispensable during the campaign just beginning, nothing could be decided definitely before the next winter.

Even before receiving the Emperor's reply, however, Peter, who already knew of what was practically the refusal of Prince Eugene, had proposed the Polish crown to Prince Jacob Sobieski. This plan originated with Szaniawski, Bishop of Kuiavia, who suggested to Prince Gregory Dolgorúky that, if the Tsar would take Sobieski under his protection, he would find in him a true ally and a mortal enemy to both Stanislas and Augustus, and gave him the conditions on which, he said, the prince would accept. Peter replied favorably to Dolgorúky, and on the next day, June 7, wrote to Prince Sobieski inclosing formal proposals. The bishop had apparently made the proposition on his own responsibility, to thwart the ambitious plans of the hetman Sieniawski, since Sobieski, grateful to Charles XII. for releasing him from his Saxon prison, had declared to Stanislas in the previous December that he had never had any pretensions to the Polish throne, and that if fate had given him the disposal of it, he could have offered it to no one but its present worthy possessor.

When the Tsar found that he could obtain no support at Vienna, he felt no hesitation in turning to Rákóczy and the Hungarian insurgents, against whom he had just offered the use of his troops. That proposition had been refused because some of the Austrian statesmen had feared "lest the Tsar might establish himself in Hungary, with the aid of the Serbian inhabitants of the Greek faith." Peter had already begun to interest himself in the Eastern Christians, was in correspondence with the boyárs and nobles of Moldavia and Wallachia, and had received envoys from the Austrian Serbs—those very men of whom Rákóczy wrote: "They look on the Russians as on the Messiah who will come to deliver them." Although aided by French money, French officers, and French influence, Francis Rákóczy was by no means a French puppet. He had ancestral claims, for his father and grandfather were princes of Transylvania, and his mother was the heroic Helen Zriny, the widow of Tekely. He had married a princess of Hesse-Rheins-

* Similar letters were sent to England and Holland.

feld. He was brave and popular; the revolution was general; he had been proclaimed Voievode of Transylvania and chief of the Hungarian nation; he had organized a government which ruled the greater part of the countries belonging to the crown of St. Stephen, and a diet had voted the deposition of Joseph as king of Hungary. When approached by the Russian agents, Rákóczy at first held off and hesitated. He was supported by France, and France was friendly to Sweden, and he had to find out how an alliance with Russia would be considered at Versailles. Finally, he yielded to what he called "the threats of the Tsar," and in August sent an embassy to Peter. His envoys, at the head of whom was Bereseny, and among whom was an Andrassy, first offered the crown of Hungary to the Tsarévitch Alexis, but the Tsar refused it. After some negotiation, in the name of Rákóczy and of the kingdom of Hungary, they concluded a treaty at Warsaw September 15th. By this instrument, Rákóczy accepted the crown of Poland in case of his election, but it was agreed that if the Swedes should invade Poland, the election should be postponed for four months, in order to allow France and Bavaria to mediate between Russia and Sweden. After that time, without further delay, Rákóczy was to be declared king, and the Tsar was to publish his alliance with Hungary. In Peter's absence Rákóczy was to command the allied forces, and in case of disaster, and the loss of the Polish throne, he was to be given a refuge in Russia. The liberties of Hungary and Transylvania were to be secured, free trade was to be established between those countries and Russia, and the two parties were to maintain residents at each other's courts.

Many Poles were unfavorable to this project, and the invasion of Russia by the Swedes prevented any attempt to carry it out.

THRENODY.

Oh, sweet are the scents and songs of spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds, that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook trolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved ones who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind:
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.

And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Prophecy and Science.

PROFESSOR SEELEY, in an essay entitled "Political Somnambulism," published in "Macmillan's Magazine" not long before the death of Carlyle, deprecates the writing of history by "purely literary men," —notably by such men as Macaulay and Carlyle; but of Carlyle he says: "I admire as much as others this striking re-appearance of the Hebrew prophet in the modern world. No mere echo or literary imitation of Hebrew prophecy, but the thing itself: the faculty of seeing moral evils which others are too drowsy to see, and of seeing them as distinctly as if they were material objects, the sublime impatience, the overwhelming denunciation: in fact, ancient prophecy revived and effective as of old: this is what I see in his best writings,—in 'Past and Present,' and some of the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets.'"

It has long been customary to speak of Carlyle as a seer, or prophet, but this view of him is particularly interesting, occurring, as it does, in an essay conceived in the scientific spirit, and containing little of the sentimental, unless the passage we quote be considered sentimental, and unless we take into account a suspicion of an underlying tendency toward conservatism. We wish Professor Seeley had explained more fully what he means by the term "prophet." If a true Biblical prophet has died and left no one of equal gifts among the sons of men, this is a vital matter, and one that men of science, as well as preachers of religion, may well inquire into. The explanation that Carlyle himself has given of prophecy in his book "On Heroes," is to the point; but until Carlyle's right to testify has been established, his testimony, of course, cannot be accepted. It is a matter of interest and importance to know whether science acknowledges that there is any such thing as prophecy at all, in the sense either of the Bible or of Carlyle's "Heroes." It is to be hoped that still more pronounced apostles of the new philosophy than the author of "Political Somnambulism" will give their views on a question which involves, to such large extent, the welfare and happiness of the race. Men of science should bring to bear upon a question as momentous as this all the new light which the world supposes them to possess. Some of the most "advanced" and eminent among them have taken pains to turn aside from severer employment to pay their compliments to the gift and office of imagination. Would these men in any way distinguish seership and prophecy from imagination, or grant to adepts in the former the dignity and the usefulness so freely accorded to poets and artists of every kind?

The world has always believed that there were men of special gifts of insight; men of so-called spiritual perception; men who see truth, who "see God." In that poem of Bryant in which he wishes to set forth the general hope of humanity in a life beyond the grave, his only argument is an appeal to the testimony of "the wise and good." The appeal of mankind, on all spiritual questions, has always been to its seers, its prophets.

Yet, with the unveiling of superstitions in modern times, and with the growth of the so-called "scientific spirit," it is notorious that faith in theological systems has greatly weakened,—as well as faith in "inspiration" and "revelation." The world, at the same time, is becoming daily more accustomed to look to, and to confide in, "experts" in every branch of investigation. The question arises whether minds imbued with the scientific spirit can have any confidence in the testimony of what may be called spiritual experts; or will such minds rest satisfied when they have merely explained the means which have produced an Isaiah, a Newman, or a Carlyle. We wish to know what the prophet means after he has been produced; and what credence is to be given to his prophecy.

Science, it may be, will pronounce the prophecy vague and uncertain, sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. It will say: If the prophet really and clearly *sees*, why is not his utterance more exact and comprehensible? He prophesies of Truth, but what is Truth? of the Soul, but what is the Soul? of God, but what is God? But in dealing with "the spirit of prophecy," science must be no less fair

than in dealing, let us say, with "the spirit of art." There is in the form of the "Theseus" of Phidias, or the marble "Dawn" of Michael Angelo, an artistic spirit and force as real and lasting as the substance of a planet. We say that "the whole world" feels the force of such gigantic works of art; but in reality the world depends upon what may well be called its art-prophets to point out their supersensual qualities, their artistic value and preëminence. If the critical estimate of a marble were to be fixed by the popular vote, without the guidance of special minds of peculiar sensibility and training, it is more than likely that the greatest works of art would be quickly dethroned. Yet if a skeptic stands before some Greek masterpiece,—one who does not recognize its beauty, its informing spirit,—Michael Angelo himself will fail to be explicit or convincing; he can deal only in what to the skeptical, that is, the scientific mind, will be regarded as vague and egotistic assertion.

In these days of confusion of doctrine and lessening of faith, many are turning for something stable and indisputable, not to science, but to art. The infinite and the divine, though inexplicable as terms, are as real to the human mind as water and air are to the human body; and in the pursuit or the appreciation of art the craving of humanity for these is, at least partly, satisfied. Science, hitherto, has not pointed the finger of scorn at the refugees from the Church to Art; it may be said that it looks with complacency upon one worship, but withdraws its sympathy from the other. It requires from religion a scientific account of itself, yet puts no such burden of exact definition upon art. The infinities of art it does not profess to comprehend, yet it does not ask of them scientific demonstration and analysis. The infinities of religion are no less beyond its comprehension,—but here its demands are strict.

But what if it should finally appear (as many believe) that the inexorable questionings and tests of science are leading by slow and painful steps to a more vivid realization than the world has for centuries possessed of things spiritual, infinite, eternal, and divine!

The Influence of Congress.

THE question as to whether the resolution of sympathy with Ireland, adopted by the House of Representatives of the United States, should have been adopted at all, is one which has been fully discussed, and with a great deal of common sense, in American newspapers. It was, of course, nothing more than an appeal by politicians to the voters of that "Irish nation in America" to which Mr. Parnell referred in a recent manifesto. It came with a particularly bad grace from a Congress which for some time past had been shaking the "Monroe doctrine" menacingly in the faces of the enterprising capitalists of the Old World, and was meant to be a kind of interference with our neighbors such as these same politicians would themselves be the quickest to resent. The newspaper criticism which the action of the House called forth was nearly contemporaneous with the newspaper replies to an accusation, from an English journal, of the selfishness of the American policy of non-intervention. The discussion of these incidents proves that public opinion in this country is firm as to the wisdom of our adherence to the non-intervention policy, in the very interests of that cause of freedom of which we claim to be the champions. The House of Representatives has passed no vote of sympathy with the Norwegian patriots, nor is it proposed that American men-of-war should be sent into Scandinavian waters in the event of "Norway's Constitutional Struggle" becoming an appeal to arms. Yet the patriot Björnson declares* that they should not have had the present struggle at all if America's free constitution had not been given them as a pattern in 1814, "if the glorious development of America under this, her constitutional ægis, had not given the Norseman the initiative, * * * and if the great emigration from Norway had not in many ways maintained a steady aggressive propagation of republican rules and ideas."

But leaving one side the question of propriety, it is a fact worthy of thought that the popular branch of the legislature of a nation possessing such enormous physical and moral force as the United States should express its opinion with regard to affairs in Ireland with so little effect. The passage of a similar resolution of sympathy by a branch of the legislature of any first-class European power would have been considered an event of serious importance; but it is perfectly well understood at home, and pretty well understood abroad, that the American "resolution" amounted to nothing; that it was a piece of harmless buncombe; that it was not an affair of responsible government, but simply a sort of electioneering document sent out by an assembly of second-rate politicians. There was some astonishment in England when on a former occasion the House of Representatives ostentatiously offered its hospitalities to a partisan leader, under circumstances which might fairly imply unfriendliness toward the British Government; but the authorities were well enough informed not to lay undue stress upon the occurrence, and the prompt and vigorously expressed disapproval, on the part of American newspapers, of Mr. Parnell's subsequent unseemly personalities and dubious tactics,—accompanied as this disapproval was by the most generous and practical sympathy for the suffering poor of Ireland,—soon made the English people understand the true relation of Congress to public opinion and executive action.

And yet when, later, Mr. Raymond played *Col. Sellers* in London, the joke of the farce most successful in America was the one that fell flattest upon a cockney audience. To resent an accusation of a desire to become a member of Parliament would not be considered amusing in England; why, then, should a similar thing be ludicrous when the scene is shifted to America? The mass of the English people are, no doubt, aware that Congress is not a body very greatly revered at home, yet they do not

* In SCRIBNER for February, 1881.

know just how low it has fallen in the estimation of thinking men in our own country, and of the instructed in other countries. They do not know that there is uneasiness in the community so long as it is in session, and a feeling of relief when it adjourns; and that, though what it *does* is a matter of importance, what it *says* is of so little consequence that the daily papers of New York, "the most enterprising in the world," find it worth while, except on rare occasions, to print only the thinnest reports of its debates.

The Congress of the United States is, then, a body possessing a great deal of power, but very little influence. While, in the matter of manners, it is probably more comely than it has been for a long time past, and while there are members of both Houses not lacking in education and native force, still he who mourns the dearth of "great men" cannot be justly accused of croaking. The men who unite a good equipment with commanding abilities and a zeal for public affairs have pretty nearly disappeared from view. The exceptions are few, and not very conspicuous. Nearly all the zeal that comes to the surface nowadays is expended in partisan industries. If a prominent senator or representative does make "a superb effort" on some occasion where a question is mooted of importance to the whole country, the public are apt to look upon the demonstration as a diversion from the usual course of his thoughts and energies; whether justly so or not, they suspect behind what is apparent some motive of thrifty friendliness or of personal political gain.

It is something of a pleasure to turn from the reports of Congressional speeches to those of such a gathering as was held lately in New York to do honor to a citizen whose individual efforts, it appears, were the chief element in deciding the destinies of fifty millions of people at the epoch of our recent general election. "The Greatest Captain of his Age" presided on this august occasion; the pulpit, the bar, and the press were ably represented. The occasion was none the less remarkable—let us add, none the less instructive—because the decisive efforts commemorated had not been made on the floor of Congress, nor on the platform, nor in the press. Mr. S. W. Dorsey had not come before the country with any new arguments, nor old ones expressed with unusual eloquence. His "achievements," described by Mr. Beecher as "little less than sublime," consisted in going down to Indiana (with a good deal of money about him, as Mr. Arthur hinted) and running the Republican campaign, thereby bringing about "the redemption of that State,"—thereby changing "the aspect of this whole continent for the next ten or fifteen years." But the interesting point in the report of this dinner was the fact that here our public men, ex-senators and others, were speaking from intimate knowledge and with full hearts. Here was shown familiarity with the subject, absorbing interest therein, and unfeigned enthusiasm. The newly elected Vice-President of the United States,—a gentleman long known to the political world, though not as yet favorably identified with any public measures of consequence,—though speaking with humorous evasions, revealed an esoteric knowledge of the machinery of politics which doubtless stood him in good stead during that perilous time when Mr. Dorsey was absent in Indiana. His speech was admirable of its kind, and, we should say, showed him to be a man of parts.

Mr. Arthur very possibly *is* a man of parts. His letter of acceptance was, certainly, better reading than Mr. Garfield's happened to be. It remains to be fully proved, however, just how much there is in such politicians as Mr. Arthur and Mr. Conkling; after all, they have not had "half a chance." What the country needs is that men of their caliber should be relieved as much as possible from the minute and ignoble details of partisan politics. As things now are, these are the main concern of public men. As a rule, the member of Congress is either a "boss" himself or the tool of a "boss." Some of the early American statesmen, doubtless, were not any too squeamish in their political maneuverings; but the duties of a manager in those days were child's-play compared with what is now required, with the present extension of territory and multiplication of offices.

Now the reform of the Civil Service is no more truly a panacea for the ills of the body politic than medical panaceas are for those of the physical system; but it is the one medicine, at present, most needed. No one doubts that it will bring a better class of men into the public service, and that it will help to elevate the tone of Congress; and when Congress is more respectable, it will be more respected; its sympathies will be expressed not only with greater dignity but with greater power.

Copyright at Home and Abroad.

THERE is no doubt that one good result of the now inevitable international copyright will be an awakened interest in the general subject of copyright. When American publishers *all* have to respect the rights of foreign authors, as many have always manifested a disposition to do, American authors will, perhaps, begin to think it worth while to see that their own rights are respected, not only abroad, but at home as well. As it is, hardly any class of proprietors is so careless of proprietary rights as American authors; this fact alone will explain, to a large extent, the contradictions and uncertainties of the law. If authors do not pay proper attention to their own interests, why should the legislature and the courts show any great solicitude in the matter? Publishers are almost the only ones who litigate, or who act with any energy to procure legislation; so indifferent are authors that they, in many cases, neglect to comply with the extremely simple methods prescribed by Congress for securing copyright.

Among the matters that need attention is the extension of copyright terms, so that an author may be in no danger of losing, in his old age, the fruits of his youthful energy, and so, too, that his children may not be beggars while others are profiting from

the labor of his brains. Again, questions as to the respective rights of publishers and authors in articles accepted by and printed first in periodicals, should be definitely understood. Unless there is an agreement to the contrary, the publishers, as it stands, are considered to be owners of the copyright for the first term; though they are very apt not to insist strenuously upon their rights. But to show how uncertain are the workings of courtesy in these matters, we might mention the case of a well-known and perfectly reputable English author, who sold a story, at a fair and good price, in manuscript, to an American magazine, and, without the slightest notification to the editor, printed it in a foreign journal before it had made its appearance in the United States. Courtesy is a good thing, but is apt to be variously interpreted by different minds. Even after there is law, however, there will still be ample room for courtesy.

In England, copyright of all kinds is more prized and guarded than in America. There the courts are remorseless in dealing with infractions. But in America, where "protection" is a mania as well as a policy, literary piracy has been well-nigh confounded with patriotism, and in the haste to discriminate against the non-native, the native himself has been left without proper protection either abroad or at home. It is the American "protectionist" who compels our authors to expatriate themselves for a time if they wish to obtain copyright abroad in their writings; and it is the laxity of the public conscience induced by the refusal to protect the rights of others that inclines our judges to be lenient toward those who offend at home against the rights even of American-born authors.

In advocating lately the abolition of the tariff upon works of art, we said something about the awkwardness and ignorance of Congress in dealing with questions having any æsthetic bearings. But our legislators can hardly be blamed for their attention in the past to the interests of printers and paper-makers rather than to those of authors, while the former have been constantly and clamorously present in the "lobby," and the latter have, with notable exceptions, contented themselves with grumbling in the distance. In America, as all the world knows, it is the lobby, rather than the Congress, that legislates.

Let us say, by the way, that our English friends, who have so often brought home to us "the national disgrace" of our refusal hitherto of international copyright, would do well to bear in mind certain sometimes forgotten facts. The "lobby" of which we speak, and which has so long successfully opposed the granting of copyright to foreign authors, has been, though a small, still a most powerful one, for this reason, that it worked in a line with the prejudices and policy of Congress and the country in favor of universal protection. Of course an Englishman can say that the whole system of protection is selfish and immoral as well as false and mistaken, and should be forthwith abandoned. But if the United States ever abandons this system from a conviction of its selfishness and immorality, she will be acting in such a matter as England has seldom acted. The adoption of free-trade by Great Britain was not a question of virtue, but of life. The corn-laws were not abolished in a season of general prosperity, nor as a matter of sentiment. If any radical remedies are adopted with relation to Ireland at the present crisis, it will, of course, be because there *is* a crisis, and not because Parliament is spontaneously moved to action simply by a sense of justice. All legislatures are, as a rule, moved to radical action by their understanding of the selfish, practical interests of their constituents. It has come to be a matter of interest to some publishers, who have hitherto opposed international copyright, to now push in its favor. When a man who represents a gigantic book-making establishment tells his "Member" that unless Congress does something about it his presses will have to stand still, the Member sees before him a manufacturer who must be "protected."

In addition to these things, our English friends should take into consideration the uncounted thousands that have gone from America in payment of unprotected copyrights; and they should remember, too, that about as soon as American books were worth stealing by English pirates they were stolen, and that in proportion to the amount of valuable production there has been as much "stealing" on one side as on the other.

American Magazines in England.

THE recent introduction of still another American magazine into England has evidently brought a new surprise to the writers of magazine notices on the English press, and that America possesses three such illustrated monthly periodicals as "Scribner's," "St. Nicholas," and "Harper's," is an astonishment to the English public. The success of such American periodicals in a foreign market is something which we have not seen satisfactorily accounted for, either at home or abroad. This success is generally attributed almost solely to the superiority of American engraving and the prodigality of illustration. But we doubt whether this is the only reason. At least there are other causes at work; one of these is the interest taken by the people of Great Britain in American affairs,—another, and an important one, is what may be called the cosmopolitanism of American taste.

There is a prevailing opinion in England (and in fact throughout Europe) that America is very big, very rich, and "tremendously successful." But those who hold in common this opinion are divided into two principal classes. One class is forever exalting the example of America, in all matters except that of the tariff; the other class regards us not only with anxious jealousy, but socially as a nation of upstarts whose mission it is to "vulgarize the world." Not long ago an English journal gave frank expression to the disdain in certain quarters regarding the public affairs of America. The editor said that these matters did not "interest" the English people. We are inclined to think, however, that this lack of interest is rather assumed than

felt. The editor doubtless despised American affairs, but he was compelled to think about them. The course of the London "Times" with regard to America is at least partly representative of English feeling. Now the American in London who "takes in" "The Times" perceives its attitude to be that of profound interest in American affairs, alternating with fits of fright or disgust. For ten days the columns of "The Times" will be teeming with correspondence and telegrams from, editorials and communications concerning, the United States. The regular correspondent (writing from Philadelphia) will supply fuller details of news already telegraphed; one or two specially commissioned traveling correspondents will send columns of description of American agriculture and manufactures; the paper will contain reports of speeches made in praise of the New World by members of Parliament returning from their travels; the commercial columns will be full of American matters; our cattle, our beef, our crops, the rapid payment of our national debt, an essay by Dr. Beard in the "Atlantic," will afford subjects for editorials, and letters to the editor—and the general tone will be one of compliment. But, at the end of the tenth day, the editor seems to have said to himself: "Go to! We have heard enough in favor of America. It is time to take that too bumptious community to task." Then the overgrown boy is, so to speak, laid across the old lady's knees and spanked. The Thunderer thunders, and the air is clear once more.

In America there is no very marked division of opinion on the subject of England. Even those who scornfully demand, "What have we to do with abroad?" generally hurry abroad with their families as quickly as they can, and in proportion to population as many tourists hail from Oshkosh as from New York. America, in fact, has not only hereditary ties with the Old World, but all sorts of romantic associations with her. Though in little danger of entangling and warlike alliances, and, therefore, not intimately acquainted with all the details of foreign diplomacy, America still takes a living interest in the public affairs, the social life, the literary and art movements of the whole world.

Paris is a cosmopolitan city, because all the world goes to enjoy itself in Paris. But one has only to read the Parisian journals to see how essentially "provincial," or rather how narrow and self-centered, is the Parisian mind. What in New York would be called the "city department" extends over nearly the whole paper. The telegraphic and other news from "America" and from other countries is amusingly inadequate. What does the Parisian care for "abroad," until there is danger of "abroad" crossing the Rhine and starting for Paris?

London, though not so cosmopolitan as Paris as a place of residence or sojourn, is, however, more cosmopolitan in its tastes. It is hospitable in the reception of ideas from all parts of the earth; it has an equal welcome for German philosophy, Asiatic poetry, and the "Comédie Française." It knows Longfellow by heart, and delights as well in Omar Khayam. London is not hospitable in a merely perfunctory manner; its intellectual welcome is genuine and hearty. We doubt if London would, under the same circumstances, treat German music, for instance, as Paris treats it to-day. The critics of the British press are, as a rule, men of education, with scholarly views and, consequently, of generous instincts—under conviction they do not find it difficult to say of something foreign: "This is better than our own."

But New York is perhaps even more eclectic in its tastes than London. An article on the scenes of Dickens's novels is read not only more widely in America than in England, but with perhaps a more keen curiosity and relish. All Americans are by nature "Passionate Pilgrims,"—the Old World is a lodestone that is always drawing them to it; their spirits go on pilgrimage if their bodies cannot. The impulse to move, that brought their ancestors here, is an ineradicable tendency. There is besides an alertness and receptivity in the national mind that makes it open to the widest range of impressions. An American magazine, though its leading desire may be the development of American authors, and the chronicling and depicting of American thought, scenes, and enterprise, must still, if it wishes to keep its hold upon public attention at home, satisfy the appetite of its readers for knowledge of the past and present of the "Old World." It is not surprising, therefore, that American magazines should find large audiences in another country speaking the same language.

We have said that there are two main opinions in England concerning America; we should speak of a third which, though naturally not so widely held, is nevertheless the most correct, and the most valuable for Americans to understand. It is that of wise and observant men who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts, and who appreciate our national faults as well as our national virtues. Obviously the thing most needed to-day in America is intelligent self-criticism; but along with this we should welcome the remorseless criticism of sympathetic friends. Upon this subject we do not propose to enter now. We wish, however, to conclude by calling attention to a kindred subject—namely, one reason for the willingness of some of the ablest of English writers to publish originally in American periodicals. This reason is the growing conviction that although hitherto, and naturally enough, she has not produced as many first-class authors contemporaneously as has Great Britain, nevertheless America, with her fifty millions of people, is the country of readers, and, too, of intelligent readers. A letter was recently received in New York from one of the most eminent of English scholars, in which the writer speaks not only for himself but for another English author. The writer says that his friend "would rather write for an American public than in an English magazine"; and, he adds, "naturally we feel that we speak to a larger body of thinking and reading men."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Some Old-Fashioned Things Worth Reviving.

THE GUITAR.—STRINGED INSTRUMENTS IN CHURCH MUSIC.—THE DAGUERREOTYPE.—THE OLD VALENTINES.

THE other evening I was one of a merry company met for friendly chat and to hear a little music, in a house associated in my mind with memories of my youth. Since those happy days, a younger generation has succeeded to the occupancy of the old-fashioned house, and new steps are on the stairs, new faces greet me at the door—new faces, but with the lineaments of the old, and voices in which still is heard the hospitable welcome that always made the house dear. I never pass an evening in that house but I feel myself in a double existence. The old time is there, not alongside the new, but within it, and the memory of other days runs through the present hour like the air of a familiar melody through the variations woven about it by a skillful musician. The old days are as real as if they had never been shattered into new forms of beauty in the kaleidoscope of time.

Thus, on this evening, my memory was busy with the old associations, while my eyes were busy with the scene about me, when a laughing, entreating chorus of young voices was heard with melodious "Oh, do's," and "Just once, dear Doctor," and soon there came the response in the shape of a tinkling shower of notes from a guitar! A guitar in a modern drawing-room interposed between Chopin and Mendelssohn! And, then, the two rich voices that blended with the instrument, and in a time of gas and telephone, furnaces and elevated railroads, awoke the echoes of long ago with "Meet me by moonlight, alone." Who wrote the music and the words? His name is no doubt forgotten, and can one praise it, without fear of being laughed at? But I thought, that evening, I had never heard anything sweeter. A husband and wife were singing in delightful accord; perhaps such voices would have made a poorer song welcome—yet why should I shrink from the learning of the connoisseurs? If Wagner himself were here, yet would I defend my delight in the lovely song.

Have we not too long restricted ourselves to the piano-forte as an accompaniment in our parlor music? Would not some other instrument be welcome even in our public concerts? It is true the violoncello, the violin, and the harp, not to mention the cornet (that most unsuitable instrument for any room, public or private), are often heard by themselves, and break up, agreeably enough, the formality of public concerts, but I should like to see them oftener—all but the cornet—and in our parlors. I think we should gain in more ways than one, by the substitution of the older instruments for their clumsy successor.

In the advocacy of greater freedom and simplicity in our daily life, this matter of music becomes an important element in the discussion. We need to cultivate more the off-hand, the spontaneous, to give more scope to individual expression in our ways of meeting—for it cannot be denied that our "lunches," "afternoon teas," "dinners," "receptions," and "parties" have a very monotonous family likeness. We laugh at our Irish fellow-citizens for their inability to make of their St. Patrick's day procession anything but an unpictorial nuisance, with its mile o' black coats, tall hats, and green horse-collars, but we do no better ourselves in our own public celebrations and in our own private entertainments. We seem very much afraid of the pretty and the picturesque, and while everywhere we "take our pleasures sadly," there are some circles where the slightest approach to anything like "having a good time" is considered the worst possible taste. Reading in "Margaret Fuller's Journal" the other day, I came upon a good hit at this class. She is describing her visit to Carlyle: "I assure you there was never anything so witty as Carlyle's description of ——. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion."

This modern formality, and too frequent absence of hearty enjoyment in our social meetings, formulates itself in our music, which, like everything else nowadays, is become so learned and laborious that instead of being a relaxation it is only a continuation of the day's tasks to listen to it. And this is increased by the ponderous instrument on which most of the music is made—the piano-forte. Now, I am not going to take the side of the Philistines and throw stones at scientific music: I enjoy it as much as anybody; only, I like it in the places where it belongs; I think it intolerable when it is "tolerable"; and I find it a defect in the so-called "musical people" that they will not admit that the field of music is a wide one, with all sorts of flowers growing in it, the dandelions quite as delightful in their proper corner as the roses in theirs. It is different with lovers of the arts of painting and sculpture. The people who know best and most admire Titian and Angelo, Raphael and the Greeks, are the quickest to perceive the merit there is in minor things,—the grace of a Tanagra statuette, the virile force in a head by Warner, to see that Bauer works in the true spirit of the Renaissance, and that Ryder is as much a born picture-maker as if he had been baptized in Venice. That is, in the arts of painting and sculpture, the study of the greatest and the love of their work seems to open the eyes to perceive what is really excellent in any painter or sculptor—old or new. But, with the worshipers of the great composers, the opposite is usually the case: one who admires Beethoven, Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, finds himself, or pretends to find himself, actually incapacitated for the enjoyment of anything else in music. I know such

people, who express themselves in all the forms of disapprobation, from quiet contempt to loud indignation, if one ventures to speak of Sullivan or Clay. Should the unwary so much as mention "Pinafore," the amazement and surprise of the devotee of the music of the future is not confined to the expression of his eyes, but breaks forth in words of open scorn; and of late they are beginning to shake their heads sadly at the names of Mendelssohn and Mozart. Mozart, however, I believe has long been taboo in the best circles.

Now, this is all very well; it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and I make no sort of objection to the whims and notions I come across—having no doubt plenty of my own. But I like to watch healthy human nature asserting itself, and it is amusing to see how naturally, as naturally as ducks take to water, any assembly of really bright, intelligent people will welcome the happy accident of something breaking up the monotonous formality to which, by the mere force of fashion, they had surrendered themselves. There could not have been found anywhere in our city a circle of more intelligent, better educated people than made the party I spoke of in the beginning of this article, and yet had it not been for the unexpected appearance of Dr. ——'s guitar the evening would have passed just like any one of twenty others,—never fashionably formal, that is not the way at this house; but the elements, after all, are the same there as in more formal houses—chat and chat, a wall-flower or two for background to youth and beauty, then a little piano-forte with perhaps some singing, more or less hard to bear; then more chat, more piano; then filing off to supper by twos, and, when the banquet, whether a trifling, foolish one, or the usual masterpiece of costly commonplace, has been dispatched, the multitudinous "good-night." This predestined order the guitar broke up, and it was pleasant to any "lover of happy human faces" to see how the tinkling music, accompanied by the rich and softly soaring voices, proved the solvent to the mild formality that had us all in thrall.

Besides the character of the music that acted on us so genially, there was another charm in the guitar-playing—the picturesque charm of the instrument itself, and the necessity it implies of freedom, grace, and picturesqueness in the attitudes and movements of the performer. It is very hard for a performer on the piano to play a picturesque or even graceful part. Of course there are differences, and a woman may easily be graceful seated at the piano as anywhere else. But, to appear so, she must sit so that the audience can see her figure sidewise. If she face the audience (the best way for the voice), then she is cut in two; if she sit with her back to us, as is common enough, we are reminded that there is but little expression even in the best of backs; indeed, the picturesque element has to be frankly surrendered when the player is at this ungainly instrument. A few painters have made St. Cecilia seated at the organ, but the organ is easily made pictorial. Only one, as I remember, has brought in the piano—Mr. Whistler, who made a very interesting picture of a lady playing twilight songs at the piano, with a little girl listening; but it was twilight, and in the gathering shadows the piano was made to disappear.*

But the guitar, the harp, the violin, the 'cello—how easily they lend themselves to the movements of grace and beauty, how their lines blend with the lines of the human form! Great painters have seen their opportunity in the harmony between the shape of these instruments and the forms of the body, and Raphael did not think it unbecoming to give Apollo a violin to charm the Muses with on Olympus. Bellini, and Francia, and Bartolommeo set angels at the Virgin's feet with the lute in their hands, and no one thinks it ungraceful or undignified. So Veronese, in his "Marriage in Cana," makes a group of artists playing on musical instruments. He himself appears playing on the 'cello, and behind him Tintoretto, playing on another, while Titian works away at the bass-viol and Bassano uses the flute. This group adds immensely to the pictorialness of the picture, if, indeed, it be not itself the picture. But fancy the four men playing a quartette on two piano-fortes! Even their splendid brocaded dresses would hardly suffice to carry off such a performance. An artist may always be sure of getting something into his picture if he can only, by hook or crook, make one of these stringed instruments play a part in it. Mr. Maynard, last year, gave great piquancy to his strong and graceful portrait of a young lady by making her tuning her meditations to the zim-zim of a banjo. And I remember the portrait a now-forgotten painter made of my cousin in my childhood days,—she was not my cousin by blood, but I was pleased to call her so, and it would have been an odd sort of boy who should have lost his chance to call such a beauty his cousin out of prudish deference to the genealogists. O—— painted her in a white satin dress, with her sloe-black hair wreathed about her head, her neck and shoulders bare, and her fine arms wreathed about a gilded harp. I remember it as a fine picture, but perhaps it would not seem so now.

There is another place where I wish we could see a return to the old use of these shapely stringed instruments—that is, in the churches. This is as old as the world—old as Egypt, or as Israel, to say nothing of Rome and mediæval Italy, and mediæval Europe everywhere. Oh, the flying, hovering, resting angels, with harps, and lyres, and violins, and zitherns, to say nothing of bagpipes, and cymbals, and pipes, and trumpets, that smile down at us in eternal cheerfulness from bossed roof and spandrel, and capital and choir-stall, and the storied door-ways of the churches from end to end of Europe! Why not ask them back again to infuse some poetry, and beauty, and cheerfulness into our dull, funereal rites? I remember, as far back as I can remember anything, going to a church in Dorchester, Mass., where my parents "attended meeting," and seeing, in the singing gallery, the musicians accompanying the singers with violins and the 'cello—I think there must have been an organ, too. And a few weeks ago I went to the

* See SCRIBNER for August, 1879, page 485.

church of St. Mary the Virgin, here in New York, to see the beautiful decorations with which Mr. Cottier has enriched the choir; and there was a regular band of musicians sitting in full sight, led by a young man duly clad in a surplice along with the rest of the assistants. The music at this church is as fine as one can hear anywhere. I have rarely had such pleasure, but the sight of these instrumental performers was a pleasure to the eyes, added to the satisfaction the music gave the ear.

In other churches they have instrumental performers assisting the choir-boys and the men and women of the choir, but I do not know where else these are placed so as to be seen. Miss Maud Morgan, I believe, plays upon the harp at St. Thomas's Church, but all that one sees is the graceful fern-like scroll of the top of her harp moving back and forth above the curtained screen that hides the choir. If we want to see how graceful the lady is, with her Ariadne-like head bound about with Greek fillets, we must see it in Mr. Olin Warner's bust of her.

I have left myself no time to speak of some other old-fashioned things I wish might be revived besides stringed instruments. There is the daguerreotype, for one. How much more beautiful than any photograph were those silvery, refined pictures which were the first children of Daguerre's invention! I well remember the first one seen in this city, whether taken here or brought from Paris I do not now remember. It was brought to the office of my father, who all his life was interested in everything that concerned the minor arts, and there I saw it in company with many more, for, as may be supposed, it awakened great curiosity. I suppose the main reason why the daguerreotype was abandoned was the difficulty one had in seeing the pictures well. The silvered plate made itself a mirror, and you saw yourself when you wanted to see your friend. But, this defect apart, it is certainly true that the daguerreotype excelled the photograph in delicacy and transparency of the shadows and in the exquisite refinement of the lines, the best untouched photograph looking coarse beside a good daguerreotype. I believe that if some practitioner would take up the older process again there would be many who would like to have specimens of it, even if they did not prefer it altogether to the newer method. For children, the daguerreotype process is very desirable and something elusive and shadowy, insisting on our looking closer and penetrating into the transparent depths with our eyes, gives movement and life to the image. There is nothing of this variety in the photograph.

And the pretty valentines of long ago—are they gone into Time's wallet of oblivion with New-Year's calls, and many another thing we once thought well of? The modern valentines—if valentines be really sent at all any longer—are merely members of the great card family that is now emigrating from some frivolous region to our shores, and threatens to be as troublesome as locusts. There is getting to be no distinction between cards nominally for one purpose, and cards for another. An Easter card may do for a birthday, or a Christmas card for a New-Year memento, and any card may be sent on St. Valentine's Day, and the receiver be none the wiser. But the old cards were stately or elaborately elegant affairs—lace-paper and roses, and all the paraphernalia of the god of Love—hearts and darts, arrows and mischievous eye-beams, shot from a forest of ambrosial curls and lighting up laughing cheeks. They were too costly and too elegant to be sent without a motive, and the happy receiver had no excuse for being puzzled too long over the problem of "whence" or "why." How delicate was the question of which to choose from the stationer's costly store; nothing could really be too good, nor, for that matter, could anything be too costly—if only we had the money to pay for it. And how hard, too, was the task of addressing it; for, while the sender must in reason disguise his hand, he must not disguise it too cleverly! Who knew if, disguised too skillfully, the writing might not look like his rival's? Then, should it be trusted to the postman, to be mixed up in a bag with letters from everybody to everybody; or, should it be given to a special messenger, and the sweet secret thus endangered? And the dear girl to whom we sent it; how tremblingly she received it! how, if it came by post, all the family felt they had a right in it, and fingered it, guessed at the sender, and teased the shy maiden, till the roses sprang from the paper to her cheeks, and drove the lilies from the field. Then to her chamber, where quick fancy followed her, and shut the door and saw it read with her lovely eyes, and kissed with her pouting lips, and slipped under her pillow for a charm against vexing dreams. But, nowadays, we buy them by the dozen, in lots of assorted patterns, slip them into perfunctory envelopes, stamp them, address them, and trust them to the postman, who, as he pulls them out of the letter-box, wishes St. Valentine had never been canonized, and is glad when the day's business of sending love-tokens to all the world is fairly over, and he is free to give a fagged and belated kiss to his wife and little ones.

There is one thing more—a trifle this time—that is, something more trifling than the rest—which I think we might bring back with profit, and that is the working of samplers. This was certainly a pretty way of learning one's letters and how to write one's name; and neatness, order, and the combination of colors were taught in the tranquil hours devoted to the sampler as the little one sat at her mother's knee, far more pleasantly than these things could be gained in any other way. How many memories, dear in after years, were worked into these threads! These small squares were gardens, and the pinks and roses that were dispersed among the more matter-of-fact letters keep the fragrance of childhood's skies long after the hands that planted them are dust. Perhaps some day we shall be tired of living by machinery, and running a race with Time, and shall be willing to linger a little by Life's road-way, and chat with Time as he flies.

CLARENCE COOK.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.*

HERE is Carlyle's *Wahrheit und Dichtung* at last. It will be read with eager curiosity by many thousands of readers, at first perhaps with some disappointment; since it is not in form a systematic autobiography, such as the public had been expecting, but a series of memorial notices of his own chief intimates,—his father, his wife, Edward Irving, and Lord Jeffrey; with brief sketches in the appendix of Southey and Wordsworth, and incidentally of many others. It amounts, however, to an autobiography. The author's reminiscences of his friends are strung upon a thread of his own personal experience and are arranged in such shape as to leave his editor little to do beyond printing the manuscripts as he found them. When the gaps are filled out by aid of the mass of letters and other material in Mr. Froude's hands, and when those most competent to speak shall have added their reminiscences of Carlyle to Carlyle's reminiscences of others, we shall have a continuous life of the great Scotchman. And this will, after all, form only a commentary on his works, in which there is already such a high measure of self-revelation. Meanwhile, these reminiscences are, in their candor touching facts and impressions, indiscreet enough to satisfy the most arrant gossip. There must be a number of persons still living who will read certain pages of this volume with feelings of surprise, to say the least. Lord Jeffrey's daughter, for example, if now living,—as she was in 1866 when the following words were written,—may hardly be thankful for the publicity with which she is held up as "an inferior specimen to either of her parents; abstruse, suspicious, timid, enthusiastic; and at length, on the death of her parents and of her good old jargoning husband, Empson (a long-winded Edinburgh Reviewer, much an adorer of Macaulay, etc.), became quite a morbid, exclusive character, and lives withdrawn among her children at Harrowgate and such places,"—a retirement which evidently avails her little in this instance.

Lovers of Carlyle will find much in these reminiscences to confirm their feeling toward their hero; and so will those to whom he has been a stumbling-block and a wagging of the head. The man is all there: his deep, fiery soul; his rugged veracity and independence; his grim humor; his reverence and his scorn; his arrogance, blindness, and unreason. The noblest tenderness of his nature comes out in his tributes to his father and his wife. The former was a mason of Ecclefechan, a man of antique worth, pious with the piety of the peasant sire in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and with a mind—though in the inarticulate, unconscious stage of development—to which his son avers that he had met few equal. All that Carlyle writes of his father is unspeakably touching. Take this passage as one of many:

"Oh, when I think that all the area in boundless space he had seen was limited to a circle of some fifty miles diameter (he never in his life was farther or elsewhere so far from home as at Craigenputtoch), and all his knowledge of the boundless time was derived from his Bible, and what the oral memories of old men could give him, and his own could gather; and yet, that he was such, I could take shame to myself. I feel to my father—so great though so neglected, so generous also toward *me*—a strange tenderness, and mingled pity and reverence, peculiar to the case, infinitely soft and near my heart. Was he not a sacrifice to me? Had I stood in his place, could he not have stood in mine, and more? Thou good father! well may I forever honor thy memory. Surely that act was not without its reward. And was not nature great, out of such materials to make such a man?"

But it was toward his wife, more especially, that the whole love of his heart went out, and a cry of lamentation for her loss—"a background of infinite wail"—sounds through the entire book. She seems indeed to have been a most high-spirited, helpful, and every way lovable woman, and to have been the only ray of light in the black melancholy which gradually became his life-element. For forty years she stood by his side, bravely aiding and comforting; her valiant little economies and practicalities alone making it possible for him to carry on his literary work.

"I doubt, candidly, if I ever saw a nobler human soul than this which (alas, alas, never rightly valued till now!) accompanied all my steps for forty years. Blind and deaf that we are: oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!"

But apart from these family relations and from his friendship for Edward Irving,—for whose large, joyous nature the atrabilious young scholar seems to have had from the first a genuine love and admiration,—apart from these relations, the reader carries away from this autobiography an unpleasant impression of its author. We confess to having read Carlyle of late years with ever increasing dissent and even exasperation. Since the "Latter-day Pamphlets" he had become a common scold; gone all—to use a Carlylese expression—gone all to shriekiness and dyspepsia. His denunciation of sham, flunkeyism, wordiness, "giggery," etc., powerful as satire beyond any satire with which this century is acquainted, is, as philosophy, altogether misleading and wide of the truth. His pessimism had no scientific basis like Schopenhauer's, but sprang from temperament and causes entirely personal. His root of bitterness was—as these reminiscences make evident—nothing else than literal

* Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans, Green & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

physical dyspepsia. His vision of the world was a dyspeptic dream, as truly as De Quincey's was for many years an opium dream. As Thackeray said of Swift, "he saw bloodshot." Against this dark humor, with which he maintained an heroic life-long struggle, his sole remedy was work. Work then became his panacea; work and endurance the last word of his philosophy as of Goethe's in "Faust." Against the human longing for happiness—by him unattainable—he vented his fiercest scorn; no happiness here; work then to keep off the blue devils—work till you find rest in the grave, *Ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit.* Carlyle's *saeva indignatio* indeed was not the steel-cold misanthropy of Swift; it had a burning core of love and reverence. But of faith in humanity or of hope for its future he had almost as little as his great forerunner. There is a monstrous egoism in the words in which he records his "conversion":

"This year I found that I had conquered all my skepticisms, agonizing doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul and vile and soul-murdering Mud-gods of my epoch; had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus, with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where—blessed be heaven!—I have, for the spiritual part, ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures, in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation, for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous secular and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being!"

The passages of most general interest in the present volume are perhaps those in which Carlyle puts down his impressions of his famous literary contemporaries, and yet these are precisely the ones in which he shows to least advantage. For one whose constant sermon was *Ehrfurcht—Ehrfurcht!*—he shows himself singularly irreverent and unsympathetic toward men who were sometimes, in many respects, his superiors. His slight recognition of them might be called grudging, were it not that it seems quite free from envy, and proceeding from genuine intolerance and lack of appreciation. His opinions and whims have been so thoroughly made known from time to time, both in his own writings and through numerous interviewers, that little remains to add on this head. That he greatly admired Dickens's books and disliked George Eliot's; that he denied to Keats anything beyond "a certain vague, random tunefulness"; that he had of late taken to denouncing all poetry and almost all literature—proclaiming loudly and voluminously the virtues of silence;—all this is so familiar that no one will be surprised at any literary judgments in these reminiscences. With all their wrong-headness and perversity, his sketches of people are invariably interesting. His eyes had a terrible sharpness. He saw rather by lightning flashes than in even daylight, but he seized unerringly the characteristic, and flung away the rest. He saw even the gifts which he undervalued or despised. Poor old Coleridge at Highgate, shuffling about in the garden and talking incomprehensible things about "reason" and "understanding," is made to appear very laughable; but we need not quote anything of that, as it is essentially the same as the description in the life of Sterling. This of Charles Lamb, however, is new and sufficiently startling:

"Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once, or oftener; a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit, in fact, more like "diluted insanity" (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, humor, or geniality. A most slender fiber of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognizable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was cockney to the marrow; and cockneydom, shouting 'glorious, marvelous, unparalleled in nature!' all his days, had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind; tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black; face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something, too, of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring. Poor Lamb! He was infinitely astonished at my wife and her quiet encounter of his too ghastly London wit, by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb!"

We cannot help thinking that poor Lamb, though of course a lesser man than his critic, had some "fine translunary things" in him beyond Carlyle's attainment. In particular, the cheerful fortitude with which he bore a lot far more tragical than the latter's dyspepsias and "obstructions" had a heroism beside which the Scotchman's perpetual jeremiads look even unmanly.

Of De Quincey he speaks contemptuously, and of Proctor with patronizing kindness, calling them both "pretty little fellows." He is juster to Leigh Hunt, whom he seems to have liked, and to Mill whom he respected. The latter's talk he found somewhat "wintry, but always well-informed and sincere." The famous episode of the burning of the "French Revolution" manuscript, he describes as follows:

"How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He staid three mortal hours or so; his departure

quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under heaven is nothing beautifuler. We sat talking till late; 'shall be written again' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes' (vol. ii.), and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks (reading Marryat's novels); tried cautious-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and, in short, had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience."

One may smile respectfully when Carlyle says of "his Jeanie": "Not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *cohue* of 'celebrated scribbling women' that have strutted over the world in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." But remembering Mill's similar wife-worship, it is a slight shock to one's feelings to read Carlyle's disparaging allusions to his friend's bride. It would be interesting to know *en revanche* what Mill thought of Mrs. Carlyle.

With Southey—whom he estimates quite fairly—he apparently had more sympathy than with Wordsworth, but the account which he gives of his final interview with Southey, at Sir Henry Taylor's, lets in a curious light on the foundation of this sympathy:

"Our talk was long and earnest; topic ultimately the usual one, steady approach of democracy, with revolution (probably explosive) and a finis incomputable to man; steady decay of all morality, political, social, individual; this once noble England getting more and more ignoble and untrue in every fiber of it, till the gold (Goethe's composite king) would all be eaten out, and noble England would have to collapse in shapeless ruin, whether forever or not none of us could know. Our perfect consent on these matters gave an animation to the dialogue, which I remember as copious and pleasant."

"Pleasant" likewise no doubt was their perfect agreement about "poor Shelley"—"a kind of ghastly object, colorless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigor; the sound of him shrieking, frosty, as if a ghost were trying to 'sing to us'; the temperament of him spasmodic, hysterical, etc." Of Wordsworth he writes: "His works I knew but never considerably reverenced; could not on attempting it. * * * Had a fine, limpid style of writing and delineating in his small way. * * * In fact, a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive and almost wearisome kind of man; not adorable, by any means, as a great poetic genius." He gives several amusing descriptions of meetings with Wordsworth, one of which we subjoin as characteristic:

"Dinner was large, luminous, sumptuous; I sat a long way from Wordsworth; dessert, I think, had come in, and certainly there reigned in all quarters a cackle as of Babel (only politer, perhaps), which far up in Wordsworth's quarter (who was leftward on my side of the table) seemed to have taken a sententious, rather louder, logical and quasi-scientific turn, heartily unimportant to gods and men, so far as I could judge of it and of the other babble reigning. I look upward, leftward, the coast being luckily for a moment clear; then, far off, beautifully screened in the shadow of his vertical green circle, which was on the farther side of him, sat Wordsworth, silent, slowly but steadily gnawing some portion of what I judged to be raisins, with his eye and attention placidly fixed on these and these alone. The sight of whom, and of his rock-like indifference to the babble, quasi-scientific and other, with attention turned on the small practical alone, was comfortable and amusing to me, who felt like him but could not eat raisins."

Carlyle's contempt for science, which has so grieved his admirer, Professor Tyndall, comes out here and there, as in his allusion to "Darwin on Species": "Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it."

There are a few references to American persons and things which will perhaps interest readers in this country. Emerson's famous call upon him at Craigenputtoch—concerning which he is reported to have said that it was like the visit of an angel—he here chronicles briefly: "The visit of Emerson from Concord, and our quiet night of clear, fine talk was also very pretty to both of us." Emerson, he tells us elsewhere, sent him the first money that he received from the publication of the "French Revolution"—£150, the profits of the American edition. Readers of "The Nigger Question," and "Shooting Niagara," will not need to be told that Carlyle hated democracy, and had no great liking for the "thirty millions of bores" who inhabited this republic. The feeling emerges occasionally in these reminiscences, as in his notice of Harriet Martineau, and especially in speaking of Lady Jeffrey: "She was sister of the 'Commodore Wilkes' who boarded the *Trent* some years ago, and almost involved us in war with Yankeeland during that beautiful nigger agony or 'civil war' of theirs!" On this passage Mr. Froude makes the following note:

"Some years after these words were written, Carlyle read 'The Harvard Memorial Biographies.' He was greatly impressed by the account of the gallant young men whose lives are there described, and said to me, 'Perhaps there was more in that matter, after all, than I was aware of.'"

In this case the palliation is more lamentable than the original offense. If Carlyle could find nothing righteous in the cause of the North, at least the devoted heroism of the South was something not to be inhumanly ignored, or described as merely "the burning of a dirty chimney."

But the reading of this autobiography makes only too plain the truth of Lowell's saying that Carlyle was a case of arrested development. There was no falling off in power. His insight into certain sides of truth, his unequaled brilliancy in presenting the characters of men and of historic epochs were never greater than in the "French Revolution." But in wisdom, in human sympathy, in the ability to modify old opinions and accept new views there was a complete stand-still. We may well

contrast the desperation of his later utterances with the gentle optimism of our own Emerson and take the latter's "Fortune of the Republic" as the better gospel.

Schouler's "History of the United States."*

THE special *raison d'être* of Mr. Schouler's history seems to be that it opens to the general public a field which has hitherto been accessible mainly through the pages of historical magazines and antiquarian monographs. Its key-note is struck in a single sentence of the preface: "My main desire is to interest and instruct my countrymen in a period of American history which exhibits the primitive Union and primitive manners." Would the inquiring reader know the underlying cause of the heavy appearance of Washington's lower face; or the name of the person who once ventured to slap the Father of his Country upon the shoulder; or the name and story of the little Quaker boy, who, annoying Washington by an idolatrous and absurd pilgrimage in pursuit of him through a retired street of Philadelphia, was at last put to rout by a most profound and sarcastic bow from the great man; or a multitude of other like matters, not to be found in an ordinary library, and yet extremely interesting and valuable for the side-lights which they cast upon early American history and manners? He will find them in Mr. Schouler's work, lovingly culled from an evidently large collection of newspapers and tracts of the time; and, unless he has been a special rather than a general reader, he will gain from it a new and fuller notion of America and the Americans of the period covered by the volume.

The addendum to the title is, to some extent, misleading, as it marks the period, not the special subject, of the work. Political history is an incidental, not a fundamental feature, and it is perhaps accidental, but certainly characteristic, that, while two full pages are given to the rough-and-tumble fights on the floor of the House in 1798, between Lyon and Griswold, exactly the same space is given to the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of the same year—the most far-reaching legislative acts, excepting the Ordinances of Secession and the Reconstruction Acts and Amendments, in our political history. Political history is treated very much after the manner of Hildreth; but Mr. Schouler has evidently consulted Hildreth's authorities, and has been disquieted to find the lines in some of Hildreth's portraits, particularly in those of Jefferson and Hamilton, drawn too deeply in some places and too lightly in others. He has, therefore, been impelled to give us portraits from his own pen, in which he has dealt too lightly with the darker lines of Jefferson's character, and too heavily with those of Hamilton's; but his error in this respect is a useful exception to the general direction of much of our later historical writing. He has brought out more clearly than either Hildreth or von Holst the existence of a British as well as a French faction in America at this time, and the reasons why each had a fair right to discredit the rigid political virtue of the other. His portraits of John Adams and his Cabinet, particularly of Pickering (though in this he owes much to Mr. Henry C. Lodge), are distinct and well done. If the line of absolute truth could be discovered, he is probably on the side opposite to both Hildreth and von Holst,—as near it as Hildreth and very much nearer than von Holst is during this period; and a consecutive reading of Hildreth, von Holst, and Schouler would, by a sort of chromo-lithographic process, leave on the mind of the reader a very distinct and true impression of the political history of the United States during the years 1789–1801. As a complement to Hildreth and a corrective, in its first volume, to von Holst, Mr. Schouler's history gives good promise of popular usefulness and life.

It is to be regretted that the author has not been fuller in citing authorities and in giving the pages, as well as the volumes, of his references. The reader must, in general, be content with the assurance that the matter and spirit of the original are correctly conveyed, as they certainly are.

"H. H.'s" "Century of Dishonor."*

"H. H.'s" book cannot be recommended to the reading of those Americans who desire to think well of their government and of humanity. The title of the work is felicitous. It must have been chosen before the book was written, for no one can fail to see that when the author projected her work, after some meditation on its scope and purpose, she naturally felt that a sketch of the dealings of the Government with some of the Indian tribes during the last one hundred years would be the history of a century of dishonor. And this is exactly what the book is, without the least attempt to extenuate any fault or to set down aught in malice. It is a terribly realistic picture—a remorselessly faithful study. Here and there, it is true, there are points of light in the history of the dealings of the United States Government with the Indian tribes, but, for the most part, this authentic and official history is one of wicked oppression, treachery, and dishonesty on the one side, and of suffering and of violence, springing from an existence embittered by tyranny, on the other.

With great discretion, the author begins her narrative with the story of the wrongs of the Delawares. They are introduced thus early because they were the aborigines who once inhabited the region in which the most populous portion of the republic is now situated—that portion which stretches from the Hudson River to the Potomac. The Delawares, too, were the tribe who welcomed Hudson when he anchored the *Half-Moon* in what is now the

* History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. Vol. I.: 1783–1801. Washington, D. C.: W. H. & O. H. Morrison.

* A Century of Dishonor. A sketch of the United States Government's dealings with some of the Indian tribes. By H. H., author of "Verses," "Bits of Travel," etc., with a preface by Bishop Whipple, and an introduction by President Julius H. Seelye. New York: Harper & Brothers.

harbor of New York. And one cannot repress a feeling of sadness as he remembers that these simple-hearted savages greeted their future destroyers with the exclamation of "Behold! the gods have come to visit us!" The first treaty with the Delawares was made in 1778, and, with graphic power, the author sketches their sad history as they were driven year by year farther and farther into the West, their perpetually renewed treaties perpetually broken, their homes destroyed as soon as built, and their property taken from them as soon as collected together, until, after a century of struggle, we find the feeble remnant of the once-powerful nation, a little band of eighty-one in number, driven into a corner of the Indian Territory. And when we turn to the digest of laws which these so-called savages enacted for their own government, when they were in possession of what was solemnly declared to be their permanent home, we may well be amazed that a people so intelligent and conscientiously exact in their dealings with their fellow-men should have submitted without resistance to the wrongs which they have endured. On this point the author says:

"We are too much inclined to read these records carelessly, without trying to picture to ourselves the condition of affairs which they represent. It has come to be such an accepted thing in the history and fate of the Indian that he is to be always pushed on, always in advance of what is called the march of civilization, that to the average mind statements of these repeated removals come with no startling force and suggest no vivid picture of details—only a sort of re-assertion of an abstract general principle. But, pausing to consider for a moment what such statements actually mean and involve, imagining such processes applied to some particular town or village that we happen to be intimately acquainted with, we can soon come to a new realization of the full bearing and import of them; such uprooting, such perplexity, such loss, such confusion and uncertainty, inflicted once on any community of white people anywhere in our land, would be considered quite enough to destroy its energies and blight its prospects for years. It may very well be questioned whether any of our small communities would have recovered from such successive shocks, changes, and forced migrations as soon and as well as have many of the Indian tribes. It is very certain that they would not have submitted to them as patiently."

Another picture presents the Winnebagoes as they were seen by Captain Carver, who visited them in 1776. Here we behold them in the simple comfort of their forest homes, hospitable, gentle, courteous, and inoffensive. They lived in plenty, sustaining themselves on wild game which filled the country, and on the kindly fruits of the earth, some of which they raised from the seed, and some of which were indigenous to the soil. Well may the author exclaim, "How can we bear to contrast this picture of peace, plenty, and gracious hospitality among the ancient Winnebagoes with the picture of their descendants, only two generations later, hunted, driven, starved!" For it was this tribe which was, in successive years, compelled to give up reservation after reservation on which they had been settled by a beneficent and patriarchal government.

It is shown with great force that the practice of the Government has been, while constantly inculcating upon the Indians the duty of maintaining themselves, to remove them as soon as they were well at work making homes. To the Indian the injunction "move on" has been a perpetual menace and warning. He has moved on, in spite of the most solemn promises that he should never again be molested. Treaties made with Indians are only made to be broken. And the aim of this book is not only to show how wickedly our Government has dealt with the aborigines of the country, but to point to the only remedy which, at this late day, can be made available against future oppression—the absolute deeding to each individual, in severalty, of his share of the lands held in common.

Bevan's "Sermons to Students."*

THE object of these discourses is to bring studious persons, and those especially who are entering upon professional life, into sympathy with religion, and into the practice of it. It is not asserted that there is any special need of mediation between the churches and the classes addressed by the preacher; nevertheless, some instinct of a breach that needs healing may have found expression in them. If all the preachers had been as kindly and as wise as Dr. Bevan proves himself in these thoughtful discourses, there would now be no danger to fear the alienation of the educated classes from the church.

The first sermon treats of the relation between religion and the cultivation of the intellect; the second discusses the claims of religion upon the student of physical science; the third, the lawyer's interest in religion; the fourth, religion as it presents itself to the physician; the fifth, religion and art; the sixth, religious and irreligious theology; the seventh, more broadly, religion and life. The preacher succeeds fairly in putting himself into the places of the people to whom he is talking; he seems to comprehend the peculiar temptations and difficulties of each of the classes addressed, and he endeavors to show that in the religious life the precise aids will be found by which these temptations may be met and these difficulties overcome. What he says to lawyers respecting the danger of becoming the slaves of technicality; of subordinating moral convictions and principles to statutory rules; of sinking into mere partisan fighters, and of becoming cynical through much familiarity with the worst side of human nature, is not especially new or profound, but it is cleverly and temperately stated. The professional snares of the physician, also, and the crippling and benumbing effects upon his moral and spiritual life of certain portions of his practice, are well set forth. And, not to be too generous in his counsels and cautions, Dr. Bevan administers to the men of his own profession some good advice respecting the need of keeping their theology religious, and of making the study of it helpful rather than harmful to the spiritual life. No hint in the volume is more pertinent.

* Sermons to Students and Thoughtful Persons. By Llewelyn D. Bevan, LL. B., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Bevan came, not long ago, from a Congregational church in London to what had been an Old-School Presbyterian church in New York; but these sermons do not reveal any reaction of his thought toward a more rigid theology. Indeed, signs may be found in them of a broad and catholic mind. When he says, concerning God, that to represent His action as "anything partial, anything which is like favoritism, the neglect of any, the furtherance of some, is irreligious, not to say immoral, and theology must be guarded against the approach to such an error and confusion," one is moved to admiration in two senses of the word; and when he declares that our theology "will be irreligious, if it is not in harmony with the other spheres of human thought and life in which we obtain knowledge of the truth"; that "we find truth in the Scriptures, but we gain it also from the works of God"; that "it may be gathered from the development of religion amongst mankind, but is also derived from a study of the social and political life of men," from physical science and from moral science; that the truths found in all these realms must be made to harmonize, and that, instead of taking the Bible as the exclusive source of theological knowledge, we must, in a certain sense, "be freed from the dominion of the Book, or rather from the sovereignty of certain forms of interpretation," we see that we are dealing with an intelligent man who has ventured to do a little thinking on his own account, and who has, very likely, something to say which "students and other thoughtful persons" may wish to hear.

Susan Coolidge's "Verses."*

THE poetry of American magazines, written mainly by what may be called the third generation of American poets,—counting Bryant, Emerson, and their contemporaries as the first, and Stoddard, Stedman, Aldrich, and men of about their age as the second generation,—the current periodical poetry, we say, is largely infused with an element of mysticism which is, apparently, one sign of the widening of the influence of Emerson. The effect of the Emersonian literature upon the men to whom his words were first addressed was immediate and powerful. The range of influence was at first, however, narrow in extent, while to-day it is spreading in every direction. This is because Emerson has not been merely an exhorter, but an artist as well. His mysticism has been put into enduring forms of art, not only in his essays, but especially in his most original and even yet only half appreciated poetry.

Some of the most notable instances of the effect of Emerson's art upon other poetic minds are found in the poems of Julia Ward Howe and "H. H.," poets, both of them, of decided individuality, but with a strong coloring reflected from him whom many believe to be not only one of the most virile, but the most poetic, of American poets. There is, also, a tinge of Emersonian mysticism in these "Verses" of Susan Coolidge, but evidently without any consciousness of the fact on the part of the author. When she writes in this spirit, it is only that she unconsciously reflects a tendency of the time.

The "Verses" have a prelude so modest and so frank as to lead the reader to expect less of worth than he really finds in this exquisitely bound and printed little book. Many of the pieces strike us as either commonplace or artistically unsuccessful, and hardly deserving of any more flattering title than the author has given the collection; but all manifest a refined, womanly, and religious nature, and some are real poems—poems excellent in form and sincere and beautiful in spirit. The author shows the ability (so rare nowadays) to tell a story in verse with simplicity, directness, and charm. Witness "Ginevra Degli Amieri" and "The Legend of Kintu." Of the shorter poems, the best known is "The Cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey," first printed in this magazine and now read daily by scores of tourists in the presence of the strange monument itself. Other poems to which we should like to direct the reader's attention are: "Of Such as I Have," and "Embalmed." There is a homely touch in this last that is very taking:

> "I began to be glad at the corner,
> And all the way to the door
> My heart out-ran my footsteps,
> And frolicked and danced before."

But to continue our list we may mention: "Tokens," "Two Ways to Love," "Time to Go," "Readjustment" (the latter perhaps, in diction and thought the strongest page of the book), "Secrets" (the most delightful and individual piece in the collection), "How the Leaves Came Down," and "My Little Ghost," a most touching poem, which will find a place in many hearts. We quote the lines entitled

"READJUSTMENT.

> "After the earthquake shock or lightning dart
> Comes a recoil of silence o'er the lands,
> And then, with pulses hot and quivering hands,
> Earth calls up courage to her mighty heart,
> Plies every tender, compensating art,
> Draws her green, flowery veil above the scar,
> Fills the shrunk hollow, smooths the riven plain,
> And, with a century's tenderness, heals again
> The seams and gashes which her fairness mar.
> So we, when sudden woe like lightning sped,
> Finds us and smites us in our guarded place,
> After one brief, bewildered moment's space,
> By the same heavenly instinct taught and led,
> Adjust our lives to loss, make friends with pain,
> Bind all our shattered hopes and bid them bloom again."

* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Instantaneous Photography.

THE recent progress in the art of photography toward a greater sensitiveness in the plates exposed in the camera, has been so rapid, and attended with such generally happy results that it may be regarded as a real artistic and commercial gain. From a personal examination of the new emulsion process, as carried on in the studio of a leading photographer in this city, it appears that the taking of pictures is practically instantaneous. The new process and the extreme sensitiveness of the plates have really more of general interest than would first appear. To save time for the sitter posed before the camera is very well, but the discoveries that have sprung from pictures of people, animals, machinery, or other objects in rapid motion, are of far greater value, both as a matter of science and art. The studio had a glass roof of the usual shape and aspect, and the camera was of the common form, except that it was made with unusual care to exclude every trace of light from the sensitive plate, when placed in position for work. The box for carrying the plate was also made absolutely light-proof. The subject, a child of about two years of age, having taken the required pose, at the right instant the shutter of the camera (designed for quick movement) was opened and closed in apparently about one second, or perhaps less. The plate was then taken, in the tight box, to a dark room, where the daylight was completely excluded, and only a dim gas-lamp, shaded by ruby glass, was permitted. The plate appeared to be white, or about the color of ground glass laid on a white paper, and was perfectly dry, no trace of the picture being visible. It was then laid, sensitive side up, in a flat porcelain dish, and the developing liquid was "flowed" gently over it by tilting the dish up and down. The picture began to show the white lights almost immediately, and in five minutes was completely developed. The negative was then washed in clean water and plunged in the fixing bath, and after this was completed was very carefully dried in free air. The process, it will be seen, is quite simple, and as far as can be learned, is fairly uniform in its results. The plates, when taken from the camera, may be developed, fixed, and dried at once, or may remain in the dark for several hours, and be finished afterward, at the convenience of the operator. On one occasion, in this studio, eighty-two negatives were taken in less than ten hours, and all were left to be developed at night, and, in completing them, it was found that only in two instances were the sitters required to come again. The preparation of these highly sensitive dry plates has now become a regular business, and they may be obtained ready for immediate use. As they keep their actinic properties indefinitely, it will be seen that the whole art of photography is made much more simple, and the artist is enabled to take outdoor pictures or dark interiors with ease in situations where it would be impossible to use the older methods. There appear to be several formulas for making the dry plates, all much alike, and giving about the same result, the difference being chiefly in the degree of actinic sensitiveness. These have received the general name of gelatine-bromide processes, and the chief points of one of the formulas may be given as showing the main ideas underlying them all. The measures and figures given are taken from a late English work on the subject, and may be regarded as expressing the quantities required for making a small number of plates. The glass is first cleaned, and then coated with a film designed as a base, or substratum, for the sensitive emulsion, this film being made by putting the white of one egg in twenty ounces of water, and, in order to preserve the solution, adding one ounce of methylated spirit, and twenty drops of carbolic acid, the mixture being carefully flowed over the glass and dried. To make the emulsion, thirty grains of gelatine is put in two ounces of water in a glass beaker. To this is added fifty grains of pure bromide of ammonium, stirred in with a glass rod. At the same time, one hundred and fifty grains of gelatine is placed in three ounces of water in a second glass. Time is allowed for the swelling of the gelatine in the beakers, and then seventy-five grains of nitrate of silver is dissolved in one and a quarter ounces of water in a third glass. In a fourth glass ten grains of pure carbonate of ammonium is dissolved in one-quarter of an ounce of water. The beakers containing the gelatine and bromide and the silver nitrate are placed in hot water, and, at the same time, a white stoneware bottle is warmed by rinsing in hot water. When the gelatine and bromide have dissolved in the gentle heat they are poured into the warm stone bottle, and the heated silver nitrate is added, a little at a time, and well shaken. This mixing of the silver nitrate with the bromide salt must be conducted in an actinicly dark room, the sole illumination being from the ruby light. The carbonate of ammonium is then poured in and the bottle again shaken. This mixture forms the emulsion, and it is boiled by placing the stone bottle in boiling water for ten minutes, when it is removed and placed in cold water till reduced to about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The contents of the fourth glass are then poured into the bottle and the whole is thoroughly shaken together. This preparation is the most highly sensitive material ever used in photography, and when properly spread on the glass makes the so-called dry plates with which instantaneous pictures are taken. For developing the negatives two preparations are used, one composed of one hundred and sixty grains of ammonium bromide, four ounces liquor ammonia, and four ounces of water; the second containing forty-eight grains of pyrogallic acid in two ounces of alcohol. These are properly mixed before using. A preparation may also be used for intensifying the neg-

ative. This description of the process is not intended to give more than a general idea of the chemical basis of the emulsion process. The practical photographer has the formulas in every detail in recent publications, and others can buy the plates ready made. The process is still so new that some difficulties appear to be found in certain portions of the work, but these seem to spring from the very novelty of the materials and their preparation. Aside from the art interest in the new plates is quite another, that springs from the fact that it is now possible to take pictures of men, animals, and machinery in rapid motion, thus enabling us to view them in a way that would be impossible with the unaided eye. The first experiments in this direction were applied to the movements of a horse moving at full speed. The pictures, taken in series, showed that he performed muscular actions that were not before comprehended or even imagined. These pictures at the time attracted great attention, and instantaneous pictures have been since taken of dancers in a ball-room, of vessels and steam-boats in rapid motion, of all kinds of animals in motion, and of machinery in operation. As the pictures represent the movements at one instant of time, they give, as it were, a fixed view of a motion, precisely as if it were suddenly arrested in full action. In the case of animals, the motions of the nostrils are represented in the most singular manner, and the spokes of a steam-boat's paddle-wheel are shown apparently perfectly still while the spray and waves appear in active motion, or, rather, as they would look if they could be instantly frozen. It is clear the new process and pictures will open a wide and instructive field in art and in the study of mechanical action.

Disposal of City Refuse.

ATTEMPTS have been made from time to time to find some means of disposing of the waste of cities by burning it in some form of furnace; but for some reason best known to our city governments all these furnaces have been declared useless or unsuccessful. More recently a new style of cremating furnace has been made the subject of exhaustive experiment in disposing of the waste of a large city, and, from the reports made upon its operation, it would appear to work without inconvenience to the neighborhood, and at a material saving of expense. Two forms of furnaces have been erected, one called a "Destructor," for burning ordinary city rubbish, and a retort called a "Carbonizer," for burning street-sweepings to a cinder, or ash, suitable for fertilizing purposes. The destructor consists of a group, or battery, of furnaces, built of fire-brick, and tied together with iron rods. Each furnace has a sloping grate, placed over a deep ash-pit, and covered with a reverberatory fire-brick arch. Behind the flue is an inclined flue, or arched passage-way, down which the refuse slides on its way to the fire. The battery of furnaces is covered with a platform, upon which the carts bringing the rubbish may be driven from an inclined road-way connecting with the street below. Openings are provided in this platform over each flue to enable the loads to be shot directly into the furnaces. Iron doors are provided for these openings to prevent the escape of the products of combustion while the rubbish is being burned. At the back of the furnaces is a horizontal flue leading to the chimney, and connecting with each furnace by an opening at the top of the inclined flue. To prevent the material from falling into the flue, a bridge wall is placed at the top of the flue, and all the heat and smoke pass through and over the rubbish as it slides down toward the fire. It is found that in such furnaces all kinds of refuse are completely destroyed, the products of the combustion drawn from the ash-pit being clinkers, partly melted metals, and a fine ash. The metals are easily separated from the ash, and may be sold, while the clinkers are ground and mixed with lime, to make a good commercial mortar. The waste heat of the furnaces is used to generate steam, and the power thus obtained is employed to grind and mix the clinkers. Each furnace is said to be capable of consuming seven tons of rubbish in twenty-four hours, and after the fires are once started they require no fuel, as the rubbish contains enough waste coal to consume itself, leaving only the expense of labor and attendance.

The carbonizer, for disposing of street-sweepings, is essentially an upright retort. The material is not brought into direct contact with the fire, but passes through a hot well, and is subjected to destructive distillation. The apparatus consists of an upright flue of brick-work, having inside a smaller flue, carried spirally around the inside. The lower part of this small flue, next the furnace that is placed at one side of the main flue, is made of fire-brick, while the upper part is formed of iron plates. At the top of the structure, the small flue connects with a vertical flue, leading to the ground and thence to the chimney. The fires having been started, the street-sweepings, condemned meat, and vegetables, are shot into the top of the furnace from a platform above, and fill the entire flue, and are charred or carbonized by contact with the hot plates and brick-work, and are discharged below in the form of an excellent fertilizer.

These two forms of furnaces are designed to be placed in a group, one chimney serving for both, the ash of the destructor being used as fuel in the carbonizer. They have already been adopted by a number of cities, and are reported to work at a material saving of expense, and with no inconvenience to people living near them.

"New Apartment-Houses."

IN the article under the above title in this Department for April, it may appear that Messrs. Pugin & Walter were designers of all the accompanying plans. The duplex flats were designed by Hubert, Pirsson & Co., of New York.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Home, Sweet Home, with Variations.

Being Suggestions of the Various Styles in which an Old Theme might have been treated by Certain Metrical Composers.

FANTASIA BY H. C. BUNNER.

I.

THE ORIGINAL THEME, AS JOHN HOWARD PAYNE WROTE IT:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home, Home! Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call:
Give me them! and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!

II.

AS ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE MIGHT HAVE WRAPPED IT UP IN VARIATIONS:

[*'Mid pleasures and palaces*—]

As SEA-FOAM blown of the winds, as blossom of brine that is drifted
Hither and yon on the barren breast of the breeze,
Though we wander on gusts of a god's breath shaken and shifted,
The salt of us stings and is sore for the sobbing seas.
For home's sake hungry at heart, we sicken in pillared porches,
Of bliss made sick for a life that is barren of bliss,
For the place whereon is a light out of heaven that sears not nor scorches,
Nor elsewhere than this.

[*An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain*—]

For here we know shall no gold thing glisten,
No bright thing burn, and no sweet thing shine;
Nor love lower never an ear to listen
To words that work in the heart like wine.
What time we are set from our land apart,
For pain of passion and hunger of heart,
Though we walk with exiles fame faints to christen,
Or sing at the Cytherean's shrine.

[VARIATION: *An exile from home*—]

Whether with him whose head
Of gods is honorèd,
With song made splendent in the sight of men—
Whose heart most sweetly stout,
From ravished France cast out,
Being firstly hers, was hers most wholly then—
Or where on shining seas like wine
The dove's wings draw the drooping Erycine.

[*Give me my lowly thatched cottage*—]

For Joy finds Love grow bitter,
And spreads his wings to quit her,
At thought of birds that twitter
Beneath the roof-tree's straw—
Of birds that come for calling,
No fear or fright appalling,
When dews of dusk are falling,
Or daylight's draperies draw.

[*Give me them, and the peace of mind*—]

Give me these things then back, though the giving
Be at cost of earth's garner of gold;
There is no life without these worth living,
No treasure where these are not told.

For the heart give the hope that it knows not,
Give the balm for the burn of the breast—
For the soul and the mind that repose not,
Oh, give us a rest!

III.

AS MR. FRANCIS BRET HARTE MIGHT HAVE WOVEN IT INTO A TOUCHING TALE OF A WESTERN GENTLEMAN IN A RED SHIRT:

BROWN o' San Juan,
Stranger, I'm Brown.
Come up this mornin' from 'Frisco—
Ben a-saltin' my specie-stacks down.

Ben a-knockin' around,
Fer a man from San Juan,
Putty considable frequent—
Jes' catch onter that streak o' the dawn!

Right thar lies my home—
Right thar in the red—
I could slop over, stranger, in po'try
Would spread out old Shakspoke cold dead.

Stranger, you freeze to this: there aint no kinder gin-palace,
Nor no variety-show lays over a man's own rancho.
May be it haint no style, but the queen in the Tower o' London
Aint got naathin' I'd swop for that house over thar on the hill-side.

Thar is my ole gal, 'n' the kids, 'n' the rest o' my live-stock;
Thar my Remington hangs, and thar there's a griddle-cake br'ilin'—
Fer the two of us, pard—and thar, I allow, the heavens
Smile more friendly-like than on any other locality.

Stranger, nowhere else I don't take no satisfaction.
Gimme my ranch, 'n' them friendly old Shanghai chickens—
I brung the original pair f'm the States in eighteen-'n'-fifty—
Gimme them, and the feelin' of solid domestic comfort.

Yer parding, young man—
But this landscape a kind
Er flickers—I 'low 'twuz the po'try—
I thought thet my eyes hed gone blind.

* * * * * * *

Take that pop from my belt!
Hi, thar—gimme yer han'—
Or I'll kill myself—Lizzie! she's left me—
Gone off with a purtier man!

Thar, I'll quit—the ole gal
An' the kids!—run away!
I be derned! Howsomever, come in, pard—
The griddle-cake's thar, anyway.

IV.

AS AUSTIN DOBSON MIGHT HAVE TRANSLATED IT FROM HORACE, IF IT HAD EVER OCCURRED TO HORACE TO WRITE IT:

RONDEAU.

Palatiis in remotis voluptates
Si quæris . . .
—FLACCUS, Q. HORATIUS, *Carmina, Lib. V: 1.*

At home alone, O Nomades,
Although Mæcenas' marble frieze
Stand not between you and the sky,
Nor Persian luxury supply
Its rosy surfeit, find ye ease.

Tempt not the far Ægean breeze;
With home-made wine and books that please,
To duns and bores the door deny
At home, alone.

Strange joys may lure. Your deities
Smile here alone Oh, give me these:
Low eaves, where birds familiar fly,
And peace of mind, and, fluttering by,
My Lydia's graceful draperies,
At home *alone.*

V.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN 1744, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, AT 19, WRITING THE FIRST STANZA, AND ALEXANDER POPE, AT 52, THE SECOND:

HOME! at the word, what blissful visions rise;
Lift us from earth, and draw toward the skies!
'Mid mirag'd towers, or meretricious joys
Although we roam, one thought the mind employs:
Or lowly hut, good friend, or loftiest dome,
Earth knows no spot so holy as our Home.
There, where affection warms the father's breast,
There is the spot of heav'n most surely blest.
Howe'er we search, though wandering with the wind
Through frigid Zembla, or the heats of Ind,
Not elsewhere may we seek, nor elsewhere know,
The light of heav'n upon our dark below.

When from our dearest hope and haven reft,
Delight nor dazzles, nor is luxury left,
We long, obedient to our nature's law,
To see again our hovel thatched with straw:
See birds that know our avenaceous store
Stoop to our hand, and thence repleted soar:
But, of all hopes the wanderer's soul that share,
His pristine peace of mind's his final prayer.

VI.

AS WALT WHITMAN MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN ALL AROUND IT:

1.

YOU over there, young man with the guide-book, red-bound, covered flexibly with red linen,
Come here, I want to talk with you; I, Walt, the Manhattanese, citizen of these States, call you.
Yes, and the courier, too, smirking, smug-mouthed, with oil'd hair; a garlicky look about him generally; him, too, I take in, just as I would a coyote, or a king, or a toad-stool, or a ham-sandwich, or anything or anybody else in the world.
Where are you going?
You want to see Paris, to eat truffles, to have a good time; in Vienna, London, Florence, Monaco, to have a good time; you want to see Venice.
Come with me. I will give you a good time; I will give you all the Venice you want, and most of the Paris.
I, Walt, I call to you! I am all on deck! Come and loafe with me! Let me tote you around by your elbow and show you things.
You listen to my ophicleide!
Home!
Home I celebrate. I elevate my fog-whistle, inspir'd by the thought of home.
Come in!—take a front seat; the jostle of the crowd not minding; there is room enough for all of you.
This is my exhibition—it is the greatest show on earth—there is no charge for admission.
All you have to pay me is to take in my romanza.

2.

1. The brown-stone house; the father coming home worried from a bad day's business; the wife meets him in the marble-pav'd vestibule; she throws her arms about him; she presses him close to her; she looks him full in the face with affectionate eyes; the frown from his brow disappearing.

Darling, she says: *Johnny has fallen down, and cut his head; the cook is going away, and the boiler leaks.*

2. The mechanic's dark little third-story room, seen in a flash from the Elevated Railway train; the sewing-machine in a corner; the small cook-stove; the whole family eating cabbage around a kerosene lamp; of the clatter and roar and groaning wail of the Elevated train unconscious; of the smell of the cabbage unconscious.

Me, passant, in the train, of the cabbage not quite so unconscious.

3. The French flat; the small rooms, all right-angles, unindividual; the narrow halls; the gaudy cheap decorations everywhere.

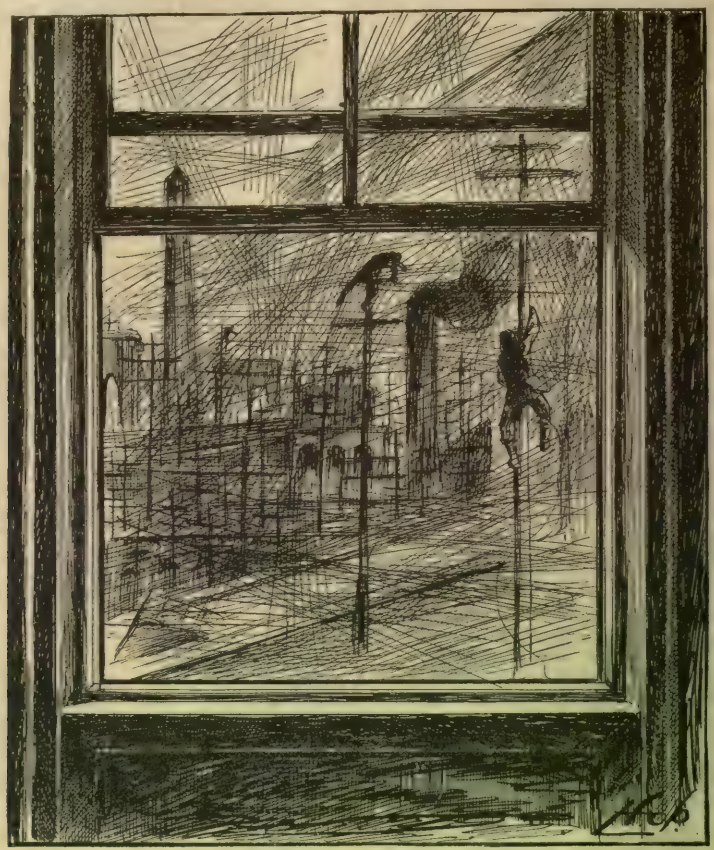
The janitor and the cook exchanging compliments up and down the elevator-shaft; the refusal to send up more coal, the solid splash of the water upon his head, the language he sends up the shaft, the triumphant laughter of the cook, to her kitchen retiring.

4. The widow's small house in the suburbs of the city; the widow's boy coming home from his first day down town; he is flushed with happiness and pride; he is no longer a school-boy, he is earning money; he takes on the airs of a man and talks learnedly of business.

5. The room in the third-class boarding-house; the mean little hard-coal fire, the slovenly Irish servant-girl making it, the ashes on the hearth, the faded furniture, the private provender hid away in the closet, the dreary back-yard out the window; the young girl at the glass, with her mouth full of hair-pins, doing up her hair to go down-stairs and flirt with the young fellows in the parlor.

6. The kitchen of the old farm-house; the young convict just return'd from prison—it was his first offense, and the judges were lenient to him.

He is taking his first meal out of prison; he has been receiv'd back, kiss'd, encourag'd to start again; his lungs, his nostrils expand with the big breaths of free air; with shame, with wonderment, with a trembling joy, his heart too expanding.



A SPECIMEN OF "LINE-WORK."

(The above is not an etching by an old master, with a laborious fac-simile sky, but a view from the artist's window in New York, before the consolidation of the telegraph companies.)

The old mother busies herself about the table; she has ready for him the dishes he us'd to like; the father sits with his back to them, reading the newspaper, the newspaper shaking and rustling much; the children hang wondering around the prodigal—they have been caution'd: *Do not ask where our Jim has been; only say you are glad to see him.*

The elder daughter is there, pale-fac'd, quiet; her young man went back on her four years ago; his folks would not let him marry a convict's sister. She sits by the window, sewing on the children's clothes, the clothes not only patching up; her hunger for children of her own invisibly patching up.

The brother looks up; he catches her eye, he fearful, apologetic; she smiles back at him, not reproachfully smiling, with loving pretense of hope smiling—it is too much for him, he buries his face in the folds of the mother's black gown.

7. The best room of the house, on the Sabbath only open'd; the smell of horse-hair furniture and mahogany varnish; the ornaments on the what-not in the corner; the wax fruit, dusty, sunken, sagged in, consumptive-looking, under a glass globe; the sealing-wax imitation of coral; the cigar boxes with shells plastered over; the perforated card-board motto.

The kitchen, the housewife sprinkling the clothes for the fine ironing to-morrow—it is Third-day night, and the plain things are already iron'd, now in cupboards, in drawers stowed away.

The wife waiting for the husband—he is at the tavern, jovial, carousing; she alone in the kitchen sprinkling clothes—the little red wood clock with peaked top, with pendulum wagging behind a pane of gayly painted glass, strikes twelve.

The sound of the husband's voice on the still night air—he is singing: *We wont go home till morning!*—the wife arising, toward the wood-shed hastily going, stealthily entering, the voice all the time coming nearer, inebriate, chantant.

The wood-shed; the club behind the door of the wood-shed; the wife annexing the club; the husband approaching, always inebriate, chantant.

The husband passing the door of the wood-shed; the club over his head, now with his head in contact; the sudden cessation of the song; the temperance pledge signed the next morning; the benediction of peace over the domestic foyer temporarily resting.

3.

I sing the soothing influences of home.

You, young man, thoughtlessly wandering, with courier, with guide-book wandering.

You hearken to the melody of my steam-calliope.

Yawp!

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT.

LOVALTY.

THE promoters of public monuments in our day appear to consider that the act of homage to the illustrious dead is rounded and complete in those physical and temporary proceedings which consist in holding committee-meetings, raising subscriptions, and putting up a stone or bronze structure, with the name of the great man engraved upon it. Nor is this conviction confined to the immediate promoters of memorial works of art,—for the public is found to be perfectly willing to subscribe for a proposed monument without the slightest idea as to the artist to be selected, and without any guarantee of its artistic value. We think it would not be hard to prove by statistics that the general sentiment is, that one "statue" is about as good as another—with this exception, that no one would think of erecting a statue of Halleck in Central Park that should be only seven inches in height, or that should be made of butter. To be sure, the sculpture of the "Butter-Woman" at the Centennial was the most admired sculpture of the exhibition; yet it should be remembered that the works in marble and bronze there displayed did not, as a rule, rank much higher as works of art;

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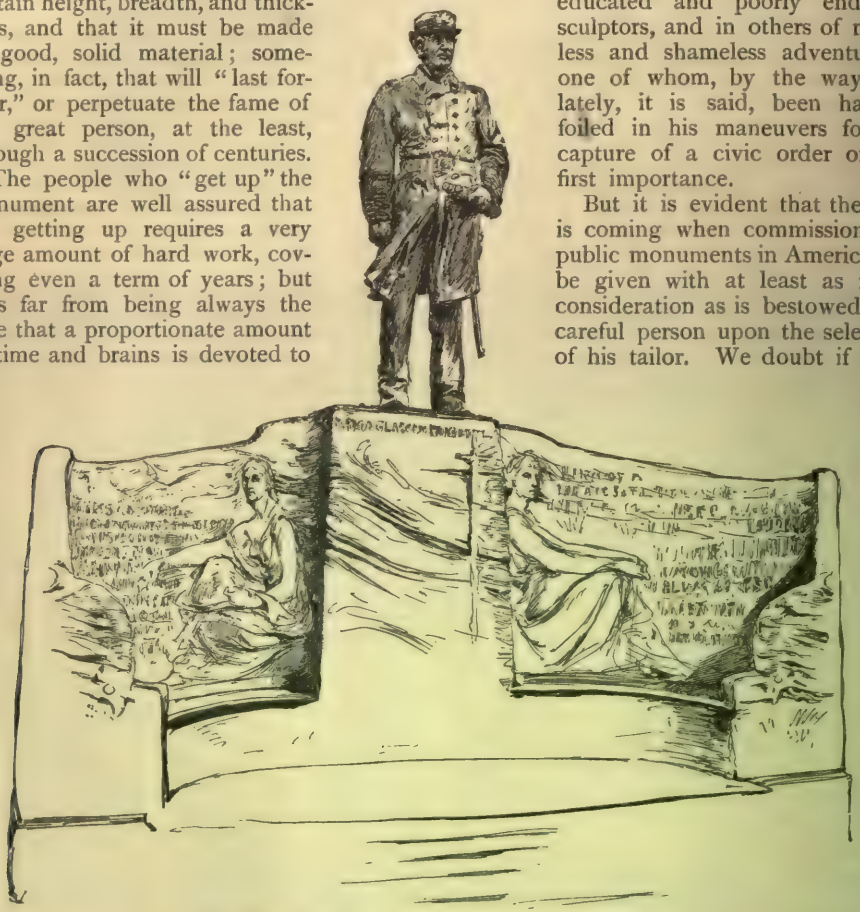
and, certainly, even the Butter-Woman's wildest admirers would consider her chosen material, even as improved under her latest patents, not just the thing for the Central Park. Yes, all are agreed that a public statue must have not less than a certain height, breadth, and thickness, and that it must be made of good, solid material; something, in fact, that will "last forever," or perpetuate the fame of the great person, at the least, through a succession of centuries.

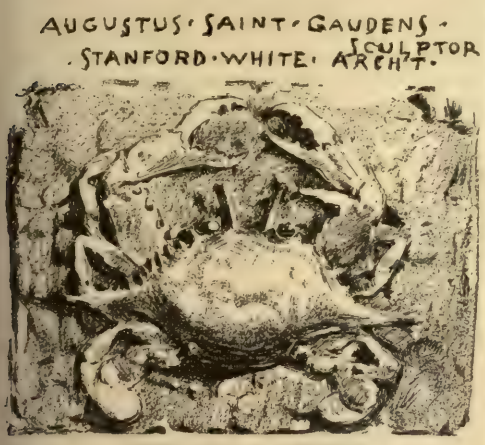
The people who "get up" the monument are well assured that the getting up requires a very large amount of hard work, covering even a term of years; but it is far from being always the case that a proportionate amount of time and brains is devoted to the only point that is of the slightest consequence, upon the only branch of the enterprise that is likely to partake of immortality, or throw the slightest luster upon those who have been active in the movement—namely, the production of a real work of art.



PEN SKETCH, BY R. BLUM, OF THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT.

The public parks and squares of New York are a proof that committees have worked with industry to get money, but not with equal industry to find the right man to execute their commissions; and even if the right man has been found, by good management or by good luck, he has sometimes been so hampered or hurried in his work that the very best results have seldom been secured. Public committees and individual donors have inflicted upon the city a still increasing company of hideous and imbecile monuments,—some home-made and some imported,—the work in certain instances of well-known but half-educated and poorly endowed sculptors, and in others of nameless and shameless adventurers; one of whom, by the way, has lately, it is said, been happily foiled in his maneuvers for the capture of a civic order of the first importance.

But it is evident that the time is coming when commissions for public monuments in America will be given with at least as much consideration as is bestowed by a careful person upon the selection of his tailor. We doubt if there is any unerring method of selection in either case. Competition is sometimes found to work well in art matters, sometimes very badly. There was competition for the making of those gates of the Baptistery, at Florence, which Michael Angelo is reported to have said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. And yet, if one examines the competing panels of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, still preserved in the Bargello, one cannot help wondering why the commission was not given to the former instead of to the latter. Ghiberti's panel strikes one as not only in poorer taste than Brunelleschi's, but also inferior to his own subsequent work



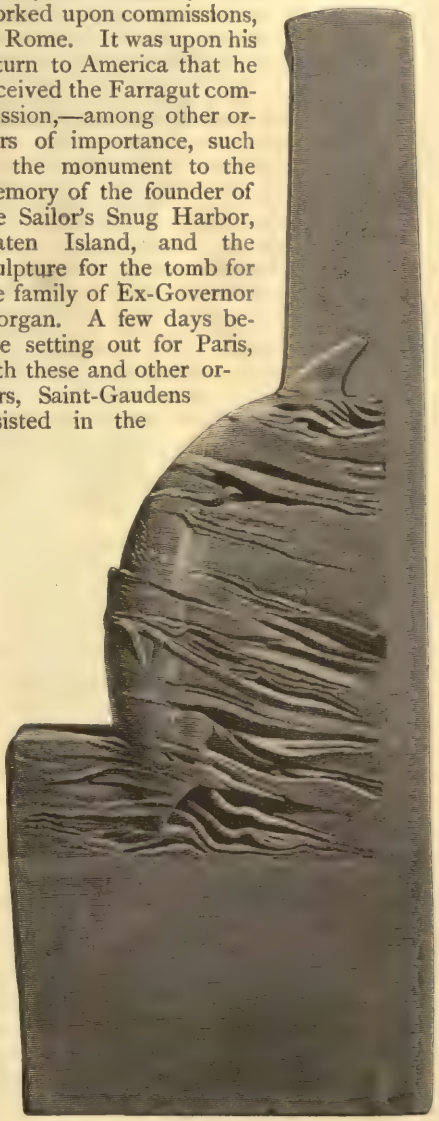
BRONZE CRAB IN PAVEMENT.

upon the gates themselves. It is very likely, however, that if the choice had fallen upon Brunelleschi instead of upon his rival, Michael Angelo's majestic praise would have still applied. For there were giants in those days; and not only were the artists giants in performance, but "the people" were giants in appreciation and taste. And this is the root of the whole matter: with the quickening of public taste will come the improvement of public monuments of all kinds.

Not only, then, as the memorial of one of the greatest and purest of the heroes of the modern world, but as a work of extraordinary artistic value, and as a sign of the increase of the art spirit in America, we present the accompanying illustrations of the Farragut monument, which is to be unveiled in Madison Square, New York, at about the date of the issue of this magazine.

Soon after the death of Admiral Farragut, a meeting was held at the residence of Moses H. Grinnell, which brought together many of the leading citizens of New York, and at which it was resolved to erect a suitable memorial of the great Admiral. An association was formed, among whose members were Moses H. Grinnell, General John A. Dix, Benjamin H. Field, Sylvanus H. Macy, Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, Charles H. Marshall, Commodore Nicholson, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, John J. Cisco, Marshall O. Roberts, Benjamin B. Sherman, Robert L. Stuart, Charles P. Daly, W. M. Vermilye, Gen. Alexander Shaler. General Dix was the first president of the Farragut Monument Association, being succeeded at his death by Mr. Benjamin H. Field. Mr. John J. Cisco was appointed treasurer, and Mr. James E. Montgomery secretary. In December, 1876, a young and accomplished, though then not widely known, sculptor of New York was accordingly commissioned to make a bronze statue of Farragut.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor of the Farragut monument, is a native of New York City, and now about thirty-three years of age. At the time when Saint-Gaudens began his studies, it did not take long to exhaust the means of art-instruction available in New York. He went to Paris, and after years spent in the "École des Beaux-Arts," entered the *atelier* of the sculptor Jouffroy. Later, he studied, and worked upon commissions, in Rome. It was upon his return to America that he received the Farragut commission,—among other orders of importance, such as the monument to the memory of the founder of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, and the sculpture for the tomb for the family of Ex-Governor Morgan. A few days before setting out for Paris, with these and other orders, Saint-Gaudens assisted in the



ARM OF SEAT.

founding of "The Society of American Artists," of which he is now President.

France is to-day, and has been for a long time, the home and best school of art. In a city like Paris, where marbles and bronzes are produced in such immense quantities, it is hardly to be wondered at that much of the production—in fact, most of it that one sees in public places—should be meretricious. But he is a shallow observer who concludes that, because hundreds of pieces of sculpture on the buildings and in the gardens of Paris are not as remarkable for solid as for superficial qualities, therefore, French sculpture is throughout brilliant but empty. The fact is that the most severe, the most powerful, the most beautiful, the best, modern sculpture is French. This is not the place to enlarge upon the subject, but no argument is necessary with those acquainted with the work of such men as Falguière, Dubois, Mercié, Le Feuvre, Saint-Marceaux, and the late Barye.

As often happens in the case of original minds, the influences which have been strongest in forming the character and art of Saint-Gaudens have not been those of his actual teachers. As a sculptor living in France and associating with the best men there, both painters and sculptors, he has himself, perhaps unconsciously, been a part of that movement in art whose origins are many, but with which will always be pre-eminently associated the name of Jean-François Millet.

It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the most abiding influence upon this young sculptor has been that of the antique art. The more experience the world acquires the more convinced does it become that for the canon of plastic art we must go to the Greeks. Paris points to Rome, Rome to Athens. It is true that Athens points still eastward toward Egypt and Asia; but it was in Greece that plastic art reached its culmination. Michael Angelo is the mightiest artistic individuality that the world knows, personally and intimately; but wherever Michael Angelo departed from the Greek canon, he was less beautiful, less noble, less complete. As splendid as was his time in great artists, nevertheless, as compared with the epoch of Phidias, the great Florentine fell upon evil days. It, indeed, took his own times and country to make him the giant that he was, nor would we ask to see him other than these made him; but it is still true that his art had its origin in that of the Greek masters, and that where it fell short it had departed from the spirit of the Greek.

In speaking of "the canon," we shall be misunderstood if it is supposed that the word is used in a limited sense,—as, for instance, having reference merely to such a matter as the exact proportions of the human figure. The Greeks had a keen perception of the fitness of things, and a dominating sense of beauty. They understood, as has been well said, the "not too much." They could express power, without degenerating into ugliness. But their art doubtless had its limitations; at least, it was left to Michael Angelo to give expression to ideas more modern, individual, and intimate. It was necessary that he should be different from the Greek; but where, although different, he was still governed by the essential spirit of the Greek taste, he was most successful, most great. Yet one must not push a theory such as this to its extremes; it is making too nice an inquiry into values which, after all, cannot be exactly determined. Who shall say which is better—the gigantic, yet compressed and artful power of Sophocles, or the spontaneous, boisterous, untamable, and tremendous energy of Shakspere?

Saint-Gaudens has done well to hold fast to the principles of the antique art. In carrying out these principles his work has, however, taken a likeness to that of the Florentine Renaissance, with which he is by nature in close sympathy, and which he has studied with devotion.

In modeling severe, broad, yet minute in finish and modern in expression,—in character alert, eager, reticent, full of dignity and reserved force,—Saint-Gaudens's bronze Farragut might almost be called the work of some new Donatello.* Yet, as in-

* The Farragut statue was exhibited in plaster in the Paris *Salon* of 1880. Saint-Gaudens also exhibited several medallions, and received "mention" for these and for the statue. The critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" said of the statue:

"The city of New York may congratulate itself on the choice that it has made of one of its sons, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, for the statue to be erected to Admiral Farragut; it may be doubly proud—both of the model and of the sculptor. * * * There is the sailor with his simple and well-ordered costume, the frock-coat buttoned close, the skirt loose in the wind, the figure well balanced, with the legs a little apart, as is natural on a moving ground. Above all, he has shown the chief conscious of his responsibility, invested with that supreme power which confides to his intelligence and integrity the life of so many men and the honor of his country. The mouth, forehead, eye—all the features, in fact—express the seriousness, the coolness, and the moral strength which accompany authority. But there is still more here,

BRONZE STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

teresting as is the statue itself, to the eye of the artist and the lover of art, the large and novel pedestal of North River blue stone, with its modelings in low relief, will be, perhaps, still more interesting. In this, the architect Stanford White was the co-worker with Saint-Gaudens. The pedestal proper (on which we find a design of waves crossed by a sword) is flanked on each side by a curving wall, beneath which is a seat (in shape like the classic elliptic *exedra*). Each of the two arms of the seat is formed by the curved back of a sea-fish cut in relief. The walls, on each side of and next to the pedestal proper, have large allegorical figures in low relief, and the spaces beyond the figures are completely filled with long inscriptions, the lettering of which is so modeled as to play an important part in the general decorative effect. The architect has thus given the sculptor an opportunity to lavish upon the monument a wealth of sculpturesque decoration which renders it at once beautiful in detail and imposing in mass.

The manner in which Saint-Gaudens has handled the lettering is a matter worthy of consideration. Should it be popularly considered successful, we are likely before long to find any number of more or less fortunate imitations. If we observe his medallions, the pedestal of the Woolsey bust, and other works, we shall find that for years the subject of lettering has occupied the sculptor's attention; in the present work he has carried out his ideas to the fullest and, as we believe, the most successful extent. Through the study of the ancient coins, medallions, and monuments, he has brought about, in his own work at least, a renascence of decorative lettering. When one remembers what opportunities there are for improvement in this respect, in connection with our coinage as well as our monuments, and our decoration generally, this will not be thought a matter of trifling importance.

In looking at the monument, the observer is struck by the appropriateness to the subject, not only of the whole, but of all the different parts. The fish, the wave, the bronze crab in the pavement, all these smack of the sea. But it is easy to invent or appropriate symbols of such a kind. But notice how well the slightest parts are made to enhance the naval and heroic character of the structure! The whole monument has, so to speak, a sea-swing! and yet there is nothing violent, nothing strained or overdone. Another point to be observed is the highly imaginative character of the figures of "Loyalty" and "Courage." Large in conception, and massive and simple in modeling, they suggest an imaginative power in the artist only awaiting opportunity for a fuller illustration. Another point, which will appeal especially to artists, is the masterly and exquisite modeling of every detail of the monument. Again, the horizontal lines of the sustaining masses are repeated and enforced in the reliefs with agreeable insistence. We cannot, in writing before completion, speak so confidently of the whole as of the parts, but it is evident that the collaboration of sculptor and architect has been entirely sympathetic; nor should we omit to name Louis Saint-Gaudens, a talented younger brother of the sculptor, who from the beginning has been his principal assistant.

The Farragut memorial adds one more to the small number of creditable public monuments in New York—such as Brown's "Washington" and Ward's "Indian Hunter." Let us hope that it marks the beginning of an era when we shall no longer import for our streets and parks the work of second-rate

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—in this sailor and admiral may be found the peculiar character of a race: the tenacious and clear-sighted will, and along with large experience of life, a boldness of conception, and an initiative force, which are peculiar to Americans and of which Farragut was a living example. In the large and simple execution all these traits appear, and show that Mr. Saint-Gaudens was worthy of the task. In the exercise of an art new to his nation he has been able, while profiting by the instruction of our school, to preserve native qualities of strength and spontaneity—qualities which could not have had a better employment than here."

In "L'Art," M. Paul Leroi wrote as follows:

"Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens is a New Yorker, but of French descent, and his talent has a foreign flavor, which is not by any means displeasing. At the *Salon* he had a colossal statue of Admiral Farragut, ordered by his native city. It was, in the fullest strength of the term, the incarnation of the sailor; better cannot be done. I am more than sorry for the exceedingly slender attention which was given to this monument: it is one of serious value,—it was taken for a mere Government work. That was a mistake, and I have felt the greatest pleasure in hearing Mr. Eugène Guillaume describe in detail the exceptional qualities of the statue by Mr. Saint-Gaudens. The young artist also exhibited medallions and bass-reliefs in bronze, among others the portrait of M. Bastien Lepage; I found them again at Florence, where I was better able to appreciate once more the fineness of their modeling, their individual accentuation, and their great distinction. The reward they won at Paris is ratified by all those who study them."

One of the medallions above referred to is engraved for the article on Bastien Lepage in the present number of SCRIBNER'S. See page 576, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February, 1878, for engraving of Saint-Gaudens's "Angels," in Trinity Church, New York.

European sculptors, nor put commissions into the hands of Americans who have no claim whatever to the title of sculptor,—when we shall on all occasions choose, as in the present instance, artists not only of thorough education and training, but also of genius.

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.

JOHN BOWNE BEFORE GOVERNOR STUYVESANT.

THE aquatic "tramp" seems to me the only perfect idler. When he embarks he leaves on shore the duties and drudgeries of life, and his world becomes the clear water, the breeze, the sunshine. He floats by dusty toilers as simply a spectator of life, a recipient of Nature's bounty in pleasure.

During a canoe-cruise from New York City along the north shore of Long Island, I was such a loafer as this; and, true to my character of vagabond, I fear I have collected very little of worth. The reader must, in spirit, join my crew of idlers, and content himself with the water, the breeze, and the sunshine; or, what will be still better, let my account draw him out to the region itself.

The north shore of Long Island has many peculiar charms of its own. The coast is frequently indented with small harbors, running far into the land between rolling hills. Forests cover almost all the country—even here, close to the largest city in America; but village spires and farms appear here and there among the trees. The shores are still further diversified by bluffs and rocky points, by tongues of white sand shooting into Long Island Sound, by pretty ponds and old mills, and by orchards and meadows coming down to the water's edge. But these common features of water scenery are made unusually attractive by the quiet, charming sentiment that seems to cover the region. Under this feeling you note an exquisite harmony in the lines of the bays, many beautiful details of picturesque old houses under venerable oaks, and mossy mills by crystal ponds; and, more than all, you relish the simple and warm-hearted humanity that fills the region with still deeper interest.

The first port the *Allegro* made was

OLD BOWNE HOUSE, FLUSHING.

Flushing, peaceful and umbrageous. I spent an hour wandering through its unpaved streets, arched with elms and lined with gardens. The spirit of the Friends still haunts the quiet place. Here and there, you meet a house that recalls the simple lives and characters of old times. Such is the Friends' meeting-house (1695), bare, bald, unpainted, turning its back to the street and the world, even to the village green, the memorial monument for the heroes of war, and the fountain under the tall elms. There, also, is the old Bowne homestead, with its family gathering of good old orthodox chairs. You can imagine, in this place, the rigid firmness of old John Bowne refusing to honor Governor Stuyvesant by removing his hat in court; and the grounds still seem retired enough for George Fox to preach in, though the oak that sheltered him has fallen. As I strolled back to the *Allegro*, the peaceful spirit reigned throughout the town—on

A FAMILY GATHERING.—ROOM IN BOWNE HOUSE.

its knolls crowned with groves and villas, along the shaded streets, and in its nurseries and greenhouses; and the air of this populous bower was full of the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; and all the glories of a perfect summer day were mingled with the sounds of quiet conversation floating out of the windows.

The waves of the Sound were a little dreary after my social hour with the strangers of Flushing. But I was soon skimming over the water in a gleeful mood, past Whitestone, Fort Schuyler, Willet's Point, and the Bay of Little Neck. The panorama of the shores was a continual enjoyment, with its endless variety of beaches, meadows, hills, bays, and bluffs. As my water-cask was by this time empty, I put into Port Washington for supplies. The village spring bubbling up under the roots of a great beech was a delightful place for an hour's rest on the grass.

VILLAGE SPRING AT PORT WASHINGTON.

As I paddled out of Manhasset Bay, I came to a fishing-smack hauling a net full of menhaden. Two long boats formed a triangle with her port side, and supported a net in the water between them. The net was a great hopper, full of squirming fish; a man stood knee-deep among them, and filled a scoop-net that was lowered over the sloop's side, and then hoisted aboard by a tackle made fast to the gaff. The deck was heaped with the glistening fish, and the water was still alive with them. But this abundance gave me a sense of pity rather than satisfaction in such wholesale destruction. The men stopped their work for a minute to chat, and wonder at the canoe; and as I got under weigh the skipper called out, "I say, Cap'n, you'd better get in the house with that thing—it's goin' to rain." The sky was indeed overcast; and now that I looked, it seemed uncommonly threatening. As the day was nearly gone, I laid my course for Hempstead Harbor, some miles eastward, and paddled with a will. I could not tarry at Sands' Point, but I took a look at the old Sands house, on the edge of the salt meadow. It was a place of some importance during the Revolution, in the secret service of passing money and news from the patriots on Long Island to the Federal army on the mainland. The place rendered another important service, more closely related to the present day. Captain John Sands bought the estate in 1695; but he continued to follow the sea, and ran a trading schooner between New York and Virginia. On one of these trips he brought home a quantity of young locust-trees, and planted them along this shore. They grew so well, and the timber was recognized as so valuable, that other people soon planted them from his stock. Thus Long Island

MORE'N A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

and New England derived their supply of this wood from Sands' Point. Many a locality is far-famed for much less service. I resumed my way toward the stern, steadfast light-house, where the lawns were covered with groups of summer loungers. Just then the ill-fated steam-boat *Seawanhaka* landed at the dock, soon moving off again toward the Sound. While listening to the rhythmical blows of her paddle-wheels, I suddenly found myself passing over huge bowlders that lie on many of the points of the north shore. Although their heads were but just covered, yet they lay in from one to two fathoms of water. I found it necessary to proceed with caution; but when the swells of the steamer began to wash among them, off on the Point, I was anxious to get away before I was either capsized or stove by the seas dashing me on them. I took the chances of going at full speed; twice the rocks raised their grim heads out of the water around me; but I reached open water without accident.

The gloom of evening was already settling over the water, and the still more impressive gloom of a storm covered the heavens as I beached the boat on Mott's Point, opposite Glen Cove. I soon had her converted into a sea-side hotel. The fire made a cheerful nook among the huge bowlders and under the blackness of night; and the isolation of the sea-shore was considerably softened by the fumes of supper. Before turning in I stowed everything away, fastened down the hatches, and prepared for heavy weather.

When I awoke the next morning, a north-east rain-storm drove straight on the Point; so I turned over for another nap, and blessed the *Allegro* for her dry, warm shelter, as much as I often had for her speed and stanchness on the water. But you cannot sleep over eleven hours at a stretch, even with the rain pattering on a roof only six inches above your nose. I finally sat up and looked out of the tent-door. Sheets of rain veiled the opposite shore of Glen Cove and shut out the farther Sound, and great swells rolled in from the invisible distance and broke heavily on the beach. The Point was strewn with huge bowlders, many of them covered with long, shaggy locks of brown sea-weed; the surf dashed over these with foam, and left them dripping. The sands were washed out by the rain till the shells and chips of drift stood up on little knolls, protected under their shelter. The trees on the high bank above the beach writhed and tossed their arms in the wind. The loud boom of the surf, the splash of the waves about the bowlders, the fine hiss of the foam on the sand, and the soughing of the forest, all flooded upon me; and the *Allegro* lay alone on the rugged Point, drenched with the rain and shaken with every gust. I know some who would think the situation mournful; but if they could look into the inmost interior of the *Allegro*, they would change their minds, for the captain has the whole of life in a nut-shell. The little cabin of oiled muslin, five feet long, two feet six inches wide, and four feet high, is dry, even though the rain beat on it so heavily that every drop makes the roof shake. The captain sits on a comfortable seat, wrapped in his blanket, warm and secure against the storm. Everything is "quite adjacent," for every domestic idol is within reach from his seat. There he sits, with breakfast cooking between his knees on a little kerosene stove made of the lantern, and hums an accompaniment to the kettle's song and pities the slaves of luxury and exacting fortune. The day passed in reading and writing, in listening to the gale,

and relishing such comfort snatched from its very teeth. But when dinner-time came, and the water-keg was empty, and the oil was gone, I also began to think the situation mournful; so I put on my rubber coat and went to seek supplies.

I soon knocked at the door of an old house. It was plain and low, without eaves; but its old front had a deep piazza, with two small windows, like sunken eyes, that twinkled with hospitable welcome. The original shingles—I believe two hundred years old—still cover the sides, though the ends of them have been eaten away and rounded by the north-easters. Touches of wet, the flowers dripped, and the hanging-baskets whirled in the gusts of cold wind; and away over the Sound the north-easter was still lashing the sea, and filling the sky with gloom. I was very glad when, at last, the lady opened the door, and kindly asked me to come in from the storm. A fire crackled on the hearth, and glowed here and there on quaint old furniture. When my story was told, I was abundantly supplied, and I soon returned to the beach. I confess the storm was not any more welcome after this taste of domestic life; and even the *Allegro* seemed a shade more lonely than I had ever seen her. As I

OLD HOUSE AT HEMPSTEAD.

taste brightened the plain old house. A hammock swung under the piazza, and a stand and hanging-baskets were bright with flowers. The view, as I turned from the door toward the beach, seemed very appropriate. The lawn was a whole field of grass, stretching to the edge of the bluff, where an irregular hedge of trees partly shut in the scene; the sound was visible farther to the left, beyond a salt meadow and a smooth beach; near the house, a large black walnut, an old orchard of apple-trees, and some flowering shrubs completed the expression of simple, comfortable, and tasteful living. But the scene now was not inviting, for the hammock was lank and bent over my wet sticks under the shelter of a rock, and tried to start a fire, I thought this effete civilization that lives under a roof was not beyond admiration. Just then I heard steps on the sand, and presently a large, good-natured face, with a heavy beard all beaded with rain-drops, peered over the bowlder beside me, and smiled at what it beheld.

My visitor looked at the canoe with interest, while chatting for a few minutes; and then explained that he lived in the old house, that his wife had told him of my situation, and that he had come to pilot me to a better harbor. Such kindness was not to be resisted. I was soon back in

the old house again, at a social table, where the graces of hospitality met an appreciation that must have delighted the old house. Such homesteads are not uncommon on Long Island. I frequently met them along the shores, looking out of their gnarled orchards or through their veil of willows. They have descended from father to son for several generations; and many of them, being grants from the Indians, are held without a recorded deed, or even a mortgage, or any other official seal of ownership. Many of the owners are Friends; and many others besides these have preserved in the homesteads the quaint simplicity of old

uresque details of this exquisite landscape. The attractive village of Roslyn is nestled at the foot of the hills about the head of the bay, among ponds and old mills, and threaded by shady streets. The old Bogart homestead, near the lowest pond, was honored by a visit from President Washington; it was also robbed by the whale-boat men, of whom I shall speak further on. The top of Harbor Hill gives a remarkably fine view over the village, the pretty bay, the rolling hills covered with groves and villas, and, farther away, of the Sound, the Connecticut shore, and even of the Palisades, New York City, and the mount-

OLD FARM-YARD, LONG ISLAND.

times. Such examples can be found in Hempstead, Jamaica, and many other of the old towns in the interior of the island.

Hempstead Harbor is one of the prettiest bays of the north shore. It is, like the others, a long, narrow strip of clear water, running far inland between rolling hills, bluffs, and meadows. Some of the knolls are crowned with modern villas; and the spirit of improvement has invaded the quaintness of Long Island here more than on any other of the bays. But you still find all the charms of the scenery in the rare harmony of the sweeping lines along the shores and hills, and in the many pict-

ains of New Jersey. The former home of the poet Bryant, north of the village, is a delightful place on the shore of the bay that will attract every one who cherishes his memory.

When I stood in for Cold Spring Harbor, the afternoon was full of sunshine, and the frolicking waves tossed their white-caps at us. A stiff, south-west breeze meeting a flood tide kicked up an ugly sea on the bar. The sail-boats had all run into port, and I was alone on the water. The short, sharp seas swept my boat now and then from stem to stern, and I was soon drenched. But what did it matter in a July sun? The run up

SIFTING SAND AT EATON'S NECK.

that tide-race was a spirited dash, full of joyous leaps and bounding exultations. When I strolled along the beach at sunset, a quiet evening had made the waters calm. The distant sails shone like gold, and the steamers in the offing sent the soft hum of their wheels over the water into this quiet nook. Cold Spring Harbor was a charming scene that evening. It ran straight in, like a narrow wedge of gorgeous colors cleaving the dark green hills. The white-sand beach sweeps along many curving bays to pebbly points, at the foot of rich yellow bluffs, and along waving meadows. The headlands that project from each shore and successively narrow the vista up the bay, greatly increase the effect of the perspective, and make the harbor appear twice three miles in length. Indeed, the head of the bay seems the farthest recess of a picture, filled in with a farm-house, the smoking sheds of a brick-yard, a sloop or

THE SPHINX.—OLD FIGURE-HEAD.

A CALL FROM THE WHALE-BOAT MEN.

two, a white village among trees, and the hulk of a dismantled steamer.

As I drifted along these shores, I often leaned over the side of the canoe and watched the world under the water. The rocks covered with sea-weed were swarming cities of life; as I ran my fingers into the weeds, little fishes darted out in a fright and escaped to deeper water. On the shallow bars little shell-fish—crabs, shrimps, and lobster-like beginnings of great sedateness—crept about, all eagerly bent on feeding. The blue mussel clung to his rock, while the belated clam traveled apace to his next bed. The jelly-fish floated along with the current, yet propelled itself to some extent by expanding and contracting its umbrella-like body. It is beautifully decorated with long, curly ribbons of silvery luster, that float after it with the lightness of a feather. Its soft, pulpy body, shapeless when cast upon the beach, is perfectly symmetrical and rich in the evening light with mother-of-pearl tints, here and there touched with a spot of crimson or a faint line of gold.

Among my many companions, none were happier than the porpoises. They come into the bays with the flood tide, and play in schools close to the shore. They often staid so near the surface that I saw many of their motions. They go slowly along, with an ease and confidence that make me ashamed as a waterman. Now and then they break into the reflections on the smooth water by raising their round, shining backs above the surface. I wonder if they enjoy any reflections in their nether world. At times they collect in the smallest possible space, and glide over and under one another as if in a heap. Now one raises half of his body above the water and falls on top of all; another comes up, turns right down again, and raises his broad tail for a playful slap as he goes under. One of them, one day, left his companions and went on a solitary cruise about the cove; when something startled him he struck a bee-line for the school, although it had moved many yards, and went with a speed you can seldom see in the water. He swam near the surface, and made a swell so large that it rocked the canoe and broke on the beach. Just as he reached the school, he jumped clear out of the water and dived into their midst with such accurate direction and easy entrance that you could not have heard the water splash. So they go and come with perfect content, for with them every tide is "taken at the flood" and "leads on to fortune."

The menhaden was another frequent companion on the cruise. I often saw a school in my course, and ran the *Allegro's* nose right among them before they discovered her silent approach. Several hundred often swim as close together as they

can lie, just at the top of the water. You see, in still weather, a small ripple on the water that you might think the effect of a puff of wind. On coming closer you see it is a mass of fish, with their heads, eyes, and backs just above water, and their dorsal fins wagging loosely as they scull along. They glide idly along the surface, with a faint, rippling sound, while their silvery sides gleam in the dark blue water with remarkable luster. As you sit studying them they all at once take fright, flap their tails on the water, and dive into the depths. A large school will thus make a splash heard several hundred yards. I followed them all through the twilight, while the ruddy light flashed from their sides with iridescent splendors. Then, as the night came on, I met them again here and there, and listened to their play among the ripples and the moonbeams. Still later, the waves kindled with phosphorescent luster, and I seemed to float on a sea of light, beneath the starry heavens.

Oyster Bay is a pleasant village, scattered among orchards and small fields along the shore. The place scarcely shows its age, which dates from 1653; and yet the peace and serenity of old age are the leading spirit of its rural charms. One of the old houses, the Townsend homestead, was the headquarters of Colonel Simcoe, commander of the Queen's Rangers. Miss Sallie Townsend was a great favorite with the British officers who visited Colonel Simcoe. Among these was Major André. On one occasion he showed his playful and gallant spirit by slipping into the dining-room and hiding the tea-biscuit; and he once made, on the sly, a sketch of Miss Sallie, and put it under her plate. But the young lady was too much incensed at this British compliment to eat her supper. The Young homestead, at the Cove, is another relic of those times. Washington passed a night there on his excursion through Long Island in April, 1790.

The Presidential tour of our first President was a different affair from our present official excursions, with palace-cars and speeches. Washington rode in his coach, drawn by four grays, with outriders, and was attended by his suite of officers. His route was from Brooklyn along the south side to Patchogue, across to Smithtown, and back along the north shore by Oyster Bay, Hempstead Harbor, and Flushing. The old people used to tell many pleasant anecdotes of him on this trip. He dined at Z. Ketcham's, at Huntington South, now Babylon, and begged the landlord to take no trouble about his fare. The people of those days were respectful, even if curious. They collected about the inn and expressed

PORT JEFFERSON.

OLD MILL AT NORTHPORT.

a desire to see the President. So he good-naturedly walked a few minutes on the stoop, with his hat off, and then quietly went in. On leaving, he gave a half-joe and a kiss to the inn-keeper's daughter. Jonah Willets, an eccentric Quaker, was plowing in his field with several yokes of oxen, and Washington stopped to look at him. Some one told Jonah who his visitor was. "George Washington, eh?" said Jonah. "Gee up!" and went on in his furrow. We miss the reporter in trying to collect information about those times. But the traditions of the Young family state that Washington seemed pleased with everything, and wished to avoid giving trouble. His colored servants, however, "did the aristocratic" for the whole Presidential party. They ordered the host's darkies to do the President's work. This brought on rebellion, correction, and, finally, restoration of order. Miss Keziah Young, a child of the family, afterward Mrs. Major William Jones, used to boast that she had been kissed by General Washington. Mrs. Young distributed most of the furniture used by Washington among her grandchildren, but the old house still preserves, in the room where he slept, the bed, its high posts draped with homespun linen with a blue-flower pattern, some blue china, and the pewter teapot from which his cup was filled. Among the old family papers I found the following bill, which shows the cost of even plain foreign articles in those days:

"Thomas Young to Thomas Pearsall, Dr.

1771. June 10.	To 6 yards Russia Duck...	£27	12	0
	To interest on ditto till this time, 18 months.....	2	18	10
		£30	10	10"

But musty papers ought not to shut out the summer sun, nor the cool salt air of the Sound. So I left the old cabinet for the canoe, and resumed my way on the waves toward the harbors of Huntington, my last port. Lloyd's Neck, on the west side of the entrance, was once an important post. During the Revolution, the British built on the hill a stockade that can still be traced. The fort was called Fort Franklin, in honor of the Tory governor of New Jersey. He was at the head of the detested Board of Associated Loyalists, composed of lukewarm partisans of the King, of refugees, and of wood-choppers. Their head-quarters were here at Fort Franklin. They had quite a fleet of small boats, that plundered along the Sound and made Oyster Bay their rendezvous. Their operations were directed chiefly against individual Whigs of either shore of the Sound, and were generally petty affairs of cruelty and robbery. Their atroc-

ities, indeed, roused in the patriots a spirit of retaliation that often forgot all claims of common humanity; and their freebooting at last produced such manifest injury to both parties that the British dissolved the Association of their own accord, and evacuated the fort on Lloyd's Neck. This whale-boat warfare was a peculiar feature of the Revolutionary struggle on the waters about New York. When the British were firmly settled in New York and its neighborhood, they tempted the Americans of both parties with the profits of bartering products of the soil for the luxuries coming from Europe. A brisk business was established; in fact, "London trading," as it was called, became even a dangerous element in the contest, by giving the English very necessary supplies. From almost every inlet along the sound light boats, freighted with provisions, darted back and forth between the shores and the British ships in the channels. These boats, like those used by whalers, were long, sharp, and light; they were manned by from four to twenty oars, and were perfectly arranged for quick and silent work. This trade became so profitable that honest means of supply did not meet the demand. Then many of these whale-boats became armed pirates. They plundered friend and foe—for both parties had representatives in this disgraceful practice. So expert and daring were these boatmen, that they and their methods were often employed by both armies for perilous but legitimate military purposes. Thus the bays about New York, Staten Island, and along the sound sometimes witnessed stirring and honorable adventures as well as desperate crimes.

The inhabitants consequently lived in daily fear of their lives and in uncertain possession of their property. The dread of robbery led them to the most varied experiments in concealment, for there were no banks to keep their money, nor safe investments for securing it. The people buried their coin under the hearth-stone or under the roots of a tree, hid it in a hollow bed-post, even under a pile of rubbish, stored it behind a rafter or a beam, or in a hole in the great stone chimney. When the robbers came, they tortured the men with beating and burning to make them reveal the hiding-place. They whipped the women and even murdered the children, and, very often, they succeeded thus in getting a part or all of the hidden treasures. But some of the money lay so long in its hole that it was forgotten. Even at this late day, some of these little piles of English coin are discovered when old buildings are torn down, old fence-posts dug up, and old pear-trees removed from the garden.

Sometimes their expeditions were bent on quite considerable captures. In July, 1781, two whale-boats from Fort Franklin crossed the sound, and landed thirty-eight men near Norwalk. When the good people of Darien were assembled for worship, these whale-boat men surrounded the church, robbed the congregation, and brought away fifty men and forty horses. The prisoners were then taken to Oyster Bay; and there on the village green, where the liberty-pole stands, they were ironed together in pairs by riveting hoop-iron around their wrists. This inhuman treatment was but the beginning of their sufferings, for they were then marched to the provost in New York. These boatmen sometimes attacked crafts much larger than their own light boats. In November, 1779, two small privateers of four guns each, flying the British colors, ran into Oyster Bay. There they found and captured four wood-vessels and a large English brig.

The last days of my cruise were as delightful as the first had been. A part of them were spent in a carpenter's shop, in Huntington, repairing the *Allegro*, after she had been run into by a sloop in a heavy blow. Then I paddled about the harbors, which are intricate and curious in form. The bay as a whole resembles the track of a bird. The rear claw is the narrow entrance from the sound, the center of the foot is the main body of water, and three or four claws are spread from this westward, southward, and eastward. Each long, narrow harbor is diversified with many points and coves that surprise you as you explore it. You pass farther and farther inland, among the wooded hills and along the clean sand beaches. A sloping field here and there, an orchard covering a low farm-house, or a villa on a commanding knoll, are minor points in the charming panorama of the shores. In-and-out, in-and-out is the course of land and water; and in their devious ways they play many tricks at hide-and-seek, and draw you on from nook to nook by the most attractive pictures. At last you reach the head of the harbor, with its salt meadow of waving grass, its old tide-mill, its pond, and the shady village sheltered among the encircling hills. You can explore still farther with pleasure by following the roads and lanes through scenes of unusual beauty.

The road may skirt the beach of a land-locked bay bordered with forest; it may lead past old farm-houses, orchards, and typical barn-yards; it may mount the hills of a headland or neck commanding extensive views of tortuous harbors, rounded headlands, long tongues of white sand dividing the blue water, the wide horizon of the continent, and the sound stretching eastward to the Atlantic. The interesting features of the north shore do not cease at Huntington; you can cruise with pleasure along the beaches and bays even beyond Northport and Port Jefferson. Wrecks, cabins, old mills, and many natural curiosities are met on the way. And wherever you land, you see quaint pictures of rural life and odd characters of the sea-board.

SIC SEMPER LIBERATORIBUS!

MARCH 13, 1881.

As ONE who feels the breathless nightmare grip
His heart-strings, and through visioned horrors fares,
Now on a thin-ledged chasm's rock-crumbling lip,
Now on a tottering pinnacle that dares
The front of heaven, while always unawares
Weird monsters start above, around, beneath,
Each glaring from some uglier mask of death,

So the White Czar imperial progress made
Through terror-haunted days. A shock, a cry
Whose echoes ring the globe—the specter's laid.
Hurled o'er the abyss, see the crowned martyr lie
Resting in peace—fear, change, and death gone by.
Fit end for nightmare—mist of blood and tears,
Red climax to the slow, abortive years.

The world draws breath—one long, deep-shuddering sigh,
At that which dullest brain prefigured clear
As swift-sure bolt from thunder-threatening sky.
How heaven-anointed humblest lots appear
Beside his glittering eminence of fear;
His spiked crown, sackcloth purple, poisoned cates,
His golden palace honey-combed with hates.

Well, it is done! A most heroic plan,
Which after myriad plots succeeds at last
In robbing of his life one poor old man,
Whose sole offense—his birthright—has but passed
To fresher blood, with younger strength recast.
What men are these, who, clamoring to be free,
Would bestialize the world to what they be?

Whose sons are they who made that snow-wreathed head
Their frenzy's target? In their Russian veins,
What alien current urged on to smite him dead
Whose word had loosed a million Russian chains?
What brutes were they for whom such speechless pains,
So royally endured, no human thrill
Awoke, in hearts drunk with the lust to kill?

Not brutes! No tiger of the wilderness,
No jackal of the jungle, bears such brand
As man's black heart, who shrinks not to confess
The desperate deed of his deliberate hand.
Our kind, our kin, have done this thing. We stand
Bowed earthward, red with shame, to see such wrong
Prorogue Love's cause and Truth's—God knows how long!

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NEW YORK.

II.—THE REMEDY.

He who would hope to heal the ills of a great city need not look beyond Hippocrates's formula: Pure Water, Pure Air, and a Pure Soil. These being secured, and their permanence guaranteed, all other conditions of public healthfulness shall be added.

The importance of the best condition of the public health has been well stated by Dr. Beddoe: "By a good state of public health we may understand, without unduly stretching the meaning of the term, not merely a low rate of mortality, but a high average of vigour and capacity for labour, physical or mental, in the individuals composing the nation; and if that average be high, we may expect it to tell not only in lessening the rates of mortality and sickness, but in diminishing crime and poverty, and increasing the diffusion of comfort, happiness, and perhaps even virtue."

The first term of our formula is reasonably well secured to New York. Its water-supply is not strictly clean, but its quality is not to be considered as an element in the causation of disease.

We have seen, in the description given in the previous paper, that the *soil* of the city, whatever its natural condition, is very generally subject to serious contaminations; and that the causes of its contamination are permanent and increasing, for, aside from the dangers due to its excessive saturation in certain localities, the water with which it is saturated is of the foulest character. No remedy can be regarded as at all complete or satisfactory which does not entirely reverse this condition. Its saturation must be prevented, at least within reach of the cellars and foundations of houses, and such water as exists in the soil at any depth must be the pure water of rain filtration, unfouled with any manner of organic waste.

The air not only of the streets and yards, but the air of the houses, and equally the air occupying the interstices of the soil, must be kept as free as possible from pollution by the gases of organic decomposition. The universal operation of the law of the diffusion of gases, especially as favored by the free winds to which the city is subject, may be trusted to counteract the evils due to the enormous consumption of fuel, and, with reasonable provisions for house ventilation, of those due to the exhalations of the people. These latter need never enter into the calculation when it is a question of keeping the air of the city pure. What does concern us in this connection—and it concerns us most vitally—is the prevention of a foul condition of the atmosphere of the soil which is freely received into houses through their cellars, the freeing the air of the streets from the exhalations of organic decomposition, and the freeing the air of houses from the much more serious pollution due to those varied conditions which are included in the general term "bad drainage."

In seeking these ends,—the cost of the improvement being always a controlling element of the calculation,—account must be taken of all existing conditions, and existing work must, as far as possible, be made available and turned to good use. The city cannot be torn down, and its sewers and drains dug up, and the whole work begun *de novo*. We must take houses and house-drains, streets and sewers, as we find them, make the best possible use of them, and supplement them with such amendments as are needed to secure a complete result. As these recommendations are intended for a practical end, and are offered in the belief that they will, sooner or later, be carried into effect, they will be restricted to what it will be possible to carry out without undue cost. As it is not to be supposed that any man's suggestions will be accepted without question, or that extensive new works will be undertaken without experiment, they will be confined in the main to what may be tried on a small scale and subjected to the test of practical working.

To begin with the general sewerage and drainage of the city, we have to consider four important elements:

1. The removal of the great bulk of the rain-fall which is received by the roofs of houses and by the spaces in the interior of the blocks—the yard drainage.

2. The subsoil water; that which, falling upon the surface, sinks into the ground, and saturates the soil about the foundations of houses and makes cellars wet.

3. The rain which falls on the surface of the streets.

4. The enormous water-supply flowing

constantly into the city, distributed through every house, fouled by domestic and manufacturing use, and delivered as unclean sewerage by the house-drains.

The first and second of these—the clean water discharged upon roofs and paved yards, and the subsoil drainage—should be carried directly into the present system of sewers. The catch-basins at the corners of the streets now communicating with these sewers should be disconnected, abandoned, and filled up. The man-holes communicating with these sewers should be preserved, in order that they may be used in rare cases of need: but to prevent their interference with traffic, and to insure a complete sealing of the sewers, their covers should be placed two feet below the surface of the ground. As this work progresses, the sewers should be made completely and absolutely clean. This change, of course, can be made only after other provision shall have been secured for the other offices which the sewers now perform; but when completed, the whole present system of sewers should be relegated solely to the work of removing the *clean* water of rains and of soil drainage.

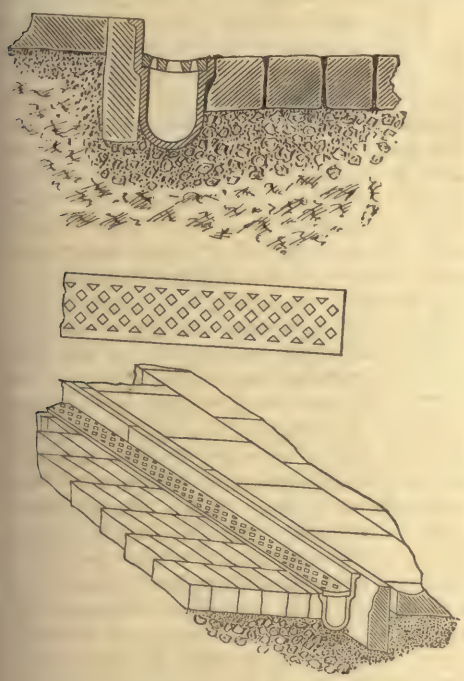
The proper drainage of the streets involves their proper paving. With rare exceptions, this will involve the entire repaving of the city. The cobble-stone pavements are unfit, and they cannot be made fit, for the uses of a closely built city, and for obvious reasons. The stone-block pavement, where in good condition, offers an excellent surface; but little, if any, of the block pavement of New York is in good condition. It admits a considerable percolation of surface-water, and, what is of much more importance, it leads to the constant working up to the surface of earth from below, adding enormously to the amount of street dirt to be removed by sweeping or by wash, and adding the element of that dirt which is most difficult to remove, and which, being washed into the rivers, is most speedily deposited.

The recent report of Lieutenant Greene on the paving of Washington, which is in its better streets a model for the world, reduces the list of admissible pavements practically to two items: a thoroughly well made and indestructible asphalt pavement for streets of lighter traffic; and for heavy traffic a stone-block pavement laid on gravel, and its joints made thoroughly tight by the bedding of the blocks in asphaltum. These pavements absolutely prevent the rising of soil of any kind to the surface of the street; prevent the entrance of rain-water into the ground below, and reduce the fouling of the surface substantially to the droppings of the horses, and the insignificant amount of rubbish deposited by the population. The objection to the stone-block pavement so constructed is the noise of its traffic; but this is no greater than that with which all New York is now familiar. The objection to the asphalt pavement, and it is a slight one, is the slippery character of the surface during rains. This is not at all so serious an objection as is indicated by the condition of the single block of pavement in Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. Even there the slipping is not a great objection, and it is noticed almost entirely at the two ends, where horses drawing a vehicle over a road of greater resistance come suddenly upon the asphalt. In Washington, where whole streets are so paved, slipping is almost unknown, as the traction is uniform.

In considering the policy of making such a radical change in the paving of the city, the sanitary benefit, and the abolition of the racket and roar on residence streets, should be more than controlling considerations. Incidentally, the reduction of the rate of cab fare which would be sure to follow the substitution of smooth and regular pavements for the irregular surfaces over which horses and vehicles are now so rapidly worn out, is well worth considering.

Aside from all questions of cost, whether in sweeping or in wear and tear, the importance of retaining on the surface of the street, as far as possible, every drop of rain that reaches it, may well be regarded as conclusive. The experience of Baltimore has demonstrated so effectually the importance of retaining rain-water on the surface that all propositions looking to the general sewerage of that city have been resisted by the most influential of its people, for the reason that the removal of the street wash would withdraw the most important cleansing effect of rain. It is true that Baltimore is a hilly city, that the cleansing effect of the rain-fall is greater there than it would be in New York, and that the water is much more rapidly removed; but in Baltimore all of the rain that falls on the streets, on the houses, or on the back yards, as well as the waste water of the houses themselves, is removed by surface gutters. Here the roof and yard water, being delivered directly into the present sewers, the accumulation of the gutter flow would be proportionately less, while foul wastes are otherwise removed. Prob-

ably there are not many streets in New York the whole of whose flow could be carried to the river through the gutters without at times causing inconvenience at the crossings of the avenues, and, occasionally, overflowing the sidewalks. It would be necessary, therefore, at points where during ordinary heavy rains the gutter flow would become too great, to provide for its removal below the surface. At such points there should begin under-ground conduits of sufficient size, leading directly to the shore and delivering, as by the present proposed extensions of the sewers, at the heads of the piers. These under-ground conduits may be constructed in the form of deep cast-iron gutters covered with suitable strong gratings, the inner edge of the gutter being carried up to the height of the sidewalk; an increase, as the accumulated flow requires it, to be furnished by making these gutters deeper rather than



COVERED STREET-GUTTER.

wider. The form of gutter and grating is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The practical objections that are likely to be made to this system are that in winter-time the gutters would become choked with ice, and that special provision would be required at the street crossings,—the ice being especially objectionable at these points. Crossings of streets may be provided for, by the bridging that is universal in towns which have no sewers, and if the difficulty from ice under such circumstances should prove too serious, the storm-water removal could be effected by the laying of suitable pipes or small sewers at both sides of the streets, only so far below the surface of the ground as may be necessary to prevent freezing. Those who have observed the condition of the gutters, street crossings, and catch-basins during the past winter must recognize the fact that the present system has been as complete a failure as any other could possibly be, and that as much labor has been expended in cutting out the ice of the gutters as would be necessary to keep them and the street crossings free by a lifting of the gratings, and the chopping of channels in the ice. The problem is not a simple one, but the sanitary result to be secured is well worth any effort that its solution may cost. When all sides of the question are examined, it must be seen that it is not a satisfactory solution, either in the matter of storm-water removal or of foul sewerage, simply to get the flow out of sight,—and so out of mind. Whether in sight or out of sight, the water of the rain-fall and the filth of the sewerage are most serious elements of a problem of the gravest character. There is no safety in the treatment of either short of absolute control from the moment of their production to the moment of their final and satisfactory disposal.

It is understood, as a matter of course, that these surface-water channels are intended for the removal of water only, or of water with the smallest possible addition of organic matter. The cleaning of the streets of a city like New York by washing its surface filth into adjacent water-courses, has nothing save momentary economy in its favor, and it has everything against it. By the system proposed, the following most important results will be secured:

1. The complete and immediate removal of all rain-fall from the streets, from the house-roofs, and from the interior of the blocks.

2. The drainage of the subsoil to the depth of the present sewers, and the withholding from the soil of all of that volume of foul water, from streets and from house-drains, with which it is now contaminated.

3. The retention below the pavement of the dirt which is now churned up through it to add to the foulness of the streets; the washing of the surface, and especially of the gutters, by every rain that falls, and a very

great cheapening and facilitating of the important work of street-cleaning.

In this arrangement, no provision has been made for the removal of the wastes of houses, manufacturing establishments, stables, etc.,—the foul sewerage of the population and of its industries. This branch of the subject should be treated quite independently of the removal of storm and subsoil water. It is the material so to be treated which constitutes the chief dangerous element of all town sewerage; it is this, mainly, which leads to the contamination of the soil; it is this, largely, that gives the character to the deposits in sewers that makes the gaseous products of their decomposition so dangerous; it is the means by which this is carried to the sewers that now conveys sewer-gas to our houses; it is the material thus added to the sewerage of the city which makes it especially difficult to deal with, and dangerous in its final disposal.

In short, it is this addition to the drainage of a city which makes the whole sewerage question so difficult. There is no safety, and there can be none, in the means for its treatment which are in almost universal use the world over. The simplest requirements of the public health make it imperatively necessary that a radical change of method be adopted.

In this part of the work everything must, perforce, be begun anew and carried out independently and completely to the point of remote and safe disposal. The organic wastes of human life being entirely eliminated, the drainage of roofs and back yards, of a clean soil, and of tightly paved and well-swept streets, is robbed of its dangers, and the resultant outflow may be discharged at the pier-heads without present or future danger. The works suggested above for the accomplishment of this end could have in no wise a detrimental effect on the sanitary condition of the city. While it is a simple matter to suggest this elimination, there are some practical details of the work which cannot be finally determined nor adequately discussed in the preparation of a magazine article. Certain leading principles, however, can be set forth, and an indication of processes can be given, which will afford a sufficient basis for study and experiment.

The system of sewerage, or "pipe-drainage," devised for, and completely carried out in, the city of Memphis is, I am confident, better suited to the purposes in view than any other similar work thus far done. The leading principles of that system are: the restriction of the sizes of the sewers to a capacity barely sufficient to carry the greatest flow of the day when running half-full; the most complete and thorough ventilation of every part of the sewer; and its thorough washing from end to end at least once in twenty-four hours, by a suddenly discharged volume of clean water sufficient to carry forward, at least to a point where the constant flow is sufficient to keep them in motion, all solid substances delivered to the sewer by its tributary house-drains, so that nothing of a putrescible character shall remain in the sewer long enough for its decomposition even to begin.

In Memphis, the most distant part of the system is about two and one-half miles from the outlet of the main sewer. The sewerage delivered at this point is discharged into the river within less than an hour and a half from the time of its entrance into the public drain. Such matters as may be left stranded near the upper end of the sewer are, by its flush-tank, washed into the constant flow at least once a day. Every connection with the sewer acts as a copious ventilator for it, and fresh air inlets of sufficient frequency supplement the action of these ventilators, effecting a constant renewal of the atmosphere it contains. As a result, what is known as sewer-gas exists nowhere within the whole system of sewers. There may be detected, now and then, during inspections of the work, a fresh fœcal odor, or the odor of foul-smelling chemicals passing through the drain, but nothing that suggests decomposition, nothing at all comparable with the atmosphere of the very cleanest of the sewers of New York.

The capacity of small pipes for removing sewerage is very much greater than those would suppose who are familiar only with the large works generally constructed. The sewerage of Lenox, Mass., constructed in 1876, is composed entirely of vitrified pipes six inches in diameter. These deliver the sewerage of the whole village, and remove it to a distant point, and have done so in the most complete manner since they were first laid. These sewers have no flush-tanks, and are, therefore, less completely cleansed than they should be, though no complaint is made of their condition. In the village of Cumberland Mills, Maine, a considerable manufacturing population has its waste matters entirely removed by six-inch pipes, flushed by tanks which are fed with the sewerage of the houses near the heads of the lines.

A six-inch pipe laid with a fall of one foot in three hundred feet, and running but half-full at the time of greatest use, will remove

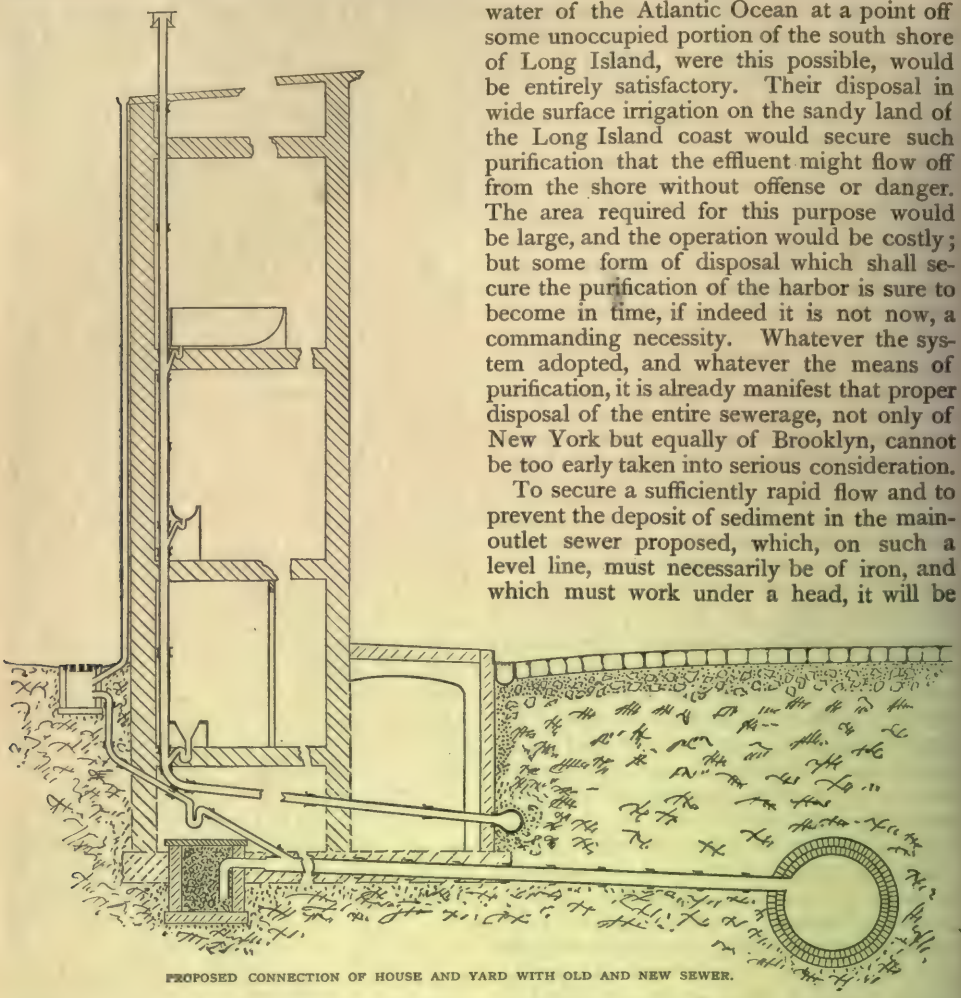
the sewerage of two hundred and fifty average houses, with a consumption of thirty-three and one-third gallons per head per day. Therefore, a six-inch pipe, having a fall of less than twenty feet from the Fifth Avenue to the Hudson River, would remove completely all of the household waste of all the houses on one side of the street for the whole distance, without being at any time more than half filled,—supposing the consumption of water to be restricted to one hundred gallons per day for each three persons of the population. As the present rate of consumption is very much more than this, the lower portion of a sewer laid on such an inclination would have to be proportionately increased; and in view of the considerable consumption of water in hotels and manufacturing establishments which may in future be constructed on any street, further provision would have to be made for their greater discharge. Full allowance being made for all contingencies, sewers of relatively very small size would be ample for all future needs. And not only ample, and therefore advisable on the score of economy, but really very much better than larger sewers, for the reason that a more perfect sanitary result is secured by the more complete flushing of a small sewer by the discharge of a flush-tank of a given size, or by the flow of a given stream, and the more complete ventilation which given means effect in the case of a limited volume of air.

The flush-tank referred to is the invention of Rogers Field, Esq., an eminent civil engineer of England. It has no moving parts, is absolutely automatic in its operation, and is so constructed that, by however small a stream it may be filled, when once filled the continued flow of that stream causes it to discharge its contents at once and with great rapidity. The flush-tanks in Memphis, of which about one hundred and thirty are in use, discharge about one hundred and twelve gallons in from thirty-five to forty seconds.

In the application of this system to the sewerage of that part of New York City which is regularly laid out, a separate house-sewer should be laid at each side of the street, with branches at the ends of the blocks (on the avenues), according to the direction of the slope. A flush-tank should be placed at the head of each sewer and of each branch in the avenues. The sewer should be laid at the edge of the sidewalk, under the gutter, so that it would not interfere with the use of the space under the sidewalk for engine vaults, for storage purposes, or for any other use desired, and so that access to it might be made by removing the gutter only, without breaking up the permanent covering of the street. As adequate provision is already furnished for the drainage of cellars, a prohibition—important for other reasons—against the location of water-closets, sinks, etc., below the level of the basement floor, the same being not lower than four feet below the level of the gutter, would enable ample fall for the whole house-drainage to be afforded by placing the sewers six feet below the level of the gutters. Opposite each house lot, and for safety's sake even more frequently, the sewers should be provided with branch pieces to receive the house-drainage, and, for permanent security and the insuring of a tight joint when the connection is made, these pieces should be of heavy cast-iron, so that the extension of each soil-pipe may be firmly leaded to the sewer, making an absolutely tight connection without breaking up the street, or interfering in any way with the main construction. Probably it would be best, all things considered, to make the whole sewer of cast-iron, for protection against injury during the construction of public or private works. The diagram on the following page shows the location of the present sewer and of the proposed sewer; the construction of a block pavement laid in gravel and jointed with asphalt; the storm-water gutter with its grating; and the connection of the house-drainage with the new sewer; as also of its roof and yard water and subsoil with the old sewer.

The foul sewerage of the city being thus led to the river front, or to other suitable points, the serious question of disposal remains to be considered. It is hardly necessary to offer arguments in opposition to the present practice of delivering this sewerage into the tide water which is constantly flowing back and forth in front of the city, to be ultimately deposited along the populous shores of the rivers or bay, to be exhaled from the surface of the water, or to settle on the mud flats of Buttermilk Channel, Gowanus Bay, Prince's Bay, or elsewhere. Notwithstanding the provision made for the exclusion of all surface and storm water from this sewerage, its volume will still be enormous,—nearly equal to the whole water supply of the city, which is now about one hundred million gallons per day.

The first idea that suggests itself to all who consider such questions is that, in the



PROPOSED CONNECTION OF HOUSE AND YARD WITH OLD AND NEW SEWER.

water of the Atlantic Ocean at a point off some unoccupied portion of the south shore of Long Island, were this possible, would be entirely satisfactory. Their disposal in wide surface irrigation on the sandy land of the Long Island coast would secure such purification that the effluent might flow off from the shore without offense or danger. The area required for this purpose would be large, and the operation would be costly; but some form of disposal which shall secure the purification of the harbor is sure to become in time, if indeed it is not now, a commanding necessity. Whatever the system adopted, and whatever the means of purification, it is already manifest that proper disposal of the entire sewerage, not only of New York but equally of Brooklyn, cannot be too early taken into serious consideration.

To secure a sufficiently rapid flow and to prevent the deposit of sediment in the main-outlet sewer proposed, which, on such a level line, must necessarily be of iron, and which must work under a head, it will be necessary to resort to artificial pumping, either directly into the mains or into stand-pipes. Considering the long, level shore-line of the city at which most of the lateral sewers must deliver, and the desirability of a sufficient fall in the collecting sewers to render them entirely self-cleansing, the best course would be to establish pumping stations at intervals near both shores, and at low points in the interior, from which the outflow of the collecting sewers should be forced into the great outlet main or into a stand-pipe communicating with it.

The above sketch (and it is intended as a sketch only) of a system of drainage covers every element of the problem that need engage the attention of the sanitarian or the engineer. It secures the complete removal of all household and manufacturing

interest of the people, the immense amount of fertilizing matter contained in the offscourings of such a population as that of New York, should be turned to profitable account. Experiments in this direction have been made and are being made at London, Berlin, Paris, Dantzic, and elsewhere. Thus far, all that has been proven in its favor is that it offers a good means for the purification of the effluent. The hope of profit, or, indeed, of any important return for the cost of the work, has apparently been abandoned. Possibly at some future time a change of the agricultural conditions of the country may enable us to realize this theoretical profit. At present the only aim that can be pursued with the hope of success is the purification or the inoffensive disposal of the effluent matters. Their discharge into the deep

wastes by an independent system of sewers in which the production of sewer-gas will be impossible; the complete removal of roof and yard water; the equally complete removal of street wash; the drainage of the subsoil and of cellars; the prevention of so much of the street dirt as is due to the working up of the soil in which the present pavements are bedded; and the complete protection of the ground under the streets against infiltration from above; and it suggests an adequate means for ultimate removal. The details by which the sketch is to be filled out can be determined only after careful consideration, checked and corrected by actual experiment. That the system is an entirely sound one, so far as the improvement of the public health is concerned, cannot be questioned. That it is entirely practicable will, it is believed, be shown by study and experiment. That it or its equivalent must, sooner or later, be carried into effect, is a foregone conclusion. Being carried into effect, the only remaining grave fault, so far as the site of the city is concerned, would be the contamination of the soil due to causes now in operation. The causes being removed, this would rapidly cure itself under the constant influence of oxidation and of the infiltration of rain-water, and the site of the city would become, in all its integral parts, as completely healthful as its location and surroundings indicate that it should be.

Much consideration is now being given to the question of water supply, and schemes are on foot looking to the introduction of new floods, brought at enormous expense from great distances. That this may in time become necessary is probably true; that it is the best means of present relief may well be doubted. The population of the city is now supplied with water at the rate of eighty gallons per day *per capita*. But a comparatively small proportion of this supply is used; the remainder is wasted. The tendency to waste increases, and will increase, perhaps, nearly in proportion to the increase of supply. A more abundant provision brought to the city implies a renewal or a supplementing of much of the present apparatus for distribution, and no man can tell where the work and the cost will end. It is worthy of consideration whether or not relief, for at least another generation, may be secured by the very simple process of preventing the waste of what we now have. To this end, it would be necessary to measure the quantity used in each house by meter, and to enforce the universal adoption of self-closing faucets. Mr. Shedd says that, with the water pressure at Providence, a single kitchen faucet left open for twenty-four hours delivers 22,000 gallons of water, and a constant flow as large as a pipe-stem under the usual pressure of New York City will deliver more than the necessary liberal consumption of any family. To make the meter system effective, and to impose a penalty on waste, a graduated scale of charges might with advantage be adopted. For example: for the first twenty gallons per day used for each member of the household, let there be no charge; for the next ten gallons make a limited charge, doubling this for each succeeding ten gallons, so that the carelessness which now leads to the wasting of at least fifty gallons per day for each member of the population shall bring its prohibitory penalty. As there is a disposition to allow water to run in summer to secure a cool draught, and in winter to prevent the freezing of pipes, the gauging should be taken monthly rather than yearly.

Aside from the very great cost of enlarging the system of distribution-pipes within the city to make available the more abundant supply that is being clamored for, the procuring of that supply involves for works now in contemplation an outlay of about sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars. The relief thereby afforded can, at best, be only temporary. A few decades of growth, and a little further cultivation of the present wasteful tendency, will prove the added supply to be inadequate, and the city will be brought face to face with a problem more serious than the one which now confronts it, and with a still greater disinclination among its people to submit to wholesome restrictions.

It has recently been stated that householders could not bear, and the city could not afford, the outlay necessary to provide every house with a water-meter, to substitute self-closing faucets at every tap, and to protect all supply-pipes against frost. This would, undoubtedly, be a serious matter; but so is the expenditure of sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars and the reconstruction of the interior-distribution system a serious matter. On the first of July last, there were ninety-one thousand three hundred and seventy-five houses in the city; the expenditure of sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars would impose an average charge on those houses of about one hundred and eighty dollars each, with

only the result of postponing an evil, leaving it competent then, as now, for those who live at low levels to cut short the supply of those who live on higher lands. An expenditure of less than one hundred and eighty dollars per house would give each its water-meter, replace all manual faucets with self-closing ones, and properly protect all exposed pipes; the consumption of water, while still liberal, would be reduced to less than half the present amount; the present aqueduct would suffice for a population of two million five hundred thousand people, and when the city shall have grown to five million, its adequate water-supply will be easily secured. The present extravagant system must surely cease, sooner or later. It may be more easily stopped now than hereafter.

It has been a favorite theory with some of those who have given attention to sanitary problems in New York that it would be most unwise to restrict the use of water, its abundant and constant flow securing the thorough flushing of waste-pipes, house-drains, and sewers. This would be important if it were true; but it is not true. Ten gallons of water sent suddenly through a waste-pipe, filling it half-full and making a rapid flush, would have a cleansing effect; but a hundred gallons trickling through in a thread of a stream cuts its little channel through deposits, and winds its course around obstructions, and does no good whatever. Indeed, in the case of many vitrified drains under cellar floors, the little constant stream is pretty nearly all distributed through leaking joints into the ground; while, if delivered in greater volume and in shorter time, nearly all of it would make its way directly to the street sewer, carrying with it matters which are now deposited along the course.

Even if all the improvements above recommended were carried out in their entirety, subduing entirely the foulness of the air of the present sewers, and cutting them off entirely from all communication with the surface, save through the roof-water and yard-water inlets; draining the subsoil of the city thoroughly; giving the streets an impervious covering through which no foul water could pass into the ground; removing the storm-water which falls in the streets completely and inoffensively, and conducting the liquid wastes of houses through impervious pipes and by a constant and rapid movement to a distant point of discharge, there would still be left what is perhaps the most serious element of the whole question.

So far as the health of the individual is concerned, it is probably better that he should live in a perfect house with unhealthy surroundings than in an unhealthy house with perfect surroundings. The nearest source of danger is probably the most effective, and unsanitary conditions within the house are therefore more to be feared than those remoter causes whose action is less direct. Under the present arrangement, however, the foul air of the sewers is, in very many cases, to be regarded rather as an interior than as an exterior influence—houses being frequently in almost unchecked communication with the sewers, and the air of these, as at present arranged, being unquestionably of a most poisonous character.

The more direct and immediate source of injury lies not where it is to be met only by the concurrent action of the community, but where it is under the direct control of the householder, or at least of the house-owner, who may be made amenable to the influence of his tenant. In a great majority of cases, no sufficient amendment of the condition of the house can be secured short of a thorough renovation of its drainage-works, and a very material reformation of its cellar; of its source of heated air; and of the arrangement of its ventilation. In many other cases, where the workmanship is good, and where only an ill-advised arrangement of the works is at fault, the remedy is much easier and less expensive.

As the most important feature of the case, attention will first be given to the drainage of the house—that is, to the manner in which its cellar dampness is to be removed, and its waste discharges regulated. Probably, in nearly every part of the city, the excessive moisture by which foundation walls and cellar bottoms are made damp may be sufficiently controlled without modification of the public sewerage. Sewers being ordinarily sufficiently deep in the ground to afford the necessary outlet, proper arrangements being made for the exclusion of surface water, especially when the back yard is covered with snow and ice, at a time of sudden thaw and heavy rain, the only requisite is to secure a complete drainage of the cellar, which may be effected by digging a trench to the depth of at least a foot below the cellar-bottom, all around and close to the foundation, filling the same with coarse gravel, or finely broken stone, or cinders, properly connected with, and properly disconnected from, the sewer. The communication of this drain with the sewer must

be provided with some effective protection against the admission of sewer air. Simply trapping with water is insufficient for this purpose, for the reason that during long dry seasons the trap is liable to become empty by evaporation or by leaking. As the amount of water to be discharged is not very great, and an open water-way is therefore not needed, a trap such as is shown in the sketch on page 184 will suffice for the outlet, and will be a certain barrier against the return of sewer air, at least to any material extent. The drainage of the cellar being thus effected, its whole bottom should be covered with concrete of a very different character from that ordinarily employed. This may answer for the foundation stratum of the work, but the surface should be finished with pure Portland cement or other more impervious material, such as asphalt. There will be an advantage also in continuing this impervious coating up the face of the foundation walls, at least to a point higher than the level of the ground. The cellar being thus protected, sufficiently ventilated, and so arranged that careless servants may not easily defile it with garbage and rubbish, its condition will be satisfactory for all purposes save one: that is, the supply of air to the heating apparatus of the house. This should, under all circumstances, be taken from outside, preferably not from the street, whose exhalations must be more or less objectionable under the best circumstances, but from the rear, and at a height of from ten to fifteen feet from the surface of the ground.

The subject of house ventilation, although of great importance, will not be considered here; neither will the arrangement of supply-pipes, by which hot and cold water are distributed to different parts of the house, further than may be necessary in connection with the furnishing of flushing water for closets and the arrangement of the main tank in which the general supply is stored.

It is indispensable, under the present system of living, that by far the largest and worst portion of its waste matters should be removed by a self-acting system of discharge-pipes leading to the public sewer. This is a necessary part of the provision for the most comfortable and convenient and healthful living, and a most essential feature of modern civilization. Its convenience and its comparative cleanliness are easily secured, and, so far as these aims are concerned, it is simply a question of good mechanical construction. The average man does not look beyond these objects, and he fails to realize the necessity for further supervision of the matter than may be given by the average architect or the average plumber. Were there not other aims of paramount importance, there would be no reason for the writing of this article. But those who have, during the past twenty years, given their attention to the influence of these works on the health of the people realize, as the general public does not, the necessity for controlling them with the utmost care and wisdom, and for bringing them into absolute conformity with a few simple requirements which are universally accepted by all who have given thought to the subject. These requirements are:

1. That the least possible amount of foul matter be retained at any time or at any point within the whole drainage system.

2. That every part of that system be as completely as possible separated from the atmosphere of the house, by suitable permanent traps, and by an absolute tightness of every part of the conduit.

3. That, so far as practicable, every part of the system be freely open to the entrance and movement of fresh air.

4. That an absolute separation be secured between the water supply of the house and every part of the drainage system.

5. That the connection between the different parts of the works do not involve a communication of air between different rooms or different floors, or with the spaces between floors and ceilings and in partitions.

These requirements apply not only to the main soil-pipe and its various branches, but equally to every vessel connected therewith. They are susceptible of great variety of treatment, and, being assured, it is a matter of no consequence, so far as the question of health is concerned, what the arrangement of the work may be. They may be assured in the simplest and in the most complicated plumbing; in the house which has only a single kitchen sink and a single water-closet, as well as in a house supplied in every part with closets, baths, wash-basins, and all the various appliances by which the plumber tempts the luxury of the people and adds to the convenience of household work. In proportion, however, as the work becomes multiplied and complicated, the need for great care increases, and simplicity and a restriction of the number of vessels are to be advised. It is possible to make a stationary wash-basin in a bedroom entirely safe; but such basins

rarely are entirely safe, and, however good in original construction, they are always liable, under careless management, to become unsafe. On the whole, their entire abolition is to be recommended, especially as it is practically impossible to keep them in all respects in such cleanly condition as the old-fashioned wash-bowl and pitcher, toward which fashion is happily returning.

The requirements here indicated are absolute, whether the house is to remain connected with the present public sewer or to communicate with the smaller sewer for house drainage only, as above suggested.

The first reform to be made should be an abandonment of the drain lying under the cellar floor, and of the use of earthenware pipes within or near the walls of the house. The main soil-pipe, which is the basis of the work, should never be, for any house of whatever size, not even for the largest apartment-house, more than four inches in diameter, for the reason that the capacity of a pipe of that size to discharge any amount of sewerage that can be produced in a single house, and to remove whatever can gain access to it through the outlets of water-closets, sinks, etc., is more than ample; and that the more closely the size of the pipe is adjusted to the work it has to perform, the more thoroughly it will be cleansed by its ordinary flow, and washed clean, at the times of greatest flow, of foul matters attached to its walls. In like manner every waste-pipe and trap in the house should be restricted as much as possible, the trap being never larger than the pipe, and preferably smaller. For example, the outlet of a kitchen sink should be of one and a quarter inch pipe, having a one-inch trap. With a reasonable and sufficient use, this will keep clean and will remove everything promptly, while a two-inch pipe with a three-inch trap will become choked with grease and filth, and will be a constant seat of foul decomposition. So, also, a three-inch outlet and trap are better for a water-closet than any larger size, and even a set of laundry tubs will have their whole contents carried away by a one and a quarter inch pipe more rapidly than the flow can pass through the strainer of the waste. The soil-pipe should begin at the sewer, enter the house above the cellar bottom, continue with the best slope that can be given it, six inches in one hundred feet being sufficient in case of need, to the point or points where its vertical extensions begin. These extensions should be carried as directly as possible quite up through the top of the house, without contraction at any point, and should open, full bore, at such a height above the roof as will bring them into a free current of air, without reaching to within two feet of the top of any chimney near them. Their ventilation may be facilitated by the use of the old-fashioned Emerson ventilator; but, so far as present knowledge on the subject goes, with no other. The half-round cap so much used by plumbers, and the bend by which the pipe is often turned to open downward, are both objectionable, as obstructing the channel at all times and as closing it by the accumulation of frost in cold weather. The "Globe" ventilator, while affording a very effective suction when the wind blows, is an obstruction to natural ventilation during calms. The various whirligigs are also an obstruction during calms, and revolving hoods, although effective when the wind blows with considerable force, are very often caught during light breezes with their opening toward the current, and are then worse than no ventilator at all. If the pipe opens directly to the sky,—and the careful experiments at Kew, conducted by Captain Douglas Galton and his associates, indicate that this is the best of all,—it may be sufficiently protected by covering it with wire cloth of three-quarter-inch mesh. A covering of the same wire cloth secures the same effect in the case of the Emerson ventilator.

If the soil-pipe is to be connected with the present foul sewer, then there must be placed between the house and the sewer a deep running trap, and inside of that provision must be given for the admission of fresh air to supply the needed ventilation. If the soil-pipe is to be connected with the small sewer above suggested, the same being thoroughly flushed and having ample provision for the admission of fresh air, then the trap should be omitted, and an unobstructed four-inch opening from the sewer to the top of the house will secure the necessary circulation of fresh air, while the supplying of such a ventilator at every house will provide a more than abundant ventilation for the sewer.

The admission of fresh air to the inside of the trap, or the open connection with a clean sewer, is a recent but most necessary device. A bottle cannot be adequately ventilated by removing its cork, and a coal-mine cannot be ventilated by simply leaving the mouth of its shaft open. Neither can the deep recesses and ramifications of a soil-pipe be ventilated by simply opening

its mouth above the roof. This will serve as a *vent*, and will prevent a pressure of the contained air being brought against the lateral traps. It will also serve for the admission of air during a descending flow, and so lessen the effect of this flow on these traps. But it will not afford that constant and entire change of the atmosphere of the pipes which is needed to prevent a foul and dangerous decomposition within them. So far as we now know, this last effect can be secured only by the opening of the pipe at both ends, so that there shall be a constant movement in one direction or the other, under the varying influences of changes of temperature, flow of water, and action of wind. Practically, it is found sufficient to connect the lower end of the soil-pipe, inside of the trap, with the outer air by carrying a two-inch air-pipe from the top of the horizontal run of the soil-pipe into the light shaft at the front part of the cellar. A large experience in the use of this device has failed to show any annoyance from odor escaping at this point; indeed, there is almost universally a strong inward current, and soil-pipes so ventilated are infinitely less offensive at their upper ends than those not so provided with fresh air, the character of the decomposition taking place within them being entirely changed, and complete oxidation taking the place of foul putrefaction.

Lateral branches of the soil-pipe, such as the wastes from baths, etc., will be sufficiently ventilated for a short distance by the mere opening of their mouths into the same; but if they are more than a few feet in length, and especially if they discharge foul matters, suitable provision should be made for obtaining a separate circulation of air through them, the supply being taken from the soil-pipe, and the exit being by a separate outlet above the roof or into a higher part of the soil-pipe.

The separation between a water-closet and the soil-pipe cannot be efficiently secured by any mechanical device yet invented. There is as yet in this case no substitute for a good deep water-seal; but this is the only opening which cannot be protected by a strainer, and which, therefore, must admit bulky materials. All other outlets may be protected by a suitable self-closing mechanical valve, working on the principle of the check-valve—opening freely toward the outlet and closing absolutely against a reverse current. None of the mechanical traps yet devised are absolutely perfect; but what is known as "Bower's" trap meets the necessary conditions more completely than any other, and its use is, in all cases, to be recommended, save in connection with the overflow of a tank, or the trap of a safe, or of a refrigerator not constantly used. Here the check-valve is especially to be preferred.

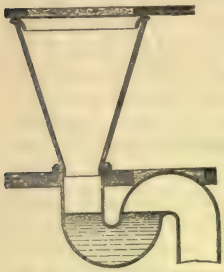
The use of a mechanical trap is not, under all circumstances, a matter of strictly vital importance. Where vessels are used constantly, winter and summer, the common water-seal trap, protected against opening by suction—technically, "siphoning"—by a suitable ventilation of the waste-pipe, or by a suitable connection at its point of discharge, is substantially safe. On the other hand, a water-seal trap not constantly used is subject to opening by evaporation, and to an objectionable permeation by the atmosphere of the waste-pipe to which it delivers.

In the placing of soil-pipes and lateral waste-pipes, the plumber is a veritable house-butcher. So long as he can make a hole through which to pass his pipes, he pays no regard to the channel incidentally provided for the free transmission of odors from one part of the house to another, and for the unobstructed passage of vermin. He knows that every water-closet is to be tightly boxed in with painted or varnished wood-work, and that no inspection is possible of the caverns by which his soil-pipe passes through the floor. A proper regulation of such work would secure the absolute closing of the floor about the soil-pipe or its branches, and would admit of a constant inspection and cleansing of the space which is now confined by ornamental carpentry. While the ventilation of the interior of the soil and waste pipes is of paramount importance, it is also most desirable to afford a complete ventilation at the house-side of every trap. Water-closets, therefore, should never be closed by covers; the water by which they are separated from the soil-pipe should be freely exposed to the atmosphere of the room, securing the immediate and complete dilution and dispersal of whatever exhalations may take place.

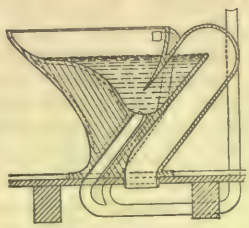
As stated in the previous article, no water-closet above the basement floor should be supplied directly from the main water-pipes, but always from a separate cistern, the contents of which are used for no other purpose. So, also, the overflow of the main tank should either be led to the outside of the house through the wall, or to the eaves-gutter, or it should be separated from the soil-pipe by a self-acting check-valve. The prevailing practice of discharging the over-

flow of the tank into the soil-pipe through a water-seal trap, which may not be supplied for months together, is in every way pernicious.

In the previous article, the different forms of water-closet now most largely used were condemned, and reasons for their condemnation were given. So far as invention and experiment have thus far gone, it seems wise to recommend the use of closets of only two classes, or modifications of these which retain their essential features. The first and cheapest form is the plain hopper-closet, illustrated herewith, supplied with a flush sufficiently abundant entirely to change the contents of its trap at every use. One of the best forms of this closet is that known as "Hellyer's Artisan," which has a perpendicular rear wall, and the flushing discharge of which pours with considerable force



HOPPER-CLOSET.



IMPROVED CALIFORNIA CLOSET.

into the trap. It may be effectively flushed by a cistern of simple construction, placed at a moderate elevation. The other, the invention of William Smith, of San Francisco, is most cleanly and effective. The accompanying illustration shows a modification of the form and arrangement of this closet which seems to meet every requirement. It has no moving parts; its basin stands full, so that dejections are received immediately into water and their odor retained; and its discharge is effected with such force that nothing which ought to gain admission to a water-closet can fail to be carried completely away, in a flood of such abundance as thoroughly to flush the soil-pipe and drain. The supply is taken from a tank standing at a considerable elevation; or, by a more recent device, from a lower elevation through a pipe standing full of water for its whole length. In either case, the main supply is delivered in the form of a forcible jet at the bottom of the trap, flowing with sufficient force to carry with it the contents of the bowl. A branch from the main supply flushes the bowl, and, as the flow ceases, fills it again to the required height.

Either of these closets, made of white earthenware and standing as a white vase in a floor of white tiles, the back and side walls being similarly tiled, there being no mechanism of any kind under the seat, is not only most cleanly and attractive in appearance, but entirely open to inspection and to ventilation. The seat for this closet is simply a well-finished hard-wood board, resting on cleats a little higher than the top of the vase, and hinged so that it may be conveniently turned up, exposing the closet for thorough cleansing, or for use as a urinal or slop-hopper. Such closets ought entirely to do away with the use of urinals in private houses, and if, for convenience or to prevent the possibility of baths being improperly used, separate slop-sinks are desired, these should be constructed like the hopper-closet, the outlet being protected with a movable basket of wire cloth made for the purpose.

There are various improved devices in the form of grease-traps for kitchen sinks, cleanly substitutes for the present filthy outlets of wash-basins, etc., which are not of sufficient sanitary importance to claim description here, but which, for all that, are well worthy of attention. If the five requirements enumerated above are secured in substantial conformity to the directions given, the householder may feel confidently assured that, whatever ills his family is subjected to, bad drainage cannot be one of them. With anything less than this he will, if he be wise, regard his conditions of life as suspicious, and will remove the defects of his own house before clamoring too strongly about defects that lie without his walls.

The foregoing recommendations constitute, it is believed, could they be carried out in their integrity, a complete remedy for all the remediable sanitary evils of the city of New York, so far as they relate to its soil, its streets, its houses, or its water supply. They involve nothing that is impracticable, of improbable value, of uncertain effect, or of undue cost. Their execution implies a modification of some engineering and architectural practices which are the outgrowth of traditions that antedate the beginning of sanitary knowledge; and the regulation of public and private work according to principles which have not yet found a prominent place in professional text-books. They are, however, in strict conformity with the simplest indications of sanitary necessity, and they cannot be disregarded with safety to the community or to the family.

MADAME DELPHINE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes."

CHAPTER VII.

MICHÉ VIGNEVIELLE.

MADAME DELPHINE sold one of the corner lots of her property. She had almost no revenue, and now and then a piece had to go. As a consequence of the sale, she had a few large bank-notes sewed up in her petticoat, and one day—may be a fortnight after her tearful interview with Père Jerome—she found it necessary to get one of these changed into small money. She was in the Rue Toulouse, looking from one side to the other for a bank which was not in that street at all, when she noticed a small sign hanging above a door, bearing the name "Vignevielle." She looked in. Père Jerome had told her (when she had gone to him to ask where she should apply for change) that if she could only wait a few days, there would be a new concern opened in Toulouse street,—it really seemed as if Vignevielle was the name, if she could judge; it looked to be, and it was, a private banker's,—"U. L. Vignevielle's," according to a larger inscription which met her eyes as she ventured in. Behind the counter, exchanging some last words with a busy-mannered man outside, who, in withdrawing, seemed bent on running over Madame Delphine, stood the man in blue cottonade, whom she had met in Père Jerome's door-way. Now, for the first time, she saw his face, its strong, grave, human kindness shining softly on each and every bronzed feature. The recognition was mutual. He took pains to speak first, saying, in a re-assuring tone, and in the language he had last heard her use:

"'Ow I kin serve you, Madame?"

"Iv you pliz, to mague dad bill change, Miché."

She pulled from her pocket a wad of dark cotton handkerchief, from which she began to untie the imprisoned note. Madame Delphine had an uncommonly sweet voice, and it seemed so to strike Monsieur Vignevielle. He spoke to her once or twice more, as he waited on her, each time in English, as though he enjoyed the humble melody of its tone, and presently, as she turned to go, he said:

"Madame Carraze."

She started a little, but bethought herself instantly that he had heard her name in Père Jerome's parlor. The good father might even have said a few words about her after her first departure; he had such an overflowing heart.

"Madame Carraze," said Monsieur Vignevielle, "doze kine of note wad you *'an'* me juz now is bein' contrefit. You muz tek kyah from doze kine of note. You see ——" He drew from his cash-drawer a note resembling the one he had just changed for her, and proceeded to point out certain tests of genuineness. The counterfeit, he said, was so and so.

"Bud," she exclaimed, with much dismay, "dad was de manner of my bill! Id muz be—led me see dad bill wad I give you,—if you pliz, Miché."

Monsieur Vignevielle turned to engage in conversation with an employé and a new visitor, and gave no sign of hearing Madame Delphine's voice. She asked a second time, with like result, lingered timidly, and as he turned to give his attention to a third visitor, reiterated:

"Miché Vignevielle, I wizh you pliz led ——"

"Madame Carraze," he said, turning so suddenly as to make the frightened little woman start, but extending his palm with a show of frankness, and assuming a look of benignant patience, "'ow I kin fine doze note now, mongs' all de rez? Iv you pliz nod to mague me doze troub'."

The dimmest shadow of a smile seemed only to give his words a more kindly authoritative import, and as he turned away again with a manner suggestive of finality, Madame Delphine found no choice but to depart. But she went away loving the ground beneath the feet of Monsieur U. L. Vignevielle.

"Oh, Père Jerome!" she exclaimed in the corrupt French of her caste, meeting the little father on the street a few days later, "you told the truth that day in your parlor. *Mo conné li à ç't heure.* I know him now; he is just what you called him."

"Why do you not make him *your* banker, also, Madame Delphine?"

"I have done so this very day!" she replied, with more happiness in her eyes than Père Jerome had ever before seen there.

"Madame Delphine," he said, his own eyes sparkling, "make *him* your daughter's guardian; for myself, being a priest, it would not be best; but ask him; I believe he will not refuse you."

Madame Delphine's face grew still brighter as he spoke.

"It was in my mind," she said.

Yet to the timorous Madame Delphine many trifles became, one after another, an impediment to the making of this proposal, and many weeks elapsed before further delay was positively without excuse. But at length, one day in May (1822), in a small private office behind Monsieur Vignevielle's banking-room,—he sitting beside a table, and she, more timid and demure than ever, having just taken a chair by the door,—she said, trying, with a little bashful laugh, to make the matter seem unimportant, and yet with some tremor of voice:

"Miché Vignevielle, I bin maguing my will." (Having commenced their acquaintance in English, they spoke nothing else.)

"'Tis a good idy," responded the banker.

"I kin mague you de troub' to kib dad will fo' me, Miché Vignevielle?"

"Yez."

She looked up with grateful re-assurance; but her eyes dropped again as she said:

"Miché Vignevielle ——" Here she choked, and began her peculiar motion of laying folds in the skirt of her dress, with trembling fingers. She lifted her eyes, and as they met the look of deep and placid kindness that was in his face, some courage returned, and she said:

"Miché."

"Wad you wand?" asked he, gently.

"If it arrive to me to die ——"

"Yez?"

Her words were scarcely audible:

"I wand you teg kyah my lill' girl."

"You 'ave one lill' gal, Madame Carraze?"

She nodded with her face down.

"An' you godd some mo' chillen?"

"No."

"I nevva know dad, Madame Carraze. She's a lill' small gal?"

Mothers forget their daughters' stature. Madame Delphine said:

"Yez."

For a few moments neither spoke, and then Monsieur Vignevielle said:

"I will do dad."

"Lag she been you' h-own?" asked the mother, suffering from her own boldness.

"She's a good lill' chile, eh?"

"Miché, she's a lill' hangel!" exclaimed Madame Delphine, with a look of distress.

"Yez; I teg kyah 'v 'er, lag my h-own. I mague you dad promise."

"But ——" There was something still in the way, Madame Delphine seemed to think.

The banker waited in silence.

"I suppose you will want to see my lill' girl?"

He smiled; for she looked at him as if she would implore him to decline.

"Oh, I tek you' word fo' hall dad, Madame Carraze. It mague no differend wad she loog lag; I don' wan' see 'er."

Madame Delphine's parting smile—she went very shortly—was gratitude beyond speech.

Monsieur Vignevielle returned to the seat he had left, and resumed a newspaper,—the "Louisiana Gazette" in all probability,—which he had laid down upon Madame Delphine's entrance. His eyes fell upon a paragraph which had previously escaped his notice. There they rested. Either he read it over and over unwearyingly, or he was lost in thought. Jean Thompson entered.

"Now," said Mr. Thompson, in a suppressed tone, bending a little across the table, and laying one palm upon a package of papers which lay in the other, "it is completed. You could retire from your business any day inside of six hours without loss to anybody." (Both here and elsewhere, let it be understood that where good English is given the words were spoken in good French.)

Monsieur Vignevielle raised his eyes and extended the paper to the attorney, who received it and read the paragraph. Its substance was that a certain vessel of the navy had returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico and Straits of Florida, where she had done valuable service against the pirates—having, for instance, destroyed in one fortnight in January last twelve pirate vessels afloat, two on the stocks, and three establishments ashore.

"United States brig *Porpoise*," repeated Jean Thompson. "Do you know her?"

"We are acquainted," said Monsieur Vignevielle.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE.

A QUIET footstep, a grave new presence on financial sidewalks, a neat garb slightly out of date, a gently strong and kindly pensive face, a silent bow, a new sign in the Rue Toulouse, a lone figure with a cane, walking in meditation in the evening light under the willows of Canal Marigny, a long-darkened window relighted in the Rue Conti—these were all; a fall of dew would scarce have been more quiet than was the return of Ursin Lemaitre-Vignevielle to the precincts of his birth and early life.

But we hardly give the event its right name. It was Capitaine Lemaitre who had disappeared; it was Monsieur Vignevielle who had come back. The pleasures, the haunts, the companions, that had once held out their charms to the impetuous youth, offered no enticements to Madame Delphine's banker. There is this to be said even for the pride his grandfather had taught him, that it had always held him above low indulgences; and though he had dallied with kings, queens, and knaves through all the mazes of Faro, Rondeau, and Craps, he had done it loftily; but now he maintained a peaceful estrangement from all. Evariste and Jean, themselves, found him only by seeking.

"It is the right way," he said to Père Jerome, the day we saw him there. "Ursin Lemaitre is dead. I have buried him. He left a will. I am his executor."

"He is crazy," said his lawyer brother-in-law, impatiently.

"On the contr-y," replied the little priest, "'e 'as come ad hisse'f."

Evariste spoke.

"Look at his face, Jean. Men with that kind of face are the last to go crazy."

"You have not proved that," replied Jean, with an attorney's obstinacy. "You should have heard him talk the other day about that newspaper paragraph. 'I have taken Ursin Lemaitre's head; I have it with me; I claim the reward, but I desire to commute it to citizenship.' He is crazy."

Of course Jean Thompson did not believe what he said; but he said it, and, in his vexation, repeated it, on the *banquettes* and at the clubs; and presently it took the shape of a sly rumor, that the returned rover was a trifle snarled in his top-hamper.

This whisper was helped into circulation by many trivial eccentricities of manner and by the unaccountable oddness of some of his transactions in business.

"My dear sir!" cried his astounded lawyer, one day, "you are not running a charitable institution!"

"How do you know?" said Monsieur Vignevielle. There the conversation ceased.

"Why do you not found hospitals and asylums at once," asked the attorney, at another time, with a vexed laugh, "and get the credit of it?"

"And make the end worse than the beginning," said the banker, with a gentle smile, turning away to a desk of books.

"Bah!" muttered Jean Thompson.

Monsieur Vignevielle betrayed one very bad symptom. Wherever he went he seemed looking for somebody. It may have been perceptible only to those who were sufficiently interested in him to study his movements; but those who saw it once saw it always. He never passed an open door or gate but he glanced in; and often, where it stood but slightly ajar, you might see him give it a gentle push with his hand or cane. It was very singular.

He walked much alone after dark. The *guichinangoes* (garroters, we might say), at those times the city's particular terror by night, never crossed his path. He was one of those men for whom danger appears to stand aside.

One beautiful summer night, when all nature seemed hushed in ecstasy, the last blush gone that told of the sun's parting, Monsieur Vignevielle, in the course of one of those contemplative, uncompanioned walks which it was his habit to take, came slowly along the more open portion of the Rue Royale, with a step which was soft without intention, occasionally touching the end of his stout cane gently to the ground and looking upward among his old acquaintances, the stars.

It was one of those southern nights under whose spell all the sterner energies of the mind cloak themselves and lie down in bivouac, and the fancy and the imagination, that cannot sleep, slip their fetters and escape, beckoned away from behind every flowering bush and sweet-smelling tree, and every stretch of lonely, half-lighted walk, by the genius of poetry. The air stirred softly now and then, and was still again, as if the breezes lifted their expectant pinions and lowered them once more, awaiting the rising of the moon in a silence which fell upon the fields, the roads, the gardens, the walls, and

the suburban and half-suburban streets, like a pause in worship. And anon she rose.

Monsieur Vignevielle's steps were bent toward the more central part of the town, and he was presently passing along a high, close, board-fence, on the right-hand side of the way, when, just within this inclosure, and almost overhead, in the dark boughs of a large orange-tree, a mocking-bird began the first low flute-notes of his all-night song. It may have been only the nearness of the songster that attracted the passer's attention, but he paused and looked up.

And then he remarked something more,—that the air where he had stopped was filled with the overpowering sweetness of the night-jasmine. He looked around; it could only be inside the fence. There was a gate just there. Would he push it, as his wont was? The grass was growing about it in a thick turf, as though the entrance had not been used for years. An iron staple clasped the cross-bar, and was driven deep into the gate-post. But now an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business—an eye which had later received high training as an eye for fastenings—fell upon that staple, and saw at a glance that the wood had shrunk from it, and it had sprung from its hold, though without falling out. The strange habit asserted itself; he laid his large hand upon the cross-bar; the turf at the base yielded, and the tall gate was drawn partly open.

At that moment, as at the moment whenever he drew or pushed a door or gate, or looked in at a window, he was thinking of one, the image of whose face and form had never left his inner vision since the day it had met him in his life's path and turned him face about from the way of destruction.

The bird ceased. The cause of the interruption, standing within the opening, saw before him, much obscured by its own numerous shadows, a broad, ill-kept, many-flowered garden, among whose untrimmed rose-trees and tangled vines, and often, also, in its old walks of pounded shell, the coco-grass, and crab-grass had spread riotously, and sturdy weeds stood up in bloom. He stepped in and drew the gate to after him. There, very near by, was the clump of jasmine, whose ravishing odor had tempted him. It stood just beyond a brightly moonlit path, which turned from him in a curve toward the residence, a little distance to the right, and escaped the view at a point where it seemed more than likely a door of the house might open upon it. While he still looked, there fell upon his ear, from around that curve, a light footstep on the broken shells,—one only, and then all was for a moment still again. Had he mistaken? No. The same soft click was repeated nearer by, a pale glimpse of robes came through the tangle, and then, plainly to view, appeared an outline—a presence—a form—a spirit—a girl!

From throat to instep she was as white as Cynthia. Something above the medium height, slender, lithe, her abundant hair rolling in dark, rich waves back from her brows and down from her crown, and falling in two heavy plaits beyond her round, broadly girt waist and full to her knees, a few escaping locks eddying lightly on her graceful neck and her temples,—her arms, half hid in a snowy mist of sleeve, let down to guide her spotless skirts free from the dewy touch of the grass,—straight down the path she came!

Will she stop? Will she turn aside? Will she espy the dark form in the deep shade of the orange, and, with one piercing scream, wheel and vanish? She draws near. She approaches the jasmine; she raises her arms, the sleeves falling like a vapor down to the shoulder; rises upon tiptoe, and plucks a spray. O Memory! Can it be? *Can it be?* Is this his quest, or is it lunacy? The ground seems to M. Vignevielle the unsteady sea and he to stand once more on a deck. And she? As she stands now, if she but turn toward the orange, the whole glory of the moon will shine upon her face. His heart stands still; he is waiting for her to do that. She reaches up again; this time a bunch for her mother. That neck and throat! Now she fastens a spray in her hair. The mocking-bird cannot withhold; he breaks into song—she turns—she turns her face—it is she, it is she! Madame Delphine's daughter is the girl he met on the ship.

CHAPTER IX.

OLIVE.

She was just passing seventeen—that beautiful year when the heart of the maiden still beats quickly with the surprise of her new dominion, while with gentle dignity her brow accepts the holy coronation of womanhood. The forehead and temples beneath her loosely bound hair were fair without paleness, and meek without languor. She had the soft, lack-luster beauty of the

South; no ruddiness of coral, no waxen white, no pink of shell; no heavenly blue in the glance; but a face that seemed, in all its other beauties, only a tender accompaniment for the large, brown, melting eyes, where the openness of child-nature mingled dreamily with the sweet mysteries of maiden thought. We say no color of shell on face or throat; but this was no deficiency, that which took its place being the warm, transparent tint of sculptured ivory.

This side door-way which led from Madame Delphine's house into her garden was overarched partly by an old remnant of vine-covered lattice, and partly by a crape-myrtle, against whose small, polished trunk leaned a rustic seat. Here Madame Delphine and Olive loved to sit when the twilights were balmy or the moon was bright.

"*Chérie*," said Madame Delphine on one of these evenings, "why do you dream so much?"

She spoke in the *patois* most natural to her, and which her daughter had easily learned.

The girl turned her face to her mother, and smiled, then dropped her glance to the hands in her own lap, which were listlessly handling the end of a ribbon. The mother looked at her with fond solicitude. Her dress was white again; this was but one night since that in which Monsieur Vignevielle had seen her at the bush of night-jasmine. He had not been discovered, but had gone away, shutting the gate, and leaving it as he had found it.

Her head was uncovered. Its plaited masses, quite black in the moonlight, hung down and coiled upon the bench, by her side. Her chaste drapery was of that revived classic order which the world of fashion was again laying aside to re-assume the mediæval bondage of the stay-lace; for New Orleans was behind the fashionable world, and Madame Delphine and her daughter were behind New Orleans. A delicate scarf, pale blue, of lightly netted worsted, fell from either shoulder down beside her hands. The look that was bent upon her changed perforce to one of gentle admiration. She seemed the goddess of the garden.

Olive glanced up. Madame Delphine was not prepared for the movement, and on that account repeated her question:

"What are you thinking about?"

The dreamer took the hand that was laid upon hers between her own palms, bowed her head and gave them a soft kiss.

The mother submitted. Wherefore, in the silence which followed, a daughter's conscience felt the burden of having withheld an answer, and Olive presently said, as the pair sat looking up into the sky:

"I was thinking of Père Jerome's sermon."

Madame Delphine had feared so. Olive had lived on it ever since the day it was preached. The poor mother was almost ready to repent having ever afforded her the opportunity of hearing it. Meat and drink had become of secondary value to her daughter; she fed upon the sermon.

Olive felt her mother's thought and knew that her mother knew her own; but now that she had confessed, she would ask a question:

"Do you think, *maman*, that Père Jerome knows it was I who gave that missal?"

"No," said Madame Delphine, "I am sure he does not."

Another question came more timidly:

"Do—do you think he knows *him?*"

"Yes, I do. He said in his sermon he did."

Both remained for a long time very still, watching the moon gliding in and through among the small dark-and-white clouds. At last the daughter spoke again.

"I wish I was Père—I wish I was as good as Père Jerome."

"My child," said Madame Delphine, her tone betraying a painful summoning of strength to say what she had lacked the courage to utter,—"my child, I pray the good God you will not let your heart go after one whom you may never see in this world!"

The maiden turned her glance, and their eyes met. She cast her arms about her mother's neck, laid her cheek upon it for a moment, and then, feeling the maternal tear, lifted her lips, and, kissing her, said:

"I will not! I will not!"

But the voice was one, not of glad consent, but of desperate resolution.

"It would be useless, anyhow," said the mother, laying her arm around her daughter's waist.

Olive repeated the kiss, prolonging it passionately.

"I have nobody but you," murmured the girl; "I am a poor quadroone!"

She threw back her plaited hair for a third embrace, when a sound in the shrubbery startled them.

"*Qui ci ça?*" called Madame Delphine, in a frightened voice, as the two stood up, holding to each other.

No answer.

"It was only the dropping of a twig," she whispered, after a long holding of the breath. But they went into the house and barred it everywhere.

It was no longer pleasant to sit up. They retired, and in course of time, but not soon, they fell asleep, holding each other very tight, and fearing, even in their dreams, to hear another twig fall.

CHAPTER X.

BIRDS.

MONSIEUR VIGNEVIELLE looked in at no more doors or windows; but if the disappearance of this symptom was a favorable sign, others came to notice which were especially bad,—for instance, wakefulness. At well-nigh any hour of the night, the city guard, which itself dared not patrol singly, would meet him on his slow, unmolested, sky-gazing walk.

"Seems to enjoy it," said Jean Thompson; "the worst sort of evidence. If he showed distress of mind, it would not be so bad; but his calmness,—ugly feature."

The attorney had held his ground so long that he began really to believe it was tenable.

By day, it is true, Monsieur Vignevielle was at his post in his quiet "bank." Yet here, day by day, he was the source of more and more vivid astonishment to those who held preconceived notions of a banker's calling. As a banker, at least, he was certainly out of balance; while as a promenader, it seemed to those who watched him that his ruling idea had now veered about, and that of late he was ever on the quiet alert, not to find, but to evade, somebody.

"Olive, my child," whispered Madame Delphine one morning, as the pair were kneeling side by side on the tiled floor of the church, "yonder is Miché Vignevielle! If you will only look at once—he is just passing a little in —— Ah, much too slow again; he stepped out by the side door."

The mother thought it a strange providence that Monsieur Vignevielle should always be disappearing whenever Olive was with her.

One early dawn, Madame Delphine, with a small empty basket on her arm, stepped out upon the *banquette* in front of her house, shut and fastened the door very softly, and stole out in the direction whence you could faintly catch, in the stillness of the daybreak, the songs of the Gascon butchers and the pounding of their meat-axes on the stalls of the market-house. She was going to see if she could find some birds for Olive,—the child's appetite was so poor; and, as she was out, she would drop an early prayer at the cathedral. Faith and works.

"One must venture something, sometimes, in the cause of religion," thought she, as she started timorously on her way. But she had not gone a dozen steps before she repented her temerity. There was some one behind her.

There should not be anything terrible in a footstep merely because it is masculine; but Madame Delphine's mind was not prepared to consider that. A terrible secret was haunting her. Yesterday morning she had found a shoe-track in the garden. She had not disclosed the discovery to Olive, but she had hardly closed her eyes the whole night.

The step behind her now might be the fall of that very shoe. She quickened her pace, but did not leave the sound behind. She hurried forward almost at a run; yet it was still there—no farther, no nearer. Two frights were upon her at once—one for herself, another for Olive, left alone in the house; but she had but the one prayer—"God protect my child!" After a fearful time she reached a place of safety, the cathedral. There, panting, she knelt long enough to know the pursuit was, at least, suspended, and then arose, hoping and praying all the saints that she might find the way clear for her return in all haste to Olive.

She approached a different door from that by which she had entered, her eyes in all directions and her heart in her throat.

"Madame Carraze!"

She started wildly and almost screamed, though the voice was soft and mild. Monsieur Vignevielle came slowly forward from the shade of the wall. They met beside a bench, upon which she dropped her basket.

"Ah, Miché Vignevielle, I thang de good God to mid you!"

"Is dad so, Madame Carraze? Fo' w'y dad is?"

"A man was chase me all dad way since my 'ouse!"

"Yes, Madame, I sawed him."

"You sawed 'im? Oo it was?"

"'Twas only one man wad is a foolizh. De people say he's crezzie. *Mais*, he don' goin' to meg you no 'arm."

"But I was scare' fo' my lill' girl."

"Noboddie don' goin' trouble you' lill' gal, Madame Carraze."

Madame Delphine looked up into the speaker's strangely kind and patient eyes, and drew sweet re-assurance from them.

"Madame," said Monsieur Vignevielle, "wad pud you hout so hearly dis morning?"

She told him her errand. She asked if he thought she would find anything.

"Yez," he said, "it was possible—a few lill' *bécassines-de-mer*, ou somezin' ligue. But fo' w'y you lill' gal lose doze hapetide?"

"Ah, Miché,"—Madame Delphine might have tried a thousand times again without ever succeeding half so well in lifting the curtain upon the whole, sweet, tender, old, old-fashioned truth,—"Ah, Miché, she wone tell me!"

"Bud, anny'ow, Madame, wad you thing?"

"Miché," she replied, looking up again with a tear standing in either eye, and then looking down once more as she began to speak, "I thing—I thing she's lonesome."

"You thing?"

She nodded.

"Ah! Madame Carraze," he said, partly extending his hand, "you see? 'Tis impossible to mague you' owze shud so tighd to priv-en dad. Madame, I med one mizteg."

"Ah, *non*, Miché!"

"Yez. There har nod one poss'bil'ty fo' me to be dad guardian of you' daughteh!"

Madame Delphine started with surprise and alarm.

"There is ondly one wad can be," he continued.

"But oo, Miché?"

"God."

"Ah, Miché Vignevielle ——" She looked at him appealingly.

"I don' goin' to dizzerd you, Madame Carraze," he said.

She lifted her eyes. They filled. She shook her head, a tear fell, she bit her lip, smiled, and suddenly dropped her face into both hands, sat down upon the bench and wept until she shook.

"You dunno wad I mean, Madame Carraze?"

She did not know.

"I mean dad guardian of you' daughteh godd to fine 'er now one 'uzban'; an' noboddie are hable to do dad egceb de good God 'imsev. But, Madame, I tell you wad I do."

She rose up. He continued:

"Go h-open you' owze; I fin' you' daughteh dad 'uzban'."

Madame Delphine was a helpless, timid thing; but her eyes showed she was about to resent this offer. Monsieur Vignevielle put forth his hand—it touched her shoulder—and said, kindly still, and without eagerness:

"One w'ite man, Madame; 'tis prattycabble. I *know* 'tis prattycabble. One w'ite jantleman, Madame. You can truz me. I goin' fedge 'im. H-ondly you go h-open you' owze."

Madame Delphine looked down, twining her handkerchief among her fingers.

He repeated his proposition.

"You will come firz by you'se'f?" she asked.

"Iv you wand."

She lifted up once more her eye of faith. That was her answer.

"Come," he said, gently, "I wan' sen' some bird ad you' lill' gal."

And they went away, Madame Delphine's spirit grown so exaltedly bold that she said as they went, though a violent blush followed her words:

"Miché Vignevielle, I thing Père Jerome mighd be ab'e to tell you someboddie."

CHAPTER XI.

FACE TO FACE.

MADAME DELPHINE found her house neither burned nor rifled.

"*Ah! ma piti sans popa!* Ah! my little fatherless one!" Her faded bonnet fell back between her shoulders, hanging on by the strings, and her dropped basket, with its "few lill' *bécassines-de-mer*" dangling from the handle, rolled out its okra and soup-joint upon the floor. "*Ma piti!* kiss!——kiss!—kiss!"

"But is it good news you have, or bad?" cried the girl, a fourth or fifth time.

"*Dieu sait, ma c'ère; mo pas conné!* God knows, my darling; I cannot tell!"

The mother dropped into a chair, covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears, then looked up with an effort to smile, and wept afresh.

"What have you been doing?" asked the daughter, in a long-drawn, fondling tone. She leaned forward and unfastened her mother's bonnet-strings. "Why do you cry?"

"For nothing at all, my darling; for nothing—I am such a fool."

The girl's eyes filled. The mother looked up into her face and said:

"No, it is nothing, nothing, only that—" turning her head from side to side with a slow, emotional emphasis, "Miché Vignevielle is the best—*best* man on the good Lord's earth!"

Olive drew a chair close to her mother, sat down and took the little yellow hands into her own white lap, and looked tenderly into her eyes. Madame Delphine felt herself yielding; she must make a show of telling something:

"He sent you those birds!"

The girl drew her face back a little. The little woman turned away, trying in vain to hide her tearful smile, and they laughed together, Olive mingling a daughter's fond kiss with her laughter.

"There is something else," she said, "and you shall tell me."

"Yes," replied Madame Delphine, "only let me get composed."

But she did not get so. Later in the morning she came to Olive with the timid yet startling proposal that they would do what they could to brighten up the long-neglected front room. Olive was mystified and troubled, but consented, and thereupon the mother's spirits rose.

The work began, and presently ensued all the thumping, the trundling, the lifting and letting down, the raising and swallowing of dust, and the smells of turpentine, brass, pumice, and woolen rags that go to characterize a housekeeper's *émeute;* and still, as the work progressed, Madame Delphine's heart grew light, and her little black eyes sparkled.

"We like a clean parlor, my daughter, even though no one is ever coming to see us, eh?" she said, as entering the apartment she at last sat down, late in the afternoon. She had put on her best attire.

Olive was not there to reply. The mother called, but got no answer. She rose with an uneasy heart, and met her a few steps beyond the door that opened into the garden, in a path which came up from an old latticed bower. Olive was approaching slowly, her face pale and wild. There was an agony of hostile dismay in the look, and the trembling and appealing tone with which, taking the frightened mother's cheeks between her palms, she said:

"*Ah! ma mère, qui vini 'ci ce soir?* Who is coming here this evening?"

"Why, my dear child, I was just saying, we like a clean ——"

But the daughter was desperate:

"Oh, tell me, my mother, *who* is coming?"

"My darling, it is our blessed friend, Miché Vignevielle!"

"To see me?" cried the girl.

"Yes."

"Oh, my mother, what have you done?"

"Why, Olive, my child," exclaimed the little mother, bursting into tears, "do you forget it is Miché Vignevielle who has promised to protect you when I die?"

The daughter had turned away, and entered the door; but she faced around again, and extending her arms toward her mother, cried:

"How can—he is a white man—I am a poor ——"

"Ah! *chérie,*" replied Madame Delphine, seizing the outstretched hands, "it is there—it is there that he shows himself the best man alive! He sees that difficulty; he proposes to meet it; he says he will find you a suitor!"

Olive freed her hands violently, motioned her mother back, and stood proudly drawn up, flashing an indignation too great for speech; but the next moment she had uttered a cry, and was sobbing on the floor.

The mother knelt beside her and threw an arm about her shoulders.

"Oh, my sweet daughter, you must not cry! I did not want to tell you at all! I did not want to tell you! It isn't fair for you to cry so hard. Miché Vignevielle says you shall have the one you wish, or none at all, Olive, or none at all."

"None at all! none at all! None, none, none!"

"No, no, Olive," said the mother, "none at all. He brings none with him to-night, and shall bring none with him hereafter."

Olive rose suddenly, silently declined her mother's aid, and went alone to their chamber in the half-story.

Madame Delphine wandered drearily from door to window, from window to door, and presently into the newly furbished front room, which now seemed dismal beyond degree. There was a great Argand lamp in one corner. How she had labored that day to prepare it for evening illumination! A little beyond it, on the wall, hung a crucifix. She knelt under it, with her eyes fixed upon it, and thus, silently, remained until its outline was undistinguishable in the deepening shadows of evening.

She arose. A few minutes later, as she was trying to light the lamp, an approaching

step on the sidewalk seemed to pause. Her heart stood still. She softly laid the phosphorus-box out of her hands. A shoe grated softly on the stone step, and Madame Delphine, her heart beating in great thuds, without waiting for a knock, opened the door, bowed low, and exclaimed in a soft, perturbed voice:

"Miché Vignevielle!"

He entered, hat in hand, and with that almost noiseless tread which we have noticed. She gave him a chair and closed the door; then hastened, with words of apology, back to her task of lighting the lamp. But her hands paused in their work again,—Olive's step was on the stairs; then it came off the stairs; then it was in the next room, and then there was the whisper of soft robes, a breath of gentle perfume, and a snowy figure in the door. She was dressed for the evening.

"Maman?"

Madame Delphine was struggling desperately with the lamp, and at that moment it responded with a tiny bead of light.

"I am here, my daughter."

She hastened to the door, and Olive, all unaware of a third presence, lifted her white arms, laid them about her mother's neck, and, ignoring her effort to speak, wrested a fervent kiss from her lips. The crystal of the lamp sent out a faint gleam; it grew; it spread on every side; the ceiling, the walls lighted up; the crucifix, the furniture of the room came back into shape.

"Maman!" cried Olive, with a tremor of consternation.

"It is Miché Vignevielle, my daughter ——"

The gloom melted swiftly away before the eyes of the startled maiden, a dark form stood out against the farther wall, and the light, expanding to the full, shone clearly upon the unmoving figure and quiet face of Capitaine Lemaitre.

(To be continued.)

AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

In the Department of the Gulf, as it was called, the year 1864 had passed with very few rays of sunshine for the Union cause. The only important military event had been the unfortunate attempt of General Banks to penetrate the Red River country to Shreveport, by the novel tactics of using his baggage-wagons as an advance guard. As a matter of course he was badly whipped, and the unhappy army wearily retraced its steps, while the soldier boys amused themselves with the refrain:

"In 1864
We all skedaddled from Grand Ecore."

The incidents of the advance and of the retreat, especially the latter, are worthy the pen of a "modern Froude or Macaulay," and he will probably yet be found among some of the young, well-trained soldiers from New England, or in some Joaquin Miller or Bret Harte who was with the less-disciplined western men. After the army reached the Mississippi it went into permanent camp, a large portion of the troops were sent north to Sheridan, and affairs in the department became unusually dull and quiet. The only commander who had done anything worthy of special honor in that department, *at any time*, was Farragut, who had passed the forts below New Orleans, captured the city, and afterward had assisted General Grant to open the Mississippi. The soldiers in the department had endured hard and dangerous service, as difficult and as deadly as that of any army in the field, but, owing to incompetent leadership, they had accomplished little in such results as would count in helping to suppress the rebellion. In important matters, like the taking of New Orleans, they had merely followed in Farragut's wake, and garrisoned the places which the navy had captured. This, however, included nearly every southern sea-port, and, at the time in question, the only important point along the Gulf coast still held by the rebels was Mobile.

It was just after the Red River failure that I was detached from my regiment and ordered on duty with the Signal Corps, and my initiation into active work in this new branch of service was connected with the successful entrance into Mobile Bay.

On the morning of August 3d, a steam-tug left New Orleans, having on board a

dozen or more United States army signal officers and sergeants, with their detachments of two or three men each. They started with sealed orders from him who was lately known as "Old Probabilities," the lamented General Albert J. Myer, then in New Orleans as chief signal officer on the staff of Major-General Canby, commanding the department. The orders, when opened, were found to contain instructions to report to the fleet under Admiral Farragut, then blockading the entrance to Mobile Bay. The command was in charge of Major F. W. Marston, senior officer, by whom assignments were made to special service. On the morning of the 4th, the fleet was reached, the command reported to the Admiral, and was at once distributed among the vessels of the fleet, as follows:—Major Marston and Lieutenant Kinney to the flag-ship *Hartford*, Captain Dencke to the *Brooklyn*, Lieutenant Adams to the *Lackawanna*, Lieutenant Dane to the *Richmond*, Lieutenant Jerome to the *Bienville*. Instructed non-commissioned officers were placed on the monitors and on the lesser wooden vessels.

The situation at that time was as follows: The Union fleet was riding at anchor in the Gulf, the wooden vessels being several miles from the forts at the entrance of the harbor. Mobile Bay is shaped somewhat like a funnel, gradually widening from the city to the Gulf, a distance of some thirty miles. The entrance is protected by a long, narrow arm of sand, extending from the main-land westerly, and having Fort Morgan on the extreme western point. Across the channel from Fort Morgan, and perhaps three miles distant, is Dauphin Island, a narrow strip of sand having Fort Gaines on its eastern end, directly opposite Morgan. A little further to the west is Shell Island, upon which stood little Fort Powell, commanding a narrow channel through which light draught vessels could enter the bay. A short distance out to sea, between Dauphin Island and Fort Morgan, and in front of the main entrance to the bay, is Sand Island, a barren spot, under the lee of which three of our monitors were lying. At the rear of Fort Gaines, General Granger had effected a landing, and had begun the work of laying siege to the fort. The army signal officers were sent on board the fleet, not with any intention of having their services used in passing the forts, but in order to establish communication afterward between the fleet and the army, for the purpose of co-operating in the capture of the forts. The primary objects of Admiral Farragut in entering the bay were, the moral effect of a victory, the complete closing of Mobile to the outside world, and the capture or destruction of the *Tennessee;* he also wished to cut off all possible means of escape from the garrisons of the forts; and to give his fleet, which had been tossed on the uneasy waters of the Gulf for many months, a safe and quiet anchorage. There was no immediate expectation of capturing the city of Mobile, which was safe by reason of a solid row of piles and torpedoes across the river, three miles from the city. Moreover, the larger vessels of the fleet could not approach within a dozen miles of the city, on account of shallow water. But the lower bay offered a charming resting-place for the fleet, with the additional attraction of plenty of fish and oysters, and an occasional chance to forage on shore.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be assigned to duty on the flag-ship, and his story will necessarily be chiefly of his own personal observations and experiences. On the afternoon of the day of our arrival, Admiral Farragut, with the commanding officers of the different vessels, made a reconnaissance on the steam-tender *Cowslip*, running inside of Sand Island, where the monitors were anchored, and near enough to get a good view of both forts. On the left, some two miles distant, was Fort Gaines, a small brick and earth work, mounting a few heavy guns, but too far away from the ship channel to cause much uneasiness to the fleet. Fort Morgan was on the right, one of the strongest of the old stone forts, and greatly strengthened by immense piles of sand-bags, covering every portion of the exposed front. The fort was well equipped with three tiers of heavy guns, some of them of the best English make, imported by the Confederates. In addition, there was in front a battery of eleven powerful guns, at the water's edge on the beach. All the guns, of both fort and water-battery, were within point-blank range of the only channel through which the fleet could pass. The rebels considered the works impregnable, but they did not depend solely upon them. Just around the point of land, behind Fort Morgan, we could see that afternoon three saucy-looking gun-boats and the famous ram *Tennessee*. The latter was then considered the strongest and most powerful iron-clad ever put afloat; looking like a great turtle, with sloping sides covered

with iron plates six inches in thickness, thoroughly riveted together, and having a formidable iron beak projecting under the water. Her armament consisted of six heavy guns of English make, sending a solid shot weighing one hundred and ten pounds—a small affair compared with the heavy guns of the present time, but irresistible then against everything but the turrets of the monitors. In addition to these means of resistance, the narrow channel in front of the fort had been lined with torpedoes. These were under the water, anchored to the bottom, and were chiefly in the shape of beer-kegs filled with powder, from the sides of which projected numerous little tubes containing fulminate, which it was expected would be exploded by contact with the passing vessels.

Except for what Farragut had already accomplished on the Mississippi, it would have been considered a fool-hardy experiment for wooden vessels to attempt to pass so close to one of the strongest forts on the coast; but when to the forts were added the knowledge of the strength of the ram and the supposed deadly character of the torpedoes, it may be imagined that the coming event impressed the person taking his first glimpse of naval warfare as decidedly hazardous and unpleasant. So daring an attempt was never made in any country but this, and was never successfully made by any commander except Farragut, who, in this, as in his previous exploits in passing the forts of the Mississippi, proved himself the greatest naval commander the world has ever seen. It was the confidence reposed in him, the recollection that he had never failed in any of his attempts, and his manifest faith in the success of the projected movement, that inspired all around him.

The scene on the *Cowslip* that afternoon was a notable one, as she steamed along within range of the rebel forts. The central figure was the grand old Admiral, his plans all completed, affable and jolly with all, evidently not thinking of failure as among the possibilities of the morrow, and filling every one with his enthusiasm. He was sixty-three years old, of medium height, stoutly built, with a finely proportioned head and smoothly shaven face, with an expression combining overflowing kindliness with iron will and invincible determination, and with eyes that in repose were full of sweetness and light, but, on emergency, could flash fire and fury.

Next in prominence to the Admiral was the tall, commanding form of Fleet-Captain Percival Drayton, the man of all men to be Farragut's chief-of-staff; gentlemanly and courteous to all, but thoughtful and reserved, a man of marked intellect and power, in whose death, a few years later, our navy lost one of its very brightest stars, and the cause of liberty and human rights a most devoted friend. When the State of South Carolina comes into full possession of its reason as a member of the Union, as it will some day, it will honor the memory of Percival Drayton as one of its most illustrious sons. While he was always proud of his distinguished ancestry, he was a true patriot, who, in his love for his country, recognized no State lines and was swerved by no ties of kinship.

There were also the fire-proof Alden; Strong, whose name was an index of his character; Marchand, of excellent fighting memory; Stevens, fond of Shakspere and with a Shaksperian fondness for good things as well as for hard knocks; Mullany, soon to be robbed of an arm; Le Roy, Donaldson, Nicholson, Greene, and the younger but no less impetuous Jouett, Gherardi, McCann, Perkins and Watson.

As we steamed slowly along inside Sand Island, inspecting every hostile point, a rebel transport landed at Fort Gaines, and began discharging cargo. At a signal from the Admiral, one of the monitors, by way of practice, opened fire at long range, and, as the huge fifteen-inch shell dropped uncomfortably near, the work of unloading was stopped, and the transport suddenly left—the last rebel transport that ever crossed the bay.

After completing the reconnaissance, and reviewing the monitors, the party retired to the flag-ship, where the final council of war was held. This was only noteworthy from the fact that it was here that Admiral Farragut was over-persuaded, by the unanimous solicitations of his captains, and gave up his original determination of taking the lead. This was very much against his own judgment, and the events of the next day proved that he was right. The *Brooklyn*, Captain Alden, was selected to lead, she being provided with an extemporized torpedo-catcher, projecting from her bow. The Admiral, in his official report, referred to the decision of the council, which was given because it was thought the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. He says:

"This I believe to be an error; for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank

in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and such attempt was very persistently made, but Providence did not permit it to be successful."

After the council, and just before sunset, the *Richmond*, Captain Jenkins, arrived from Pensacola, escorting the ill-fated monitor *Tecumseh*, Captain Craven, arriving last at the field to be the first to die.

At sunset, the last order had been issued. Every commanding officer knew his duty, and unusual quiet prevailed in the fleet. The waters of the Gulf rested, for a time, from their customary tumult, a gentle breeze relieved the midsummer heat, and the evening closed upon us as peacefully as if we had been on board a yachting squadron at Newport. During the early part of the night, the stillness was almost oppressive. The officers of the *Hartford* gathered around the capacious ward-room table, writing what they knew might be their last letters to loved ones far away, or giving to friends messages and instructions in case of death. There were no signs of fear, but, like brave and intelligent men, they recognized the stern possibilities of the morrow and acted accordingly.

But this occupied but little time, and then, business over, there followed an hour of unrestrained jollity. Many an old story was retold and ancient conundrum repeated. Old officers forgot, for the moment, their customary dignity, and it was evident that all were exhilarated and stimulated by the knowledge of the coming struggle. Captain Heywood, of the marines, proposed a final "walk-around"; Tyson solemnly requested information as to "Which would you rather do or go by Fort Morgan?" and all agreed they would prefer to "do." LaRue Adams repeated the benediction with which the French instructor at the naval academy was wont to greet his boys, as they were going into examination: "Vell, fellows, I hope ve vill do as vell as I hope ve vill do." Finally Chief Engineer Williamson suggested an adjournment to the forecastle, for a last smoke, and the smoking club went forward; but, somehow, smoke had lost its customary flavor, and, after a few whiffs, all hands turned in, to enjoy what sleep would come.

The gray glimmer of dawn was just beginning to struggle through a dense fog when we were roused, at three o'clock next morning, and the work of forming line was begun. A hasty lunch of sandwiches and coffee was served, the Admiral proposing to have breakfast inside the bay at the regular hour. The precautions necessary for maneuvering through the fog made an unavoidable delay, for it was the Admiral's intention to have the fleet close to the fort before sunrise. It was a weird sight as the big ships "balanced to partners," the dim outlines slowly emerging like phantoms in the fog. The vessels were lashed together in pairs, fastened side by side by huge cables; the *Brooklyn* and *Octorora* leading, the flag-ship *Hartford* and the *Metacomet* following. The remaining vessels were paired as follows, the one named first in each instance being on the starboard and most exposed side:—*Richmond* and *Port Royal; Lackawanna* and *Seminole; Monongahela* and *Kennebec; Ossipee* and *Itasca; Oneida* and *Galena.*

All the vessels had been stripped for the fight, the top-hamper being left at Pensacola, and the starboard boats being either left behind or towed on the port side. The Admiral's steam launch, the *Loyal*, named after his son, steamed alongside the flag-ship on the port side.

In addition to the seven pairs of wooden vessels, there were four monitors, the *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan*, single turreted, with two fifteen-inch guns each; the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, of lighter draught, with double turrets, and with eleven-inch guns. The monitors, being very slow-gaited, were started in advance, the intention being to have them on the right flank of the line, in front, to partially shield the fleet from fort and ram.

It was fifteen minutes of six o'clock before the whole fleet got under way, and it was just one hour later when the first gun was fired. About sunrise, while the line was being formed, a light breeze sprang up and scattered the fog, leaving us a bright and beautiful day, which on land must have been extremely hot. Indeed, it was found uncomfortably warm at sea before breakfast was served. The fleet presented a magnificent sight as the stately ships moved on, each with the stars and stripes flying from every mast-head, and the men gathered at their guns ready for work.

As the writer only designs giving the story of the fight as witnessed by himself, he has to refer here to an interval of twenty minutes, just as the fight opened, during which he was absent from the deck. On the previous night the Admiral had issued orders that the army signal officers were not to be allowed on deck during the fight,

but were to go into the cock-pit on the lower deck and assist the surgeons. The reason assigned was that these officers would not be needed during the passage of the forts, but would be wanted afterward to open communication with the army, and that therefore it would be a misfortune to have any of them disabled. The two officers on the *Hartford* disrelished this order exceedingly, and, after consulting together, decided that in the confusion of the occasion their presence on deck would probably not be noticed, and that they would evade the command if possible. In this they were successful until shortly before passing Sand Island and coming within range of Fort Morgan. Then the lynx-eyed executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Kimberly, who, as they afterward discovered, never allowed anything to escape his attention, came to them very quietly and politely, and told them the Admiral's order must be obeyed. We were satisfied from his manner that the surgeons had need of us, and, without endeavoring to argue the matter, made our way to the stifling hold, where Surgeon Lansdale and Assistant-Surgeon Commons, with their helpers, were quietly sitting, with their implements, bandages, and other paraphernalia spread out ready for use.

Nearly every man had his watch in his hand and waited for the first shot. To us, ignorant of everything going on above, every minute seemed an hour, and there was a feeling of great relief when the boom of the first gun was heard. This was from the monitor *Tecumseh*, at forty-seven minutes past six o'clock. Presently one or two of our forward guns opened, and we could hear the distant sound of the guns of the fort in reply. Soon the cannon-balls began to crash through the deck above us, and then the thunder of our whole broadside of twelve Dahlgren guns kept the vessel in a quiver. But as yet no wounded were sent down, and we knew we were still at comparatively long range. In the intense excitement of the occasion it seemed that hours had passed, but it was just twenty minutes from the time we went below, when an officer shouted down the hatchway: "Send up an army signal officer immediately: the *Brooklyn* is signaling." In a moment the writer was on deck, where he found the situation as follows: The *Brooklyn*, directly in front of us, had stopped, and was backing and signaling; the tide was with us, setting strongly through the channel, and the stopping of the *Brooklyn* threatened to bring the whole fleet into collision and confusion; the advance vessels of the line were trying to back to prevent a catastrophe, but were apparently not able to overcome the force of the current, and there was danger not only of collision, but of being drifted on shore.

Meanwhile, the almost stationary fleet made a splendid point-blank target for the fort and for the four rebel vessels, all of which were doing their utmost, giving us a terrible raking, making cruel havoc among the men, and ugly holes in the sides of the ships. Running to the forecastle, I took the message of Captain Alden of the *Brooklyn*, which was: "The monitors are right ahead; we cannot go on without passing them." Transmitting the message to the Admiral by an aid, he replied at once: "Order the monitors ahead, and go on." As the message was sent, the starboard bow-gun of the *Hartford*—a one-hundred-pound Parrott rifle, in charge of Ensign Whiting—opened fire on the ram *Tennessee*, and the great volume of smoke following each discharge hid the *Brooklyn* from view, and made it impossible to receive or transmit messages from that part of the ship, while the smoke from the other guns made it equally difficult from any other part of the deck. What the writer ought to have done, probably, was to have requested that the forward bow-gun be silenced until the signaling was over, but this did not occur to him at the time. Instead, as the smoke hung low in the air, he thought it best to try and get above it, and accordingly ran up the rigging to the foretop. But the *Hartford* had a howitzer in her foretop, which was hard at work, under the management of half a dozen sailors, throwing grape and canister into the water-battery in front of the fort, and making it as difficult to signal here as it was on deck. So, not knowing what else to do, the officer kept on up the rigging to the top-gallant cross-trees, where there was just room to sit, holding on with the left arm around the peak of the top-mast. From this point, above all smoke, the scene was indescribably grand and terrific.

The fight was at its hottest. The Union fleet had reached the line, the crossing of which meant victory, and the result depended on the next few minutes. Just at this moment, to the horror of all, the monitor *Tecumseh*, a few hundred yards in the advance, seemed to stagger for a moment, then suddenly careened, and almost instantly disappeared beneath the water, carrying with her her noble commander, Captain

Craven, and one hundred and twenty officers and men, hopelessly imprisoned in their iron coffin. It has always been believed that she was sunk by a torpedo, although the rebels claimed that a shot from one of their heavy guns penetrated her armor at the water's edge and caused the disaster; the suddenness of her disappearance, however, can hardly be accounted for, except as the result of a torpedo explosion. The pilot leaped from the pilot-house, and some half-dozen men in the turret managed to jump through the ports, and were drawn down into the whirlpool made by the sinking ship. They were rescued by a cutter from the *Metacomet*. This boat, flying the Union flag, put out in charge of a little ensign (now Lieutenant-Commander Nields), and, regardless of the missiles flying in deadly showers, rowed up under the guns of the fort, coolly picked up the drowning men, and rowed back to the lee of one of the following ships. It seems, perhaps, an incident of little moment now, but in that day of brave deeds it was not excelled as an act of conspicuous individual bravery in obedience to orders.

During all this time the *Brooklyn* had failed to move ahead, and now she delayed to signal back the fact already too well known: "Our best monitor is sunk." The message was sent to the admiral by an aid, Lieutenant Yates, and the brief answer was returned, "*Go on!*" But still, for some mysterious reason, perhaps fear of the torpedoes, perhaps misapprehension of orders, the *Brooklyn* halted, and the delay was every instant more threatening and dangerous. It was the decisive moment of the day. Owing to our position, only our few bow-guns could be used, while a deadly rain of shot and shell was falling on us, and our men were being cut down by scores, unable to make reply. The sight on the deck of the *Hartford* was sickening beyond the power of words to portray. Shot after shot came through the side, mowing down the men, deluging the decks with blood, and scattering mangled fragments of humanity so thickly that it was difficult to stand on the deck, so slippery was it. The old expressions of the "scuppers running blood," "the slippery deck," etc., give but the faintest idea of the spectacle on the *Hartford*. The bodies of the dead were placed in a long row on the port side, while the wounded were sent below until the surgeons' quarters would hold no more. A solid shot coming through the bow struck a gunner on the neck, completely severing head from body. One poor fellow (afterward an object of interest at the great Sanitary Commission fair in New York) lost both legs by a cannon ball; as he fell he threw up both arms, just in time to have them also carried away by another shot. At one gun, all the crew on one side were swept down by a shot which came crashing through the bulwarks. A shell burst between the two forward guns, in charge of Lieutenant Tyson, killing and wounding fifteen men. The mast upon which the writer was perched was twice struck, once slightly, and again just below the foretop by a 120-pound shell, from a Blakely rifle on the rebel gunboat *Selma*. Fortunately the shell, which was about two feet long by eight inches in diameter, came tumbling end over end, and buried itself in the mast butt-end first, leaving the percussion-cap protruding. Had it come point first, or had it struck at any other part of the mast than in the re-enforced portion where the heel of the top-mast laps the top of the lower mast, this contribution to the literature of the war would probably have been lost to the world, as the distance to the deck was some one hundred feet. As it was, the sudden jar would have dislodged any one from the cross-trees had not the shell been visible from the time it left the *Selma*, thus giving time to prepare for it by an extra grip around the top of the mast. Looking out over the water, it was easy to trace the course of every shot, both from the guns of the *Hartford* and from the rebel fleet.

Meanwhile, the men were working the guns that could be used, as though the sight and smell of blood had sharpened their appetites. There was no skulking; in fact, there was no chance to skulk, if there had been such a disposition. They stood to their work, white and black side by side. There was no thought of social differences then; and whenever a shot was believed to have been well placed, the cheers of the men rang out above the roar of the guns. As our poet laureate, the Admiral's secretary, Harry Howard Brownell, of Hartford, sang of the fight, in the most graphic and truthful description ever written of it:

"Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor.
There was bold Kentucky grit,
And the old Virginian valor
And the daring Yankee wit.
* * * * * *
"There were blue eyes from the turfy Shannon,

There were black orbs from the palmy Niger,
But there, alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger.
One only doubt was ours,
Only one fear we knew:
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the darker powers?
Would the fleet get through?

"And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell;
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew.
Would the fleet go through?"

Happily for the fleet and for the country, there was a man in command that day equal to the emergency—a man whose eagle eye grasped every detail of the fight, while he possessed the skill to direct and the nerve and ability to execute. There was no time for doubt or delay. Had he hesitated, the fortune of the day must have been against us. The Admiral was standing in the futtock shrouds, under the main-top,—a position above the smoke, from which he could take in the whole situation, and could communicate with the pilot in the main-top, and with the fleet-captain and executive officer on the deck beneath. For several years, there has been a discussion in the papers and magazines of the country as to the Admiral's being "lashed to the rigging." The writer has no light to throw on the subject. Farragut was standing in the shrouds, as described, when the writer went on deck, and he remained there until the *Hartford* had passed beyond the range of the fort; but there were not more than two or three persons on board who knew anything about his being fastened in place. The first heard of it in the fleet was some three or four weeks after the fight, when the New York papers were received. Various rumors have been circulated as to the fact, one of which was that the Admiral took a rope's-end with him when he went aloft, and secured it so as to prevent his falling on deck in case of accident. This is the story which was current on shipboard at that time, and was generally believed. Since the incident has been under discussion in the papers the "real facts" in the case have been made known, and will stand in history on the unquestioned authority of Fleet-Captain Drayton and of Flag-Lieutenant J. Crittenden Watson, of the Admiral's staff. This is to the effect that Captain Drayton, seeing the Admiral in the rigging, and fearing he might be killed by a fall on deck in case he were wounded, ordered an old quartermaster to take a rope's-end and secure it around him, so that he would be prevented from falling. The writer is disposed to believe that the Admiral was so absorbed in watching the fight that he did not know at the moment the precautions taken for his safety by his fleet-captain. But whatever doubt may attach to this particular incident,—of which so much has since been made, while so little was thought of it at the time,—there is no chance for doubt as to the Admiral's action. Finding that the *Brooklyn* did not start ahead, he hurriedly inquired of pilot Freeman, in the main-top, if there was depth enough for the *Hartford* to pass to the left of the vessels in front. Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "I will take the lead," and immediately ordered the ship "ahead fast."

On board a war steamer the engines are directed by the tap of a bell, the wires connected with which lead to the quarter-deck. One stroke of the bell means "go ahead"; two, "stop"; three, "back"; and four, "go ahead as fast as possible." Leaning down through the shrouds to the officer on deck at the bell-pull, the Admiral shouted, "Four bells, *eight bells*, SIXTEEN BELLS! Give her all the steam you've got." The order was instantly transmitted, and the old ship seemed imbued with the Admiral's spirit, and, running past the *Brooklyn* and the monitors, regardless of fort, ram, gunboats, and the unseen foe beneath, dashed ahead, all alone, save for her gallant consort, the *Metacomet*.

As we ran clear of the fleet, we became the target for the rebel vessels which were lying across the channel in front. We were moving over what is called the middle ground, with shallow water on each side, so that it was impossible to maneuver the ship from right to left, for fear of running aground. Taking advantage of the situation, the rebel gun-boat *Selma* kept directly in front of us, where, in consequence of our projecting bow and our inability to turn, it was impossible to bring a single gun to bear on her, while she raked us, fore and aft, with terrible effect, doing, in reality, more damage than the rest of the rebel fleet. The two other gun-boats, the *Gaines* and the *Morgan*, were on our starboard bow, fighting in rather a timid manner; while the ram *Tennessee* made for us as though intending to strike us amidships. At the same time, the water-battery and a portion of the guns of the fort had a fine chance at our side. To quote again from Brownell:

"Trust me, our berth was hot!
Ah, wickedly well they shot!

How their death-bolts howled and stung!
And the water-batteries played,
With their deadly cannonade,
Till the air around us rung.
So the battle raged and roared."

We were now at the second period of the fight, when success seemed trembling in the scales. The *Hartford* and her mate had reached about a mile beyond the fort and the same distance in advance of most of the fleet, which were still under the guns of the fort. Had the ram kept on, it could have hardly failed to sink us, as our shot glanced harmlessly from its side, and we were unable, on account of the narrow channel, to move out of its way. But, for some reason, the rebel admiral changed his course, and made for the fleet at the fort. Perhaps the water between us was too shallow, or perhaps he thought us an easy prey for his leisure, and considered it more important to prevent other vessels from getting inside. Whatever the reason, his course was changed, and we were safe. Our greatest annoyance now was from the three rebel gun-boats, particularly from the *Selma*, which was handled with great ability. Three times Captain Jouett, commanding our light-draught consort, the *Metacomet*, the fastest vessel in the fleet, requested permission from the Admiral to leave us and tackle the *Selma*, but the Admiral replied "Wait a little longer." But finally we emerged from the narrow channel into the deep water of the bay, and then the desired order was given. Already men had been stationed with sharp axes, ready to cut the cables which bound the two ships together, and the Admiral had hardly waved his hand to Captain Jouett before the ropes were severed, and, as the crew gave three hearty cheers, the *Metacomet* darted forward after the *Selma*. The latter did not care to wait, but endeavored to escape up the bay. A brisk chase ensued, but the *Metacomet* was too much for her adversary, and, when one of her shots wounded the captain and killed the first lieutenant, a speedy surrender followed, and in half an hour Jouett returned with the saucy little rebel in tow. Meantime, the guns of the *Hartford* had crippled the *Gaines*, and she was run aground near Fort Morgan, deserted, and set on fire. The other gun-boat, the *Morgan*, which had kept at a safe distance during the fight, retreated under the guns of Fort Morgan. And the great ram, after making an unsuccessful effort to sink or injure any of the Union vessels, and after receiving a heavier blow from the *Monongahela* than it had inflicted, also retired to the fort. The other vessels of the fleet, each with its own special record of bravery, followed the *Hartford* past the fort and joined us in the bay.

The roar of the battle was now over; the fleet came to anchor, and preparations were made to give the hungry men some breakfast. Those of us who had been perched aloft came down on deck, and, as if by a general understanding, the officers of the *Hartford* who could be spared from immediate duty hastened to the ward-room to ascertain how it had fared with their messmates. One, Ensign Heginbotham, of the Admiral's staff, was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Adams was slightly wounded; all the rest had escaped unhurt. Of the crew, nineteen mangled bodies were lying in a ghastly row on the port side of the deck, and some thirty wounded were being cared for below. The first thought was of wonder and thankfulness that of the eighteen officers of the ward-room but one was fatally hurt. Each had a story of marvelous escapes to tell, and there was a general and hearty hand-shaking, as after a long separation.

We were just beginning to feel the reaction following such a season of extreme peril and excitement, when we were brought to our senses by the sharp, penetrating voice of executive officer Kimberly calling all hands to quarters, and a messenger-boy hurried down to us with the word, "The ram is coming." Every man hastened to his post, the writer to the quarter-deck, where the Admiral and fleet-captain were standing. The cause of the new excitement was evident at once. The *Tennessee*, as if ashamed of her failure, had left the fort and was making at full speed directly for the *Hartford*, being then perhaps a mile and a half distant. The spectacle was a grand one, and was viewed by the rebel soldiers in both forts, who were now out of range of our guns and lined the walls. Few audiences have ever witnessed so imposing a sight. The great ram came on for a single-handed contest with the fleet. She was believed to be invulnerable, and had powerful double engines by which she could be easily handled, while our monitors were so slow-gaited that they were unable to offer any serious obstacle to her approach. Farragut himself seemed to place his chief dependence on his wooden vessels. Doubtless the crowd of Confederate soldiers who watched the fight expected to see the *Tennessee* sink the Yankee vessels in detail, and the chances

seemed all in its favor. The Admiral wished to order the whole fleet to attack the ram, but to do this by the cumbrous naval code of signaling would occupy some moments of valuable time. It would be necessary first to send up to the mizzen-peak a signal-flag calling the attention of the fleet, and when this was answered (by each vessel sending up and hauling down a flag), a set of signals followed, each flag representing an arbitrary number, the meaning of which was ascertained by consulting the signal-book. The army signal service, on the contrary, consists in telegraphing by motions of a flag to the right and left, and is as rapid and instantaneous as sight, or the electric telegraph. So, while the quartermaster was preparing to send up the flags for the general order, the Admiral desired me to use the army code in starting the fastest and most formidable vessels. This hardly required as many seconds as the other method did minutes, with the advantage of saying precisely what was wanted. For example, the Admiral said: "Order Captain Strong, of the *Monongahela*, to run down the ram." The nearest approach to the message by naval signal would have been a special one, prepared and entered in the signal books for this occasion, namely: "Destroy the enemy's principal vessel by running her down"; which would have required precious moments to transmit and translate. The *Monongahela* was lying, with all steam up, on our port quarter, perhaps an eighth of a mile distant. Facing toward her, I made the letter "M," her call, which was instantly responded to by the signal officer on board, for every eye in the fleet was on the flag-ship, waiting for instructions. To send the message: "Capt. S.—Run down ram.—Ad. F.," took less than twenty seconds, and before the signal officer had finished acknowledging the message, we could see the *Monongahela* moving forward, not waiting to raise her anchor, but slipping her cable. The same message followed to Captain Marchand, of the *Lackawanna*, and to the monitor. Meanwhile, the general signal, "Attack the enemy," had gone up to the peak of the *Hartford*, and there followed a general slipping of cables and a friendly rivalry to see which could quickest meet the foe. The *Monongahela*, with her artificial iron prow, was bravely in the lead, and struck the rebel craft amidships at full speed, doing no damage to the ram, but having her own iron prow destroyed and being otherwise injured. Next came the *Lackawanna*, with a like result. The huge iron frame of the *Tennessee* scarcely felt the shock, while the wooden bow of the Union ship was badly demoralized. For an instant, the two vessels swung head and stern alongside of each other. In his official report, Captain Marchand naïvely remarks:

> "A few of the enemy were seen through their ports, who were using *most opprobrious* language. Our marines opened on them with muskets; even a spittoon and a holystone were thrown at them from our deck, which drove them away."

The *Tennessee* fired two shots through her bow, and then kept on for the *Hartford*. The two flag-ships approached each other bow to bow. The two admirals, Farragut and Buchanan, had entered our navy together as boys, and up to the outbreak of the war had been warm friends.* But now each was hoping for the overthrow of the other, and had Buchanan possessed the grit of Farragut, it is probable that moment would have witnessed the destruction of both vessels. For had the ram struck us square, as it came, bows on, it would have plowed its way half through the *Hartford*, and, as we sank, we should have carried it to the bottom, unable to extricate itself. But the rebel admiral was not desirous of so much glory, and, just as the two vessels were meeting, the course of the *Tennessee* was slightly changed, enough to strike us only a glancing blow on the port bow, which left us uninjured, while the two vessels grated past each other. He tried to sink us with a broadside as he went by, but only one of his guns went off, the primers in all the others failing. That gun sent a

* In a letter to the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, acknowledging the receipt of the official thanks of the Department and of the Government for the success at Mobile Bay, Farragut writes of Buchanan: "He, though a rebel and traitor to the government that had raised and educated him, had always been considered one of its ablest officers, and no one knew him better or appreciated his capacity more highly than myself, and, I may add, felt more proud of overcoming him in such a contest, if for no other reason than to prove to the world that ramming and sinking a helpless frigate at her anchor is a very different affair from ramming steamers when handled by officers of good capacity." It is worth mentioning, that the officer sent in command of the guard for the captured *Tennessee* was Captain Heywood, of the marine corps, who was one of the survivors of the frigate *Cumberland*, sunk by Buchanan in Hampton Roads. Although a modest and unassuming gentleman, Captain Heywood could not resist the opportunity of informing the rebel admiral that they had met before, and that he, at least, was exceedingly glad of the second meeting.

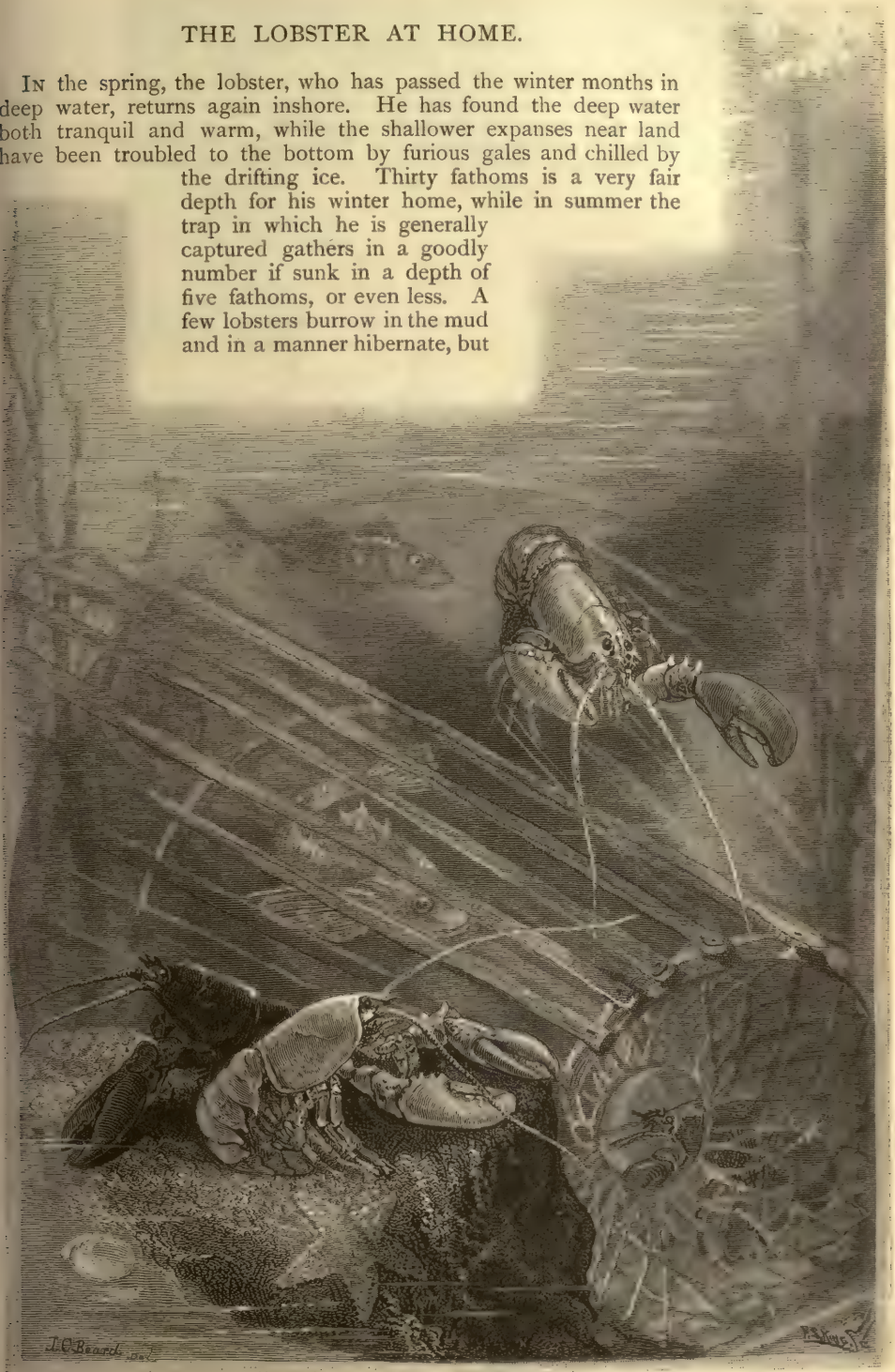
shell through the berth-deck, above the water-line, killing five men and wounding eight,— the last hostile shot which has ever touched the *Hartford*. The muzzle of the gun was so close that the powder blackened the ship's side. The *Hartford* gave the ram a salute from ten heavy guns, each loaded with thirteen pounds of powder and a solid shot, but the balls merely dented her side and bounded into the air. The scene on the *Hartford* during the moment of contact was of intense excitement. The Admiral coolly stood on the port quarter-rail, holding to the mizzen rigging, from which, at one time, he almost could have jumped to the deck of the ram. Flag-Lieutenant Watson, seeing him in this exposed position, secured him to the rigging by a rope's-end with his own hands; so that during the day he was *twice* "lashed to the rigging." As the ships came together, Captain Drayton ran to the bow of the *Hartford*, and, as the ram sheered off to avoid striking a square blow, he shook his lorgnette at it, and exclaimed, "The cowardly rascal; he's afraid of a wooden ship!"

The *Tennessee* now became the target for the whole fleet, all the vessels of which were making toward it, pounding it with shot, and trying to run it down. As the *Hartford* turned to make for it again, we ran in front of the *Lackawanna*, which had already turned and was moving under full headway with the same object. She struck us on our starboard side, amidships, crushing half-way through, knocking two port-holes into one, upsetting two Dahlgren guns, and creating general consternation. For a time it was thought that we must sink, and the cry rang out over the deck: "Save the Admiral! save the Admiral!" The port boats were ordered lowered, and in their haste some of the sailors cut the "falls" and two of the cutters dropped into the water wrong side up, and floated astern. But the Admiral, nearly as cool as ever, sprang into the starboard mizzen-rigging, looked over the side of the ship, and, finding there was still a few inches to spare above the water's edge, instantly ordered the ship ahead again at full speed, after the ram. The unfortunate *Lackawanna*, which had struck the ram a second blow, was making for her once more, and, singularly enough, again came up on our starboard side, and another collision seemed imminent. And now the Admiral became a trifle excited. He had no idea of whipping the rebels to be himself sunk by a friend. "Can you say, 'For God's sake' by signal?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then say to the *Lackawanna*, 'For God's sake get out of our way and anchor!'" In my haste to send the message, I brought the end of my signal flag-staff down with considerable violence upon the head of the Admiral, who was standing nearer than I thought, causing him to wince perceptibly, but I could not apologize until I finished signaling. It was a hasty message, for the fault was as much with the *Hartford* as with the *Lackawanna*, each being too eager to reach the enemy, and it turned out all right, by a fortunate accident, that Captain Marchand never received it. The army signal officer on the *Lackawanna*, Lieutenant Myron Adams (now pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, in Rochester, N. Y.), had taken his station in the foretop, and, just as he received the first five words, the wind flirted the large United States flag at the mast-head around him, so that he was unable to read the remainder of the message. As he had found himself a target for the muskets of the marines on the ram, he concluded that the message was a personal one, directing him to "get out" of the top, and acted accordingly.

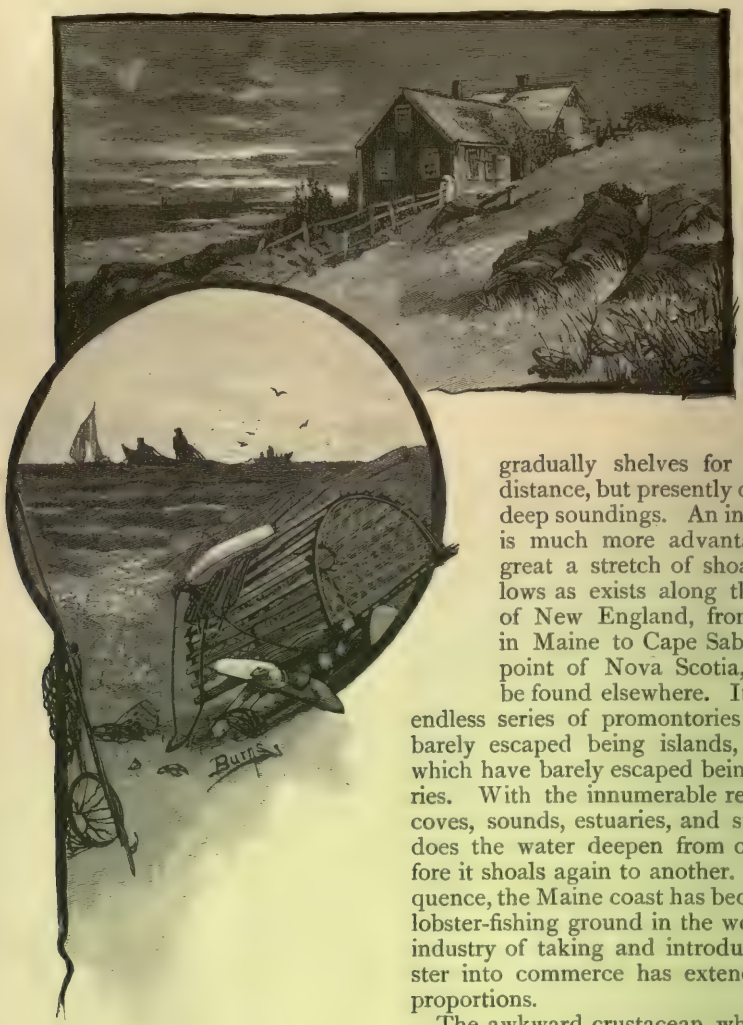
The remainder of the story is soon told. The ram was unable to strike a single one of the Union vessels, while the concentration of fire upon it tore away everything except the solid iron. First, the rebel flag-staff fell; then the smoke-stack was shot away, and finally a well-placed shot from the monitor *Chickasaw* broke the rudder-chain, so that the great ram would no longer mind the helm, and she lay like a huge monster at bay. Already a fifteen-inch solid shot from the *Manhattan* had crushed through the iron armor and let the daylight into her, and finally a shell exploded in one of her port-holes, and a fragment seriously wounded the rebel admiral. And then, up through the iron grating of her deck came a staff, bearing a white flag. The firing ceased, and from vessel after vessel of the victorious fleet rang out such cheers as are seldom heard and never forgotten—cheers which meant victory after a hard and very doubtful struggle. And, as the cheering ceased, a dim echo seem to come from below, where the wounded and dying, knowing the day was at last won, joined in the shouts of triumph, rejoiced that their sacrifice would not be in vain. So ended the fight.

THE LOBSTER AT HOME.

In the spring, the lobster, who has passed the winter months in deep water, returns again inshore. He has found the deep water both tranquil and warm, while the shallower expanses near land have been troubled to the bottom by furious gales and chilled by the drifting ice. Thirty fathoms is a very fair depth for his winter home, while in summer the trap in which he is generally captured gathers in a goodly number if sunk in a depth of five fathoms, or even less. A few lobsters burrow in the mud and in a manner hibernate, but



A LOBSTER-POT.



A LOBSTERMAN'S HOME AND IMPLEMENTS.

the ordinary aspect of those taken in winter shows that their habits at this time differ little from what they are at any other. The migratory impulse seizes upon all about the same moment, and they come in in regular columns, the stronger members in the front, the weaker in the rear; and though there is hardly a more quarrelsome animal, whether at large or in a state of captivity, than the lobster, they postpone, for the time, the manifestation of their habitual temper.

A straight line of sea-coast furnishes but a limited area of feeding-ground for the lobster, even should it contain the desirable kind of food. The bottom in such a coast gradually shelves for a moderate distance, but presently drops off into deep soundings. An indented coast is much more advantageous. So great a stretch of shoals and shallows as exists along the north-east of New England, from Yarmouth in Maine to Cape Sable, the lower point of Nova Scotia, will hardly be found elsewhere. It presents an endless series of promontories which have barely escaped being islands, and islands which have barely escaped being promontories. With the innumerable resulting bays, coves, sounds, estuaries, and straits, hardly does the water deepen from one shore before it shoals again to another. As a consequence, the Maine coast has become the best lobster-fishing ground in the world, and the industry of taking and introducing the lobster into commerce has extended to great proportions.

The awkward crustacean, when snared, is either sent fresh to market in smacks containing wells, or he is boiled at some central establishment, and sent in open crates, or, finally, he is put up in hermetically sealed cans. The first two processes continue all the year round, but a law of the State of Maine prohibits the canning of lobsters except between the first of March and the first of August. There are various theories about their unsuitableness for this purpose after August first. It does not seem to be quite clear whether the law is for the protection of the purchaser, to whom the flesh is said to be at times poisonous, or of the lobster, to prevent its too rapid destruction by indefatigable pursuit.

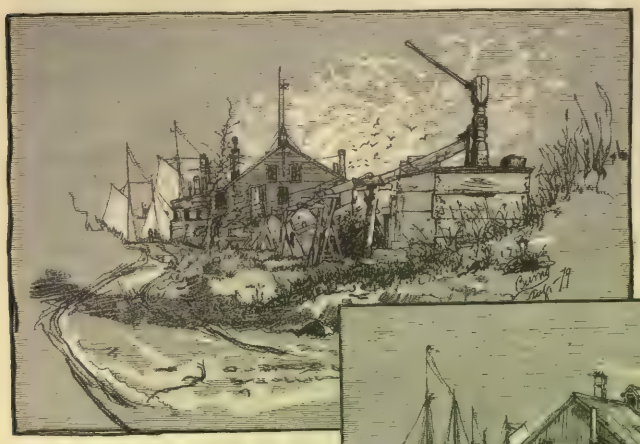
The typical lobsterman lives at the bottom of a charming and remote cove. The

HAULING TRAPS.

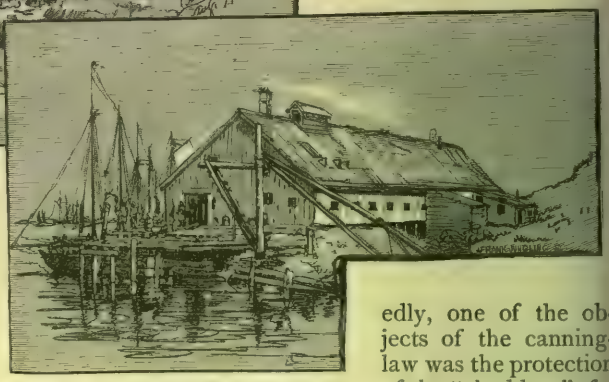
shores rise in bold, gray crags, but he has a strip of sand on which to beach his boat. He is a fisherman in other branches and a farmer as well, for lobstering need not take the whole of any one's time. His buildings, seen at the top of a rising ground, are weather-beaten gray and red. At the shore he has fish-houses, a great reel on which nets are wound up, and in a cleft of the rock smokes a large iron kettle, wherein is brewing a decoction of tar and rosin for water-proofing the rope-work of his lobster-traps. The traps themselves have the appearance of a pile of mammoth bird-cages. The structure is four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high, with a semicircular section. It is made of slats, with wide intervals between, to afford the proposed victim a clear view of the baits arranged on a perpendicular row of hooks within. A door opens in the circular top, through which access is had for preparing the baits and removing the contents. The trap is sunk to the bottom by a ballast of stones, and a billet of wood at the other end of the rope serves as a buoy. The ends are closed only with tarred rope-netting, and in one there is a circular opening of considerable size. The bait used is a cod's head, or sometimes a row of cunners.

FACTORIES AT SOUTH SAINT GEORGE.

The lobsterman has, perhaps, one hundred and fifty such traps, set in eligible locations. He visits them every morning, and sometimes the circuit of buoys marked with his name is five or six miles in extent. He lays hold of the submerged rope, covered with a green, beard-like weed, lifts the trap, removes what it contains, and drops it again to the bottom. The occupation presents its most picturesque aspect in winter, when the fishing is in deep water. The lobsterman then, with his dory filled with a pile of the curious cages which he has taken up for repairs or is going to set in new places, ventures far out to sea, often at no little personal risk. Sometimes a particularly violent gale will drive the traps with it, and wreck them in the breakers. One lobsterman on the island of Monhegan lost over fifty in this way in one night.



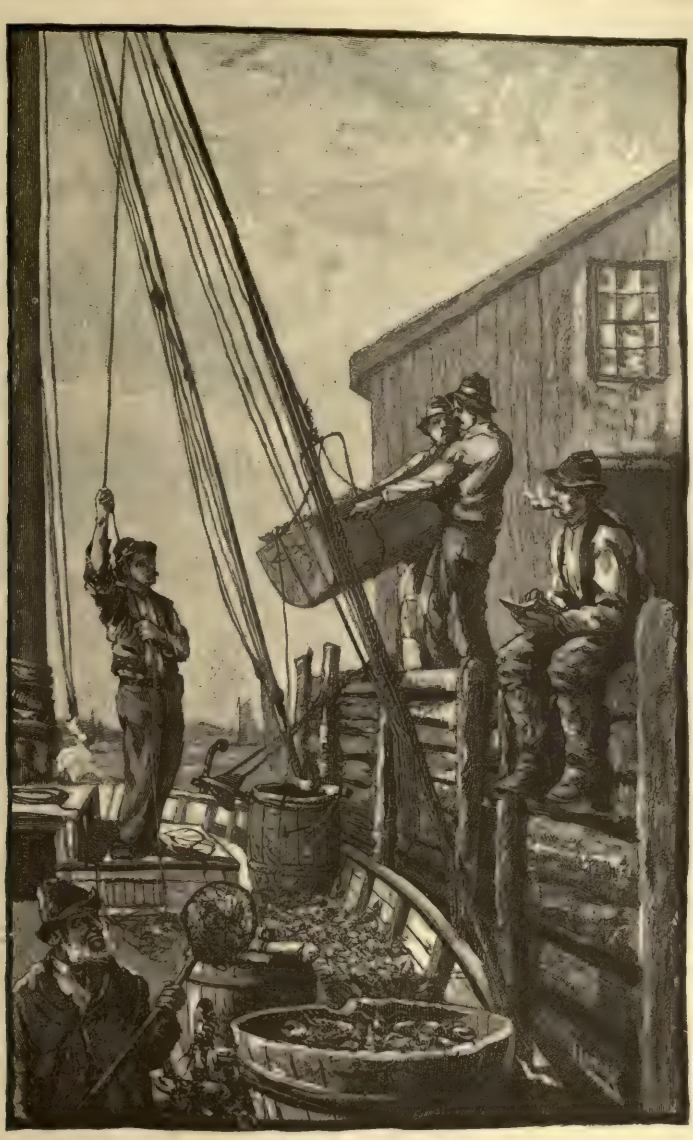
LOBSTER-FACTORY AT MOUNT DESERT.



LOBSTER-FACTORY AT DEER ISLAND.

A mature lobster should measure, without the claws, from one to two feet long, and weigh complete from two to fifteen pounds, but smaller sizes are so common that a length of ten and a half inches, without reference to weight, has been made a standard for certain calculations. It is claimed that the average size, as well as the profits of the business, is being steadily diminished by the industry with which the pursuit has been lately followed up. The shores teem with traps, and the competition is so fierce that whereas a lobsterman once made four or five dollars a day, he now regards himself lucky if he makes but one. Occasional prodigies in size turn up to astonish and delight their captors. Lobsters have been taken as heavy as twenty-five pounds, in a "line" (twenty-eight fathoms) of water. At South Saint George, below Rockland, hangs the claw of a lobster which in life weighed forty-three pounds. At Friendship, not far distant, there is authentic record of a certain *white* lobster of formidable development. The normal color is black, or greenish-black, turning to vivid scarlet by boiling. The hard shell is incapable of expansion, and, if it were not for a special provision, would prevent all growth. Relief is found in the periodical shedding of the shell. It splits in two along the back, and is sloughed off and replaced in time by a new one formed underneath. This change takes place in many lobsters, though not in all, some time about the first of August, and, undoubtedly, one of the objects of the canning-law was the protection of the "shedders"; for without a shell the lobster is defenseless from enemies, and is obliged to take refuge in crevices and under stones to avoid them; by October the new panoply is in good order, and by December his condition is at its best.

If we are to accept the theory of a veteran lobsterman whom we met at Mount Desert, the lobster may attain to the age of man. The first shedding of the shell, he tells us, occurs at the age of five years. After this, he confesses his inability to fix the periods of renewal. The mother is often seen surrounded by baby lobsters a few inches in length, who take refuge under her tail in case of danger, and sometimes the little ones are found stranded in conch-shells, into which they have crawled near the shore. At the end of the third year the young are



UNLOADING THE SMACK.

perhaps four inches long, and at the end of the fourth hardly more than six. At such a rate of progress it appears that something in the neighborhood of five years must elapse before they attain the length of eight or ten inches, at which size they are first found in a soft condition. Our lobsterman's theory of longevity is based upon his observation of this slowness of growth.

Fineness of organization would not seem to be the strong point of the lobster any more than beauty of form, yet he moves about his chosen feeding-grounds with a very respectable set of endowments for picking up his living. He has his sense of smell at the base of one pair of his numerous feeler-like antennæ and his sense of hearing at another; his eyes are located at the end of flexible peduncles and have an extended range of observation, and two long, fine antennæ meander cautiously over everything in his vicinity with a delicate sense of touch. His principal power resides in the great pair of anterior claws, which have force sufficient to crack a clam. His prey (clams and mussels, and such fish as the

CANNERS.

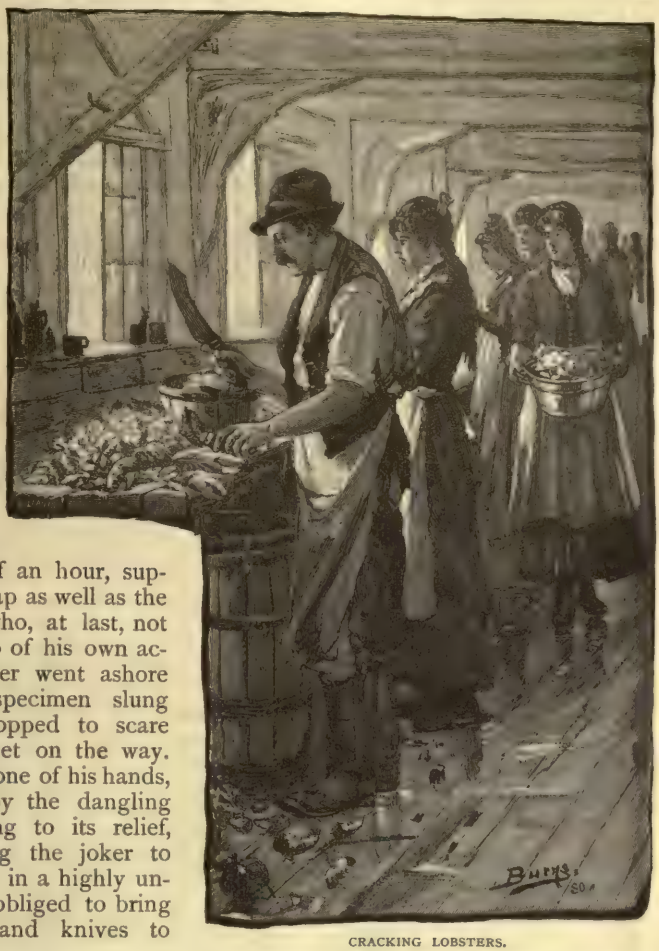
sculpin, flounder, and cunner) is seized and held fast by the sharp teeth between the thumb-and-finger-like grasp of the larger claw, then held in the duller small one while he sucks away the substance at leisure. His locomotion is very rapid and by preference backward, the cunning peduncle eyes no doubt having first taken the requisite bearings. Curving his many-jointed, wide tail inward, he moves with a velocity for which those who have only seen him in the market-stalls would never give him credit.

Thus equipped, the lobster approaches the trap set for his inveiglement. The dull, big eyes of the cod's head in the trap stare sagely out at the bloodless victim. The bead-like optics of the lobster, in the flurry of this cold temptation, peer cunningly in. As to the attractiveness of the morsel there can be no question, and the way to reach and take possession of it through the passage in the net-work seems ample. With a few deft strokes he is within. Why does he not return in the same way? Whoever understands the defective logical processes of the lobster's mind can alone explain. It does not occur to him to turn around, and as to going out forward, the great claws, now spread out, render it difficult, though the opening is in no way more contracted than before. Nor does the fate of one deter the entrance of others. When the trap is lifted it contains from one to a dozen of all sizes, and with them a few "five-fingers" (star-fish), and perhaps a blundering, large-headed sculpin, who is much surprised at being brought so suddenly to light. Whether or not a loss of appetite be occasioned by the discovery of his situation, the lobster does not disturb the baits to any considerable extent. A large one will eat a piece hardly larger than one's finger, though he may have been in the trap with the bait for hours.

"It is a cheap-livin' fish," a lobsterman tells us, with an air of confidence, almost of giving away the secret of the business. "Nothin' is ever found inside of him. He kin eat barnacles, sea-weed, mud—anything. He kin live five and six months in the well of a smack on what he finds there, and come out all right,—unless they chaw each other up," he adds. "They're most always a-doin' that. It don't seem as though it hurt 'em no gre't, nuther. You find lots of 'em with their claws broke off in fights, but they

grow out ag'in jest as good. Some think they lose 'em off in thunder-storms, too. I dunno how that is, but they do say that they're pretty considerable frighted."

The grip of a lobster's claw, which can crack a clam easily, is strong enough to take off a man's finger, and there has even been a story of the death of a Maine hotel-keeper from the clutch of a lobster. The experienced are usually cautious in handling them. At Deer Island, a man told us that he had been caught while opening a trap beside his boat, and held in a most painful position for nearly half an hour, supporting the weight of the trap as well as the weight of his tormentor, who, at last, not being interfered with, let go of his own accord. Another lobster-fisher went ashore with a particularly fine specimen slung over his shoulder, and stopped to scare with it a young girl he met on the way. Inadvertently putting back one of his hands, it was savagely gripped by the dangling claws; the other, hastening to its relief, was seized also, presenting the joker to the object of his attentions in a highly unfavorable light. She was obliged to bring assistants with hammers and knives to break the claws.



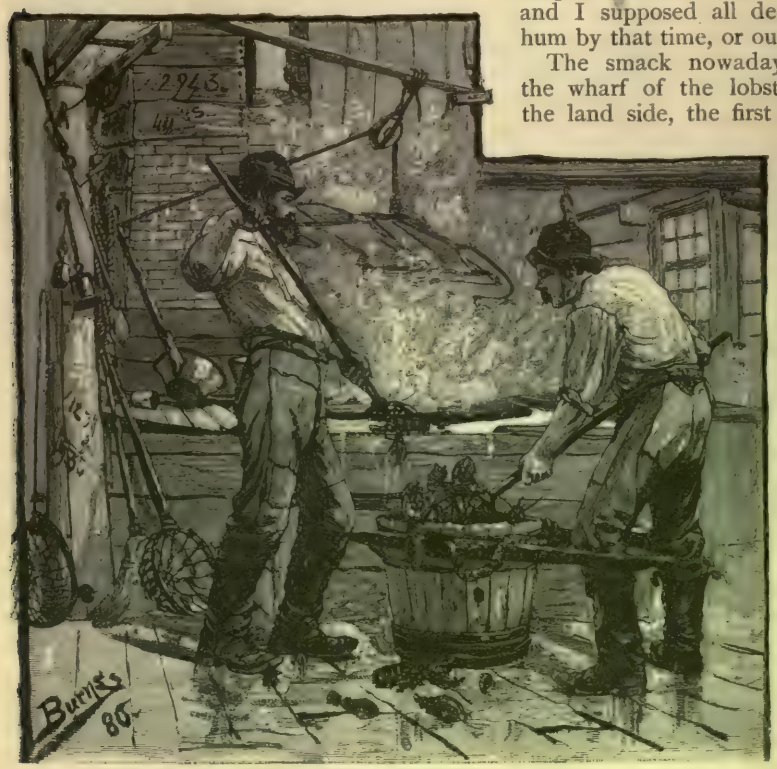
CRACKING LOBSTERS.

For lobster-catching on a smaller scale, two kinds of nets, and a hook with a ten-foot handle not unlike a mackerel-gaff, are occasionally used. One is an ordinary dip-net, lowered by ropes and with a bait in the bottom; when the lobster enters, the additional weight is felt and the net pulled up. The other is a circle of wire, playing in equal halves on an axis; a rope is attached to each side, and it is lowered like the other; by pulling the ropes the parts shut together, inclosing whatever rests within.

The first destination of the captives is the lobster-car. This is a great floating box, perhaps twelve feet long by eight wide, by two and a half deep, submerged to the water's edge. Here they are preserved till the arrival of the smack. The Portland or Boston or New York smack comes once a week, to carry off the larger ones fresh in its well; the factory smacks come for the smaller ones, to be canned, every day or two. The smack runs down to the lobster-car and luffs up alongside. The owner stands on its slippery surface, and dips out the contents into the iron-bound scoop of a fine large weighing-tackle, rigged to the throat-halliards. The skipper keeps the tally on a shingle. The large, bold implements, the free attitudes, the strongly characteristic dresses, offer the artist plenty of material.

The arrival of the smack is an important event in the cove. The skipper brings the news of the trade and the personal gossip of his circuit, and executes many small commissions for the household. An ordinarily prosperous factory, as that at Green's Landing, Deer Island, has three such small vessels in its employ, attending upon, perhaps, one hundred and fifty lobstermen in all. The skipper endeavors to attach

to himself his special gang, or *clientèle*, and to make it as large as possible. To insure that they shall fish for him and no other he uses all the arts of a commercial traveler. He makes a slightly more favorable price here, relies upon an exhibition of jolly good-fellowship there, and again appeals to long-established usage and relations. He must be able, too, to fit a client out here and there on credit with the necessary gear for the campaign. By every means in his power he assures him that he will not do better with any other living skipper, and begs him not to forget it. His own compensation is sometimes a salary, but more often a commission on the amounts brought in. His cabin is six feet by four, by a height sufficient to stand erect in. It has a couple of bunks with squalid calico quilts on them, a rusty iron stove, and a table-leaf letting down from the foot of the mast, at which he sits casting up his accounts on the shingle—that universal record-book—as he cruises in and out of the small harbors, past the reefs with their singular beacons and the little light-houses of the poorer class.



BOILING-ROOM.

"Do you see yonder light?" our skipper says, as we sail near South Saint George. "Well, there was a feller appointed keeper from somewheres in the State onct, what had never see the water afore, I guess—a regular p'litical job. Well, after he'd been there a little there was complaints ag'in him, and he was hauled up before the board.

"'What time do you put your light out?' says the board.

"'Nine o'clock,' says this here p'litical keeper. 'That's when I turns in myself, and I supposed all decent folks was to hum by that time, or ought to be.'"

The smack nowadays runs alongside the wharf of the lobster-factory. From the land side, the first seen of the skipper is a pair of brawny hands on the string-piece. They are followed, as he climbs up the side, by his sou'-wester, his patched woolen round-about, and his cowhide boots covering his trowsers to the knee. The great weighing-scoop is again rigged, a tub, with a rope and stake handle, is lowered from a small crane at the corner of the wharf, the shingle is resumed, and the live freight, clutching and flapping viciously, begins to be as unceremoniously transferred with shovels as though it was only coals.

The lobster-factories are very numerous, and can hardly escape the notice even of the fashionable visitor to Maine. He is confronted by one, for instance, at the landing of Harpswell, the principal island of Casco Bay, another at the historic old town of Castine, another at Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, besides the one at Green's Landing. Deer Island has factories at Oceanville and Burnt Cove, forming part of a series, twenty-three in number, which belong to one firm, and stretch all the way

down to the Bay of Fundy. They cannot be called intrinsically inviting, owing to their wholly utilitarian character, although they are apt to have redeeming features in an occasional touch of the picturesque.

The factory opens at one end on the wharf, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into coppers for boiling. At intervals the covers are hoisted by ropes and pulleys, and dense clouds of steam arise, through which we catch vistas of men, women, and children at work. Two men approach the coppers with stretcher and scoop-nets, and they throw rapid scoopfuls, done to a scarlet, backward over their shoulders. The scarlet hue is seen in all quarters—on the steaming stretcher, in the great heaps on the tables, in scattered individuals on the floor, in a large pile of shells and refuse seen through the open door, and in an ox-cart-load of the same refuse, farther off, which is being taken away for use as a fertilizer.

The boiled lobster is separated, on long tables, into his constituent parts. The meat of the many-jointed tail is thrust out with a punch. A functionary called a "cracker" frees that of the claws by a couple of deft cuts with a cleaver, and the connecting arms are passed on to be picked out with a fork by the girls. In another department, the meat is placed in the cans. The first girl puts in roughly a suitable selection of the several parts. The next weighs it, and adds or subtracts enough to complete the exact amount desired (one or two pounds). The next forces down the contents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin cover with blows of a little hammer. Then a tray is rapidly filled with the cans, and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them tight except for minute openings in the covers, and put them in another tray, which, by means of a pulley-tackle, is then plunged in bath caldrons, in order that the cans may be boiled till the air is expelled from their contents through the minute openings. Then they are sealed up and are boiled again for several hours, when the process of cooking is complete.

In the packing-room the cans are cleaned with acid, painted a thin coat of green to keep them from rusting, pasted with labels displaying a highly ornamental scarlet lobster rampant against a blue sea, and placed by the gross in pine boxes to await the arrival of the company's vessel, which cruises regularly from factory to factory, collecting the product. Nine-tenths of the supply at present goes to the foreign market. On "loaf-days," the hands occupy themselves with making the neat cans which it is their ordinary business to fill.

THE BELLE OF THE LOBSTER-SHOP.

The solderers, each with his little sheet-iron furnace, bristling with tools, on the table beside him, and the white light of one of a long row of small windows playing over him, give the suggestion of alchemists. Over their heads in a prominent place is a placard: "NOTICE! HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH: LET THESE TOOLS ALONE!!!" There must be a little history of mischief-making attached to this. Who could have interfered with the honest solderers' tools? Could it have been yonder pretty girl, certainly the belle of the lobster-shop? She stands at the end of a long table, in a check apron bound with pink, her arms bare, her brown hair with threads of auburn in it hanging down her back in a braid. She is

of the robuster Yankee type, about which there is no suspicion of consumption. Near her, by the partition, is a disused dory on a heap of coarse salt, which forms a sort of beach for it, and overhead other dories are sandwiched between the rafters. She is very steady, they tell us, and engaged to a young man who sails in the company's freight-smack; and, indeed, we see him come in, in a linen duster over a suit of ready-made clothes, and shake hands with her and his friends and acquaintances round about. When we ask her if we are at liberty to draw her picture, she says she "don't know as it makes any odds," and is evidently not displeased with the proposition. Still, it appears by a certain nervousness in her manner that it does make "odds," for she inquires presently how check "takes," and after that, inventing a plausible pretext for delay, hurries home and returns with her hair discouragingly smoothed down by wetting, and arranged around the front in crimps.

The solderers are paid from twelve to fifteen dollars a week, ordinary men from seven to ten, and the girls no more than three and a half. Yet even at this price a respectable class of female labor is engaged. Some of the young women have taught school in their time. This is not so remarkable when we say that common report has it that there are towns on this coast where, by the excessive shrewdness of rural committeemen, the wages of school-keeping have been reduced to two dollars a week.

The minor employés are generally gathered from the neighborhood. The more skillful are brought in for the season, and have successive engagements at different points. The solderers are in particularly active demand, owing to the extent to which the business of canning has been extended, and seem to have in their vocation a substantial means of livelihood. The sweet-corn season opens as soon as the lobster season closes, and soon after the first of August the solderers will be found making ready to hurry to the country back of Portland, where corn-canning is an industry of great magnitude.

The corn-factories and lobster-factories are owned to a large extent by the same companies, and one may chance to hear it charged that the lobster-law was procured with special reference to this natural connection of the two crops.

"It aint in the interest of the lobster nor yet of the public, the law aint," said an informant who holds this theory. "They say the meat is p'is'n after such a time, but the smacks keeps on catchin' of 'em up and puttin' in ice all summer—that don't look much like it. The parties wants the sawderers down to Freeport and Gorham for cannin' the corn—that's how it is; and they don't want no one else a-goin' on with lobsters when they aint at it. But what was your object in knowin'?" he interrupts his discourse to ask, not readily conceiving a merely speculative interest in these matters; "was you thinkin' of startin' a lobster-factory?"

"LATITUDE UNKNOWN."

Like lonely sailors on a foreign sea,
Without a compass and without a chart,
Unhelped by all their lore of seaman's art,
Souls drift along in the vast mystery
Of Love's companionship. There cannot be
A solitude so pathless as a heart.
No undiscovered isles lie so apart
From him who seeks, as lie the thoughts that we
Forever yearn to read behind dear eyes,—
The dear eyes that we love, and love to kiss.
Ah, well! But one thing matters to our bliss.
So long as Love's sun goes not down, all skies
Are clear: all shores are friendly: treasure lies
On all: we shall not one sweet harbor miss!

PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE.

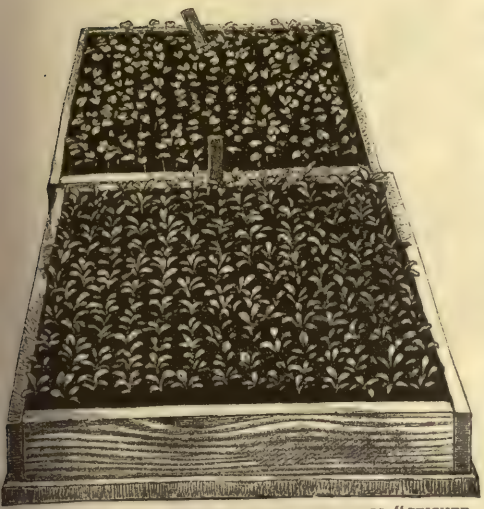


FIGURE 1. PROPAGATION BY SEEDS.—SEEDLINGS "PRICKED OUT" OR TRANSPLANTED IN BOXES.

THE cultivation of plants for ornamental purposes, both for greenhouse and grounds, has made rapid progress during the past twenty years. It is estimated that there are upward of six hundred commercial florists' establishments within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall, New York, and that probably ten million dollars are invested in their lands, structures, and stock; and when it is known that the demand for horticulture in New York is hardly the average of that of other cities of the Union, it will be seen that the business is an important industry. Formerly the practical work was entirely in the hands of European gardeners, but for the past fifteen or sixteen years many of our large floral establishments have been employing young Americans as assistants, taking only such as are qualified by education and intelligence to grasp the more intricate and scientific details of the business. The results from this are already shown in the fact that the American system of propagation and culture is perhaps unequaled in the world; and no better evidence can be given of the truth of this assertion than the fact—which any one may verify by a comparison of price-lists—that plants, on an average, are sold at one-third less here than in England, while our rates paid for labor are at least one-half higher. It may be interesting to give briefly in detail some of the leading operations of the business, beginning with propagation by seeds.

FIGURE 2. MAKING AND PLANTING CUTTINGS.

FIGURE 3. LAYERING IN THE AIR, AND LAYERING IN THE SOIL.

Whenever a plant can be increased by seeds, that plan is adopted in preference to cuttings, or any other method, not only because more vigorous plants are thus obtained, but because this method is simpler, cheaper, and quicker, where large quantities are wanted; and to the amateur in floriculture, or the florist living in sections of the country where plants could not conveniently be sent, seeds afford means of procuring varieties that it would be next to impossible to get in any other way. If the following plan is strictly adhered to, the most delicate plants can be raised from seeds in a common sitting-room or hot-bed just as well as in a fully appointed greenhouse: For the bed an ordinary sized soap-box may be used, cutting it into sections, and making these into boxes two inches deep, leaving the seams at the bottom wide enough to allow the water to pass off quickly. These shallow boxes should be filled with finely sifted soil, level with the top; and this soil should be pressed down with a board, making it as smooth and level as possible; on this surface the seeds should be sown and pressed gently down with the board, so as to sink them into the soil. Then dry

FIGURE 4. PROPAGATING FROM LEAVES.

BRYOPHYLLUM CALYCINUM LEAF, SHOWING THE YOUNG PLANTS GROWING ON ITS EDGES.

BEGONIA REX LEAVES, WITH THE YOUNG PLANTS GROWING ON THEM.

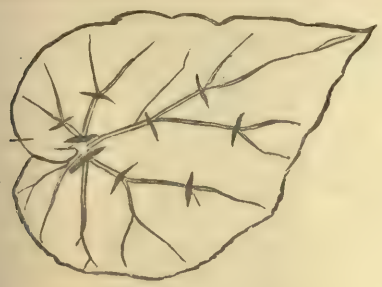


FIGURE 5.
BEGONIA REX LEAF, SHOWING THE MANNER OF CUTTING THE VEINS TO PREPARE IT FOR PROPAGATING.

sphagnum moss, cocoa-nut fiber, leaf-mold, or any light material, should be rubbed through a mosquito-wire, and sifted on the seeds just enough to cover them. Either of these substances is better to cover seeds with than ordinary soil; owing to their sponge-like character, the proper degree of moisture is obtained, while their lightness offers but little resistance to the feeble germ. After covering, a gentle watering should be given with a fine-rose watering-pot; and if the seeds are placed in a temperature averaging sixty degrees, the young seedlings will begin to show themselves breaking through the covering in from six to twenty days, according to the nature of the plant. But in quite a number of species of plants there is a tendency to "damp off," as it is called, after germination; this is caused by a species of mildew that finds a congenial condition among the tender seedling plants which come up thickly huddled together. To avert this, as soon as the seedlings have shown the seed-leaf to be fully developed, and before the first rough or true leaf has formed, the tiny plants should be pricked off into boxes filled with soil of the same depth and dimensions as those used for the

FIGURE 6. PEPEROMIA, SHOWING THE MANNER OF PROPAGATION FROM THE LEAF-STALK.

seeds. The seedlings should be planted with great care with a small dibber, about the size of a pencil, and pointed. After planting they should be gently watered and shaded

FIGURE 7. EXAMPLES OF PLANTING IN RIBBON LINES AND MASSING IN COLOR.

FIGURE 8. A NEW YORK FLOWER-STAND.

with paper for a few days until they take root. Fig. 1 represents two boxes of plants raised in this manner, the larger one filled with *Centaurea candidissima* (Dusty Miller), and the smaller with *Pyrethrum parthenium aureum* (Golden Feather), both of which are plants now largely used in "ribbon-line gardening" or "massing in color."

Propagating by cuttings is always an interesting operation; and, to many, plants grown from slips of their own raising have a value far greater than if purchased when fully developed. Nearly all European writers on this subject have so befogged it with technical nonsense that few not regular professional florists have ever attempted it, unless on some of the commonest kinds of plants. It is now, however, considered one of our simplest operations, and any one with ordinary intelligence can perform it successfully if the following brief instructions are strictly followed: When plants are wanted in large quantities, elevate a bench above the flue or hot-water pipes to within a foot or so of a

glass at the front, and on this bench place three or four inches of any ordinary clean sand. This bench should be boarded down in front, to confine the heat from the flue or pipes under it, so as to give what is called "bottom heat." The sand on the bench so formed, during the winter season, when the greenhouse is fired, will indicate a temperature of sixty-five to seventy degrees, while the atmosphere of the greenhouse should be ten degrees less. Now if the cuttings or slips are in the right condition, and are inserted an inch or so in the sand, and freely watered, and shaded from the sun from nine or ten A. M. to three or four P. M., ninety-nine out of every hundred will take root in from ten to twenty days. The cutting or slip, however, must be in the right condition; this can be ascertained by a very simple test: if on bending the cutting or slip it snaps off short, it is all right for planting; but if it bends without breaking it is too old, and in this state it roots much more slowly and feebly.

There is another method of propagating by slips, and one which can be used by any one, with or without a greenhouse. It is known as the "saucer system." A saucer or plate should be filled with an inch or so of sand; then the slips, prepared in the usual manner, should be inserted in the sand about close enough to touch each other. The sand should then be watered to bring it to the condition of mud. Thus filled, the saucer is placed in a hot-bed, on the shelf of the greenhouse, or in a window exposed to the sun in the dwelling-house—in each case fully exposed to the sun, and never shaded. But one condition is essential to success: until the cuttings become rooted the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in a condition of mud. Care must be taken in watering to do it gently, so as not to throw down the cutting, as it is essential that the cut part remain always in the mud. If the temperature of the room or greenhouse averages from sixty-five to eighty-five degrees, and if the cuttings were in the proper condition, success is certain, and finely rooted slips may be expected in from ten to twenty days from the time they were put in the saucers. A higher temperature may be maintained by the saucer system of propagating than by the other, as the slips are in reality placed in water, and will not wilt, provided the mud is not allowed to dry up. Fig. 2 shows the propagators at work making and placing the cuttings in the sand. To the right of the figure is a cutting made ready to be placed

FIGURE 9. GATHERING CARNATIONS.

FIGURE 10. CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

in the sand. The popular idea that it is necessary to cut a slip at a joint or an eye is an error; it makes no difference whatever in the formation of roots, unless in such plants as have tuberous roots, like the dahlia, where a joint or eye is necessary, that the roots may develop eyes the next season.

Propagation of plants by leaves is another method employed, and one that is a never-ceasing source of wonder. When we examine a leaf of *Begonia rex*, chased and shaded like frosted or burnished silver, nothing indicates that there is anything about it any more than about any other leaf—that it has the germs of a score of lives dotted all over its beautiful surface. Yet we know that if one of these leaves, the veins being first cut across, as in Fig. 5, is thrown down in any moist place, at a temperature of seventy or eighty degrees, in a month its surface becomes dotted all over with tiny plants, facsimiles, so to speak, of the "mother" leaf, which gives up her life for her offspring. In Fig. 4, to the right, is a representation of *Begonia rex*, showing the manner in which the young plants start from the leaf; but no drawing in black-and-white can convey an adequate suggestion of the original. To the left, in the same figure, is a leaf of *Bryophyllum calycinum*, another singular plant, which emits young plants from the serrated edge of the leaf. Single leaves, three by six inches in size, sometimes have as many as thirty young plants attached. The leaves of this plant are dropped on the ground while growing in the open air, and every one, large or small, at once develops its tiny progeny from the margins of the leaves; or, if a leaf is taken off the plant and pinned against a moist wall, in a few weeks young plants are formed. Another family of plants, known as *Peperomia*, develop plants from the footstalk. (See Fig. 6.)

Propagation of plants by layering is another method often practiced by amateurs who require only a few plants, but is now very little used by the professional florist. Fig. 3 shows the manner of cutting and pegging down in the soil the shoot of a rose-bush, so as to obtain a layered plant. The plant in the flower-pot (Fig. 3) is a variegated-leaved geranium, with some of the

shoots cut so as to hang only by a portion of the bark. This plan of propagating is what is termed "layering in the air," and I believe I was the first to originate it, about twelve years ago. This method has been found to be very useful in increasing variegated-leaved plants of such kinds as are liable to rot off when put in as ordinary slips or cuttings. After being allowed to hang on the plant for ten or twelve days, the wound heals over, and, if the atmosphere is moist, roots will be emitted as the slip hangs on the plant; but, even if not, the healing over, or "callus," as it is technically termed, is the condition preparatory to rooting; and when these slips are detached and potted, nearly every slip will quickly form a rooted plant. Besides, it is a great advantage to the health of the old plant on which the slips have been "layered" not to detach them at once, as all propagators of plants know that, when many slips are taken off the plant at once, it lessens its vigor to such a degree as often to destroy it. "Layering in the air," however, is not only more certain in rooting the slips, but does little or no injury to the mother-plant.

The potting of plants is first begun by taking the rooted slips or cuttings from the cutting-bench or saucer, or the young seedlings from the boxes, as shown in Fig. 2, and "potting" or planting them (in finely sifted soil) in small flower-pots, usually two inches wide and deep. After the slips have been thus potted in small pots, they should be freely watered and shaded for two or three days, until the roots begin to strike into the soil. According to the nature of the plant

FIGURE 11. CALLA LILY.

FIGURE 12. GROUP OF PALMS.

FIGURE 13. GROUP OF CROTONS.

and the temperature which it is growing in, the young plants, in from four to eight weeks, will have matted the "ball" of earth on the outside, so that it shows a net-work of roots when knocked out of the pot. It is then in the condition to be placed in a larger flower-pot, or to be "shifted," as it is technically called. If the slip has been in a pot two inches in diameter—and at first it should never be placed in one much larger—it should be shifted into one three inches in diameter; if in a three-inch, to a four-inch, and so on until the size runs to six inches in diameter, when a somewhat larger shift may be given; if the pot is too large the plants will get water-logged. In the operation of shifting into the smaller sizes, a layer of swamp moss *(Sphagnum)*, from half an inch to two inches in thickness, in proportion to size, should first be placed in the pot; over this a layer of soil should be placed, in quantity sufficient to raise the "ball" of the plant to be shifted to the proper height—say from half an inch to an inch below the level of the rim of the flower-pot; then, in the space left between the roots of the plant to be shifted and the side of the flower-pot, the soil should be packed moderately firm. Crocks or drainage, other than the *sphagnum*, in flower-pots is not necessary except the larger sizes—say six or seven inches in diameter and upward; in

FIGURE 14. GROUP OF DRACÆNAS.

these, in plants impatient of water at the roots, such as roses that are being grown for flowers in winter, a layer of an inch or so of broken charcoal or broken pots should be placed in the bottom of the pots, and over this a layer of *sphagnum*. But there is another matter of far more importance for drainage than the drainage of the flower-pot, and which is almost always lost sight of, namely, to have the plants placed on some rough material on the shelf or bench, such as gravel or cinders—anything, in fact, which, when the plants are placed on it, will allow the water to pass freely off, and at the same time admit air under the flower-pot. In cases where this would not be practicable—with very large pots, as when plants are grown in rooms in the dwelling-house—chips of wood, a quarter of an inch or so in thickness, placed under the flower-pot, would answer the same purpose. This means of draining and admission of air to the roots is, of course, much more of a necessity during winter than summer, as, particularly in the greenhouse, the air is often surcharged with moisture, while in summer there is usually too dry an atmosphere.

Plants are shipped by mail and express mainly, and the methods of packing are now so complete that, though the most tender plants are sent to every State and Territory in the Union, often being eight days in transit, it is rare that they fail to arrive in good condition. To any place where they can be sent by express they should never be mailed; for not only are the plants always smaller that can be sent by post, but by compressing them into the limits of a mail package they are more or less crushed, and rarely arrive in as good order.

There is no flower-market in New York similar to that of the flower-market in Covent Garden, London. The plants sold as market plants are mixed up with other products, sold on street corners, in stores, from wagons, peddled in baskets, and in every other conceivable way, to the great disadvantage of the buyer, who in this way has no chance to select a variety from any one place. Fig. 8 shows a street flower-stand where the plants are getting chilled and drenched by rain. The flower-market of Covent Garden is one of the great attractions of London, and there is no reason why such a market in New York would not be equally successful. It is doubtful if there is any large city, either here or in Europe, where everything relating to horticulture is allowed to go in such a slipshod manner as in the city of New York. Central Park is now a disgrace to the city as far as its floral attractions are concerned; and it is doubtful if there is any city in the Union which makes any pretensions to a park that cannot give more attractions to its people. The parks of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland are all filled with gay colors and redolent of fragrant odors during the summer months; and the Lincoln Park and South Park at Chicago are such as that great city may well be proud of. Fifteen years ago the site of the Chicago parks was the open prairie, and only four years ago the floral

FIGURE 15. A GROUP OF PALMS.

FIGURE 16. A GROUP OF FERNS.

department assumed form; and yet to-day it is doubtful if any park of its size, either here or in Europe, surpasses the Lincoln Park of Chicago in the beauty of its floral attractions during the summer.

This want of official interest in the subject is to be regretted, as the floral attractions of public parks soon find their reflex in grounds of private individuals, thus adding greatly to the interest and beauty of a city. So we find that the grounds surrounding the stone and marble palaces of New York City are meager indeed compared with the less pretentious mansions in Wabash and Prairie avenues, Chicago, in Euclid avenue, Cleveland, or in the Germantown suburb of Philadelphia.

One modern style of flower-garden decoration is what is termed "ribbon-line" planting, or "massing in colors," which is found to be far more strikingly effective than that of the mixed border of twenty years ago. Fig. 7 shows a star-shaped and a circular bed so planted, the materials being plants with contrasting colors of leaves—yellow, scarlet, white, carmine, bronze, crimson, etc. It is not unusual in some of the public parks, in the cities before named, to have ten thousand of such plants planted in one bed. Another style of this mode of planting is what is known as the "carpet pattern," or "mosaic system," which is done by using low, compact-growing, succulent plants, such as the different species of Echeveria, Sedum, Sempervivum, etc., from which the different shades of color are obtained, so as to get by the use of living plants an effect similar to carpet or mosaic work; and as the plants used grow only a few inches high, and are kept at a uniform height, the effect of such planting, framed in a green lawn, is very striking. Although we have no representation of this work in any of our public parks in the vicinity of New York, yet tens of thousands of the visitors at Long Branch, N. J., during the summer months, will recall the grounds of Mr. John Hoey, at Hollywood, where a quarter of a million succulent plants last season were used in the carpet-pattern work, and upward of a million other plants were required to form the "ribbon-line" and "massing-in-color" beds. To grow the plants for this purpose, thirteen immense greenhouses are in use, some of them eight hundred feet in length. About one thousand tons of coal are used to heat these greenhouses in winter. Few professional horticulturists are better versed in such matters than Mr. Hoey, who, however, does this solely at his private expense, to gratify his scientific taste for botanical knowledge. His grounds and greenhouses

are thrown open to the public, and hundreds of carriages and thousands of pedestrians are daily seen in the grounds at Hollywood, to which they are as welcome as if it were a public park.

The cut-flower business, another phase of horticulture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut-flowers in New York, for bouquets, baskets, and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement here is vastly superior. It is estimated that three millions of dollars were paid for cut-flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rose-buds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut-flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rose-buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, New Jersey, took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as "General Jacqueminot," for which he received, at wholesale, three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower-dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold.

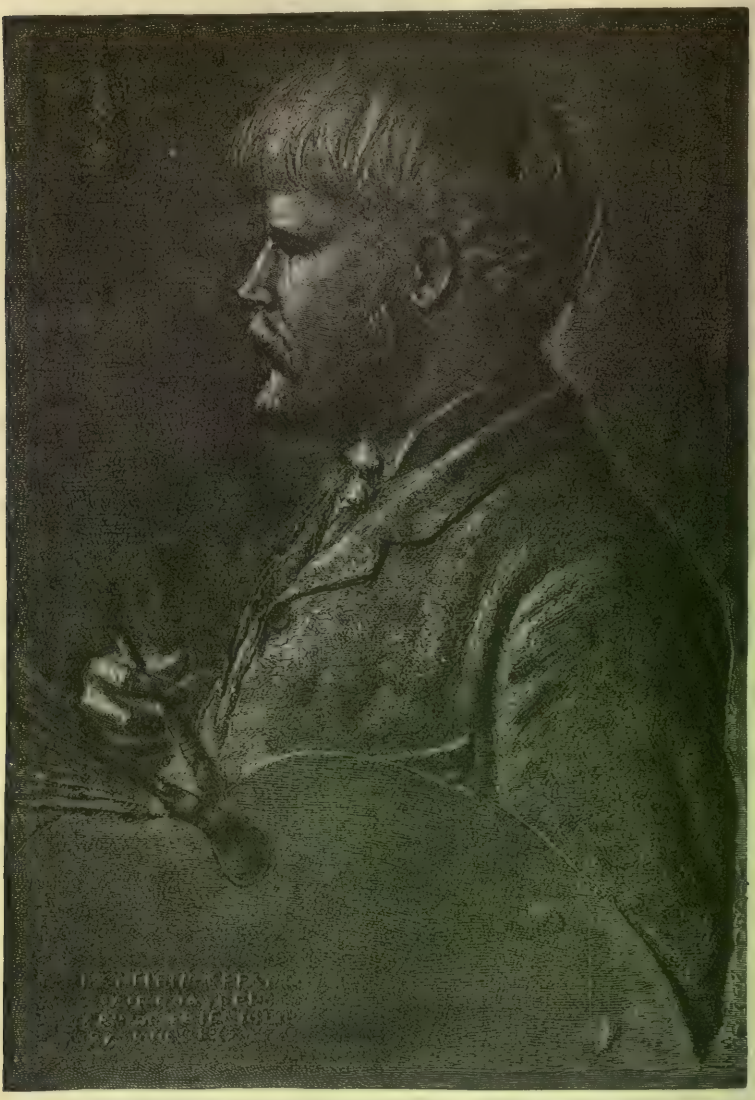
Roses are now in great vogue, and the skill of the grower is taxed to the utmost to produce novelties, or the older varieties out of their regular seasons. The Camellia Japonica, which was so popular twenty years ago, is but little used, while the Carnation Pink, of which there are now many beautiful colors, is grown nearly as largely as the rose. At the holiday seasons of Christmas, New-Year's, and Easter, the prices range with the demand, which is always three or four times greater than at ordinary times. Fig. 11 is the Calla Lily, now so largely grown for Easter decoration, and for which nothing could be more appropriate.

The use of plants for decoration is much more common in European cities, in churches, dining-halls, or ball-rooms, than with us; probably, in part, for the reason that in our severer winter weather it is often exceedingly difficult to transport large tropical plants from the suburbs without injury from frost; for the plants used for table decoration are nearly all of the most tender sorts, and are natives of warm latitudes.

These plants, when used for decoration, are either placed singly or in groups, as the requirements of the place to be decorated demand. The kinds used are mainly plants valued for the grace and beauty of their foliage, and such produce a better effect than plants with flowers, especially in gas-light. Fig. 12 is a group of palms of small size, averaging two or three feet in height. When used singly, large specimens ten feet in height are sometimes employed. Fig. 13 is a group of Crotons. These plants are graceful in form, and the coloring of the leaves is most exquisite, running through all the shades of orange, scarlet, purple, yellow, etc. Fig. 14 is a group of *Dracænas* (Dragon-tree). The green kinds have great symmetry of form, while those having the leaves colored present a gorgeousness which few flowers possess, their broad tropical foliage being carmine, white, crimson, and yellow intermingled in the different species. Fig. 15 shows a mixed group of palms, marantas, and pandanus, conspicuous among which is the rare fern-like palm known as *Cocos Weddeliana*. Fig. 16 is a fern group. All of these species give beautiful decorative effects.

The plants for decorative purposes are mostly supplied by florists making a specialty of growing plants for that purpose. The class of plants fitted for this purpose are often difficult of increase and slow of growth, and are, therefore, relatively more valuable than the more common plants. They are rarely bought when used at public dinners, or even private receptions, but are hired from the growers, the price paid, however, being about half their value, even for one night, as the chances of injury from gas, or in transportation, must be taken into consideration.

BASTIEN LEPAGE.



BASS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF BASTIEN LEPAGE, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS.

BASTIEN LEPAGE'S "Joan of Arc," exhibited in the Paris *Salon* of 1880 and in the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists, New York, is, in many ways, an interesting picture.* The present writer saw it first in the painter's rather cramped little studio in the Impasse du Maine, near the Gare Montparnasse. (Lepage has since moved into new quarters near Parc Monceaux.) We remember stepping into the room and passing by the end of the big canvas, and then turning and finding ourselves close to the figure of Joan. The impression was most vivid. We had a sudden sense of intrusion, so real and intense was the look of devotion in the face and attitude.

* This picture was secured last summer by the artist J. Alden Weir, for the private collection of a gentleman of Connecticut.

JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES. (FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN LEPAGE.)

The picture is interesting in its historical aspect, because it tells so well the story of the young enthusiast "listening to the voices"—voices personified by the painter in the two floating female figures who plead with her and the warrior who offers her a sword,—St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, we suppose. She has abandoned her reel, and is standing in an attitude of rapt and devout attention. No French artist is without motive or inclination to present his own view of the Maid of Orleans, but doubtless Lepage undertook the task with a peculiar ardor and sense of fitness, owing to the fact that he himself is of peasant stock, and from the same part of France as that in which Joan was born. He has, in this most sincere picture, painted his own country, his own flesh and blood. There is a sort of archæology of the heart in Lepage's Joan—he has not looked up historical costumes or backgrounds, but has felt that he was close not only to the historical facts, but to the true spirit of the event, in placing the scene in the yard of a peasant's cottage in his own native town.

The picture is interesting not merely because its moving story is so well told, but because it is a notable instance of the new movement in French art. Lepage is a striking example of an artist trained in the French orthodox academical traditions, but also strongly influenced by the doctrine and example of the protestants of Barbizon.

But let us here take up the story of his life, following almost literally the account by Paul Hourie, published in "L'Estafette" for March 22, 1880:

"Jules-Bastien Lepage was born at Damvillers, in the department of the Meuse, the 1st of November, 1850. His father imparted to him his own liking for drawing, and sought to develop his natural bent in this direction. When a child, little Bastien copied from the drawings of Bellanger and from other prints bought for his use. He became so fond of this study that it was difficult to induce him to do anything else, and he acquired an extraordinary dexterity for his age.

"At nine years old he was sent to the Verdun Seminary, where, for seven successive years, he easily carried off all the prizes for drawing. For a while, however, his career was undecided. His father, knowing the great sacrifices necessary to an artistic education, thought at first of sending him to St. Cyr, or the 'École Centrale.' But his vocation was too strong, and one morning the young collegian awoke, crying, 'I, too, will be a painter.' Soon after, the father yielded to his son's desire and allowed him to go to Paris.

"Bastien Lepage arrived in the capital at the age of sixteen. Having for sole support the sum of twenty dollars a month sent him by his family, who had to bleed themselves to raise it, he decided to gain a livelihood as quickly as possible and relieve his people of this burden. Gifted with an unusual energy and power of continuous work, he entered, as soon as he reached Paris, the postal service. He was obliged to be on foot at three in the morning to see to the going out of the letters. For eight months he lived this galley-slave existence. Finding that he was becoming perfectly exhausted, and that the postal service made him neglect the fine arts, he was obliged to retire.

"He did not despair, but went back to Damvillers, where he spent his holidays in study. Returning to Paris, he entered the studio of Cabanel. After a few months, he presented himself at the same time for competition at the Beaux Arts and at the municipal course of drawing in the Rue de l'École de Médecine. In both he was passed first. Until the middle of 1870 he remained in the studio of Cabanel, who did not fail to give him all the encouragement and advice in his power. He had hardly been a few months in the studio when he made his *début* at the *Salon* with the portrait of a friend.

"The war interrupted his studies. Our young painter shouldered a musket and enlisted in a company of *francs-tireurs*. He did his duty bravely, and as soon as the armistice was declared went to Damvillers to see the family, who were impatiently awaiting him. The Commune found him there, chained to his easel, trying to make up for lost time, painting portrait after portrait. The whole village sat for him. He made forty portraits that year, and, among others, one of his mother, of which he is justly proud.

"His fixed desire, when he got back to Paris, was to put an end, as soon as possible, to the sacrifices which his family were making for him. The friendship of an employé of a fashion journal brought him some drawings to do. Between whiles our artist knocks about Paris to find something interesting to sketch. Some of these sketches are little marvels, and show a real artistic temperament, full of feeling and originality.

"He went to each of the principal illustrated periodicals, the 'Monde Illustré,' and 'L'Illustration,' but he was rebuffed, and, after several fruitless attempts, he gave up trying to be understood by people who could not speak his language, and, after this, he did not aspire beyond the little work given him by the fashion journal. By a curious sarcasm of destiny, these very papers now smile upon the successful artist. They would doubtless accept with delight the very sketches which they formerly despised.

"During the winter of 1872, our young artist, who could not afford the luxury of models, painted from inspiration a picture in the Watteau style, representing women in the woods attacked by a cloud of little 'Loves.' The quality of this small canvas struck Cabanel, who defended it strongly against the attacks of the jury. The work was well received by the public, and among the critics Gonzague Privat saluted with real enthusiasm the *début* of an artist who was destined to make his mark. This picture came into the possession of a restaurant-keeper in the Rue Saint-Benoit, where Lepage had his meals. A whole year of food was its price. Painting began to be of some use to him; besides, the philanthropic tradesman had not made a bad bargain.

"Returning to Damvillers in the summer of 1873, Bastien Lepage profited by his holiday to paint his 'Grandfather's Portrait.' He began, besides, a picture in the manner of Watteau. A peasant woman, seated by the road-side, having picked flow-

ers in a field, has stopped, weary; 'Loves' with harps and pipes fly around her, and she seems to hear a delicious melody which fills her with enchantment. This picture and the 'Grandfather's Portrait' were exhibited at the same time. The latter was one of the successes of the *Salon* of 1874. Every one remembers this old face with a mocking expression and eyes full of fun. This year the jury gave Lepage a third-class medal, and the State bought his picture for the Museum of Verdun. At this time he received his first important order, the portrait of M. Hayem. The time of sacrifices was now over, and one of the greatest joys of this excellent son was to carry himself the good news to his father. The months he spent at Damvillers were devoted to the portraits of his father and mother. At the same time he finished his "First Communion." In the winter he did his portrait of M. Hayem. These

OUTLINE DRAWING FROM LEPAGE'S PAINTING OF "JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES."

two works gained for him a second-class medal at the *Salon* of 1875.

"The 'First Communion' is a symphony in white. The face, dull and placid, shows at once thoughtfulness and surprise, and expresses well the feelings in the soul of the child.* As to the portrait of M. Hayem, he is very much alive, with a look of self-satisfaction, a smile, a natural pose. He is an easy-going bourgeois, as you might see him any day in the year. After this success, Lepage competed for the 'Grand Prix de Rome.' The subject was 'The Shepherds.' When the exhibition of the competing pictures was opened, all artistic Paris proclaimed Lepage the winner. But the prize was given to another. Doubtless, the jury could not forgive the artist for breaking with the conventional traditions of these competitions. This injustice was later in part repaired by the same picture taking a third-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

"In the summer we find Lepage again at Damvillers, making a study of a girl in the open air, and giving the finishing touches to the portraits of his father and mother. In the winter he received an order for the portrait of M. Wallon, then Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts—a difficult task, for it is no secret that the person called 'the father of the constitution' is unfortunate as regards appearance. * * * The artist, who is sincerity itself, painted M. Wallon as he saw him and as all knew him to be. This is enough to explain how Edmond About, in his "*Salon*" of 1878, seized the opportunity to gratify the dislike which he felt toward the public man by cleverly 'running' the painter, who was, indeed, helpless. Marshal MacMahon, stopping before the portrait of his minister, judged the work with more justice. 'It is an astonishing likeness, but why did he want himself painted?'

"After the *Salon*, Bastien Lepage finished the portraits of his parents and began that of Lady L——. They were all exhibited in 1877, and won for the young master a frank recognition. In 1878, he exhibited at the Saint Armand Club a remarkable portrait of Madame Klotz.

"In the same year he sent to the *Salon* 'The Wheat-field,' a country scene of the most extreme fidelity, and a portrait of his friend André Theuriet, which was praised for its charming tones and exquisite delicacy.

"To the Universal Exhibition he sent the 'Grandfather,' 'The First Communion,' 'M. Hayem,' and the 'Shepherds.' This last won a third-class medal. Toward the end of 1878 he went to London, and

* This famous little picture is being engraved for a subsequent number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

was well received by the English artists. The Prince of Wales, to whom he was presented, ordered a portrait. * * * 'October,' and the portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, exhibited in 1879, sealed the reputation of the young master, and won for him the only recompense still open to him, 'The Cross of the Legion of Honor.' The delight of the public in the portrait of the great *comédienne* has never been forgotten. The same year he showed at the Saint Armand Club the portrait of his brother, who was then competing for the 'Prix de Rome,'—architectural division. Talent appears to run in the family. With his 'Joan of Arc' he sent to the *Salon* of 1880 a very fine portrait of M. Andrieux, *prefet de police*."

One point in the above sketch should be amplified. A reference was made to the circumstance in Henry Bacon's paper in SCRIBNER for March ("Glimpses of Parisian Art, III."). J. Alden Weir's account of it is that, when the prize of Rome was given to another student against the judgment of nearly all the artists and students in Paris, and the painting of the successful rival was found decorated with a painted laurel-wreath, one of the students, with a genuine laurel-wreath in his hands, was borne aloft on the shoulders of the crowd, and the wreath was hung by him on Lepage's picture, amid loud applause and cries of "The real laurel for Bastien!"

It was, as we have heard him say, during Lepage's studentship in the Latin Quarter that he was first attracted to Jean-François Millet, by means of the little prints exhibited in the shop windows. That he was strongly impressed by these and Millet's other work no one need be told who has watched his career, but if he were ever in danger of a tendency toward mere imitation, this danger is now past. We see in his work, besides the influence of Millet and the "Beaux Arts," a careful study of the manner of Holbein, as exemplified, for instance, in his portrait of the Prince of Wales. But in the "Joan of Arc," Lepage has not only fully discovered his own individuality, but he has reached a power of expression of a high order.

Those who, while according Lepage an exalted place among contemporary artists, still do not refuse to criticise his work, find in much of his painting a lack of sensitiveness with regard to beauty which is an element of weakness in his art. Such critics declare that Velasquez, in his "Æsop" and even in his dwarfs, does not afflict you with a sense of ugliness. We are glad to look at the presentment by Van Eyck or Holbein of the ugliest and most grotesque human beings. The early Italians, too, painted thoroughly ugly people, but always with a saving clause. But Lepage spares no one, not even his own father and mother. All the ugliness of these good people is painfully detailed, and the beauty that must have existed in their countenances is not preserved on the canvas. The "Joan," if it has little or none of the fault referred to above, is still, perhaps, not quite impeccable. Seeing the picture, as we have, in four different rooms, under various circumstances and in different lights, we still cannot defend it against the charge of spottiness. It is for artists to explain why its effect is not as single and simple as it should be; with all the knowledge displayed in its execution, there seems to be a confusion that should not exist. A fully satisfactory picture is a unit in its impression upon the retina and upon the memory, but in looking at the Joan, the eye is troubled until it rests upon the main figure. Yet how satisfactory, how spiritual, how restrained and exquisite in expression is this! Different in many ways, we should imagine, from the austere Millet, is the gay young Parisian who has painted the "Joan of Arc." And yet, broadly speaking, he is of the same stock as Millet—as Joan herself; and he has put into this work all the devotion to home and kindred, all the romance, all the religious passion, of the class from which he springs.

Along with whatever technical defects the picture may possess, are so many technical as well as other excellences that its presence in America will doubtless not be without good effect upon the large and earnest body of youthful artists and art-students. Though we have few "old masters" in our galleries, we have a number of the best examples of modern contemporary art. But here is the vigorous work of a man of the very age of the new generation of painters; a classmate and associate of many; the very latest product of what is perhaps the best contemporary school of art—using the word *school* not only for the "Beaux Arts," but for the sound and serious part of Parisian influence. The appeal of such a picture to our younger painters must be especially close, intimate, and provocative of emulation. Some of them may learn from it that, while actual drawing and painting, and the laborious drilling and cultivated observation that lead to proficiency, are the first things for an artist to consider, they are not the last and only things; that a work of art, to live at all, must take hold of the intellect; while to be still surer of lasting, it must go farther and reach through the intellect the human heart.

POEMS FROM A SCRAP-BOOK.*

NATURE.

GREAT Nature holds no fellowship with grief.
Think not the wind is sighing through the sheaf
For sorrow that the summer's race is run;
Think not the falling rain and shrouded sun,
Or the white scourge of frost laid on the ground,
Are tokens that her pleasures are discrowned
From their brave empires in the earth and sky.
No voice of naiad, when the stream is dry,
Laments her pearly fish and cool-leaved cresses;
No dryad waileth when the goodly tresses
Of the green forest-tree are shorn with fire—
Ye poets lean to her with strong desire,
And are beloved! Yet though ye all should die,
That live now in the favors of her eye,
For praising her with affluent, golden speech,
The best of you once gone, she would not reach
One sunbeam lower than the daisied mold,
Nor heed at all that ye were dark and cold!
And well 'tis known she gives her birds to sing
Jubilant things, when down on broken wing
Ye waver from your happy morning skies,
Moans on your lips and clouds before your eyes.
Yet while ye live and are not hurt at heart,
She is your fellow-reveler and will part
Her mantle with you, pour out nectar drink,
And lead you, wondering, to the very brink
Of gulfy mysteries, that delight you trembling!
Or when her giant tempests are assembling,
Uptake you in her chariot and drive
A breathless course where red-armed lightnings strive;
And show the forge where thunder-bolts are cast
And Cyclops toiling—when the smoke blows past!
Or she will read those scrolls gray trees have shed,
Divining what shall chance when they are dead,
Or out of rocks, with runic seal inscribed,
Draw strains of music:—every wind is bribed
To tell you what their silver trumpets say,
Blown at red evening of an autumn day!

POVERTY.

O POVERTY, if thou and I must wed,
I'll surely try to sing thee into fame;
I'll call thee many a high-descended name,
To shed a luster on thy dowerless head;
Say thou'rt a royal maiden, Spartan bred,
Early bound out to a harsh foster dame,
My keen-eyed Hardihood! A worthy shame
I'll have of all those cates on which I fed
Before I found a zest for thy plain food.
I laugh to think how we shall entertain
Our friends from Sybaris, with all their train,
On nuts and berries from the underwood:
We'll have our floor with rushes daily strewed,
And patch the roof with boughs against the rain.

FROST.

How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart;
How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,
Until it blazes like a costly pyre
Built for some Ganges emperor, old and swart,
Soul-sped on clouds of incense! Whose the art
That webs the streams, each morn, with silver wire,
Delicate as the tension of a lyre?
Whose falchion pries the chestnut-bur apart?
It is the Frost; a rude and Gothic sprite,
Who doth unbuild the summer's palaced wealth,
And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;
Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night,
The spoiler builds again with jealous stealth,
And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

SHUTTLE of the sunburnt grass,
Fifer in the dun cuirass,
Fifing shrilly in the morn,
Shrilly still, at eve unworn;
Now to rear, now in the van,
Gayest of the elfin clan:—
Though I watch their rustling flight,
I can never guess aright
Where their lodging-places are;
'Mid some daisy's golden star,
Or beneath a roofing leaf,
Or in fringes of a sheaf,
Tenanted as soon as bound!
Loud thy reveille doth sound,
When the earth is laid asleep,
And her dreams are passing deep,
On mid-August afternoons;
And through all the harvest moons—
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,
Thy gainsaying doth not cease!
When the frost comes, thou art dead—
We along the stubble tread,
On blue, frozen morns, and note
No least murmur is afloat;
Wondrous still our fields are then,
Fifer of the elfin men!

TO SLEEP.

LIGHT Vanisher, all weary as I am,
Uplift me now, and let us be away!
Find out those regions where our angels stay
When they attend not here; meadows of calm,
With lilies bloomed, and bee-contenting balm,—
The stream-side violet, and the dancing fay!
Or, dost thou show me a fair, courtly fray,
Plumed knights, gay steeds, and waving oriflamme?
Sometimes thou leav'st us laughing on the night,
In wondrous vacant mirth, sometimes in tears,
Wide-eyed, and groping for the window light;
And often with strange music in our ears,
Born of the sky on some old, fabled height,
Voices of spirits, or the morning spheres.

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

GRANT me twice seven splendid words, O Muse
(Like jewel pauses on a rosary chain,
To tell us where the *aves* start again);

* By permission of the author,—a writer whose work is not yet familiar to magazine readers,—these poems are reprinted from the Cleveland "Leader" and "Herald" and the Geneva (O.) "Times," for which they were written. Miss Thomas has also contributed occasionally to the New York "Graphic," the Cincinnati "Commercial," and the Indianapolis "Herald."

Of these, in each verse, one I mean to use—
Like Theseus in the labyrinth—for clues
To help lost Fancy striving in the brain;
And, Muse, if thou will still so kindly deign,
Make my rhymes move by courtly twos and twos!
Oh, pardon, shades of Avon and Vaucluse,
This rush-light burning where your lamps yet shine;
A sonnet should be like the cygnet's cruise
On polished waters; or like smooth old wine,
Or earliest honey, garnered in May dews—
And all be laid before some fair love's shrine!

EXILES.

THEY both are exiles: he who sailed
Great circles of the day and night,
Until the vapory bank unveiled
A land of palm-trees fair to sight.

They both are exiles; she who still
Seems to herself to watch, ashore,
The wind, too fain, his canvas fill,
The sunset burning close before.

He has no sight of Saxon face,
He hears a language harsh and strange;
She has not left her native place,
Yet all has undergone a change.

They both are exiles; nor have they
The same stars shining in their skies;
His night-fall is her dawn of day,
His day springs westward from her eyes!

Each says apart,—There is no land
So far, so vastly desolate,
But, had we sought it hand in hand,
We both had blessed the driving fate.

EQUINOX.

"The night of time far exceedeth the day; who knows when was the equinox?"

FIRST, winds of March must blow, and rains must beat,
Thick airs blend wood and field and distant hill,
Before the heavy sky has wept its fill;
And, like a creeping sloth, the chill must eat
Down close to Nature's core; in dull repeat
The days move on with scanted light, until,
Far shining from his western window-sill,
Some evening sun full face to face we meet!
And then we say the line is crossed: the feud
Between Old Night and Day adjusted stands,
As in a balance swung by airy hands
Above the clouds. Our fancies are but crude,
And lightly gossip of infinitude:
None knows how wide the arch of Night expands!

A REVENGE.

Lo! I will hate my enemy, yet breathe
No curse to bring the lightning on his head,
Or break the earth in pitfalls; I will tread
Anear his sleep and keep my wrong in sheath;
So David bent o'er Saul, couched on the heath
In woody Ziph, and there he might have sped
The dreaming soul to greet the unjust dead,
But left him to that fate he stooped beneath.
O Heaven, there is but one revenge full sweet—
That thou shouldst slay him in my memory,
Whose bitter words and ways abide with me;
Then, for all surety that we shall not meet
In the overworld, make thou my spirit's feet
Move trackless through the blessed nebulæ!

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE Westminster play is usually given on three nights, a week or so before Christmas. These separate performances are not more than two or three days apart. On the first night the play is given alone; on the last two nights it is given with a prologue and epilogue. Not long ago, I was present on the second night. It is rather difficult to get tickets, but, through the kindness of one of the masters, I obtained an invitation and a good seat. The play is given in the great dormitory of the school, the boys sleeping about anywhere during the six weeks of its preparation,—some, I believe, under the flight of steps which forms the seats of the audience. The floor just in front of the stage is occupied by ladies, old scholars, and invited persons. Among these last are often diplomates, it having been long the custom to send invitations to foreign ministers. The raised seats behind are also devoted to invited guests. The boys are in the extreme rear, and occupy what may be called the loft, where they act as a claque. There is but one piece of scenery, which is a beautiful representation of Athens. Elaborate house scenery is unnecessary, the incidents of the ancient Greek play being always supposed to take place in the street.

On the occasion of my seeing the play, after the entrance of the head-master and distinguished guests, the captain of the school, dressed in the academic costume, —a gown, knee-breeches, stockings, etc.,— stepped forward and repeated a Latin prologue. This was, to my notion, as interesting as any part of the performance. The black scholastic dress became this young gentleman very well; he was tall, slight, and pale, and looked quite an ideal college prizeman. The topics of the prologue are usually the interesting events of

the past year, whether public or pertaining to the affairs of the school. There had been no prologue the year before, the play having been suspended on account of the death of the Princess Alice. Westminster, being a royal foundation, is, of course, bound to pay especial respect to these events; the prologue on the present occasion referred, therefore, to the changes and leading events of the two previous years. The topics were the death of the Princess Alice, the death of W. Ritchie—a town boy in the school—from a bicycle accident, the Afghan war, the South African war, Mr. Parnell and the Irish agitation, and the defects and merits of Plautus. The poet had his little jokes, which, although in Latin, were heartily laughed at,—perhaps were laughed at all the more on that account. I must say I love these scholastic jokes, when I understand them, or, indeed, when I do not: they are so simple and pleasant, and suit so well the academic atmosphere and the academic countenance. The jokes on this occasion were on the wet season and on Mr. Parnell. The following lines pertain to this subject:

"Quippe arvis coeli nocuit inclementia;
Nocent et turbae terris ut in Hibernicis
Novus iste Gracchus saevit, ac spreta fide
Leges pro libito ferre vult agrarias,
Dum rapere properat qua sacrum qua publicum,"—

which, I believe, means that the rain has spoilt the crops, and that in Ireland Mr. Parnell has been acting the part of a new Gracchus. The following lines refer to the death of the Hon. S. W. P. Vereker, in South Africa. It would seem that this young man, but lately one of their own number, had, in a Zulu fight, unselfishly given up his horse to another, and yielded himself to certain death.

"Non sine sanguine Africa;
Unus ibi e nostris, nuper hinc missus puer,
Discrimine in supremo non sui memor,
Equum jam nactus, spem salutis unicam,
Commilitoni mox petenti tradidit
Moriturus ipse, jaculis et vitam dedit."

After the prologue came the play, which was on this occasion the "Trinummus" of Plautus. The comedies of Plautus and Terence are the only works represented at Westminster. These comedies are translations, more or less close, of Greek comic writers, such as Menander and Philemon. The "Trinummus" is the only one of the plays of Plautus suited to be acted before a modern audience. The plot of the play is as follows: *Charmides*, a rich Athenian, who has lost a great deal of money through the misconduct of a spendthrift son, sails for foreign parts. This son, whose name is *Lesbonicus*, consumes the money left with him by his father and then puts up his father's house for sale. *Charmides*, at his departure, has intrusted to an old friend, *Callicles*, the care of his interests, and has requested him to look after his son and daughter; he informs him at the same time that he has buried in his house a treasure, to be used in case of need. Of the existence of this treasure *Lesbonicus*, of course, is not aware, and *Callicles*, in order to save it, buys the house from him. The fellow-citizens of *Callicles* charge him with a violation of the trust reposed in him by *Charmides*, and one *Megaronides* expostulates with him concerning his bad faith. To him *Callicles* imparts the reason of his action, and the existence of the treasure. In the meanwhile, the daughter of *Charmides* has been asked in marriage by *Lysiteles*, a very eligible young man, and the son of a wealthy person named *Philto*. But her brother *Lesbonicus* refuses to sanction the match without giving his sister a portion, and insists as a condition that *Lysiteles* shall receive a piece of land near the city, which is the last remnant of his fortune. This, however, *Lysiteles* refuses to accept. *Callicles*, at the suggestion of *Megaronides*, determines to give the young woman a dowry out of the treasure, but he does not wish *Lesbonicus* to know where the money comes from. Accordingly, he hires a sharper, who is instructed to bring him a thousand gold pieces from *Charmides* as a marriage portion for his daughter. *Charmides* unexpectedly returns to Athens, and finds the sharper on his pretended errand to the house of *Callicles*. The sharper explains his errand and attempts to impose upon *Charmides*, who at last discovers himself. *Charmides* then meets his slave *Stasimus*, who informs him of the sale of his house to *Callicles*. *Charmides* thence infers that *Callicles* has been false to him, and on meeting him upbraids him with his conduct. He afterward learns the truth and applauds the fidelity of his friend. He then bestows his daughter on *Lysiteles*, with a portion of a thousand gold pieces, forgives his son *Lesbonicus*, and marries him to the daughter of *Callicles*.

The prologue, written by Plautus, is called "Luxury and Poverty." They are represented as two females in classical dress. The parts were acted by two young men.

Luxury seemed an extremely tall young woman, with a blooming cheek and a deep voice. She had a wreath upon her head, and a very smart dress. They appear before the house of *Charmides*. *Luxury* says to the audience that *Poverty* is her daughter, and that she has given her to live with *Lesbonicus* all his life. One scene serves through the entire piece, which is a street in Athens, with the house of *Charmides* on one side, and of *Philto* on the other.

With regard to the play itself, I am bound to say that, if placed on the London boards and compelled to rely upon its intrinsic attraction to a modern audience, it could not well hold its own against "Pinafore" or "Madame Favart." It was followed by old scholars with their Plautuses. I suppose the cleverest of them found it hardly as pleasant as sitting in the stalls and looking at Miss Ellen Terry or Miss Kate Vaughan. But the play is for the school-boys a capital exercise and is for the spectator "a thing to do"; it gives the unlearned an idea of what a Roman play was, which he would not be apt to get from reading the authors. The young gentlemen knew their parts remarkably well, and brought out the strong points with great emphasis. *Stasimus*, the slave of *Lesbonicus*, was particularly spirited, though he did appear to treat his master with too much familiarity.

The achievements of Dr. Schliemann appear to have suggested the subject of the epilogue. *Callicles* re-appears as a great antiquary. To him enters *Charmides*, to whom he exhibits the results of his excavations upon the site of ancient Troy. *Callicles* thus expresses his preference for the pursuits of the excavator (it will be seen that he is not afraid of slang—*superas artes* is to be translated into "high art"):

> "Sectetur superas quivis excelsior artes
> Sed mavult mea mens inferiora sequi."

Among the treasures exhibited is a golden cup. There enters a sycophant, who picks up the cup, admires it, and finally runs away with it. *Callicles* calls loudly for the police—"*Custodes urbis adeste!*" *Charmides* observes that they are never to be found, excepting in the areas flirting with the maids.

> "Nusquam sunt? ut mos, deseruere vias!
> Area subtus habet!"

Lysiteles arrives from Pompeii with some spoils of his own. *Callicles* and *Lysiteles* express their contempt each for the other's discoveries there. Then appear four ghosts, who applaud the classical enthusiasm of *Callicles* and commend to his guardianship Busby's "Thesaurus" and the Westminster play.

Apart from the veneration which would be naturally felt for the antiquity of the play and the affection of the old scholars of Westminster for its associations, it is believed to be really useful. It is thought to help the scholars to be good speakers. Dr. Hautrey, when provost of Eton, said: "I wish I could get Eton boys to speak as well as Westminster boys do." Some of the young actors have at various times earned a considerable reputation for themselves. In 1730, one George Lewis performed the character of *Ignoramus* so well that he afterward was distinguished by the name of Ignoramus Lewis. Garrick was present at the "Andria" in 1765, and was so delighted with the acting of one young gentleman in the part of the comic slave, *Davus*, that he presented him with a free admission to his theater. But the play also educated certain scholars to make their mark as actors or as authors in the real English drama. Barton Booth, a member of an old Lancashire family, who had been intended for the church, left Westminster for the stage and became one of the most distinguished tragedians of his time. His performance, at fourteen years of age, of the part of *Pamphilus*, in the "Andria," was, we are told, the "delight of Busby's declining years." At seventeen he ran away from school and joined some strolling players in Dublin; the mortification of his father was intense, who said that "old Busby had poisoned the boy with his dying breath." There is no doubt that Booth's early triumphs on the little Westminster stage had determined his career for him; Westminster was very proud of him. The Colemans, elder and younger, were Westminster boys. Among authors for the stage was Ben Jonson. It is not known of him, however, whether he exhibited his dramatic abilities while at school. But Cowley, when twelve years of age, wrote a play called "Constantia and Phileton," which he dedicated to the then head-master, Osbaldiston.

It is to Nowell, who was head-master in the reign of Henry VIII., that the performance of the plays of Terence and Plautus is to be ascribed. Previous to that time the work of mediæval dramatists had been played in English public schools. Little is known of the early performance of the Latin comedy at Westminster. Queen Eliz-

abeth is said to have been present on one occasion. Great pains have always been taken with the play. The scenery has been improved from time to time Until within a half-century, the dress of the actors has been the dress of the time—the dress with which we are familiar in the illustrations to "Esmond" and "The Virginians." But during the head-mastership of Dr. Williamson, the present classical costumes were introduced; these have been improved in richness and elegance by the wives of succeeding head-masters.

The best talent of the school, both among masters and scholars, has always been given to the preparation of the epilogue. Many of the epilogues have been much admired. These have been gathered together into the pages of "Lusus Alteri Westmonasterienses." Mr. Lucas Collins, to whose excellent work on the English public schools the writer is indebted for much information, cites some amusing specimens. In 1779, a Mr. Adam, a member of Parliament, challenged Mr. Fox because the latter had made some remarks in the House concerning the knavery of government contractors. Fox was struck, but the bullet did not penetrate beneath his waistcoat. When Mr. Adam hoped he "was not much hurt," Fox said: "Oh, no, there's no harm done; it's only government powder." "Phormis" was played that year at Westminster. In the epilogue, *Phormio* appeared in the character of a contractor. His boast of the innocence of his gunpowder drew shouts of laughter both from the Whigs and Tories of Westminster. When the "Trinummus" was played in 1863, the ghost of *Busby* was introduced into the epilogue. *Busby* expresses the horror with which he has heard of the proposal to sell the old place and remove into the country. He tells them that he has buried a treasure underneath; on digging for it, they discover a gigantic rod. A very large part of the wit of the scholastic and even of general English literature relates to this implement. Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Westminster, asked one of the scholars whether he had had any practical knowledge of the famous rod of that institution, which was of a peculiar construction. The boy replied readily by a quotation from Virgil:

"Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,"

which Dryden has translated:

"Great Queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate."

The present college of St. Peter's, Westminster, dates from the time of Henry VIII. It has had a long course of success, enjoying great reputation and producing many famous men. But it is said to have been, for years past, on the decline, owing, mainly, to its position. The growth of London leaves it now very nearly in the heart of the City. The list of its famous scholars is imposing. It includes Ben Jonson, Cowley, South, John Locke, Lord Halifax, Atterbury, Prior, Rowe, Lord Mansfield, Warren Hastings, and Cowper. It will be observed in this list that the poets far outnumber the legislators. This, perhaps, was not to be expected. If you go to the speaker's gallery in the House of Commons you may see two or three boys in cap and gown walk in and take their seats as if by right, though the rest of the world must get in by an order; the usher will tell you that tradition gives Westminster boys the privilege of witnessing the debates in Parliament. One would expect, therefore, that Westminster would have produced debaters. But this has not been the case. The garden prepared for the production of politicians has turned out a nursery of poets.

The Westminster boys have also a right to a place at coronations, which, of course, take place in the abbey. It appears to be their duty to raise a clamor in honor of the new monarch. There are many who remember the hearty shout raised at the last coronation, of "*Vivat Victoria Regina!*" Westminster, by the way, has always been a very loyal school. Both masters and scholars were strongly on the royal side during the civil war, and Charles I. was prayed for in the school on the morning of his execution. Dean Stanley, in his book on Westminster Abbey, refers to Dr. South's recollection of this striking incident: "On that very day" (says South in one of his sermons), "that black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder, I myself heard, and am now a witness, that the King was publicly prayed for in the school but an hour or two, at most, before his sacred head was struck off." "The school," says the old preacher, rousing himself with the recollection of those stirring days of his boyhood, "made good its claim to that glorious motto of its royal foundress—*Semper Eadem*—the temper and genius of it being neither to be tempted with promises nor controlled with threats." * * * Busby, who was head-master during this period, was a stanch loyalist. At the coronation

of Charles II., he had the honor to carry the ampulla. He had also the honor of escorting the King over his school; it was on this occasion that he is said to have kept his hat on in the King's presence, explaining that it would never do to let the boys believe that there was a greater man in the world than himself. Busby was head-master at Westminster for fifty-seven years. He entered on the office in 1638, and held it till his death, at the age of nearly ninety. His name has become a synonym for severity. There is no doubt, however, that he was a great and successful school-master.

We have seen the shade of Busby evoked with which to rebuke the profane proposal to remove the school into the country. On every ground of sentiment and association the removal is naturally resisted. It is advocated by some on the ground that the school has gone down very much of late years; it is said that there has been a great diminution in numbers; that the families which formerly supported it now send their boys to Eton and Harrow; that Westminster boys no longer carry off the great prizes at the universities. It is also said that the neighborhood is bad both for the health and the morals of the boys. Should the removal of the school be decided upon, it is certain, at any rate, that the play will not be allowed to die. The college, if compelled to leave behind it a portion of its ancient glories, will cling with all the more tenacity to this most unique and famous feature of its history.

A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

I.

MR. FOX AND MISS GOOSE.

It was raining so that Uncle Remus found it impossible to go out. The storm had begun, the old man declared, just as the chickens were crowing for day, and it had continued almost without intermission. The dark, gray clouds had blotted out the sun, and the leafless limbs of the tall oaks surrendered themselves drearily to the fantastic gusts that drove the drizzle fitfully before them. Mrs. Huntingdon, to whom Uncle Remus professes to owe allegiance, had been thoughtful of the old man, and 'Tildy, the house-girl, had been commissioned to carry him his breakfast. This arrangement came to the knowledge of Mrs. Huntingdon's little boy, and he lost no time in obtaining permission to accompany 'Tildy.

Uncle Remus made a great demonstration over the thoughtful kindness of his "Miss Sally."

"Ef she aint one blessid w'ite 'oman," he said, in his simple, fervent way, "den dey aint none un um 'roun' in deze parts."

With that, he addressed himself to the breakfast, while the little boy sat by and eyed him with that familiar curiosity common to children. Finally, the youngster disturbed the old man with an inquiry:

"Uncle Remus, do geese stand on one leg all night, or do they sit down to sleep?"

"Tooby sho' dey does, honey; dey sets down same ez you does. Co'se, dey don't cross der legs," he added, cautiously, "kaze dey sets down right flat-footed."

"Well, I saw one the other day, and he was standing on one foot, and I watched him and watched him, and he kept on standing there."

"Ez ter dat," responded Uncle Remus, "dey mout stan' on one foot an drap off ter sleep en fergit derse'f. Deze yer gooses," he continued, wiping the crumbs from his beard with his coat-tail, "is mighty cu'us fowls; deyer mighty cu'us. In ole times, dey wuz 'mong de big-bugs, en in dem days, w'en ole Miss Goose gun a dinin', all de quality wuz dere. Likewise, en needer wuz dey stuck-up, kaze wid all der kyar'n's on, Miss Goose wer'n't too proud fer ter take in washin' fer de neighberhoods, en she make money, en git slick en fat like ole Aunt Ferraby.

"Dis de way marters stan' w'en one day, Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit, dey wuz settin' up at de cotton-patch, one on one side er de fence, en t'er one on t'er side, gwine on wid wunner n'er, w'en fus' news dey know, dey year sump'n—*blim, blim, blim!*

"Brer Fox, he ax w'at dat fuss is, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n 'spon' dat it's ole Miss Goose down at de spring. Den Brer Fox, he up'n ax w'at she doin', en Brer Rabbit, he say, sezee, dat she battlin' cloze."

"Battling clothes, Uncle Remus?" said the little boy.

"Dat w'at dey call it dem days, honey.

Deze times, dey rubs cloze on deze yer bodes w'at's got furrers in um, but dem days dey des tuck'n tuck de cloze en lay um out on a bench, en ketch holt er de battlin'-stick en natally paddle de fillin' outen um.

"W'en Brer Fox year dat ole Miss Goose wuz down dar dabblin' in soapsuds en washin' cloze, he sorter lick his chops, en 'low dat some er deze odd-come-shorts he gwineter call en pay his 'specks. De minnit he say dat, Brer Rabbit, he know sump'n 'uz up, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better whirl in en have some fun w'iles it gwine on. Bimeby, Brer Fox up'n say ter Brer Rabbit, dat he bleedzd ter be movin' 'long todes home, en wid dat dey bofe say good-bye.

"Brer Fox, he put out ter whar his fambly wuz, but Brer Rabbit, he slip 'roun', he did, en call on ole Miss Goose. Ole Miss Goose she wuz down at de spring, washin', en b'ilin', en battlin' cloze, but Brer Rabbit he march up en ax her howdy, en den she tuck'n ax Brer Rabbit howdy.

"'I'd shake han's 'long wid you, Brer Rabbit,' sez she, 'but dey er all full er suds,' sez she.

"'No marter 'bout dat, Miss Goose,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'so long ez yo' will's good,' sezee.

"A goose with hands, Uncle Remus!" the little boy exclaimed.

"How you know goose aint got han's?" Uncle Remus inquired, with a frown. "Is you bin sleepin' longer ole man Know-All? Little mo' en you'll up'n stan' me down dat snakes aint got no footses, and yit you take en lay a snake down yer 'fo' de fier, en his footses 'll come out right 'fo' yo' eyes."

Uncle Remus paused here, but presently continued:

"Atter ole Miss Goose en Brer Rabbit done pass de time er day wid wunner n'er, Brer Rabbit, he ax 'er, he did, how she come on deze days, en Miss Goose say mighty po'ly.

"'I'm gittin' stiff en I'm gittin' clumpsy,' sez she, 'en mo'n dat I'm gittin' bline,' sez she. 'Des 'fo' you happen 'long, Brer Rabbit, I drap my specks in de tub yer, en ef you'd 'a' come 'long 'bout dat time,' says ole Miss Goose, sez she, 'I lay I'd er tuck you fer dat nasty, owdashus Brer Fox, en it ud er bin a born blessin' ef I hadn't er scald you wid er pan er b'ilin' suds,' sez she. 'I'm dat glad I foun' my specks I dunner w'at ter do,' sez ole Miss Goose, sez she.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he up'n say dat bein's how Sis Goose done fotch up Brer Fox name, he got sump'n fer ter tell 'er, en den he let out 'bout Brer Fox gwine ter call on 'er.

"'He comin',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'he comin' sho, en w'en he come hit'll be des 'fo' day,' sezee.

"Wid dat, ole Miss Goose wipe 'er han's on 'er apun, en put 'er specks up on 'er forrerd, en look like she done got trouble in 'er mine.

"'Laws-a-massy!' sez she, 'spozen he come, Brer Rabbit! W'at I gwine do? En dey aint a man 'bout de house,' sez she.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he shot one eye, en he say, sezee:

"'Sis Goose, de time done come w'en you bleedzd ter roos' high. You look like you got de dropsy,' sezee, 'but don't mine dat, kaze ef you don't roos' high, youer goner,' sezee.

"Den ole Miss Goose ax Brer Rabbit w'at she gwine do, en Brer Rabbit, he up en tell Miss Goose dat she mus' go home en tie up a bundle er de w'ite folks' cloze, en put um on de bed, en den she mus' clime up on a rafter, en let Brer Fox grab de cloze en run off wid um.

"Ole Miss Goose say she much 'bleege, en she tuck'n tuck her things en waddle off home, en dat night she do like Brer Rabbit say wid de bundle er cloze, en den she sont wud ter Mr. Dog, en Mr. Dog he come down, en say he'd sorter set up wid 'er.

"Des 'fo' day, yer come Brer Fox creepin' up, en he went en push on de do' easy, en de do' open, en he see sump'n w'ite on de bed w'ich he tuck fer Miss Goose, en he grab it en run. 'Bout dat time, Mr. Dog sail out from under de house, he did, en ef Brer Fox hadn't er drapt de cloze, he'd er got kotch. Fum dat, wud went 'roun' dat Brer Fox bin tryin' ter steal Miss Goose cloze, en he come mighty nigh losin' his stannin' at Miss Meadows. Down ter dis day," Uncle Remus continued, preparing to fill his pipe, "Brer Fox b'leeve dat Brer Rabbit wuz de 'casion er Mr. Dog bein' in de neighberhoods at dat time er night, en Brer Rabbit aint 'spute it. De bad feelin' 'twix' Brer Fox en Mr. Dog start right dar, en hit's bin agwine on twel now dey aint git in smellin' distuns er wunner n'er widout ders a row."

II.

MR. FOX CATCHES MR. HORSE.

THERE was a pause after the story of old Miss Goose. The culmination was hardly

sensational enough to win the hearty applause of the little boy, and this fact appeared to have a depressing influence upon Uncle Remus. As he leaned slightly forward, gazing into the depths of the great fireplace, his attitude was one of pensiveness.

"I 'speck I done wo' out my welcome up at de house," he said, after a while. "I mos' knows I is," he continued, settling himself resignedly in his deep-bottomed chair. "Kaze dat las' night, w'iles you wuz sick, en I went 'n' sot up wid you, I had my eye on Miss Sally mighty nigh de whole blessid time, en w'en you see Miss Sally rustlin' 'roun' makin' like she fixin' things up dar on de mantle-shelf, en bouncin' de cheers 'roun', en breshin' dus' where dey aint no dus', en flyin' 'roun' singin' sorter louder dan common, den I des knows sumpin' done gone en rile 'er."

"Why, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy; "mamma was just glad because I was getting well."

"Mout er bin," the old man remarked, in a tone that was far from implying conviction. "Ef 'twa'n't dat, den she wuz gittin' tired er seein' me lounjun' 'roun', up dar night atter night, en ef 'twa'n't dat, den she wuz watchin' a chance fer ter preach ter yo' pa. Oh, I done bin know Miss Sally long fo' yo' pa is!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in response to the astonishment depicted upon the child's face. "I bin knowin' 'er sence she wuz so high, en endurin' er all dat time I aint seed no mo' up'n spoken 'oman dan w'at Miss Sally is.

"But dat aint needer yer ner dar. You done got yo' strenk back, en now youk'n rush down yer des like you useter, en we kin set yer en smoke, en tell tales, en study up 'musement same like we wuz gwine on 'fo' dem doctor mens got der clampers on you. Ef dey wuz Brer Fox," the old man continued, "w'ich dey er mighty nigh it, en I wuz ole Brer Rabbit, w'ich I aint 'sputin' dat I got some er de symptoms, I lay I'd gin dem doctor mens one settin' up—I sho'ly would.

"I mines me er one time"—with an infectious laugh—"w'en ole Brer Rabbit got Brer Fox in de wuss trubble w'at a man wuz mos' ever got in yit, an' dat 'uz w'en he fool 'im 'bout de hoss. Aint I never tell you 'bout dat? But no marter ef I is. Hoe-cake aint cook done twel hit's turnt over a couple er times.

"Well, atter Brer Fox done git rested fum keepin' out er de way er Mr. Dog, en sorter ketch up wid his rations, he say ter hisse'f dat he be dog his cats ef he don't slorate ole Brer Rabbit ef it take 'im a mont'; en dat, too, on top er all de 'spe'unce w'at he done bin had wid um. Brer Rabbit he sorter git win' er dis, en one day, w'iles he gwine 'long de road studyin' how he gwineter hol' his hand wid Brer Fox, he see a great big hoss layin' stretch out flat on his side in de pastur'; en he tuck'n crope up, he did, fer ter see ef dish yer hoss done gone en die. He crope up en he crope 'roun', en bimeby he see de hoss switch his tail, en den Brer Rabbit know he aint dead. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit lope back ter de big road, en mos' de fus' man w'at he see gwine on by wuz Brer Fox, en Brer Rabbit he tuck atter 'im, en holler:

"'Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Come back! I got some good news fer you. Come back, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he tu'n 'roun', he did, en w'en he see who callin' 'im, he come gallopin' back, kaze it seem like dat des ez gooder time ez any fer ter nab Brer Rabbit; but 'fo' he git in nabbin' distance, Brer Rabbit he up'n say, sezee:

"'Come on, Brer Fox! I done fine de place whar you kin lay in fresh meat 'nuff fer ter las' you plum twel de middle er nex' year,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he ax wharbouts, en Brer Rabbit, he say, right over dar in de pastur', en Brer Fox ax w'at is it, en Brer Rabbit, he say w'ich 'twuz a whole hoss layin' down on de groun' whar dey could ketch 'im en tie 'im. Wid dat, Brer Fox, he say come on, en off dey put.

"W'en dey got dar, sho' nuff, dar lay de hoss all stretch out in de sun, fas' 'sleep, en den Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit, dey had a 'spute 'bout how dey gwineter fix de hoss so he can't git loose. One say one way en de yuther say n'er way, en dar dey had it, twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit, he say, sezee:

"'De onliest plan w'at I knows un, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'is fer you ter git down dar en lemme tie you ter de hoss' tail, en den, w'en he try ter git up, you kin hol' 'im down,' sezee. 'Ef I wuz big man like w'at you is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'you mout tie me ter dat hoss' tail, en ef I didn't hol' 'im down, den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. I des knows you kin hol' 'im down,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but yit, ef you 'feared, we des better drap dad idee en study out some yuther plan,' sezee.

"Brer Fox sorter jubus 'bout dis, but he bleedzd ter play biggity 'fo' Brer Rabbit, en he tuck'n 'gree ter de progance, en den

Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n tie Brer Fox ter de hoss' tail, en atter he git 'im tie dar hard en fas', he sorter step back, he did, en put his han's 'kimbo, en grin, en den he say, sezee:

"'Ef ever dey wuz a hoss kotch, we done kotch dis un. Look sorter like we done put de bridle on de wrong een',' sezee, 'but I lay Brer Fox is got de strenk fer ter hol' 'im,' sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit cut 'im a long switch en trim it up, en w'en he get it fix, up he step en hit de hoss a rap—*pow!* De hoss 'uz dat s'prise at dat kinder doin's dat he make one jump, en lan' on his footses. W'en he do dat, dar wuz Brer Fox danglin' in de a'r, en Brer Rabbit, he dart out de way en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! I'll stan' out yer en see fa'r play. Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox!' sezee.

"Co'se, w'en de hoss feel Brer Fox hangin' dar onter his tail, he thunk sump'n cu'us wuz de marter, en dis make 'im jump en r'ar wusser en wusser, en he shake up Brer Fox same like he wuz rag in de win', en Brer Rabbit, he jump en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! You got 'im now, sho'. Hol' yo' grip, en hol' 'im down,' sezee.

"De hoss, he jump en he hump, en he rip en he r'ar, en he snort en he t'ar. But yit Brer Fox hung on, en still Brer Rabbit skip 'roun' en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! You got 'im whar he can't needer back ner squall. Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby, w'en Brer Fox git chance, he holler back, he did:

"'How in de name er goodness I gwineter hol' de hoss down 'less I git my claw in de groun'?'

"Den Brer Rabbit, he stan' back little fudder en holler little louder:

"Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! You got 'im now, sho'! Hol' 'im down!'

"Bimeby de hoss 'gun ter kick wid his behime legs, en de fus' news you know, he fetch Brer Fox a lick in de stomach dat fa'rly make 'im squall, en den he kick 'im ag'in, en dis time he break Brer Fox loose, en sont 'im a-whirlin'; en Brer Rabbit, he keep on a-jumpin' 'roun' en hollerin':

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox!'

"Did the fox get killed, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"He wa'n't 'zackly kilt, honey," replied the old man, "but he wuz de nex' do' ter't. He 'uz all broke up, en w'iles he 'uz gittin' well, hit sorter come 'cross his min' dat Brer Rabbit done play n'er game on 'im."

III.

MR. RABBIT AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

"WHAT did the Rabbit do after that?" the little boy asked, presently.

"Now, den, you don't wanter push ole Brer Rabbit too close," replied Uncle Remus, significantly. "He mighty tender-footed creetur, en de mo' w'at you push 'im, de fudder he lef' you."

There was prolonged silence in the old man's cabin, until, seeing that the little boy was growing restless enough to cast several curious glances in the direction of the tool-chest in the corner, Uncle Remus lifted one leg over the other, scratched his head reflectively, and began:

"One time, atter Brer Rabbit done bin trompin' 'roun' huntin' up some sallid fer ter make out his dinner wid, he fine hisse'f in de neighberhoods er Mr. Man house, en he pass 'long twel he come ter de gyardin-gate, en nigh de gyardin-gate he see Little Gal playin' 'roun' in de san'. W'en Brer Rabbit look 'twix' de gyardin-palin's en see de colluds, en de sparrer-grass, en de yuther gyardin truck growin' dar, hit make he mouf water. Den he take en walk up ter de Little Gal, Brer Rabbit did, en pull his roach,* en bow, en scrape his foot, en talk mighty nice en slick.

"'Howdy, Little Gal,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'how you come on?' sezee.

"Den de Little Gal, she 'spon' howdy, she did, en she ax Brer Rabbit how he come on, en Brer Rabbit, he 'low he mighty po'ly, en den he ax ef dis de Little Gal w'at 'er pa live up dar in de big w'ite house, w'ich de Little Gal, she up'n say twer'. Brer Rabbit, he say he mighty glad, kaze he des bin up dar fer to see 'er pa, en he say dat 'er pa, he sont 'im out dar fer ter tell de Little Gal dat she mus' open de gyardin-gate so Brer Rabbit kin go in en git some truck. Den de Little Gal, she jump 'roun' she did, en she open de gate, en wid dat, Brer Rabbit, he hop in, he did, en got 'im a mess er greens, en hop out ag'in, en w'en he gwine off he make his bow, he did, en tell de Little Gal dat he much 'bleege, en den atter dat he put out fer home.

"Nex' day, Brer Rabbit, he hide out, he did, twel he see de Little Gal come out ter

* Top-knot, foretop.

play, en den he put up de same tale, en walk off wid a n'er mess er truck, en hit keep on dis away, twel bimeby Mr. Man, he 'gun ter miss his greens, en he keep on a-missin' un um, twel he gotter excusin' eve'ybody on de place er 'stroyin' un um, en w'en dat come ter pas', de Little Gal, she up'n say:

"'My goodness, pa!' sez she, 'you done tole Mr. Rabbit fer ter come en make me let 'im in de gyardin atter some greens, en aint he done come en ax me, en aint I done gone en let 'im in?' sez she.

"Mr. Man aint hatter study long 'fo' he see how de lan' lay, en den he laff, en tell de Little Gal dat he done gone en disremember all 'bout Mr. Rabbit, en den he up'n say, sezee:

"'Nex' time Mr. Rabbit come, you tak'n tu'n 'im in, en den you run des ez fas' ez you' kin en come en tell me, kaze I got some bizness wid dat young chap dat's 'bleeged ter be 'tend ter,' sezee.

"Sho nuff, nex' mawnin' dar wuz de Little Gal playin' 'roun', en yer come Brer Rabbit atter his 'lowance er greens. He wuz ready wid de same tale, en den de Little Gal, she tu'n 'im in, she did, en den she run up ter de house en holler:

"'Oh, pa! pa! Oh, pa! Yer Brer Rabbit in de gyardin now! Yer he is, pa!'

"Den Mr. Man, he rush out, en grab up a fishin'-line w'at was hangin' in de back po'ch, en make fer de gyardin, en w'en he git dar, dar wuz Brer Rabbit tromplin' 'roun' on de strawbe'y-bed en mashin' down de termartusses. W'en Brer Rabbit see Mr. Man, he squot behime a collud leaf, but 'twa'n't no use. Mr. Man done seed him, en 'fo' you kin count 'leven, he done got ole Brer Rabbit tie hard en fas' wid de fishin'-line. Atter he done got 'im tie good, Mr. Man step back, he did, en say, sezee:

"'You done bin fool me lots er time, but dis time youer mine. I'm gwineter take you en gin you a larrupin',' sezee, 'en den I'm gwineter skin you en nail yo' hide on de stable do',' sezee; 'en den ter make sho dat you git de right kinder larrupin', I'll des step up ter de house,' sezee, 'en fetch de little red cowhide, en den I'll take en gin you brinjer,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Man call ter de Little Gal ter watch Brer Rabbit w'iles he gone.

"Brer Rabbit aint sayin' nothin', but Mr. Man aint mo'n out de gate 'fo' he 'gun ter sing; en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a singer, mon," continued Uncle Remus, with unusual emphasis, "en w'en he chuned up fer ter sing he make dem yuther creeturs hol' der bref."

"What did he sing, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Ef I aint fergit dat song off'n my min'," said Uncle Remus, looking over his spectacles at the fire, with a curious air of attempting to remember something, "hit run sorter dish yer way:

"'De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun';
De squir'l, he holler from de top er de tree,
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun';
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole, he hide in de groun'.'

"W'en de Little Gal year dat, she laugh, she did, en she up'n ax Brer Rabbit fer ter sing some mo', but Brer Rabbit, he sorter cough, he did, en low dat he got a mighty bad ho'seness down inter his win'pipe som'ers. De Little Gal, she swade* en swade, en bimeby Brer Rabbit, he up'n 'low dat he kin dance mo' samer dan w'at he kin sing. Den de Little Gal, she ax 'im wont he dance, en Brer Rabbit, he 'spon' how in de name er goodness kin a man dance w'iles he all tie up dis away, en den de Little Gal, she say she kin ontie 'im, en Brer Rabbit, he say he aint keerin' ef she do. Wid dat de Little Gal, she retch down en onloose de fish-line, en Brer Rabbit, he sorter stretch hisse'f en look 'roun'."

Here Uncle Remus paused and sighed, as though he had relieved his mind of a great burden. The little boy waited a few minutes for the old man to resume, and finally he asked:

"Did the Rabbit dance, Uncle Remus?"

"Who? Him?" exclaimed the old man, with a queer affectation of elation. "Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit gedder up his footses und' 'im, en he dance outer dat gyardin, en he dance home. He did dat! Sho'ly you don't speck dat a ole-timer w'at done had 'spe'unce like Brer Rabbit gwine ter stay dar en let dat ar Mr. Man sacky-fice 'im? *Shoo!* Brer Rabbit dance, but he dance home. You year me!"

IV.

HOW MR. FOX WAS A LITTLE TOO SMART.

UNCLE REMUS chuckled a moment over the escape of Brother Rabbit, and then turned his gaze upward toward the cob-

* Persuaded.

webbed gloom that seemed to lie just beyond the rafters. He sat thus silent and serious a little while, but finally squared himself around in his chair and looked the little boy full in the face. The old man's countenance expressed a curious mixture of sorrow and bewilderment. Catching the child by the coat-sleeve, Uncle Remus pulled him gently to attract his attention.

"Hit look like ter me," he said, presently, in the tone of one approaching an unpleasant subject, "dat no longer'n yistiddy I see wunner dem ar Favers chillun clim'in' dat ar big red-oak out yan', en den it seem like dat a little chap 'bout yo' size, he tuck'n start up fer ter see ef he can't play smarty like de Favers's yearlin's. I dunner w'at in de name er goodness you wanter be a copyin' atter dem ar Favers fer. Ef youer gwineter copy atter yuther folks, copy atter dem w'at's some 'count. Yo' pa, he got de idee dat some folks is good ez yuther folks, but Miss Sally, she know better. She know dat dey aint no Favers 'pon de top side er de yeth w'at kin hol' der han' wid de Abercrombies in p'int er breedin' en raisin'. Dat w'at Miss Sally know. I bin keepin' track er dem Favers sence way back yan' long fo' Miss Sally was born'd. Old Cajy Favers, he went ter de po'house, en ez ter dat ar Jim Favers, I boun' you he know de inside er all de jails in dish yer State er Jawjy. Dey allers did hate niggers kaze dey aint had none, en dey hates um down ter dis day.

"Endurin' er de war," Uncle Remus continued, "I year yo' Unk Jeems Abercrombie tell dat same Jim Favers dat ef he lay de weight er his han' on wunner his niggers, he'd slap a load er buck-shot in 'im; en, bless yo' soul, honey, yo' Unk Jeems wuz des de man ter do it. But dey er monst'us perlite unter me, dem Favers is," pursued the old man, allowing his indignation, which had risen to a white heat, to cool off, "en dey better be," he added, spitefully, "kaze I knows der pedigree fum de fus' ter de las', en w'en I gits my Affikin up, dey aint nobody, less'n it's Miss Sally 'erse'f, w'at kin keep me down.

"But dat aint needer yer ner dar," said Uncle Remus, renewing his attack upon the little boy. "W'at you wanter go copyin' atter dem Favers chillun fer? Youer settin' back dar, right dis minnit, bettin' longer yo'se'f dat I aint gwineter tell Miss Sally, en dar whar youer lettin' yo' foot slip, kaze I'm gwineter let it pass dis time, but de ve'y nex' time w'at I ketches you in hollerin' distuns er dem Favers, right den en dar I'm gwineter take my foot in my han' en go en tell Miss Sally, en ef she don't natally skin you 'live, den she aint de same 'oman w'at she useter be.

"All dish yer copyin' atter deze yer Favers put me in min' er de time w'en Brer Fox gotter copyin' atter Brer Rabbit. I done tole you 'bout de time w'en Brer Rabbit git de game fum Brer Fox by makin' like he dead?" *

The little boy remembered it very distinctly, and said as much.

"Well, den, old Brer Fox, w'en he see how slick de trick wuk wid him, he say ter hisse'f dat he b'leeve he'll up'n' try de same kinder game on some yuther man, en he keep on watchin' fer his chance, twel bimeby, one day, he year Mr. Man comin' down de big road in his one-hoss waggin, kyar'n some chickens, en some eggs, en some butter ter market. Brer Fox year 'im comin', he did, en w'at do he do but go en lay down in de road front er de waggin? Mr. Man, he druv 'long, he did, cluckin' ter de hoss en hummin' ter hisse'f, en w'en dey git mos' up ter Brer Fox, de hoss, he shy, he did, en Mr. Man, he tuck'n holler Wo! en de hoss, he tuck'n wo'd. Den Mr. Man, he look down, en he see Brer Fox layin' out dar on de groun' des like he cole en stiff, en w'en Mr. Man see dis, he holler out:

"'Heyo! Dar de chap w'at bin nabbin' up my chickens, en somebody done gone en shot off a gun at 'im, w'ich I wish she'd er bin two guns—dat I does!'

"Wid dat, Mr. Man, he druv on en lef' Brer Fox layin' dar. Den Brer Fox, he git up en run' 'roun' thoo de woods en lay down front er Mr. Man ag'in, en Mr. Man come drivin' 'long, en he see Brer Fox, en he say, sezee:

"'Heyo! Yer de ve'y chap w'at bin 'stroyin' my pigs. Somebody done gone en kilt 'im, en I wish dey'd er kilt 'im long time ago.'

"Den Mr. Man, he druv on, en de waggin-w'eel come mighty nigh mashin' Brer Fox nose; yit, all de same, Brer Fox 'lipt up en run 'roun' 'head er Mr. Man, en lay down in de road, en w'en Mr. Man come 'long, dar he wuz all stretch out like he big 'nuff fer ter fill a two-bushel baskit, en he look like he dead 'nuff fer ter skin. Mr. Man druv up, he did, en stop. He look down pun Brer Fox, en den he look all 'roun' fer

* Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. P. 70.

ter see w'at de 'casion er all deze yer dead Fox is. Mr. Man look all 'roun', he did, but he don't see nothin', en needer do he year nothin'. Den he set dar en study, en bimeby he 'low ter hisse'f, he did, dat he better 'zamin' w'at kinder cu'us zeeze* done bin got inter Brer Fox fambly, en wid dat he lit down outer de waggin, en feel er Brer Fox year; Brer Fox year feel right wom. Den he feel er Brer Fox neck; Brer Fox neck right wom. Den he feel er Brer Fox in de short ribs; Brer Fox all soun' in de short ribs. Den he feel er Brer Fox lim's; Brer Fox all soun' in de lim's. Den he tu'n Brer Fox over, en, lo en beholes, Brer Fox right limber. W'en Mr. Man see dis, he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

"'Heyo, yer! how come dis? Dish yer chicken-nabber look like he dead, but dey aint no bones broked, en I aint see no blood, en needer does I feel no bruise; en mo'n dat he wom en he limber,' sezee. 'Sump'n' wrong yer, sho'! Dish yer pig-grabber *mout* be dead en den ag'in he moutent,' sezee; 'but ter make sho' dat he is, I'll des gin 'im a whack wid my w'ip-han'le,' sezee; en wid dat, Mr. Man draw back en fotch Brer Fox a clip behime de years—*pow!*—en de lick come so hard en it come so quick dat Brer Fox thunk sho he's a goner; but 'fo' Mr. Man kin draw back fer ter fetch 'im a n'er wipe, Brer Fox, he scramble ter his feet, he did, en des make tracks 'way fum dar."

Uncle Remus paused and shook the cold ashes from his pipe, and then applied the moral:

"Dat w'at Brer Fox git fer playin' Mr. Smarty en copyin' atter yuther folks, en dat des de way de whole Smarty fambly gwineter come out."

V.

MR. RABBIT'S ASTONISHING PRANK.

"I 'SPECK dat 'uz de reas'n w'at make ole Brer Rabbit git 'long so well, kaze he ain't copy atter none er de yuther creeturs," Uncle Remus continued, after a while. "W'en he make his disappearance 'fo' um, hit 'uz allers in some bran new place. Dey aint know wharbouts fer ter watch out fer 'im. He wuz de funniest creetur er de whole gang. Some folks mouter call him lucky, en yit, w'en he git in bad luck, hit look like he mos' allers come out on top. Hit look mighty cu'us now, but 'twa'n't cu'us in dem days, kaze hit 'uz done gun up dat, strike 'im w'en you might en whar you would, Brer Rabbit wuz de soopless creetur gwine.

"One time, he sorter tuck a notion, ole Brer Rabbit did, dat he'd pay Brer B'ar a call, en no sooner do de notion strike 'im dan he pick hisse'f up en put out fer Brer B'ar house."

"Why, I thought they were mad with each other," the little boy exclaimed.

"Brer Rabbit pay his call w'en Brer B'ar en his fambly wuz off fum home," Uncle Remus explained, with a chuckle which was in the nature of a hearty tribute to the crafty judgment of Brother Rabbit.

"He sot down by de road, en he see um go by—ole Brer B'ar en ole Miss B'ar, en der two twin-chilluns, w'ich one un um wuz name Kubs en de t'er one wuz name Klibs."

The little boy laughed, but the severe seriousness of Uncle Remus would have served for a study, as he continued:

"Ole Brer B'ar en Miss B'ar, dey went 'long ahead, en Kubs en Klibs, dey come shufflin' en scramblin' 'long behime. W'en Brer Rabbit see dis, he say ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better go see how Brer B'ar gittin' on, en off he put. En 'twa'n't long n'er 'fo' he 'uz ransackin' de premmuses same like he 'uz sho' 'nuff patter-roller. W'iles he wuz gwine 'roun' peepin' in yer en pokin' in dar, he gotter foolin' 'mong de shelfs, en a bucket er honey w'at Brer B'ar got hid in de cubbud fall down en spill on top er Brer Rabbit, en little mo'n he'd er bin drown. Fum head ter heels dat creetur wuz kiver'd wid honey; he wa'n't des only bedobble wid it, he wuz des kiver'd. He hatter set dar en let de natal sweetness drip outen his eyeballs 'fo' he kin see his han' befo' 'im, en den, atter he look 'roun' little, he say to hisse'f, sezee:

"'Heyo, yer! W'at I gwine do now? Ef I go out in de sunshine, de bumly-bees en de flies dey'll swom up'n' take me, en ef I stay yer, Brer B'ar'll come back en ketch me, en I dunner w'at in de name er gracious I gwine do.'

"Ennyhow, bimeby a notion strike Brer Rabbit, en he tip 'long twel he git in de woods, en w'en he git out dar, w'at do he do but roll in de leafs en trash en try ter rub de honey off'n 'im dat away. He roll, he did, en de leafs dey stick; Brer Rabbit roll, en de leafs dey stick, en he keep on rollin' en de leafs keep on stickin', twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit wuz de mos' outlannish-lookin' creetur' dat you ever sot eyes on. En ef Miss Meadows en de gals could er seed 'im den en dar, dey wouldn't er bin no mo'

* Disease.

Brer Rabbit call at der house; 'deed, en dat dey wouldn't.

"Brer Rabbit, he jump 'roun', he did, en try ter shake de leafs off'n 'im, but de leafs, dey aint gwineter be shuck off. Brer Rabbit, he shake en he shiver, but de leafs dey stick; en de capers dat creetur cut up out dar in de woods by he own-alone se'f wuz scan'lous—dey wuz dat; dey wuz scan'lous.

"Brer Rabbit see dis wa'n't gwineter do, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he better be gittin' on todes home, en off he put. I 'speck you done year talk er deze yer booggers w'at gits atter bad chilluns," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone so seriously confidential as to be altogether depressing; "well, den, des 'zackly dat away Brer Rabbit look, en ef you'd er seed 'im you'd er made sho' he de gran'-daddy er all de booggers. Brer Rabbit pace 'long, he did, en ev'y motion he make, de leafs dey'd go *swishy-swushy*, *splushy-splishy*, en, fum de fuss he make en de way he look, you'd er tuk 'im ter be de mos' suvvigus varment w'at disappear fum de face er de yeth sence ole man Noah let down de draw-bars er de ark en tu'n de creeturs loose; en I boun' ef you'd er struck up long wid 'im, you'd er been mighty good en glad ef you'd er got off wid dat.

"De fus'n w'at Brer Rabbit come up wid wuz ole Sis Cow, en no sooner is she lay eyes on 'im dan she h'ist up 'er tail in de elements, en put out like a pack er dogs wuz atter 'er. Dis make Brer Rabbit laff, kaze he know dat w'en a ole settle' 'oman like Sis Cow run 'stracted in de broad open day-time, dat dey mus' be sump'n' mighty cu'us 'bout dem leafs en dat honey, en he keep on a-rackin' down de road. De nex' man w'at he meet is a black gal tollin' a whole passel er plantation shotes, en w'en de gal see Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long, she fling down 'er basket er corn en des fa'rly fly, en de shotes, dey tuck thoo de woods, en sech n'er racket ez dey kick up wid der runnin', en der snortin', en der squealin' aint never bin year in dat settlement needer before ner sence. Hit keep on dis away long ez Brer Rabbit meet anybody—dey des broke en run like de Ole Boy wuz atter um.

"Co'se, dis make Brer Rabbit feel monst'us biggity, en he 'low to hisse'f dat he 'speck he better drap 'roun' en skummish in de neighberhoods er Brer Fox house. En w'iles he wuz stannin' dar runnin' dis 'roun' in his min', yer come ole Brer B'ar en all er his fambly. Brer Rabbit, he git crossways de road, he did, en he sorter sidle todes um. Ole Brer B'ar, he stop en look, but Brer Rabbit, he keep on sidlin' todes um. Ole Miss B'ar, she stan' it long ez she kin, en den she fling down 'er parrysol en tuck a tree. Brer B'ar look like he gwineter stan' his groun', but Brer Rabbit he jump straight up in de a'r en gin hisse'f a shake, en, bless yo' soul, honey! ole Brer B'ar make a break, en dey tells me he to' down a whole panel er fence gittin' 'way fum dar. En ez ter Kubs en Klibs, dey tuck der hats in der han's, en dey went skaddlin' thoo de bushes des same ez a drove er hosses."

"And then what?" the little boy asked.

"Brer Rabbit p'raded on down de road," continued Uncle Remus, "en bimeby yer come Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, fixin' up a plan fer ter nab Brer Rabbit, en dey wuz so intents on der confab dat dey got right on Brer Rabbit 'fo' dey seed 'im; but, gentermens! w'en dey did ketch a glimpse un 'im, dey gun 'im all de room he want. Brer Wolf, he try ter show off, he did, kaze he wanter play big 'fo' Brer Fox, en he stop en ax Brer Rabbit who is he. Brer Rabbit, he jump up en down in de middle er de road, en holler out:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust.* I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de man I'm atter!'

"Den Brer Fox, he stan' off en ax Brer Rabbit who is he, en Brer Rabbit 'spon' back:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en likewise youer de man I'm atter!'

"Den Brer Rabbit jump up en down en make like he gwine atter Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en de way dem creeturs lit out fum dar wuz a caution.

"Long time atter dat," continued Uncle Remus, folding his hands placidly in his lap with the air of one who has performed a pleasant duty,—"long time atter dat, Brer Rabbit come up wid Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en he git behime a stump, Brer Rabbit did, en holler out:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de mens I'm atter!'

"Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, dey broke, but 'fo' dey got outer sight en outer year'n, Brer Rabbit show hisse'f, he did, en laugh fit ter kill hisse'f. Atterwuds, Miss Meadows she year 'bout it, en de nex' time Brer Fox call, de gals dey up en giggle, en ax 'im ef he aint feard de Wull-er-de-Wust mout drap in."

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* Or Wull-er-de-Wuts. Probably a fantastic corruption of "will-o'-the-wisp," though this is not by any means certain.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* VIII.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WAR IN LITHUANIA.—1708.

AFTER the declaration of the interregnum in Poland, the disasters and confusion in that unfortunate country increased. Some of the nobles declared themselves for Stanislas; others waited for the election of a new king. As is frequently the case in civil wars, families were divided and had members in both camps. Prince Yanusz Wisniowiecki, the Voievode of Cracow, was one of the leaders of the confederation of Lemberg; while his brother, the Grand Hetman of Lithuania, after some hesitation, went over to King Stanislas, and took with him the Lithuanian army. General Sienicki, by a secret arrangement with Michael Wisniowiecki, captured the forty thousand rubles that arrived from Moscow, and, in spite of his oath, declared himself on the side of the Swedes, and established himself in the fortress of Býkhof. Although his garrison was small, yet it required a considerable force to dislodge him. Lieutenant-General Bauer failed at the first storm. Prince Répnin and General Hallart were sent to reënforce him, and engineers were demanded from St. Petersburg to construct mines. After four weeks' siege and several assaults, Býkhof was taken and razed to the ground. Sienicki was carried in chains to Moscow, where he ended his life in prison, and the garrison, about three thousand men, was sent to Azof.

The Russians were hated by the Poles, and murders were not infrequent. A petty nobleman, Wiezicki, living in Dub, invited to his house a party of officers and soldiers of the Seménofsky regiment, thirteen in all, who were going to Pinsk, and murdered them during their sleep. "I am very sad," Peter wrote to Captain Izma of the guard, "over such good officers and soldiers, with whom I had grown up from boyhood," and he ordered Sheremétief to hunt out the murderers, who had taken refuge in the forests. Wiezicki and nine of his peasants were caught and executed.

In the spring of 1707, four months before Charles actually left Saxony, there was a rumor that he was about to march through Poland and invade Russia. Peter immediately sent detachments into Great Poland, toward the Silesian frontier, in order to devastate the country, and thus render the Swedish march more difficult. Towns like Rawicz and Lissa were burned and destroyed, bridges were broken down, and wells filled up. Colonel Schultz, with his band of Tartars and Kalmuks, was most active in this kind of work.

The danger seemed so pressing that the engineer Iván Kortchmin was sent to Moscow, to put the fortifications of that city, and especially of the Kremlin, into thorough repair. He arrived there in the middle of June, and in ten days the work began. But, even before his arrival, the report of Charles's march had reached Moscow, and, according to Pleyer, "the Muscovites were greatly terrified. Nobody spoke of anything except of flight or death. Many of the merchants, under pretext of going to the fair, took their wives and children to Archangel, where they had usually gone alone. The great foreign merchants and capitalists hastened to go to Hamburg with their families and their properties, while the mechanics and artisans went into their service." The foreigners, not only of Moscow, but of all the neighboring towns, applied to their ministers for protection, "as they feared not only the harshness and rapacity of the Swedes, but, even more, a general rising and massacre in Moscow, where people were already embittered by the immeasurable increase of the taxes." "The terror here has still more increased," he wrote, in a subsequent dispatch, "since the order has arrived to repair all the walls around the town and fortify the Kremlin. An engineer has come here who studied fortifications for two years in Berlin, and has drawn up a plan of the works. The beautiful old church of Jerusalem, or the Trinity, is to be pulled down. The Hospital row of shops, famous from old times, the Foundry Court, the Red and White walls, with all the churches, houses, monasteries,—all he proposes to pull down, otherwise it will be impossible to shoot. Five thousand men are at work every day. The people are so enraged that the

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engineer does not dare to show himself without a guard." The Jerusalem Church referred to by Pleyer is just outside of the Kremlin, and is that commonly known by the name of the Church of St. Basil the Beatified, with its eleven domes, each of different color and design.* Fortunately for the beauty of Moscow, this plan of wholesale destruction was not carried out, and this church, the towers and walls of the Kremlin, and the other antiquities, were preserved. The news of the disorders at Moscow reached the army, and an official proclamation was sent back, deriding the fears of the Muscovites when the enemy was not as near as he had been previously, but saying that precaution was better than negligence, and quoting the old Roman proverb: "A wild beast cannot harm a cautious horse." Meanwhile, two men were taken from every house, to work on the fortifications, or three rubles had to be paid every month; and so strict were the demands that children were taken from the houses as pledges for the appearance of the workmen. In November, the fortifications were inspected by the Tsarévitch Alexis, who had just returned from the army, and Pleyer writes: "In the last six months the fortifications have made great progress. Guns will soon be placed on many of them, and fire can be opened. The engineer demands 10,000 cannon." The Tróitsa Monastery and the towns of Mozháisk, Sérpukhóf, Tver, and others, were fortified in the same way.

Peter had already, in January, 1707, given Apráxin orders for the protection of the frontier, and had recommended that, from the beginning of spring, no grain nor hay should be allowed to remain in the granaries or barns, but that all should be concealed in the woods or buried in the ground, and that the cattle should also be hidden in the woods and swamps, in places agreed upon beforehand by the villagers, to which they could flee on the approach of the enemy. The army was strengthened with fresh recruits; and in the same way that Peter had taken into his service agents for finding out new sources of revenue, so he soon had agents, paid and volunteer, informing him where recruits could be obtained. The nobleman Bezobrázof, for instance, reported that in the district of Briansk there had been lately a vast increase in the number of church servitors, who were unnecessary for religious purposes, but would make excellent dragoons or soldiers. Peter replied with a decree to enroll all who were fit for military service. Instructions had also been given to Mazeppa for the defense of Kief and the Ukraine.

The Swedes, by remaining in Saxony, gave Peter time for preparation. It was not until August, 1707, that Charles began to move. He had with him the best army he had yet commanded, composed, with those that joined him at Slupce, of 44,000 men, in excellent condition, well clothed and well armed, of whom 24,000 were cavalry. They were not all Swedes, for his recruiting agents had been very busy in Saxony, Silesia, and other German countries. Some of his best officers, however, such as Arvid Horn and Magnus Stenbock, had, for unknown reasons, gone back to Sweden. Not every one in Europe felt as sure of the Swedish success as did Charles. Huyssen wrote from Vienna, in September, that "the Swedes marched unwillingly, and admitted that they had become quite unaccustomed to war after their long repose and luxurious life in Saxony." "Some even predict a Russian victory, while others say that there would be less glory, but also far less danger, if the Tsar should withdraw his troops from Poland, and diminish the forces of the enemy by petty skirmishes and by sudden attacks by the Cossacks."

Peter himself had long ago decided that this was necessary. A council of war had resolved not to risk a battle in Poland, and even not on the frontier, unless it were absolutely necessary; but to resist at the river crossings, harass the rear-guard, and lay waste the country in the line of march. On hearing of the project of the Swedes, Menshikóf withdrew from Poland, established a strong outpost line along the Bug, from Pultusk to Brescz-Litewski, and took a position at Dezentsoli, between Wilna and Grodno, while Sheremétief, with the cavalry, was at Minsk. Another council of war at Meretch confirmed what had been decided upon months before at Zolkiew.

Peter again experienced the excitement, the anxiety, and the dejection which overcame him during the winter, when his troops were shut up in Grodno, and he noticed in himself a greater irritability than at any time since the events of 1698 and 1699. In a fit of anger against Apráxin, who had not punished those governors who had sent him

* An engraving of this church was given on page 905 of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April, 1880.

recruits in a number less than was incumbent upon them, he wrote, sharply: "That you have done nothing to those Voievodes who have not brought men as was ordered, that you throw the blame of this on the departments of Moscow, which is not to your credit, is due only to one of two causes—either to laziness, or that you did not wish to quarrel with them." Apráxin felt deeply hurt, and Peter hastened to retract his bitter words, and wrote: "You feel aggrieved at what I wrote to you about the Voievodes. But, for God's sake, have no grief about it, for really I bear no malice to you; but since I have been here the slightest thing which thwarts me puts me into a passion."

There was reason enough for this, for while the Swedes were threatening invasion, rebellions broke out among the Bashkirs and among the Cossacks of the Don—rebellions that were so threatening that Peter had resolved to go to the Don in person. Fortunately, the Tsar received news of the quelling of these insurrections in time to bend all his energies to the war with Sweden. We will go on with the history of the campaign, leaving for the present the account of these disturbances, to understand which it is necessary to set forth with some detail the internal situation of the empire since the battle of Narva.

Although Charles left Silesia in September, he did not continue his march, but remained encamped for four months at Slupce, on the banks of the Vistula. The cause of this delay is unknown. As on previous occasions, Charles may have preferred a winter campaign simply on account of its difficulties, or he may have feared the bad roads of the Russian autumn. Some delay, at least, was caused by waiting for the river to freeze. Bridges could not be built on account of the rapid current and the ice, and finally, his impatience was such that he made roads over the thin ice with straw and snow, and passed in comparative safety on the 9th of January. This long stay was very hard for the unfortunate Poles. Stanislas complained bitterly, and said the Swedes were as unmerciful to his poor subjects as were the Russians; but his complaints were unheeded. "The Swedes," wrote the French minister, "hold the Poles in contempt, and do not consider them worthy of attention, and even the king is so angry over their weak and wretched behavior that he has no compassion for them individually or collectively." On the other side of the Vistula there seemed to be plenty of provisions and forage, and Quarter-master-General Gyllenkrok urged the King to go into winter quarters there. But this did not enter into his plans, and leaving behind General Krassow, with eight thousand men, to support the tottering throne of Stanislas, he set out for Lithuania. Instead of taking the usual road through Pultusk, Ostrolenka, and Lomza, along the Bug and the Nareva, even though it was occupied by Russians, he chose the seldom-traveled route farther to the north, along the Prussian boundaries, through the forests and swamps of Masuria, as many thought, simply to have the pleasure of marching where no army had been before. The King and all were obliged to bivouac in the snow without tents, and in spite of the blazing fires and the military music which Charles kept up all night to inspirit the men, many lives were lost from the cold and fatigue. Horses died in such numbers that a great part of the baggage had to be abandoned. Worse than all for the Swedes was the hostility of the population—a wild race, habituated by their contests with bears and wolves to the use of fire-arms, and scarcely acknowledging the authority of their own king. They hid behind trees and bushes, and shot down the Swedish soldiers. Charles himself narrowly escaped a bullet. To stop this partisan warfare, the angry King gave orders to hang the peasants as fast as they were caught, and burn their houses. On one day General Creutz captured a band of fifty men, and compelled them to hang one another, the last man being butchered by the soldiers. Even women and children were not spared. At last a large band collected, and offered the Swedes free passage on the condition of the payment of ten thalers for every horse. Otherwise, they said, no man should depart alive. The King himself came to the conference, and the leader of the peasants, standing behind the barricade, said: "These lands belong to the peasants, and they are not willing to let any one through unless the money be paid down, and some officers left as surety." "When the peasant leader," says Hultmann, the King's butler, in his diary, "had spoken thus audaciously, the King had his old body-servant, Mans Lenk, slyly put a ball through him, so that he sank down on the spot."

Another Swedish account confirms this with the words: "In this way his majesty taught the peasants something else than to presume to treat with a king."

Peter had passed the summer in Poland,

suffering from fever the whole of the two months he was in Warsaw, and coming up slowly through Lithuania, inspecting the military positions as he passed, arrived in St. Petersburg at the beginning of November. It is in such hasty visits as this that the all-embracing energy of Peter seems most apparent. He inspected the fortifications at St. Petersburg, Schlüsselburg, and Cronstadt; was constant in attendance at the Admiralty, and besides the numerous orders he gave for recruiting, for supplying and clothing his troops, for the defense of the frontier, he found time to send a word of condolence to the father of Prince Iván Troekúrof; to write to the Princess Menshikóf a friendly note, in which he begged her to take better care of her husband, and "feed him up so that he should not look as thin as when at Meretch"; to send two Latin books to Apráxin to be translated into Russian; and to give orders for training the pups of his favorite dog. More than all this, he accomplished an act about which he had long been troubled in mind:—he was privately married to his beloved Catherine, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, some time in the month of November. The Feast of St. Alexander Nefsky he celebrated in the house of Menshikóf, and wrote to him: "On your name's-day we were merrier than I have ever been since the death of Lefort." A week later there was a similar feast on St. Andrew's Day, and in sending the account of it to Menshikóf, Peter added a new cheese made from the milk of his Dutch cows. The same day he set out for Moscow, to pass the Christmas holidays. There he found work for his hands in providing for the sufferers by a recent conflagration; in enlarging and supplying his new apothecary's establishment, and in sending medicines throughout the country, especially to the field hospitals; in studying the question of regulating the proof of silver; in supplying his printing-office with the new-fashioned type of his invention which had just arrived from Holland; in regulating the salaries of his embassadors and providing for their regular payment; in arranging to send ten young Russians abroad; in providing for the education of the sons of the clergy; and, to insure the proper style, in ordering all clothes and hats to be made after the German pattern and to be stamped at Moscow.

On hearing of the approach of the Swedes, Peter hastened to the army, and arrived in Grodno on the 1st of February. Four days afterward he wrote to Apráxin to hasten to Wilna, but, "if you have already come to Wilna, go no farther, for the enemy is already with us." The enemy turned out to be Charles, who, hearing that Peter was in Grodno, and wishing to celebrate his name's-day, rode hastily forward with nine hundred cavalry, drove back Mühlenfeld, who, with two thousand cavalry, was guarding the bridge, and entered the town only two hours after Peter had left. When the Tsar the next day discovered that the whole Swedish army had not advanced, and to what a small number of men his troops had yielded, he sent three thousand men back to Grodno to surprise the Swedes. They reached the town at midnight, overpowered the small guard, and came within an ace of capturing Charles, who, together with Renskjöld and the Prince of Würtemberg, had rushed into the street, and had got involved in the throng. With the help of the inhabitants, who took their part, the Swedes after a long struggle drove the Russians out of the town. Mühlenfeld was arrested on a charge of treason, but escaped to the Swedes, to whom he communicated all he knew about the Russians. He was subsequently taken prisoner at Poltáva, tried, and shot.

From Meretch, Peter ordered Menshikóf to cut and barricade the roads in every direction, and intrust the rear-guard to faithful and capable officers. On the 8th of February he was at Wilna, still uncertain which way Charles intended to march, though he had before felt sure that the purpose of the King was to occupy Livonia, and thence advance upon Pskof and Nóvgorod. Charles at first moved from Grodno north-eastward to Smorgone, famous for its dancing bears, and, it seemed, intended to march directly to Pskof, but, after waiting there a time, he turned south-eastward to Radóshkovitchi (Radoszkowicze), where he staid until June. In order to protect the northern frontier, Peter, while still at Grodno, had written to Cyril Narýshkin, the commander of Pskof, ordering him to provide for the active defense of Pskof and Dorpat, by strengthening the fortifications, and digging mines, though not putting powder in them; and further commanded him to send to Vologda all the inhabitants of Dorpat, allowing them to take their money with them, but registering and taking possession of their other property. The object of the Tsar was to render the country easier to defend, by removing those inhabitants who might sympathize with the Swedes,

and, at the same time, in case Livonia were re-occupied, to provide Russia with colonies of useful and hard-working artisans. What the inhabitants of Livonia were again called upon to suffer, we can see from what took place at Dorpat:

"On the 19th of February, the pastors were obliged to give out from their pulpits the order that the inhabitants should sell their houses within a week, and be ready to go to the interior of Russia, with all their property laden on one, or at most two, sledges. On the reading of this command, the poor citizens became so confounded that their weeping and groaning had no end. All prayers for mercy were vain. People were obliged to comply with the orders, and make their sad and hasty preparations. Every one, indeed, was allowed to turn his property into money. But who could buy the houses that were offered for sale, when everybody had to emigrate? Russian soldiers, and people from the country, now could get furniture for the tenth, or even for the hundredth, part of its value, and were soon unwilling to offer anything, as they hoped to get everything for nothing as soon as the inhabitants had gone. On the 16th of February, the greater part of the citizens went to the Lord's Supper. It was a heart-rending separation from one another, from the city and church of their fathers, and perhaps, also, from their faith, for the poor people went as if into a Babylonian imprisonment. They would be separated from each other, scattered over a far land, and settled among strange people, of other manners, other speech, and other faith. The day of departure was set for the 29th of February. The cold was terrible, but all had to go—young and old, well and sick, even the dying; every one with the best of his goods packed on carts and sledges, the poorest on wretched sledges fastened to the train, and all this amidst weeping, wailing, and moaning. The departure took place after a summons and in a certain order. The start was early in the morning, and only at ten o'clock in the forenoon did the last sledge leave the town, whereupon the Russians fired off the cannon on the walls, as though they had gained a victory. The following day, the church bells, the great chandeliers, and the copper roofs, were taken for the account of the Tsar, and what remained besides was sold at a nominal price. Finally, the fortifications were blown up, and the houses of the whole town burnt to ashes."

Other towns were treated in a similar way, and from Narva and Ingria alone seventy-one families were sent to Vologda and seventy-seven to Kazan. These harsh proceedings, however, were useless, for Charles had made up his mind to turn to the Ukraine, but none knew it except his most intimate advisers, much less the Russians.

While the Swedes were at Radóshkovitchi, Peter, who was ill with fever and excitement, took advantage of the lull in the campaign to go back to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the last day of March. A fortnight later, he writes to Golófkin: "People say that where God has built a church the devil has put an altar. Although hitherto I have always been as well here as in Paradise, now I do not know how I brought my fever with me from Poland, although I took good care of myself in the sledge, and was well clad, for I have been tormented with it during the whole of Passion week, and even at Easter I could hear nothing except the beginning of the Vespers and the Gospel, on account of illness. Now, thank God! I am getting better, but still do not go out of the house. The holidays have not been celebrated at all as they should be; for, as far as my memory serves me, we were always in red, whereas now we are forced to stay in gray. The fever was accompanied by pains in my throat and chest, and ended in a cough, which is now very severe." Two days afterward he wrote again: "I beg you to do everything that can possibly be done without me. When I was well I let nothing pass, but now God sees what I am after this illness, which this place and Poland have caused me, and if in these next weeks I have no time for taking medicine and for resting, God knows what will happen." On receiving news from Menshikóf that the Swedes were preparing two or three bridges over the rivers, Peter answered on the 25th of April, begging him not to summon him to the army any sooner than was absolutely necessary, as he greatly needed rest and further treatment. "You yourself know that I am not accustomed to write in this way, but God sees how little strength I have, and without health and strength it is impossible to be of service. But if for five or six weeks from this time I can stay here and take medicine, I then hope, with God's aid, to come to you well. If it is absolutely necessary for me to come, be good enough to have relays placed, for you can judge of the proper time better than I can here."

In the midst of his weakness from fever and medicine, in the midst of his anxieties about the conduct of the war and the suppression of the revolt on the Don, Peter was cheered by the presence of his family. His sister Natalia, his half-sisters Mary and Theodosia, his sister-in-law, the widowed Tsaritsa Prascovia, for whom he had always a sincere affection, with her three daughters, all came to visit him at St. Petersburg. He was able to meet them at Schlüsselburg in April, and had the pleasure of showing them his new town, his fleet, and his conquests, for they remained for more than two months in St. Petersburg; they went to Cronstadt and were entertained on board

ship, and they accompanied him to Koporie, Yamburg, and Narva, where they celebrated his name's-day. That feast was clouded by the death of his little daughter Catherine; but a great object had been attained—his sisters had made the official acquaintance of Catherine as his wife. Their visit at this time showed the confidence of the Tsar in the safety of St. Petersburg. Meanwhile, the Tsarévitch Alexis was at Moscow, in charge of the fortifications, and, by his indifference and his lack of energy, was causing anxiety to his father. To his confessor he had even expressed doubts as to the utility of these fortifications, and had said that "if the Tsar's army could not hold back the Swedes, Moscow would not stop them." The intercession of Catherine was necessary to avert Peter's anger, which the secret interviews of Alexis with his mother had greatly increased.

On the 17th of June, Charles finally broke up his quarters at Radóshkovitchi, and on the 29th was on the banks of the river Berezína. A part of the Russian army was drawn up at Borísof;* but Charles, leaving a few regiments under Colonel Sparre to make a feint, marched through the woods and morasses, and crossed with safety considerably lower down. Sheremétief and Menshikóf resolved to dispute the passage of the Swedes over the little river of Bibitch (Wabis), at the little town of Golóftchin (Holowczyn), known in old Russian history for the victory of Prince Yaropolk over Prince Vselav of Polotsk, where marshes and ponds gave them a strong position. Unfortunately, they posted their left wing, commanded by Prince Répnin, at a considerable distance from the rest of the army, in such a way that their own communications were exceedingly difficult, on account of the marshes. Charles, having placed his cannon in a commanding position the night before, on the morning of the 15th, covered by the artillery fire and a fog, crossed the river and the swamp in the face of the enemy, attacked the wing commanded by Prince Répnin, and after a severe contest of several hours, in which the Swedes used chiefly their bayonets, as their powder was wet, compelled the Russians gradually to retire into the forests. The cavalry under Goltz, which supported Répnin, had also a sharp fight with the King's Brabants and bodyguard; but the main body, under Sheremétief, was unable to reach them in time, and the whole army retreated to the Dnieper, and took positions at Mohiléf, Sklof, and Kopos. The Swedish loss amounted to two hundred and sixty dead (including General von Wrangel), and one thousand two hundred and twenty wounded; the Russian to one hundred and nineteen killed, and six hundred and seventeen wounded.

It was a Swedish victory, but, although the Russians had retired, they had gained one of their ends—that of weakening the Swedish forces, and when Peter, who was already on his way to the army, received the first news of the battle, and believed that a third of his troops had supported for some time the Swedish onset and had retired in good order, he was well satisfied. When he came to learn the details, he was angry over the bad conduct of some of Répnin's troops, especially of a new regiment, and, in spite of Répnin's protest, ordered a strict investigation, and the punishment of all offenders against good discipline. The Swedes, on the contrary, spoke well of the behavior of Répnin's men, and the greatest fault of the Russians lay in the bad disposition of their troops. Charles considered this battle one of the best of his exploits, but it was the last. Here his star began to pale.

Four days after the battle of Golóftchin, it was decided at a council of war not to attempt to defend Mohiléf, but to abandon it to the enemy, and to concentrate at Gorki, north-east of Mohiléf, on the other side of the Dnieper, thus protecting the road to Smolensk and Moscow. Charles occupied Mohiléf, and found there a sufficient amount of provisions to keep his troops for some time, while waiting the arrival of Lewenhaupt with eleven thousand troops and a train of necessary stores, provisions, and artillery. He also waited for the breaking out of the insurrection in the Ukraine. He was, however, too impatient to wait long, and crossed the Dnieper on the 16th of August and marched toward Tchirikof, on the river Sozh. The light Russian cavalry hovered about the Swedish advance, capturing and killing stragglers and destroying the roads and bridges. The summer was unusually rainy, and the Swedes suffered much from the want of tents, and the provisions ran short, so that the soldiers were obliged to collect the grain from the fields and bruise it between stones. Disease was the consequence of the bad food and the bad weather, and there were no medicines. The Swedish soldiers said: "We have only

* Where Napoleon crossed, on November 17, 1812.

three physicians—Doctor Brandy, Doctor Garlic, and Doctor Death." Peter and the main body of the Russian troops moved from Gorki to Mstislavl, and Charles, getting tired of skirmishes, turned northward toward Mstislavl, and met the Russians at Dobry on the 9th of September.

This time the Russians, under Prince Michael Galítsyn and General Pflug, began the attack, and, after a two hours' hard fight, when the Swedes were reënforced, they retired in good order, having captured six Swedish standards. The Swedish loss in this sharply contested fight was two hundred and sixty-one killed and seven hundred and fifty wounded. The Russians lost two hundred and ten killed and about twelve hundred wounded.* Galítsyn received the Order of St. Andrew for his bravery, and Peter wrote to Apráxin: "I solemnly assure you that since I began to serve I have never seen such fire or such orderly conduct on the part of our soldiers (God grant it so in future as well!), and the Swedish king himself has not seen such an action in the course of this war. O God, do not take away thy mercy from us for the future!"

After the affair of Dobry, the Russians retreated northward, burning, as they passed, the town of Mstislavl. Charles followed them as far as the Russian frontier at Tatarsk, but did not cross it, though he marched along it for some distance. On one occasion he ran great danger, in a sharp skirmish with the Russian cavalry. Charles had not believed that the same system of defense by devastating the country would be pursued in the Russian provinces, and had thought that, however he might treat Poland, the Tsar would not be indifferent to the sufferings and loss of his own subjects. But the Swedes now saw nothing but the flames and smoke of burning Russian villages, and news came that a whole forest had been hewn down, to obstruct the roads leading to Smolensk. Charles did what for him was unusual, and asked for advice. In a council of war, Piper urged the imperative necessity of the junction with Lewenhaupt, who might be attacked and beaten by the Russians and lose his provisions. But considerations of prudence yielded to the hopes Charles had of his being joined by twenty thousand Cossacks under Mazeppa; and, refusing to go back or to wait, he burned his superfluous baggage, and, on the 26th of September, began his march southward, thus sacrificing Lewenhaupt, who was then on the Dnieper, near Sklof, only sixty miles away in a direct line, and who could have been met by a march of three days.

The idea of marching into the Ukraine had long been in the mind of Charles. He had let the proper time for a favorable peace go by. He had refused, from arrogance, to take the northern road to Livonia; he now found the eastern one to Smolensk and Moscow difficult, if not impracticable; the southern road remained. He felt the need of allies, and he counted on rebellions and insurrections. He expected, too, a strong diversion to be made on the northern frontier by General Lybecker.

When Lewenhaupt left the King's headquarters, early in May, he had instructions to get ready all the men he could muster,—about eleven thousand,—a train of artillery and ammunition, stores and provisions enough to last them for twelve weeks, and the whole army for six weeks. The further order of the King, that he should start at the beginning of June and march to the Berezína, reached him so late that with all his diligence it was impossible for him to set out before July. The constant rains made the roads bad, the great train of wagons impeded him, and he arrived at Sklof on the 28th of September, just in time to receive a courier who had left the King's army only twenty-four hours before, with orders (which, however, had been kept back for two days before being sent) to cross the Dnieper and the Sozh and march to Starodûb in the Ukraine. Lewenhaupt felt as though these orders were his death-blow, for between the Dnieper and the Sozh stood the whole Russian army. He would have preferred to keep on the western bank of the Dnieper, thus protected against the Russians, until a favorable opportunity came for joining the main army. He suspected ill-will or treachery at head-quarters in the delay attending his orders. Crossing the Dnieper at Sklof, keeping as far as he could from the Russians, and disseminating false reports of his whereabouts, after a march of seven days, impeded by bad roads and broken bridges, he arrived at Liesna, a few miles from Propoisk, and in one day more would have crossed the Sozh and have been comparatively safe. But on the 9th of October he was attacked by the Russians, who had fol-

* This battle is also called that of Malaitcha (Malatycza) or Tchérnaya Napa, from a little stream flowing through the moor where it was fought.

lowed him for several days, and on the previous afternoon had succeeded in outflanking him. All he could do was to send the greater part of the train on to Propoisk with a guard, and to prepare to fight. A fierce battle ensued, which lasted the whole afternoon, with no actual result, for both sides maintained their ground. When night came on, Lewenhaupt buried his artillery, burned the wagons which were still with him, used the horses for mounting his infantry, and pressed on to Propoisk. The trains sent there had got into confusion, and as it was impossible to get them over the Sozh, on account of the destruction of the bridges, they also were burned, and Lewenhaupt was obliged, with the remains of his army, to follow the river until he found a ford. He finally succeeded in joining a portion of Charles's army, on the 21st of October. The Russians, who had fourteen thousand men engaged, lost one thousand one hundred killed and two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six wounded, while Lewenhaupt succeeded in bringing to Charles only about six thousand men, out of the eleven thousand with which he started from Riga. Over three thousand had been taken prisoners; the remainder had died or had deserted; the stores, medicine, and ammunition, of which the Swedes had so much need, had been lost, and forty-four standards and seventeen guns had been captured. Charles had never appreciated rightly the military qualities of Lewenhaupt, and although he received him well on his arrival, he soon manifested a coolness toward him, gave him no command, and did not again during the campaign make use of his great experience. Perhaps the greatest effect of this battle was that it dispirited the Swedes and destroyed their self-confidence, and raised the hopes of the Russians, who believed that Lewenhaupt had a force superior in numbers to their own. Peter wrote: "This victory may be called our first, for we have never had such a one over regular troops. In very truth, it was the cause of all the subsequent good fortune of Russia, for it was the first proof of our soldiers, and it put hearts into our men, and was the mother of the battle of Poltáva."

To add to their misfortunes, the Swedes met with a great disaster in the north. Charles had relied on his great fleet to destroy that of the Tsar, and aid General Lybecker in an attack on Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. But the fleet could not be equipped, as, after raising and supplying the forces of Lybecker and Lewenhaupt, there was no money in the Swedish treasury. Only a small division, under Admiral Anckarstjerna, took the sea, but even that was detained by contrary winds at Reval, and was too weak to attack the Russian fleet, which was master of the Finnish Gulf. Admiral Count Botsis captured many small Swedish vessels, and landed a force of troops in Finland, who took Borgo and burned the vessels in the port. Lybecker was a man of very moderate capacities who, for fully twenty years, had served as lieutenant. His personal bravery at the battle of Klissow, in 1703, pleased Charles, who advanced him far beyond his deserts, until he became major-general, baron, and commander-in-chief of the whole army in Finland. This army, consisting of fourteen thousand men, was not ready to take the field until the early part of September, and even then, though well armed and equipped, had provisions only for some days. In spite of strong opposition, he succeeded in crossing the Neva, but did not dare attack St. Petersburg, which was too well fortified. Although it was only a week since he had left Viborg, his provisions were exhausted, and his troops were obliged to kill their horses for food. Partly through the misconduct of his own men, he was repulsed from the little fort of Ingris-Amund, and he then advanced aimlessly into Ingria, which the Russians laid waste before him, and finally succeeded in taking the small fortress of Koporie, where he found some provisions. Deceived by a false letter of Apráxin, wherein was mention of forty thousand men for the defense of St. Petersburg, Lybecker made for the sea-coast near Narva, and persuaded Admiral Anckarstjerna to take his troops across to Viborg. He was forced to kill or hamstring six thousand horses, to burn his heavy baggage, and, on account of bad weather, to leave behind about nine hundred men, who defended themselves valiantly until nearly all were killed. The total loss of the Swedes in this undertaking was over three thousand men, beside the horses and war material.

But just when the news of this victory, together with the defeat of Lewenhaupt at Liesna, had inspired Peter with the greatest confidence, he suddenly heard of the treachery of Mazeppa.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.)

I.

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate:
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"—
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best:

Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II.

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his specter-call;
But they stir not again: they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

FRITZ.

When I first saw the little creature whose name stands at the head of this article, he was rather a melancholy object to behold. Not more than a month or six weeks old, he sat on the finger of the boy who had picked him up from the gravel-walk—too young to know fear, and, it seemed to us, too young to take food from anything but the maternal bill. We thought he would probably live only a few hours. But we put him in a cage, and began to feed him with hard-boiled egg mixed with cracker from the point of a steel pen—the nearest in resemblance to a bird's bill of my possessions. He took it very nicely, thrived wonderfully on it, and from the first displayed unusual intelligence; in the course of a few days he showed pleasure when I came to the cage, as young birds do at the approach of the mother, by fluttering his very scanty feathers. At first we were obliged to cover the lower part of the cage with Swiss muslin, as he was so very small that he could easily get out between the wires, and as yet could not fly; but he grew fast, and in the autumn, by the time we were ready to keep doors and windows shut, he was allowed the range of the whole upper part of the house, in general, however, confining himself to my own sleeping-room, and never voluntarily going down-stairs, although he could have done so at any time.

For the first few months, even when fully fledged, he appeared only as a rather common looking, little greenish-brown bird, with dark bars on his wings. I searched the ornithologies in vain to discover his name and species, and, also, showed him to various persons pretty well acquainted with the natural history of the State, with the same purpose, but without success—nobody could "place" Fritz, and I had almost made up my mind that he was a small and rather a dingy canary, when about the middle of the winter his plumage began to change, and he came out in the brilliant lemon-color and black of the American goldfinch.

But no canary that I ever saw could equal Fritz in sprightliness, intelligence, and affection. To say that he was tame would give no idea of his perfect friendliness and familiarity. His cage he regarded simply as a dining and sleeping room, and seldom went into it in the day-time except for the purpose of eating. At the same time he had no objection to it, and I could put him in it at any time when it was convenient to do so. He lived almost exclusively on hemp-seed, which agreed with him perfectly; he was, also, extremely fond of other small seeds, like plantain, and particularly of fresh groundsel. When he saw us come in with a handful of this, he would fly across the room to get it, with cries of joy, and, siting on our hands, eagerly shell out and eat the little white seeds. In winter, when such green food could not be procured, he satisfied himself with the leaves of the various plants which we kept in the room, and nearly ate up two or three small geraniums.

Although Fritz never went to roost in his cage, having a great objection to doing so, I always put him into it for the night, and when morning came he was most well-behaved, comporting himself more like a human being than a bird, and, instead of rousing us with shrill singing at dawn, never uttering a sound till we rose, when he greeted us at once with a gay chirrup, and was ready to come out and assist at the toilets of my sister and myself. During the whole operation of dressing he was a constant source of amusement, and, I may add, a considerable hindrance. While we were at the wash-stand he sat on the gas-fixture close by, chattering, singing, scolding, and making little darts at the towel, which he regarded with peculiar animosity. I often had considerable difficulty in getting through with brushing my teeth, owing to the fact that Fritz preferred that time and the tumbler of water for his own morning bath, and would sit on the edge, making a great fuss, shaking his wings, splashing the water about, and ducking his head in, but never quite venturing to plunge in on account of the depth. I often tried him with a saucer, but in vain—he never would take a bath in anything but that glass of water. He would, however, allow my sister to dip him into the wash-basin, when the water was quite deep, without showing any fear. While we arranged our hair, he divided his attentions between us, flying from one toilet-table to the other, sometimes sitting on our heads, sometimes swinging head downward from my loose braids of hair, or flying with rapid scolding and chattering at the hair-

brush, which he disliked as much as he did the towel.

During the day he was very busy, every minute being actively employed in something. When I wrote, he sat on the handle of the pen, apparently enjoying the motion, now and then running down to the pen-point to taste the ink, or traveling across the still undried page, trying to pick off the words, to the great detriment of the letter or article; or, again, attempting to drink out of the ink-stand. When I was reading, he delighted to sit on the edge of the book, tugging away with his small beak at the leaves, tearing off little bits and throwing them away. It was really impossible to read a book of any value in the same room with him, and I was often obliged either to shut him up in the cage, or to lay down my book and give up to the dear little torment. It was useless to drive him away; he only scolded, evidently feeling himself very much aggrieved and interfered with, and was back again the next minute.

In sewing or knitting he was always greatly interested. Perched close to the needle, he picked at the stitches, or raveled out the yarn, at the imminent risk of having his eyes put out. He also had more than one hair-breadth escape from having his legs cut off by the scissors. He enjoyed sitting on the arm of the sewing-machine while it was in motion, and probably regarded it as horseback exercise, which it must very much have resembled.

He very rarely descended to the floor, or hopped on the carpet, which was lucky for him, as he would almost inevitably have been stepped on and crushed. Yet the idea that anybody or anything could hurt him never entered his head. He was absolutely without fear. Sometimes we missed him, and found him in the queerest places—on my shoulders, where if I had suddenly leaned back in my chair he would have been instantly killed; or hanging to my skirt, upside down. While sitting and not thinking of him, I would suddenly be reminded of him by feeling a little warm bill thrust coaxingly into my mouth, in expectation of the seed I was accustomed to give him. He could stand on my shoulder, or just under my chin, and reach up to my lips. If he was disappointed in finding a seed waiting for him, he would give a little mischievous nip.

Considering that he had an insane *penchant* for sitting on the tops of doors, his escape from a violent death was quite wonderful, and only accounted for by the fact that everybody was very thoughtful about him. The greatest peril he passed through was in being overwhelmed by an avalanche of bedclothes, which one of us carelessly threw over him on getting up from an afternoon nap. He was buried under them for full five minutes, and meanwhile we were looking everywhere for him, and wondering where he could be. When at length he was released, he did not seem at all disconcerted, but flew up to his favorite perch on the gas-fixture, where he proceeded to plume his ruffled feathers.

He knew his name and would come at call. He did not like at all to be left alone, and would follow us with cries to the door when we left the room, and so swift were his motions that it was often impossible to get out and shut the door in time to keep him inside; he would dart through just as it was closing, determined not to be left behind. And when we came back, how glad he was to see us! In consequence of living so much at liberty he was very strong of wing, and delighted to fly back and forth through the hall, darting after us as we ran and called him, and seeming to enjoy such a game of romp as much as any child.

He might, no doubt, have been taught many tricks, but he knew only one or two. My sister taught him to fly at her hand when she shook it at him, and he would continue fluttering in the air like a humming-bird, in pretended anger, scolding and chattering as he did so. We also taught him to play with pins, by placing four or five in the palm of the hand, and holding it over the oil-cloth or zinc on which the stove stood. He would pick them up one after another and whisk them down, cocking his head over as each one fell and listening to hear it strike. He would go on doing this as long as any one had patience to pick them up for him. If by chance my ear-rings were left lying on the dressing-table, he invariably discovered them and threw them down to the floor, I suppose for the pleasure of hearing them fall.

His habits with regard to going to roost were interesting and peculiar. While quite young—a baby in fact—he made up his mind to roost on the top of my collar, just under my coil of back hair, liking, I suppose, to feel the warmth of my neck. Sometimes he would get close up under my chin. I had to remove him again and again from these favorite places. After this we kept plants in the room and he chose these for his roosting-places, but was

variable in his tastes,—sometimes, after going to sleep on one in exactly the same spot for weeks, leaving it for no reason that we could see, and choosing some other. And just where he made up his mind to go to rest, there he would go, or he was restless and unhappy.

My sister and I always took a nap in the afternoon, and Fritz formed the same habit, generally betaking himself to his calla or geranium soon after we lay down, and often, in the short winter afternoons, refusing to wake up again until the next morning, though sometimes when we rose and dressed he would come out and fly around again. I often wondered how he could remain without food or drink from early in the afternoon of one day till the next morning. He did not like to have us lie down, because he was lonely, and would hop on our faces and try to pick our eyes open.

He had one habit, when going to roost, which showed to a remarkable extent the strength of instinct. Before selecting his favorite spot in the calla or geranium, he would make a careful examination of the whole plant, going over it, and looking everywhere to see that there were no enemies lurking about. It was pretty to see him peering up over the broad calla-leaves, searching for burglars before he could finally settle down for the night. When once he had done this he resented being disturbed, and if a finger were pointed at him, his outstretched wings and wide-opened bill made him look like a little embodiment of fury, while he would snap in what he meant for a very savage manner. I always put him into the cage when I went to my room at night, and was often amused at the sleepy gravity with which he would climb slowly up into the ring from my hand, and then settle down again to his broken slumbers.

An exception to the usual rule with regard to pets, Fritz came to no untimely end. He was neither caught by a cat, nor crushed in a door, nor forgotten and left to starve slowly to death. I know nothing of him that was not beautiful and happy. And when the soft days of the last of May came, and his bright little golden brothers and sisters came flitting about his cage, and calling to him; when, in spite of his education, nature stirred so strongly within him that he struggled and beat against the bars and longed to be out with them, I could not find in my heart to keep him a captive longer. I bade him good-bye one bright morning, and he flew from my finger out into the bloom and beauty of the opening summer. I hoped he would remember me, and sometimes come back and visit me, but though I kept his cage out, and watched and called for him, he never returned, and I never saw him after. New-found liberty was too sweet to be risked again.

FARRAGUT.

After life's long watch and ward
Sleep, great Sailor, while the bard
Chants your daring. When, of late,
Tempest shook the Bark of State,
Fierce and deadly, throe on throe,
Horrid with a phosphor-glow,
And the mountains rearing gray
Smote her reeling on her way—

Day and night who stood a guard,
Steadfast aye for watch and ward?
You, great Pilot, who were made
Quick and cautious, bold and staid;
Like Decatur, Perry, Jones,
Mastering men with trumpet tones.
How you met your land's appeal
Knows New Orleans, knows Mobile.

Slumber, free from watch or ward,
Dweller deep in grassy yard
Of still billows! Keep your berth
Narrow in the quiet earth!
As of old the North star shines,
Heaven displays the ancient signs,
On the Ship drives, sure and slow,
Though the Captain sleeps below.

Only sleeps upon his sword;
Slumber earned by watch and ward;
For if timbers crack, and helm
Fail her, and a sea o'erwhelm,
Then his Spirit shall inform
Some new queller of the storm,
Who shall bring, though stars are pale,
The Bark in safety through the gale.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE story of Lord Beaconsfield's career has been related with abundance of Oriental tropes, and at bottom it is no story at all. It is a record of deeds wrought where all might see them, and stated where all might read them. Of the man who wrought them, of the methods he used to attain his ends, of his hopes, loves, and inmost thoughts, it virtually tells us nothing. It has a fascination for the ambitious, the timid, the poor in spirit.

"Tell us," they cried, "how we, too, may become great. Point out to us the road that led you to fame."

And the Sphinx replied:

"I was a Jew, and became Prime Minister of England. I enlisted with the party of stupidity and stagnation, and taught it to pluck success from defeat. My acquirements were those of a fashionable novelist, and I bent to my will the most learned men in Europe. My fortune was small and I controlled the markets of the world. I had no strong convictions, few warm affections, and I gathered together a devoted band of followers. There is the secret of my success."

Is it, then, worth studying—this life which Lord Beaconsfield so studiously veiled from public gaze? He professed himself indifferent to popular opinion. He was at no pains to correct, even if he saw, the "pen-pictures" of gossiping journalists and curious travelers. He suffered his flowered waistcoat and patent-leather pumps to pass into history, and to this day there are ingenious Germans who evolve his career out of "Tancred" and "Coningsby," and who believe he conducted his diplomatic negotiations on the principles set forth in "Alarcos: a Tragedy." Many people have been persuaded that he sat down at twenty-five to write out the programme of his life, as a diner would write out his bill of fare, and that everything was forthwith served to him as he ordered it. Mr. Wyndham Lewis died, and he married the rich widow; Sir Robert Peel died, and his reputation for statecraft was vindicated; Lord Derby resigned, and he succeeded to office. Those who believe this fable should look at Lord Beaconsfield's face. There are no signs of a life easily spent or a fortune lightly won in the awful hollows of his cheeks, the deep wrinkles of his forehead, and the ghastly yellow of his skin. If there can be physical evidences of close thought and concentrated labor, they are here. If the gospel of work is anywhere preached in literature, it is in the romances of Lord Beaconsfield. "Fear not, faint not, falter not," says the Angel of Arabia to Tancred. That was the author's rule of life. *Forti nihil difficile* was his motto.

The magic of patience which he at one time prescribed for Ireland he began by prescribing for himself. In the outset of his career his temper was by no means equable. His attack on Mr. Austin involved him in a libel suit; his onslaught on O'Connell covered him with ridicule; his defiance of the "Pope's Brass Band" brought his first speech in Parliament to an impotent conclusion. He set himself to acquire the "talent of silence." He submitted to a discipline so severe that, in after years, he never failed to exhibit the most intrepid spirit under the stress of evil fortune. He determined to play at politics as coolly as though he were playing whist or chess, and to see in them nothing else than a game. He cared little on which side of the table he sat. He went over to the Tories because he believed that they held the best cards. Having been hailed by them as the savior of society, he was content to receive their plaudits and made no effort to justify his allegiance. Although he was never tired of declaring that the Tories were the historic party of Great Britain, he knew that among them he had no inheritance, and that literature, as he said, was his only scutcheon. He left to others the task of making his excuses, and of proclaiming that he had been led to the antique splendors of the party by his artistic sensibility and the warmth of his imagination.

It may be doubted whether Lord Beaconsfield had any artistic sensibility, any warmth of imagination. There is no evidence of either in his recorded speeches. Events that thrilled the world neither stirred him to eloquence nor suffused the glow of feeling over his rhetoric. The sympathy which he is reported to have given to the American Union in the Civil War found no adequate expression in his oratory. "Far be it from me, here or elsewhere," he said, "to use any phrase which could be offensive to either of the parties in that country who are embarked in that fearful and unprecedented struggle which is now going on.

But whatever happens there, it may be said that they have certainly increased our confidence in the energy of human nature, and that is a great exploit to have performed." Could a more vapid comment have been made? Hear what follows: "I think," he continued, "that we must all feel that their history has taught us that for a powerful and enduring community something else is wanted than confidence in human nature. I think that Englishmen cannot but remember at this moment that while those who have preceded us have achieved as great results as ever were accomplished in America, our predecessors did establish this state and this society upon sounder and truer principles. Happy the land where freedom and reverence go hand in hand, and proud may Englishmen be at this moment when experience has proved in so transcendent a manner that we have solved the most difficult problem in politics, and have combined not only freedom with order, but progress with tradition. This has been the source of our strength, and though it does not become us to proclaim it in a violent manner to Americans, yet while we treat them with all respect in this fearful struggle, let us, as Englishmen, be proud of that strong society of which we are members, and the strength of which can only be attributed to the wisdom of the principle on which it is established." The complacency of this statement, which, in the presence of the Irish land-war, might be exactly reversed to-day, would seem to have sprung, not from excess of patriotism, but from lack of imagination. When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, the generous sympathy of Emilio Castelar inspired one of the most magnificent orations of the century. Benjamin Disraeli could find nothing better to say than this: "When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and consequences of such deeds. Assassination has never changed the history of the world"; with references to the "costly sacrifice of a Cæsar," and glib quotations about Henri IV. and the Prince of Orange, and other flowers from the hot-house of newspaper leader-writers.

Nor is it the imaginative quality that shines in his novels. They are master-works of the Turkey-carpet school of writing. Like all writers who lack creative power, their author tries to hide the defect beneath a splendor of embellishment. The result is that, apart from their wit and knowledge of the world, they differ in no material respect from the romances of Ouida. Lothair, with his retinue of princes, cardinals, and pashas, comes from the same work-shop as "Puck" and "Tricotrin." Endymion Ferrars is as gorgeous a figment as "Strathmore." The hero who offers his lady "the very pearls worn by the Queen of Cyprus"; the diplomatists who "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee"; the huntsmen who are "brave even to brutality"; the dukes who train their own horses and win the Derby; the opera-singers whose relatives are "Princes of Samos and descendents of the Greek emperors"; the marquesses who die and are entombed in alabaster;—might all owe their existence to the authoress of "Under Two Flags." The personalities which Lord Beaconsfield so thinly veiled have been handled just as well by Mr. Mallock and other writers of university squibs. But his wit was distinctly his own. It was the only high literary quality that he possessed, and he made the most of it. He put down cavil with a joke. He answered criticism with a *mot*, an epigram, a shaft of irony.

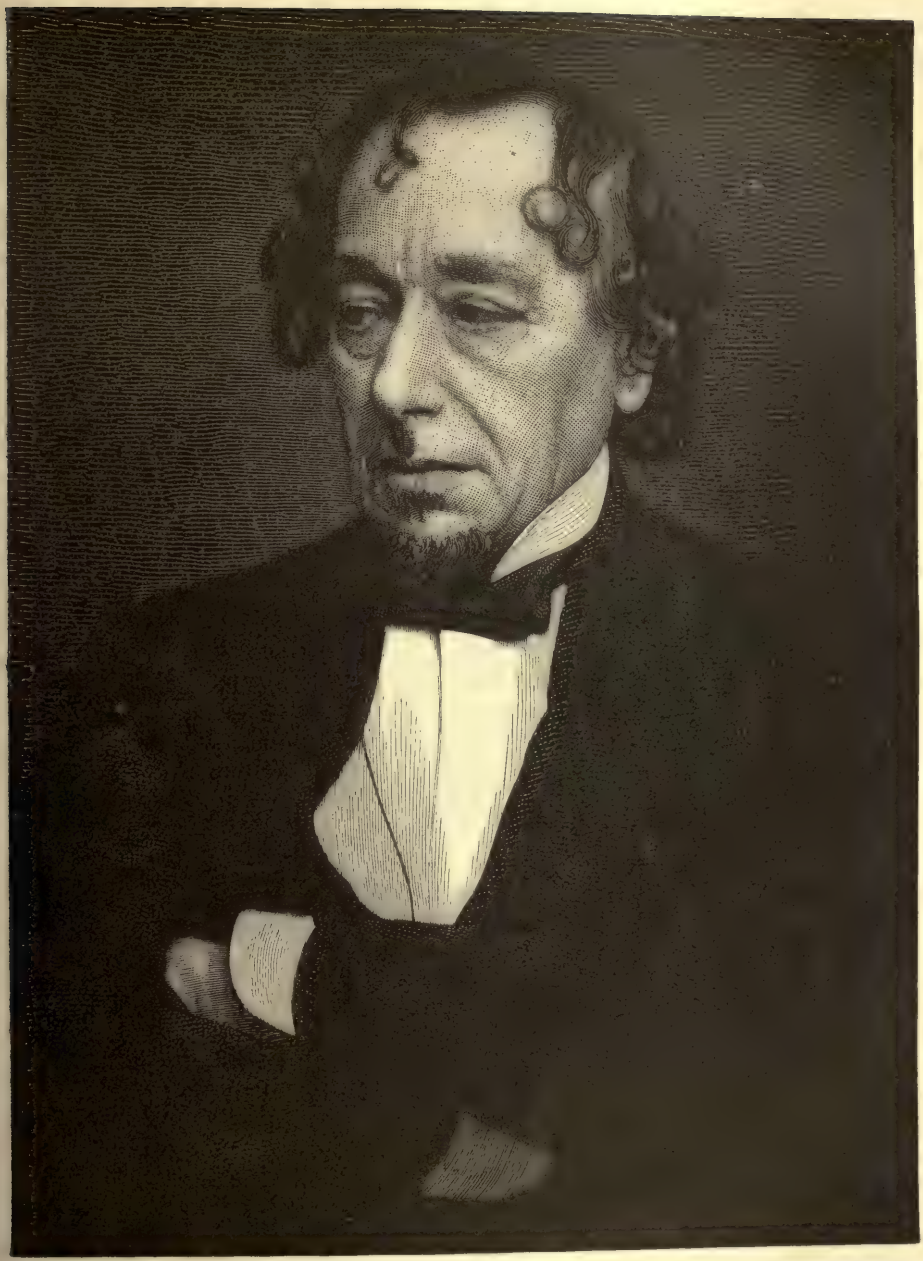
His allegiance to the Tories was due neither to his imagination nor to his wit. He never scrupled to laugh at an aristocracy which was "acred up to its chin and consolled up to its eyebrows." He did not share its prejudices or concern himself with its hopes. He saw that it stood in urgent need of organization, and he set himself to a task which no man but he could have undertaken. The patience which he devoted to it, the skill with which he used all changes of public opinion, the single-mindedness of his purpose and the thoroughness of its achievement, are the true moral of Lord Beaconsfield's life. He strove to form a new party under an old name, combining the progress of the Whigs with the prestige of the Tories. He had to be cautious at first, lest his faction should be frightened by his boldness. He knew that the Reform Bill of 1859 would overthrow him, but was not, at that time, in a position to amend it. He realized the absurdity of its "fancy franchises," whereby the privilege of voting was dependent on such qualifications as the possession of money in the funds or in a Government savings-bank, or the receipt of a pension for military, naval, or civil services, or a university degree, or the fact of being a minister of religion, a member of a learned profession, or a school-master. Although he

pretended that, under these circumstances, the representation would be a mirror of the mind of the country,—its agriculture, its manufacturing industry, its commerce, and its professional ability,—he knew at heart that it was a merely visionary scheme. He went out of office without regret, and with consummate wisdom and self-restraint remained silent for four years, feeling convinced that his party had now seen the folly of even appearing to distrust the people, and that they had thus learned the first lesson which he came to teach them. When the battle was renewed on a more popular basis in 1867, his followers were so thoroughly drilled that the most harassing attacks of the enemy failed to break their line, and the Whigs were triumphantly beaten with their own weapons.

Many efforts have been made to account for his success in disciplining a body with which he could have had so little sympathy. There is a popular tendency to regard it as a kind of witchcraft. It was the witchcraft of steadfast adherence to a deliberate purpose. He held the party in thrall by his wit, his audacity, his resoluteness. They dared not incur his wrath or brave his ridicule. The electors of Buckinghamshire regarded him as a kind of fetish. His electoral addresses were received with awe by the county. For thirty years, as Parliament succeeded Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone went in search of votes from borough to borough, Buckinghamshire never swerved in its fidelity to Benjamin Disraeli. It applauded all his actions before they were committed, and approved all his purposes before they were known. His electors took a personal pride in his career; his party found in it the reaction they sought from the fussiness and pretension of Peel. In both the Parliaments which he led, he was in this way enabled to withdraw himself from the little worries with which other statesmen were beset, and devote his whole attention to matters of high policy. What that policy was he revealed in somewhat commonplace language on the day of his entry into the Upper House. "Throughout my public life," he said, "I have aimed at two results. Not insensible to the principle of progress, I have endeavored to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength; and in external affairs I have endeavored to develop and strengthen our empire, believing that a combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of a people."

There is no reason to think that Lord Beaconsfield was insincere in this faith. It was long the fashion to accuse him of charlatanry and to assert that he constructed his imperial policy out of the utopian novels of his youth. Doubtless he knew that conservatism was not the creed of the future; that his effort to wed it with advancement must always place him in a somewhat ridiculous light; and that his best justification would be, not a mere party success, but a brilliant exploit accomplished before the world. That—in the opinion at least of a large part of his fellow-countrymen—he attained this end without injury to the public interests, is his highest title to fame. His negotiations in the Eastern question mark the zenith of modern diplomacy; his return from Berlin is the most memorable incident in his career. When the Bulgarian clamor had turned England against the Turks, and the aggressions of Russia were for the moment forgotten, he deftly steered his course between two noisy factions, neither coercing the Porte to please the one, nor relaxing his watch on the Czar to gratify the other. When Russia had crossed the Balkans and advanced on Adrianople, he stood calm amid the storm of passionate invective that raged around him. When the San Stefano treaty was published, and the least untoward event would have precipitated England into war, he at length made his masterly move. By summoning the native troops from India, he revealed an unsuspected source of British strength, gave reality to the imperial title which he had conferred on the queen, and restored Great Britain to the rank which she had suffered to be questioned.

His fall detracted nothing from his fame. His destiny was accomplished. He had reached an age when popularity meant nothing and the favors of the mob were lightly esteemed. He carried with him to the grave the secret of his strange career, and men can only guess at the means by which he arrived at the pinnacle of power. If he was ambitious, he did not build his fortune upon the ruin of others. If he involved his country in useless wars, he re-asserted principles which were the foundation of her prosperity. Readers of many countries will be disposed to say of him what Lord Bolingbroke, his exemplar, said of the Duke of Marlborough: "He was a great man and I have forgotten all his faults."



BEACONSFIELD

SOME NEW BERRIES.

THE BIDWELL STRAWBERRY. (NATURAL SIZE.)

A WISE selection of varieties is one of the chief secrets of success in small-fruit culture. The catalogues teem with candidates for favor for which such wonderful things are claimed that we seem on the eve of a revolution in fruit growing; but every year of experience renders me more conservative, and confirms my confidence in old friends—the standard varieties. At the same time I remember that these approved and well-tested kinds were once aspiring novelties, and that their persistent well-doing has made good in part, at least, the assertions of their enthusiastic originators. I also am satisfied that the future has richer prizes than the past has furnished, because greater skill and knowledge are enlisted in their production, and because the conditions of a finer outcome are more favorable. Throughout the country there

are many skilled horticulturists who are patiently seeking to attain results hitherto unequaled, and Nature, too, often takes a hand in the work, and gives us chance seedlings with preëminent good qualities, as, for instance, the Gregg Black-cap and Cuthbert raspberries. Since there can be no continued monopoly in these fruit prizes, the whole horticultural world is on the *qui vive* to discover them as early as possible. In this brief paper I will chiefly confine myself to the latest novelties in strawberries, for, among the other small fruits, few new things of much promise have been introduced since the appearance of my previous fruit papers.

The Marvin.—This is a new strawberry of which I had great hopes, and in which I proved my faith a year since by buying it liberally at twelve dollars per hundred. I am reluctantly compelled to say that I fear it will never become popular. It originated with Mr. Harry Marvin, of Ovid, Michigan, and is said to be a cross from the Wilson and Jucunda. This is an excellent parentage, as far as the fruit is concerned, and as far as I can judge from one year's experience, the fruit is first-class,—firm and handsome; but, as is well known, on certain soils the plants of neither the Wilson nor the Jucunda are vigorous growers, and in many localities their foliage tends to burn badly. I regret to say that on my place at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson the Marvin has developed these characteristics, and, side by side with many other kinds, exhibits a marked feebleness. That this defect is not confined to this locality, I learn from the Hale brothers, of Connecticut, who write me that, while the Marvin started out vigorously, it faltered during the hot weather, and that its foliage burned badly. This being true at the North, these evils would, in all probability, be exaggerated on the light soils of New Jersey and farther south. It was thought, last spring, that the Marvin was the coming new strawberry; but I must suggest caution in regard to it. If planted on heavy soils, thoroughly deepened and enriched, I think it may prove very profitable, for it is a large, very late, and very firm berry, well adapted to long carriage; but on light soils, and under ordinary culture, I do not think it will be remunerative, especially in the common matted-bed culture. I hope that further experience will show that I am mistaken. It is perfect-flowered.

The Bidwell.—I honestly believe that this is the coming new strawberry. I have fruited it for two years under unfavorable circumstances, and it has taken the lead of everything on my place. I obtained my stock from Mr. T. T. Lyon, President of the Michigan Pomological Society, who is one of the most careful and trustworthy horticulturists in the country, and his favorable opinion of it is a strong indorsement to start with. He wrote to me: "I regard the Bidwell as especially desirable on light soils. I have hardly seen enough of it on other soils to form a well-considered opinion. Its failure to color the tips of the berries is, to my apprehension, its greatest lack as a market berry." Every variety of fruit in existence has its faults, and the best varieties are simply those in which good qualities greatly overbalance defects. At the same time, I must say that I found no difficulty with green tips in the Bidwell. Giving them time, they ripened evenly into large, beautiful, bright-crimson berries,—the true strawberry hue,—and having a rich, firm, meaty character and a delicious flavor. That the Bidwell thrives on the coldest, heaviest land, I know from experience. Indeed, so great is its vigor that I think it will thrive on any land fairly capable of sustaining vegetation. Last year proved a severe test of all varieties along the Hudson, for we suffered from four prolonged droughts during which many of our best kinds faltered; the Bidwell, however, remained green and vigorous through them all, and not a leaf, to my knowledge, burned or scalded during the hot, dry weather. I therefore think it will prove as well adapted to Southern as to Northern culture. In season, it is early, if not among the earliest. This fact will make it more valuable in the South, and I think its firmness will adapt it to long carriage. It has been exceedingly productive on my place, and the plants naturally tend to produce large stools, or fruit-crowns, and thus it is peculiarly adapted to the narrow-row system of culture. It is perfect-flowered, and the plant sends out a long, vigorous pink runner.

I have some accounts of the Bidwell on the light soils of New Jersey, and it is there regarded as by far the best and most promising of the new varieties, showing no tendency to burn or scald. One observer writes me: "It was completely loaded with fine fruit of large size, and the plant itself would be an ornament of any garden. I measured one stool that was several feet in circumference." I can scarcely believe

THE GREGG BLACK-CAP RASPBERRY. (NATURAL SIZE.)

that this was one plant, and yet the "stooling-out" qualities of the variety are remarkable.

The Oliver Goldsmith.—This variety promises to approach the Bidwell closely in value. After two or three years' trial I thought so highly of it that I bought the entire stock of the originator. I have not yet tested it on a sufficient variety of soils to speak with confidence, but hope great things from it. It has thus far been exceedingly vigorous, and productive of large, deep-crimson, and good flavored berries. After another year's test I think I can learn its comparative worth. It is perfect-flowered.

The Shirts.—I have not fruited this variety, but shall do so in perfection the coming season. It is another Michigan berry, and in vigor and habit of growth it so closely resembled the Bidwell that I called Mr. Lyon's attention to the fact. He wrote to me as follows: "I had not noticed a special similarity between the Shirts and the Bidwell, although they do not differ greatly

THE SENECA QUEEN. (NATURAL SIZE.)

in growth with me on a sandy loam. The Bidwell is a taller and stronger plant; both berries are long-conical in form, but the Bidwell is usually the longer. They differ essentially in color, the Shirts being much the darker berry, also I think more inclined to become distorted and cockscombed in form. In flavor I think the Bidwell is milder, and I think it is a firmer berry. The Shirts is higher flavored and richer."

The Shirts was received late in the season, and the plants were so injured by long carriage that I doubted whether they would live, especially as the long drought of May had already set in; but such was the native vigor of the variety that it not only grew but took entire possession of the ground, and the original plants, so far from exhausting themselves by their numerous runners, developed into enormous stools, some of which produced very fine berries last fall. I am so favorably impressed by this newcomer that I shall plant it largely this spring. It is perfect-flowered.

The Triple Crown.—This berry has been steadily winning my attention and favor. Its superb flavor is one of its chief attractions, and this is a prime quality in a strawberry. It is almost as solid as an apple, and yet when ripe very juicy and exceedingly rich. It therefore is an excellent berry for canning. It is a very dark crimson, from medium to large in size, and improves greatly under high culture. It has proved very vigorous and productive on my place. Its great firmness adapts it to long carriage, but its juiciness tends to cause it to decay after being picked, if

exposed to heat and close air. I regard it as so promising that I am planting it largely. It is medium in season and perfect-flowered.

The Red Jacket.—This variety is justly winning much favor as an early berry and, unless it develops weaknesses, will soon become a general favorite. It is very hardy and vigorous, the fruit is most abundant, early, and of a sprightly aromatic flavor suggesting the wild strawberry. It has proved soft with me for long carriage, but its delicious flavor and its productiveness should secure its general trial in the home garden. It is perfect-flowered.

The Longfellow.—This is a much-heralded variety from Kentucky, a region that has given us some of our finest varieties, as, for instance, the Charles Downing and the Kentucky. After one year's test I cannot predict a brilliant future for the Longfellow in this part of the world. Planted side by side with many other novelties, and on a rich, moist loam, it proved a very feeble grower, and both plants and fruit were prone to scald in the sun. I am able to grow many of the best foreign kinds successfully, and I have not much hope of a native berry that cannot hold its own beside them. There must be something in its native region peculiarly favorable to this variety. With me the fruit was firm, but poor and insipid in flavor.

The Warren, sent out by the same gentleman, and planted by the side of the Longfellow, proved far superior. It is a vigorous grower, fairly productive of large, obtusely conical berries that were of good flavor, though rather soft for market. I regard it as well worthy of further trial, and should not be at all surprised if it won its way to general popularity. As Mr. Webb, the originator, claims, it endures drought remarkably well, maintaining constant growth and healthful foliage. It is perfect-flowered.

The Hervey Davis.—I consider this a valuable strawberry for heavy soils and Northern culture. It was sent out by Mr. John B. Moore, of Concord, Mass., and is by far the best of his seedlings that I have seen. It is large under good treatment, firm, of good flavor, and of a beautiful glossy or glazed appearance. It is quite as handsome as the Jucunda, and, I think, could be made more profitable in many localities. It is perfect-flowered.

The Seneca Queen.—This is a remarkable berry, for it is almost black when fully ripe. It has proved enormously productive with me, and the fruit averaged large. Every one exclaims at its appearance. It is well worth a place among novelties, and I should not be surprised if its productiveness secured it considerable popularity. It is not rich in flavor, and its dark color would probably be against it in the market.

The Crystal City.—This is the earliest of strawberries: its season is nearly over by the first of June. Apart from this quality it has little value, and is scarcely more productive than the ordinary wild strawberry, which it closely resembles. It is too soft for market. Those who wish to make the season of this favorite fruit as long as possible can plant it on a sunny spot and pick berries from ten days to two weeks before the standards ripen. It is perfect-flowered.

The Memphis Late.—This, in contrast, the latest strawberry on my place, was much more productive and better flavored.

The Windsor Chief was sent out two or three years since as probably the most productive variety in existence. This claim may be true. Only the Bidwell surpassed it in productiveness last year, and whether it will continue to do this can be learned only after the test of years in widely separated localities. But I gravely doubt whether the Windsor Chief is a new variety, for the plants I obtained from the originator and from other sources were so entirely identical in flower, foliage, and fruit with the old standard kind—the Champion—that, for all practical purposes, it is the Champion. It is a pistillate, and requires to be grown near a perfect-flowered or bisexual kind. With proper treatment it is one of the most profitable strawberries, although rather soft for long carriage.

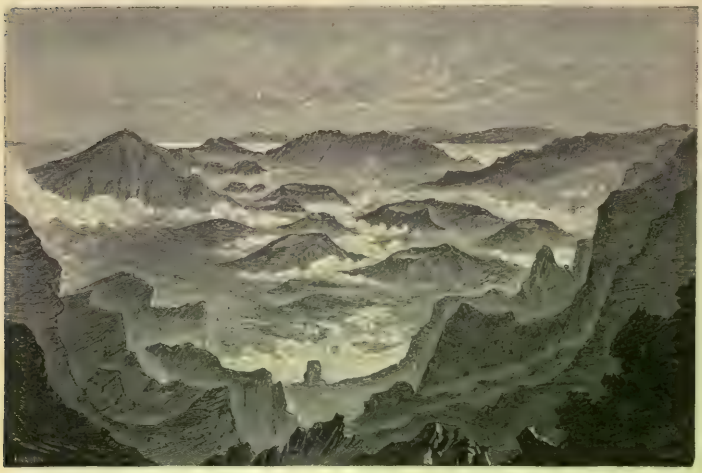
The Sharpless did admirably with me last year. It is said in some localities that it is not productive, and this, no doubt, is true, especially on light soil in matted beds. Few of the very large, showy kinds are productive under rough field-culture.

The Kirkwood, or Mount Vernon, is attracting much attention in New Jersey, and is probably a fine variety.

Among the raspberries, the Gregg as a black-cap, and the Cuthbert as the best large red variety for general cultivation, still take the lead. The illustration of the Gregg conveys to the reader a better idea of its appearance than any words of mine could do. There are several new blackberries, currants, and gooseberries, besides other strawberries, but their value is yet to be established.

THE LARGEST EXTINCT VOLCANO.

(AN ASCENT OF HALEAKALA.)



EXTINCT CRATER ON THE SUMMIT OF HALEAKALA, EAST MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

NEXT in interest to the active volcanoes of Hawaii is that vast crater known as Haleakala, "the house of the sun." It occupies the whole summit of East Maui, which is one vast mountain-dome, ten thousand feet in height, and is connected with West Maui by a low isthmus, which, as seen from the sea, presents an aspect of unmitigated and hideous barrenness, while the mountain itself, presenting a sky-line almost as unbroken as that of Mauna Loa (which always reminds me of the slope of a whale's back), gives small indication of the marvels which lie concealed within it.

I had coasted Maui on my way to Hawaii and felt repelled by the ghastly desolation of its lava-bound shores—vast flows of the roughest, blackest lava, as hard as iron—jutting into the sea and giving horrible suggestions of the fate that would await any luckless vessel that might be driven on to that cruel coast. Nor, as seen from the sea, did the land beyond appear more inviting. It seemed to be one vast cinder-heap, with groups of small craters mingling with the black bed of ancient lava streams, with small trace of any vegetation to soften the dreariness of the scene. What vegetation there was was the pale green of the giant cactus or prickly-pear—a shrub so weird and grotesque as to be well in keeping with the desolate surroundings.

It was to this uninviting scene that I was to return from the larger island of Hawaii, where for some time I had lingered at beautiful Hilo, attracted alike by the kindliness of its most pleasant and friendly inhabitants, and by its many beauties of river, sea, and land, especially the richness of its tropical vegetation, the disintegrated lava proving itself the most fertile of soils in this region of abundant moisture. It is only, however, in certain spots, few and far between, that Nature unassisted treats us to true bursts of tropical glory. At Honolulu, the first exclamation of every traveler is, "What a bower of green loveliness!" Some even complain that the houses are too much buried. Yet the older inhabitants will tell you that they recollect when there were but four trees on the settlement, and one elderly American lady, Mrs. Dominis, gave me a graphic account of how she began to make the very first garden at Honolulu, by preparing a tiny plot before her own window, and there attempting to strike some geranium cuttings—an attempt much discouraged by her husband, who assured her it was hopeless to attempt to make anything grow on such soil. Yet she lives to see that region of fine cinders converted into a flourishing town, where hundreds of happy homes are surrounded by beautiful flowers and

shaded by tall trees of many different species. Of Hilo much the same things may be said, except that in so small a community there has been less opportunity for culture, but the immense rain-fall renders the grateful soil even more willing to yield her very best.

The rain fell heavily on the morning of my departure, the 14th of November, and the surf was so heavy that we had some difficulty in getting into boats to go to the little coasting steamer. Freight landing was impossible, and had to be left till the return voyage, which, however, proved a good deal worse than this! Once beyond the surf, we found the sea very calm, and were able to admire the wonderful coast lying between Hilo and Laupahoehoe—a distance of thirty miles intersected by eighty-five streams, each in a deep gulch and all in flood. One can imagine that riders may sometimes meet with unpleasant adventures, when overtaken by sudden storm between these two points. Many of these streams fall over one or more precipitous cliffs, as they enter the sea; and the view obtained from the little steamer, which runs pretty close inshore, is unique and beautiful. From one point I counted twenty waterfalls simultaneously in sight, and none of them seemed more than a quarter of a mile from its neighbor.

On the following day the steamer touched at Kawaihai, a point from which we obtained an excellent view of the three great volcanic mountains of Hawaii—Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Mauna Hualalai. So far as the picturesque is concerned, it would be difficult to conceive a less attractive scene than the combination of these three dull curves. In spite of all efforts of imagination to realize that the two first were nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, and one of them a living volcano, the idea that would force itself uppermost was that of three stranded whales—not poetic, I admit.

A sail of twenty-four hours by steam-boat brought us back to the uninviting shores of West Maui, and here we landed on Maalea Bay, the dreariest and most repulsive-looking spot of all. The unpromising aspect of things brightened considerably when I found kind friends waiting to welcome me, and a choice of two pleasant homes as head-quarters. In such cases, selection is embarrassing, and the easiest solution seemed to be to devote a day to each. So my first night was spent with Mr. Cornwall, at Waikapu, in a house which, by contrast with its surroundings, is simply a paradise—a comfortable New England home in a lovely tropical garden, a true oasis in the midst of the dreary expanse of arid, disintegrated lava, which, however, only needs water to make it the most bountiful of soils. It took us about an hour to drive from Maalea to Waikapu, and we began to see some indications of the beauty which the inhabitants of Maui ascribe to their beloved isle. The mountain mass that seemed shapeless is rent by a series of deep gorges—each, we were told, a scene of bewildering beauty, both in rock-scenery and foliage. The wild waste of unproductive lava has been partially irrigated, and the barren wilderness now yields rich fields of sugar-cane. Very lovely were these green fields, with their tassels at once rosy and silvery, resembling the blossom of some giant grass. The fields are hedged with the prickly-pear, which here attains a great size, with stems upward of a foot in diameter, and becomes a very handsome though grotesque shrub.

Next day I moved on to Wailuku, where I received cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, two of the early missionaries. "Father" Alexander—as he is commonly called—is a noble old man of about seventy-five, hale and hearty, ready to turn his kind hand helpfully to whatever work may be required, from tracing a map to harnessing a carriage. From him, as from my friends in Hilo, I heard much that was intensely interesting concerning the early years in these islands; but one subject which, on Hawaii, is forever cropping up—namely, the wayward actions of the volcano—is here utterly lacking, for on Maui there is not the faintest suggestion of any living fire—no active crater, no solfataras, no mineral or warm springs, no steam jets. Indeed, the commonly accepted theory is that more than two thousand years have elapsed since the mighty outburst which shattered the huge mountain of Haleakala, blowing off its entire summit as the steam might blow off the lid of a kettle. And such a lid! For the mighty cauldron in which such forces worked is, by the lowest estimate, *twenty miles in circumference*, and upward of two thousand feet deep. It is a vast pit ten thousand feet above sea level. Looking up from the coast to the summit of that huge dome, we failed to discern the slightest dent which should betray the site of this vast crater.

Anxiously we watched the weather, dreading a renewal of last week's rain, and great

was our delight when the morning dawned clear and beautiful, revealing the summit of the mountain without a cloud. My companion on the expedition was a stalwart Yorkshireman—a man to whom all lands are familiar, and all forms of campaigning, from Crimean winters to Kaffrarian summers. A third friend accompanied us across the isthmus, a drive of ten or twelve miles, in an open carriage with a capital express team, which we hired at Wailuku. The weather was greatly in our favor, for here the slightest breath of wind raises such clouds of blinding sand as usually to make this part of the expedition a matter of dread. To-day all was calm. Our route lay partly along the sea-beach, the sea and distant hills were of a heavenly blue, while the near sand-hills were of every shade of vivid orange. On our way we crossed a great level plain of richest lava soil, which hitherto has been useless for lack of water, but now has been taken in hand by a sugar-growing company under the management of Mr. Spreckles. Already they have dug great ditches, and are carrying on irrigation on a large scale, and soon the plain will become one vast sugar-field. There is no regular road across the isthmus, so we followed devious cart-tracks, and prolonged our distance considerably by going to Haiku, the plantation of Mr. S. T. Alexander, some miles out of the direct course, Makawao being the nearest starting point for the ascent. Both are sugar districts—indeed, the cane appears to be the one object of cultivation in all this region. At Haiku we found a native with horses to hire, and a store where we were able to lay in provisions, with which we filled saddle-bags lent us for the purpose. Two natives accompanied us as guides and helpers.

The sky had become overcast, and dark, lowering clouds told of the coming rain-storm. Indeed, heavy drops were falling before we started. However, there was nothing for it but to push on, and make the best of it. Soon the rain fell in torrents; the roads were so heavy and so slippery that the horses could make no way, and the sun had set before we reached Olinda—a pleasant mountain-house in summer, but now closed for the winter. The house had, however, been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Alexander, and the key committed to our care, so it was not long before we had kindled a fire and commenced the task of drying our saturated garments—a process which occupied us all till midnight. This was a bad preparation for the early start, which is one of the essentials in ascending this mountain, as, soon after sunrise, dense mists are apt to rise, which blot out the whole landscape. For this reason the wiser travelers are those who, ascending from Makawao, make their arrangements for a night of camping out, which means sleeping in a large lava bubble that forms a cave, less than a mile from the summit. Those who prefer starting from Olinda endeavor to be in the saddle by about two A. M., so as to reach the summit before sunrise, but we were far too weary to dream of such a thing. About six A. M. it suddenly cleared, and we hastened to prepare for the ascent. Fortunately, it is so gradual that there is not the slightest difficulty in riding the whole way. We passed a belt of pretty timber, and then rode over immense fields of wild strawberries, which unluckily were not in season. Ohelos and Cape gooseberries also abound.

Three hours' steady ascent brought us to the lava bubble, where we saw evident traces of previous camping parties, and where our guide left us, while we filled our water-bottle at a spring a little further along the mountain-side. One mile more brought us to the summit. Alas! the whole crater was veiled with one dense sheet of white mist; nothing was visible save the rock-wall, on the summit of which we stood. Hour after hour we sat patiently watching that fleecy white sea, curling and writhing—now opening a break which gave us a glimpse of the far-distant mountains of Hawaii, and then of the coast ten thousand feet below us. Anon, as if a curtain were drawn aside, we had a momentary glimpse of a group of the cones, or rather secondary craters, rising from the bed of the great crater which lay extended at a depth of nearly half a mile below us—one, at least, of these cones attaining a height of seven hundred and fifty feet. There are sixteen of these minor craters, which elsewhere would pass as average hills, but which here seem mere hillocks. Most of them are of very red lava, which has quite a fiery appearance in contrast with the blue-gray lava which forms the bed of the crater, and which is here and there tinged with vegetation. Indeed, we could discern tiny dots which we were assured were quite large trees, and at the further side there is fair camping-ground in the bed of the crater, with two springs of good fresh water, where Professor W. D. Alexander told me he had spent a considerable time, while preparing

his admirable map of the crater. At certain spots is found a beautiful plant, known as the silver sword, which has the appearance of being made of finely wrought silver, and bears a blossom like a purple sunflower.

I had brought my largest sketching-block, determined to secure a careful drawing of this unique scene; but for hours my hopes seemed doomed to disappointment. All I could do was to sit with the paper before me, and, having outlined the near cliffs, fill in the rest of the scene, piecemeal, as it revealed itself, keeping a sheet of water-proof thrown over my paper to protect it from the mist. Thus patiently I watched for six long hours, and it was not till just before the moment which we had decided must be that of our return, that a kindly breeze sprang up, and revealed the scene more completely than during all the previous hours. It was scant time for work, but I made the most of it, and succeeded in carrying away a very fair suggestion of this, the vastest crater in the known world. Having thus delayed till the last moment, we had to hurry on our downward road, the track being very rough and unsafe after dark. Happily, we made such good time that we reached the strawberry-fields by daylight, and were able to cross them at a hard canter, and so reached Olinda by dark.

The following morning was clear and beautiful, and, from the high ground where we stood, we overlooked the broad isthmus outspread below us, already showing patches of bright green on the new sugar-lands, and with the bluest sea on either side; moreover, we could distinguish every detail of the hills beyond, as well as the further isles. A very lovely three hours' ride brought us to Makawao, where the governor of the island was awaiting our return We were cordially welcomed by one of the principal sugar-planters, who showed us all over his sugar-mill, and explained all the details of manufacture, including carrying, crushing, boiling, refining, cooling the sirup in great tanks,—in short, all the processes by which, in one day, the growing cane is transformed into pure white sugar. The refuse molasses is then boiled again, but a longer time is required to reduce to second sugar, and still longer to obtain a third quality. The crushed cane is left dry as tinder, and is used as fuel for the great oven. Whenever water is available on these plantations, the canes are carried down from the upper grounds in flumes, which float them right into the crushing-mill; and occasionally the workmen themselves take passage in this strange water-carriage, letting the stream carry them down. I heard of one young couple who thus made their wedding trip to the coast.

After luncheon we started on our return drive across the isthmus to Wailuku, halting to eat prickly-pears, gathered and prepared by a handsome young native, who skillfully tossed the finest fruit from the upper branches. The natives are wonderfully expert in peeling this most thorny fruit, which no inexperienced hand dare venture to touch. Once opened, the interior is luscious and juicy, full of seeds like the guava, and of a rich magenta color. The fruit is most agreeable when scarcely ripe.

We reached Wailuka in a soaking rain, which continued all the following day. The next was fine; so, despite all warning about the danger of the fords, I determined to explore the far-famed Wailuku Valley, the beauty of which has been the theme of every visitor. The stream was much swollen, but the horses being strong and country bred, we managed to get safely over the first ford. The second ford we found altogether impassable, so swift a current, rolling down great stones, that it would have been dangerous even to attempt to swim the horses, so I was most reluctantly obliged to relinquish the attempt. Even what I did see of the valley was very lovely, but I was assured that it did not begin to be beautiful till we had passed the third ford, where vegetation seems to float in hanging mists of greenery, amid rock-castles and pinnacles of endless variety and grandeur.

Once more we stood on the black lava coast at Maalea, and reëmbarked on the little steamer *Like-Like* (so named after the king's sister). A few days later, at Honolulu, a crowd of most kind friends assembled on board the great steamer *Australia*, to bid me farewell. The Queen Kapiolani had sent gifts of flowers and fruit, and Queen Emma Kaleliokalaui had sent her ladies with *leis*—*i. e.*, necklaces of bright blossoms—to wear around my hat and shoulders. Laden with these, and other keepsakes from the isles, and carrying away thence impressions of unbounded kindliness and many delightful memories, I bade, I fear, a long farewell to these sunny isles.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

I.

EVERY loyal American who went abroad during the first years of our great war felt bound to make himself some excuse for turning his back on his country in the hour of her trouble. But when Owen Elmore sailed, no one else seemed to think that he needed excuse. All his friends said it was the best thing for him to do; that he could have leisure and quiet over there, and would be able to go on with his work.

At the risk of giving a farcical effect to my narrative, I am obliged to confess that the work of which Elmore's friends spoke was a projected history of Venice. So many literary Americans have projected such a work that it may now fairly be regarded as a national enterprise. Elmore was too obscure to have been announced, in the usual way, by the newspapers, as having this design; but it was well known in his town that he was collecting materials when his professorship in the small inland college with which he was connected lapsed through the enlistment of nearly all the students. The president became colonel of the college regiment; and in parting with Elmore, while their boys waited on the campus without, he had said: "Now, Elmore, you must go on with your history of Venice. Go to Venice and collect your materials on the spot. We're coming through this all right. Mr. Seward puts it at sixty days, but I'll give them six months to lay down their arms, and we shall want you back at the end of the year. Don't you have any compunctions about going. I know how you feel; but it is perfectly right for you to keep out of it. Good-bye." They wrung each other's hands for the last time,—the president fell at Fort Donelson; but now Elmore followed him to the door, and when he appeared there one of the boyish captains shouted, "Three cheers for Professor Elmore!" and the president called for the tiger, and led it, whirling his cap round his head.

Elmore went back to his study, sick at heart. It grieved him that even these had not thought that he should go to the war, and that his inward struggle on that point had been idle so far as others were concerned. He had been quite earnest in the matter; he had once almost volunteered as a private soldier: he had consulted his doctor, who sternly discouraged him. He would have been truly glad of any accident that forced him into the ranks; but, as he used afterward to say, it was not his idea of soldiership to enlist for the hospital. At the distance of five hundred miles from the scene of hostilities, it was absurd to enter the Home Guard; and, after all, there were, even at first, some selfish people who went into the army, and some unselfish people who kept out of it. Elmore's bronchitis was a disorder which active service would undoubtedly have aggravated; as it was, he made a last effort to be of use to our Government as a bearer of dispatches. Failing such an appointment, he submitted to expatriation as he best could; and in Italy he fought for our cause against the English, whom he found everywhere all but in arms against us.

He sailed, in fine, with a very fair conscience.

"I should be perfectly at ease," he said to his wife, as the steamer dropped smoothly down to Sandy Hook, "if I were sure that I was not glad to be getting away."

"You are *not* glad," she answered.

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, with the weak persistence of a man willing that his wife should persuade him against his convictions; "I wish that I felt certain of it."

"You are too sick to go to the war; nobody expected you to go."

"I know that, and I can't say that I like it. As for being too sick, perhaps it's the part of a man to go if he dies on the way to the field. It would encourage the others," he added, smiling faintly.

She ignored the tint from Voltaire in replying:

"Nonsense! It would do no good at all; at any rate, it's too late now."

"Yes, it's too late now."

The sea-sickness which shortly followed formed a diversion from his accusing

thoughts. Each day of the voyage removed them further, and with the preoccupations of his first days in Europe, his travel to Italy, and his preparations for a long sojourn in Venice, they had softened to a pensive sense of self-sacrifice, which took a warmer or a cooler tinge, according as the news from home was good or bad.

II.

He lost no time in going to work in the Marcian Library, and he early applied to the Austrian authorities for leave to have transcripts made in the archives. The permission was negotiated by the American consul (then a young painter of the name of Ferris), who reported a mechanical facility on the part of the authorities,—as if, he said, they were used to obliging American historians of Venice. The foreign tyranny which cast a pathetic glamour over the romantic city had certainly not appeared to grudge such publicity as Elmore wished to give her heroic memories, though it was then at its most repressive period, and formed a check upon the whole life of the place. The tears were hardly yet dry in the despairing eyes that had seen the French fleet sail away from the Lido, after Solferino, without firing a shot in behalf of Venice; but Lombardy, the Duchies, the Sicilies, had all passed to Sardinia, and the Pope alone represented the old order of native despotism in Italy. At Venice the Germans seemed tranquilly awaiting the change which should destroy their system with the rest; and in the meantime there had occurred one of those impressive pauses, as notable in the lives of nations as of men, when, after the occurrence of great events, the forces of action and endurance seem to be gathering themselves against the stress of the future. The quiet was almost consciously a truce, and not a peace; and this local calm had drawn into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally heightened the charm of the place. It was a refuge for many exiled potentates and pretenders; the gondolier pointed out on the Grand Canal the palaces of the Count of Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, and the Infante of Spain; and one met these fallen princes in the squares and streets, bowing with distinct courtesy to any that chose to salute them. Every evening the Piazza San Marco was filled with the white coats of the Austrian officers, promenading to the exquisite military music, which has ceased there forever; the patrol clanked through the footways at all hours of the night, and the lagoon heard the cry of the sentinel from fort to fort, and from gun-boat to gun-boat. Through all this, the demonstration of the patriots went on, silent, ceaseless, implacable, annulling every alien effort at gayety, depopulating the theaters, and desolating the ancient holidays.

There was something very fine in this as a spectacle, Elmore said to his young wife; and he had to admire the austere self-denial of a people who would not suffer their tyrants to see them happy; but they secretly owned to each other that it was fatiguing. Soon after coming to Venice, they had made some acquaintance among the Italians through Mr. Ferris, and had early learned that the condition of knowing Venetians was not to know Austrians. It was easy and natural for them to submit, theoretically. As Americans, they must respond to any impulse for freedom, and certainly they could have no sympathy with such a system as that of Austria. By whatever was sacred in our own war upon slavery, they were bound to abhor oppression in every form. But it was hard to make the application of their hatred to the amiable-looking people whom they saw everywhere around them in the quality of tyrants, especially when their Venetian friends confessed that personally they liked the Austrians. Besides, if the whole truth must be told, the Elmores found that their friendship with the Italians was not always of the most penetrating sort, though it had a superficial intensity that for a while gave the effect of lasting cordiality. The Elmores were not quite able to decide whether the pause of feeling at which they arrived was through their own defect or not. Much was to be laid to the difference of race, religion, and education; but something, they feared, to the personal vapidity of acquaintances whose meridional liveliness made them yawn, and in whose society they did not always find compensation for the sacrifices they made for it.

"But it is right," said Elmore. "It would be a sort of treason to associate with the Austrians. We owe it to the Venetians to let them see that our feelings are with them."

"Yes," said his wife, pensively.

"And it is better for us, as Americans abroad, during this war, to be retired."

"Well, we are retired," said Mrs. Elmore.

"Yes, there is no doubt of that," he returned.

They laughed, and made what they could of chance American acquaintances at the *caffès*. Elmore had his history to occupy him, and doubtless he could not understand how heavy the time hung upon his wife's hands. They went often to the theater, and every evening they went to the Piazza, and ate an ice at Florian's. This was certainly amusement; and routine was so pleasant to his scholarly temperament that he enjoyed merely that. He made a point of admitting his wife as much as possible into his intellectual life; he read her his notes as fast as he made them, and he consulted her upon the management of his theme, which, as his research extended, he found so vast that he was forced to decide upon a much lighter treatment than he had at first intended. He had resolved upon a history which should be presented in a series of biographical studies, and he was so much interested in this conclusion, and so charmed with the advantages of the form as they developed themselves, that he began to lose the sense of social dullness, and ceased to imagine it in his wife.

A sort of indolence of the sensibilities, in fact, enabled him to endure *ennui* that made her frantic, and he was often deeply bored without knowing it at the time, or without a reasoned suffering. He suffered as a child suffers, simply, almost ignorantly: it was upon reflection that his nerves began to quiver with retroactive anguish. He was also able to idealize the situation when his wife no longer even wished to do so. His fancy cast a poetry about these Venetian friends, whose conversation displayed the occasional sparkle of Ollendorff-English on a dark ground of lagoon-Italian, and whose vivid smiling and gesticulation she wearied herself in hospitable efforts to outdo. To his eyes their historic past clothed them with its interest, and the long patience of their hope and hatred under foreign rule ennobled them, while to hers they were too often only tiresome visitors, whose powers of silence and of eloquence were alike to be dreaded. It did not console her as it did her husband to reflect that they probably bored the Italians as much in their turn. When a young man, very sympathetic for literature and the Americans, spent an evening, as it seemed to her, in crying nothing but "*Per Bacco!*" she owned that she liked better his oppressor, who once came by chance in the figure of a young lieutenant, and who unbuckled his wife, as he called his sword, and, putting her in a corner, sat up on a chair in the middle of the room and sang like a bird, and then told ghost-stories. The songs were out of Heine, and they reminded her of her girlish enthusiasm for German. Elmore was troubled at the lieutenant's visit, and feared it would cost them all their Italian friends; but she said boldly that she did not care; and she never even tried to believe that the life they saw in Venice was comparable to that of their little college town at home, with its teas and picnics, and simple, easy, social gayeties. There she had been a power in her way; she had entertained, and had helped to make some matches: but the Venetians ate nothing, and as for young people, they never saw each other but by stealth, and their matches were made by their parents on a money basis. She could not adapt herself to this foreign life; it puzzled her, and her husband's conformity seemed to estrange them, as far as it went. It took away her spirit, and she grew listless and dull. Even the history began to lose its interest in her eyes: she doubted if the annals of such a people as she saw about her could ever be popular.

There were other things to make them melancholy in their exile. The war at home was going badly, where it was going at all. The letters now never spoke of any term to it; they expressed rather the dogged patience of the time when it seemed as if there could be no end, and indicated that the country had settled into shape about it, and was pushing forward its other affairs as if the war did not exist. Mrs. Elmore felt that the America which she had left had ceased to be. The letters were almost less a pleasure than a pain, but she always tore them open and read them with eager unhappiness. There were miserable intervals of days and even weeks when no letters came, and when the Reuter telegrams in the "Gazette" of Venice dribbled their vitriolic news of Northern disaster through a few words or lines, and "Galignani's" long columns were filled with the hostile exultation and prophecy of the London press.

III.

They had passed eighteen months of this sort of life in Venice when one day a letter dropped into it which sent a thousand

ripples over its stagnant surface. Mrs. Elmore read it first to herself, with gasps and cries of pleasure and astonishment, which did not divert her husband from the perusal of some notes he had made the day before, and had brought to the breakfast-table with the intention of amusing her. When she flattened it out over his notes, and exacted his attention, he turned an unwilling and lack-luster eye upon it; then he looked up at her.

"Did you expect she would come?" he asked, in ill-masked dismay.

"I don't suppose they had any idea of it at first. When Sue wrote me that Lily had been studying too hard, and had to be taken out of school, I said that I wished she could come over and pay us a visit. But I don't believe they dreamed of letting her—Sue says so—till the Mortons' coming seemed too good a chance to be lost. I am so glad of it, Owen! You know how much they have always done for me: and here is a chance now to pay a little of it back."

"What in the world shall we do with her?" he asked.

"Do? Everything! Why, Owen," she urged, with pathetic recognition of his coldness, "she is Susy Stevens's own sister!"

"Oh, yes—yes," he admitted.

"And it was Susy who brought us together!"

"Why, of course."

"And oughtn't you to be glad of the opportunity?"

"I *am* glad—*very* glad."

"It will be a relief to you instead of a care. She's such a bright, intelligent girl that we can both sympathize with your work, and you wont have to go round with me all the time, and I can matronize her myself."

"I see, I see," Elmore replied, with scarcely abated seriousness. "Perhaps, if she is coming here for her health, she wont need much matronizing."

"Oh, pshaw! she'll be well enough for *that*. She's overdone a little at school. I shall take good care of her, I can tell you; and I shall make her have a real good time. It's quite flattering of Susy to trust her to us, so far away, and I shall write and tell her we both think so."

"Yes," said Elmore, "it's a fearful responsibility."

There are instances of the persistence of husbands in certain moods or points of view on which even wheedling has no effect. The wise woman perceives that in these cases she must trust entirely to the softening influences of time, and as much as possible she changes the subject; or, if this is impossible, she may hope something from presenting a still worse aspect of the affair. Mrs. Elmore said, in lifting the letter from the table:

"If she sailed on the 3d, in the *City of Timbuctoo*, she will be at Queenstown on the 12th or 13th, and we shall have a letter from her by Wednesday, saying when she will be at Genoa. That's as far as the Mortons can bring her, and there's where we must meet her."

"Meet her in Genoa! How?"

"By going there for her," replied Mrs. Elmore, as if this were the simplest thing in the world. "I have never seen Genoa."

Elmore now tacitly abandoned himself to his fate. His wife continued:

"I needn't take anything. Merely run on, and right back."

"When must we go?" he asked.

"I don't know yet; but we shall have a letter to-morrow. Don't worry on my account, Owen. Her coming wont be a bit of care to me. It will give me something to do and to think about, and it will be a pleasure all the time to know that it's for Susy Stevens. And I shall like the companionship."

Elmore looked at his wife in surprise, for it had not occurred to him before that with his company she could desire any other companionship. He desired none but hers; and when he was about his work he often thought of her. He supposed that at these moments she thought of him, and found society, as he did, in such thoughts. But he was not a jealous or exacting man, and he said nothing. His treatment of the approaching visit from Susy Stevens's sister had not been enthusiastic, but a spark had kindled his imagination, and it burned warmer and brighter as the days went by. He found a charm in the thought of having this fresh young life here in his charge, and of teaching the girl to live into the great and beautiful history of the city: there was still much of the school-master in him, and he intended to make her sojourn an education to her; and as a literary man he hoped for novel effects from her mind upon material which he was above all trying to set in a new light before himself.

When the time had arrived for them to go and meet Miss Mayhew at Genoa, he was more than reconciled to the necessity. But at the last moment, Mrs. Elmore had one of her old attacks. What these attacks were

I find myself unable to specify, but as every lady has an old attack of some kind, I may safely leave their precise nature to conjecture. It is enough that they were of a nervous character, that they were accompanied with headache, and that they prostrated her for several days. During their continuance she required the active sympathy and constant presence of her husband, whose devotion was then exemplary, and brought up long arrears of indebtedness in that way.

"Well, what shall we do?" he asked, as he sank into a chair beside the lounge on which Mrs. Elmore lay, her eyes closed, and a slice of lemon placed on each of her throbbing temples with the effect of some new sort of blinders. "Shall I go alone for her?"

She gave his hand the kind of convulsive clutch that signified, "Impossible for you to leave me."

He reflected.

"The Mortons will be pushing on to Leghorn, and somebody *must* meet her. How would it do for Mr. Hoskins to go?"

Mrs. Elmore responded with a clutch tantamount to "Horrors! How could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, then," he said, "the only thing we can do is to send a *valet de place* for her. We can send old Cazzi. He's the incarnation of respectability; five francs a day and his expenses will buy all the virtues of him. She'll come as safely with him as with me."

Mrs. Elmore had applied a vividly thoughtful pressure to her husband's hand; she now released it in token of assent, and he rose.

"But don't be gone long," she whispered.

On his way to the *caffè* which Cazzi frequented, Elmore fell in with the consul.

By this time a change had taken place in the consular office. Mr. Ferris, some months before, had suddenly thrown up his charge and gone home; and after the customary interval of ship-chandler, the California sculptor, Hoskins, had arrived out, with his commission in his pocket, and had set up his allegorical figure of The Pacific Slope in the room where Ferris had painted his too metaphysical conception of a Venetian Priest. Mrs. Elmore had never liked Ferris; she thought him cynical and opinionated, and she believed that he had not behaved quite well toward a young American lady,—a Miss Vervain, who had staid a while in Venice with her mother. She was glad to have him go; but she could not admire Mr. Hoskins, who, however good-natured, was too hopelessly Western. He had had part of one foot shot away in the nine months' service, and walked with a limp that did him honor; and he knew as much of a consul's business as any of the authors or artists with whom it is the tradition to fill that office at Venice. Besides, he was at least a fellow-American, and Elmore could not forbear telling him the trouble he was in: a young girl coming from their town in America as far as Genoa with friends, and expecting to be met there by the Elmores, with whom she was to pass some months; Mrs. Elmore utterly prostrated by one of her old attacks, and he unable to leave her, or to take her with him to Genoa; the friends with whom Miss Mayhew traveled unable to bring her to Venice; she, of course, unable to come alone. The case deepened and darkened in Elmore's view as he unfolded it.

"Why," cried the consul, sympathetically, "if I could leave my post, I'd go!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Elmore, eagerly, remembering his wife. "I couldn't think of letting you."

"Look here!" said the consul, taking an official letter, with the seal broken, from his pocket. "This is the first time I couldn't have left my post without distinct advantage to the public interests, since I have been here. But with this letter from Turin, telling me to be on the lookout for the *Alabama*, I couldn't go to Genoa, even to meet a young lady. The Austrians have never recognized the rebels as belligerents: if she enters the port of Venice, all I've got to do is to require the deposit of her papers with me, and then I should like to see her get out again. I should like to capture her. Of course, I don't mean Miss Mayhew," said the consul, recognizing the double sense in which his language could be taken.

"It would be a great thing for you," said Elmore, —"a *great* thing."

"Yes, it would set me up in my own eyes, and stop that infernal clatter inside about going over and taking a hand again."

"Yes," Elmore assented, with a twinge of the old shame. "I didn't know you had it, too."

"If I could capture the *Alabama*, I could afford to let the other fellows fight it out."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart," said Elmore, sadly, and he walked in silence beside the consul.

"Well," said the latter, with a laugh at Elmore's pensive rapture, "I'm as much obliged to you as if I had captured her.

I'll go up to the Piazza with you and see Cazzi."

The affair was easily arranged; Cazzi was made to feel, by the consul's intervention, that the shield of American sovereignty had been extended over the young girl whom he was to escort from Genoa, and two days later he arrived with her. Mrs. Elmore's attack was now passing off, and she was well enough to receive Miss Mayhew, half-recumbent on the sofa, where she had been prone till her arrival. It was pretty to see her fond greeting of the girl, and her joy in her presence as they sat down for the first long talk; and Elmore realized, even in his dreamy withdrawal, how much the bright, active spirit of his wife had suffered merely in the restriction of her English. Now, it was not only English they spoke, but that American variety of the language of which I hope we shall grow less and less ashamed; and not only this, but their parlance was characterized by local turns and accents which all came welcomely back to Mrs. Elmore, together with those still more intimate inflections which belonged to her own particular circle of friends in the little town of Patmos, New York. Lily Mayhew was, of course, not of her own set, being five or six years younger; but women, more easily than men, ignore the disparities of age between themselves and their juniors, and, in Susy Stevens's absence, it seemed a sort of tribute to her to establish her sister in the affection which Mrs. Elmore had so long cherished. Their friendship had been of such a thoroughly trusted sort on both sides that Mrs. Stevens (the memorably brilliant Sue Mayhew in her girlish days) had felt perfectly free to act upon Mrs. Elmore's invitation to let Lily come out to her; and here the child was, as much at home as if she had just walked into Mrs. Elmore's parlor out of her sister's house in Patmos.

IV.

They briefly dispatched the facts relating to Miss Mayhew's voyage and her journey to Genoa, and came as quickly as they could to all those things which Mrs. Elmore was thirsting to learn about the town and its people.

"Is it much changed? I suppose it is," she sighed. "The war changes everything."

"Oh, you don't notice the war much," said Miss Mayhew. "But Patmos *is* gay,—perfectly delightful. We've got one of the camps there now; and such times as the girls have with the officers! We have lots of fun getting up things for the Sanitary. Hops on the parade-ground at the camp, and going out to see the prisoners—you never saw such a place."

"The prisoners?" murmured Mrs. Elmore.

"Why, yes!" cried Lily, with a gay laugh. "Didn't you know that we had a prison-camp, too? Some of the Southerners look real nice. I pitied them," she added, with unabated gayety.

"Your sister wrote to me," said Mrs. Elmore; "but I couldn't realize it, I suppose, and so I forgot it."

"Yes," pursued Lily, "and Frank Halsey's in command. You would never know by the way he walks that he had a cork leg. Of course he can't dance, though, poor fellow. He's pale, and he's perfectly fascinating. So's Dick Burton, with his empty sleeve; he's one of the recruiting officers, and there's nobody so popular with the girls. You can't think how funny it is, Professor Elmore, to see the old college buildings used for barracks. Dick says it's much livelier than it was when he was a student there."

"I suppose it must be," dreamily assented the professor. "Does he find plenty of volunteers?"

"Well, you know," the young girl explained, "that the old style of volunteering is all over."

"No, I didn't know it."

"Yes. It's the bounties now that they rely upon, and they do say that it will come to the draft very soon. Some of the young men have gone to Canada. But everybody despises *them*. Oh, Mrs. Elmore, I should think you'd be so glad to have the professor off here, and honorably out of the way!"

"I'm *dis*honorably out of the way; I can never forgive myself for not going to the war," said Elmore.

"Why, how ridiculous!" cried Lily. "Nobody feels that way about it *now!* As Dick Burton says, we've come down to business. I tell you, when you see arms and legs off in every direction, and women going about in black, you don't feel that it's such a romantic thing any more. There are mighty few engagements now, Mrs. Elmore, when a regiment sets off; no presentation of revolvers in the town hall; and

some of the widows have got married again; and that I don't think *is* right. But what can they do, poor things? You remember Tom Friar's widow, Mrs. Elmore?"

"Tom Friar's *widow!* Is Tom Friar *dead?*"

"Why, of course! One of the first. I think it was Ball's Bluff. Well, she's married. But she married his cousin, and, as Dick Burton says, that isn't so bad. Isn't it awful, Mrs. Clapp's losing *all* her boys—all five of them? It does seem to bear too hard on some families. And then, when you see every one of those six Armstrongs going through without a scratch!"

"I suppose," said Elmore, "that business is at a stand-still. The streets must look rather dreary."

"*Business* at a stand-still!" exclaimed Lily. "What *has* Sue been writing you all this time? Why, there never was such prosperity in Patmos before! Everybody is making money, and people that you wouldn't hardly speak to a year ago are giving parties and inviting the old college families. You ought to see the residences and business blocks going up all over the place. I don't suppose you would know Patmos now. You remember George Fenton, Mrs. Elmore?"

"Mr. Haskell's clerk?"

"Yes. Well, he's made a fortune out of an army contract; and he's going to marry —the engagement came out just before I left—Bella Stearns."

At these words Mrs. Elmore sat upright, —the only posture in which the fact could be imagined. "Lily!"

"Oh, I can tell you these are gay times in America," triumphed the young girl. She now put her hand to her mouth and hid a yawn.

"You're sleepy," said Mrs. Elmore. "Well, you know the way to your room. You'll find everything ready there, and I shall let you go alone. You shall commence being at home at once."

"Yes, I am sleepy," assented Lily; and she promptly made her good-nights and vanished; though a keener eye than Elmore's might have seen that her promptness had a color—or say light—of hesitation in it.

But he only walked up and down the room, after she was gone, in unheedful distress.

"Gay times in America! Good heavens! Is the child utterly heartless, Celia, or is she merely obtuse?"

"She certainly isn't at all like Sue," sighed Mrs. Elmore, who had not had time to formulate Lily's defense. "But she's excited now, and a little off her balance. She'll be different to-morrow. Besides, all America seems changed, and the people with it. We shouldn't have noticed it if we had staid there, but we feel it after this absence."

"I never realized it before, as I did from her babble! The letters have told us the same thing, but they were like the histories of other times. Camps, prisoners, barracks, mutilation, widowhood, death, sudden gains, social upheavals — it is the old, hideous story of war come true of our day and country. It's terrible!"

"She will miss the excitement," said Mrs. Elmore. "I don't know exactly what we shall do with her. Of course, she can't expect the attentions she's been used to in Patmos, with those young men."

Elmore stopped, and stared at his wife.

"What do you mean, Celia?"

"We don't go into society at all, and she doesn't speak Italian. How shall we amuse her?"

"Well, upon my word, I don't know that we're obliged to provide her amusement! Let her amuse herself. Let her take up some branch of study, or of—of—research, and get something besides 'fun' into her head, if possible." He spoke boldly, but his wife's question had unnerved him, for he had a soft heart, and liked people about him to be happy. "We can show her the objects of interest. And there are the theaters," he added.

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Elmore. "We can both go about with her. I will just peep in at her now, and see if she has everything she wants." She rose from her sofa and went to Lily's room, whence she did not return for nearly three-quarters of an hour. By this time Elmore had got out his notes, and, in their transcription and classification, had fallen into forgetfulness of his troubles. His wife closed the door behind her, and said, in a low voice, little above a whisper, as she sank very quietly into a chair:

"Well, it has all come out, Owen."

"What has all come out?" he asked, looking up stupidly.

"I knew that she had something on her mind, by the way she acted. And you saw her give me that look as she went out?"

"No—no, I didn't. What look was it? She looked sleepy."

"She looked terribly, terribly excited, and

as if she would like to say something to me. That was the reason I said I would let her go to her room alone."

"Oh!"

"Of course she would have felt awfully if I had gone straight off with her. So I waited. It *may* never come to anything in the world, and I don't suppose it will; but it's quite enough to account for everything you saw in her."

"I didn't see anything in her,—that was the difficulty. But what is it, Celia? You know how I hate these delays."

"Why, I'm not sure that I need tell you, Owen; and yet I suppose I had better. It will be safer," said Mrs. Elmore, nursing her mystery to the last, enjoying it for its own sake, and dreading it for its effect upon her husband. "I suppose you will think your troubles are beginning pretty early," she suggested.

"Is it a trouble?"

"Well, I don't know that it is. If it comes to the very worst, I dare say that every one wouldn't call it a trouble."

Elmore threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of endurance.

"What would the worst be?"

"Why, it's no use even to discuss that, for it's perfectly absurd to suppose that it could ever come to that. But the case," added Mrs. Elmore, perceiving that further delay was only further suffering for her husband, and that any fact would now probably fall far short of his apprehensions, "is simply this, and I don't know that it amounts to anything; but at Peschiera, just before the train started, she looked out of the window, and saw a splendid officer walking up and down and smoking; and before she could draw back he must have seen her, for he threw away his cigar instantly, and got into the same compartment. He talked awhile in German with an old gentleman who was there, and then he spoke in Italian with Cazzi; and afterward, when he heard her speaking English with Cazzi, he joined in. I don't know how he came to join in at first, and she doesn't, either; but it seems that he knew some English, and he began speaking. He was very tall and handsome and distinguished looking, and a *perfect* gentleman in his manners; and she says that she saw Cazzi looking rather queer, but he didn't say anything, and so she kept on talking. She told him at once that she was an American, and that she was coming here to stay with friends; and, as he was very curious about America, she told him all she could think of. It did her good to talk about home, for she had been feeling a little blue at being so far away from everybody. Now, *I* don't see any harm in it; do you, Owen?"

"It isn't according to the custom here; but we needn't care for that. Of course it was imprudent."

"Of course," Mrs. Elmore admitted. "The officer was very polite; and when he found that she was from America, it turned out that he was a *great* sympathizer with the North, and that he had a brother in our army. Don't you think that was nice?"

"Probably some mere soldier of fortune, with no heart in the cause," said Elmore.

"And very likely he has no brother there, as I told Lily. He told her he was coming to Padua; but when they reached Padua, he came right on to Venice. That shows you couldn't place any dependence upon what he said. He said he expected to be put under arrest for it; but he didn't care,—he was coming. Do you believe they'll put him under arrest?"

"I don't know—I don't know," said Elmore, in a voice of grief and apprehension, which might well have seemed anxiety for the officer's liberty.

"I told her it was one of his jokes. He was very funny, and kept her laughing the whole way, with his broken English and his witty little remarks. She says he's just dying to go to America. Who do you suppose it can be, Owen?"

"How should I know? We've no acquaintance among the Austrians," groaned Elmore.

"That's what I told Lily. She's no idea of the state of things here, and she was quite horrified. But she says he was a perfect gentleman in everything. He belongs to the engineer corps,—that's one of the highest branches of the service, he told her,—and he gave her his card."

"Gave her his card!"

Mrs. Elmore had it in the hand which she had been keeping in her pocket, and she now suddenly produced it; and Elmore read the name and address of Ernst von Ehrhardt, Captain of the Royal-Imperial Engineers, Peschiera.

"She says she knows he wanted hers, but she didn't offer to give it to him; and he didn't ask her where she was going, or anything."

"He knew that he could get her address from Cazzi for ten soldi as soon as her back was turned," said Elmore, cynically. "What then?"

"Why, he said—and this is the only really bold thing he *did* do—that he must see her again, and that he should stay over a day in Venice in hopes of meeting her at the theater or somewhere."

"It's a piece of high-handed impudence!" cried Elmore. "Now, Celia, you see what these people are! Do you wonder that the Italians hate them?"

"You've often said they only hate their system."

"The Austrians are part of their system. He thinks he can take any liberty with us because he is an Austrian officer! Lily must not stir out of the house to-morrow."

"She will be too tired to do so," said Mrs. Elmore.

"And if he molests us further, I will appeal to the consul." Elmore began to walk up and down the room again.

"Well, I don't know whether you could call it *molesting*, exactly," suggested Mrs. Elmore.

"What do you mean, Celia? Do you suppose that she—she—encouraged this officer?"

"Owen! It was all in the simplicity and innocence of her heart!"

"Well, then, that she wishes to see him again?"

"Certainly not! But that's no reason why we should be rude about it."

"Rude about it? How? Is simply avoiding him rudeness? Is proposing to protect ourselves from his impertinence rudeness?"

"No. And if you can't see the matter for yourself, Owen, I don't know how any one is to make you."

"Why, Celia, one would think that you approved of this man's behavior,—that *you* wished her to meet him again! You understand what the consequences would be if we received this officer. You know how all the Venetians would drop us, and we should have no acquaintances here outside of the army."

"Who has asked you to receive him, Owen? And as for the Italians dropping us, that doesn't frighten me. But what could he do if he did meet her again? She needn't look at him. She says he is very intelligent, and that he has read a great many English books, though he doesn't speak it very well, and that he knows more about the war than she does. But of course she wont go out to-morrow. All that I hate is that we should seem to be frightened into staying at home."

"She needn't stay in on his account. You said she would be too tired to go out."

"I see by the scattering way you talk, Owen, that your mind isn't on the subject, and that you're anxious to get back to your work. I wont keep you."

"Celia, Celia! Be fair, now!" cried Elmore. "You know very well that I'm only too deeply interested in this matter, and that I'm not likely to get back to my work to-night, at least. What is it you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Elmore considered a while.

"I don't wish you to do anything," she returned, placably. "Of course, you're perfectly right in not choosing to let an acquaintance begun in that way go any further. We shouldn't at home, and we sha'n't here. But I don't wish you to think that Lily has been imprudent, under the circumstances. She doesn't know that it was anything out of the way, but she happened to do the best that any one could. Of course it was very exciting and very romantic; girls like such things, and there's no reason they shouldn't. We must manage," added Mrs. Elmore, "so that she shall see that we appreciate her conduct, and trust in her entirely. I wouldn't do anything to wound her pride or self-confidence. I would rather send her out alone to-morrow."

"Of course," said Elmore.

"And if I were with her when she met him, I believe I should leave it entirely to her how to behave."

"Well," said Elmore, "you're not likely to be put to the test. He'll hardly force his way into the house, and she isn't going out."

"No," said Mrs. Elmore. She added, after a silence: "I'm trying to think whether I've ever seen him in Venice; he's here often. But there are so many tall officers with fair complexions and English beards. I *should* like to know how he looks! She said he was very aristocratic-looking."

"Yes, it's a fine type," said Elmore. "They're all nobles, I believe."

"But, after all, they're no better looking than our boys, who come up out of nothing."

"Ours are Americans," said Elmore.

"And they are the best husbands, as I told Lily."

Elmore looked at his wife, as she turned dreamily to leave the room; but, since the conversation had taken this impersonal turn, he would not say anything to change

its complexion. A conjecture, vaguely taking shape in his mind, resolved itself to nothing again, and left him with only the ache of something unascertained.

V.

In the morning Lily came to breakfast as blooming as a rose. The sense of her simple, fresh, wholesome loveliness might have pierced even the indifference of a man to whom there was but one pretty woman in the world, and who had lived since their marriage as if his wife had absorbed her whole sex into herself: this deep, unconscious constancy was a noble trait in him, but it is not so rare in men as women would have us believe. For Elmore, Miss Mayhew merely pervaded the place in her finer way, as the flowers on the table did, as the sweet butter, the new eggs, and the morning's French bread did; he looked at her with a perfectly serene ignorance of her piquant face, her beautiful eyes and abundant hair, and her trim, straight figure. But his wife exulted in every particular of her charm, and was as generously glad of it as if it were her own; as women are when they are sure that the charm of others has no designs.

The ladies twittered and laughed together, and as he was a man without small talk, he soon dropped out of the conversation into a reverie, from which he found himself presently extracted by a question from his wife.

"We had better go in a gondola, hadn't we, Owen?" She seemed to be, as she put this, trying to look something into him.

He, on his part, tried his best to make out her meaning, but failed. He simply asked:

"Where? Are you going out?"

"Yes. Lily has some shopping she must do. I think we can get it at Pazienti's, in San Polo."

Again she tried to pierce him with her meaning. It seemed to him a sudden advance from the position she had taken the night before in regard to Miss Mayhew's not going out; but he could not understand his wife's look, and he feared to misinterpret if he opposed her going. He decided that she wished him for some reason to oppose the gondola, so he said:

"I think you'd better walk, if Lily isn't too tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired at all!" she cried.

"I can go with you, in that direction, on my way to the library," he added.

"Well, that will be very nice," said Mrs. Elmore, discontinuing her look, and leaving her husband with an uneasy sense of wantonly assumed responsibility.

"She can step into the Frari a moment, and see those tombs," he said. "I think it will amuse her."

Lily broke into a clear laugh.

"Is that the way you amuse yourselves in Venice?" she asked; and Mrs. Elmore hastened to re-assure her.

"That's the way Mr. Elmore amuses himself. You know his history makes every bit of the past fascinating to him."

"Oh, yes, that history! Everybody is looking out for that," said Lily.

"Is it possible," said Elmore, with a pensive sarcasm in which an agreeable sense of flattery lurked, "that people still remember me and my history?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Miss Mayhew. "Frank Halsey was talking about it the night before I left. He couldn't seem to understand why I should be coming to you at Venice, because he said it was a history of Florence you were writing. It isn't, is it? You must be getting pretty near the end of it, Professor Elmore."

"I'm getting pretty near the beginning," said Elmore, sadly.

"It must be hard writing histories; they're so awfully hard to read," said Lily, innocently. "Does it interest you?" she asked, with unaffected compassion.

"Yes," he said, "far more than it will ever interest anybody else."

"Oh, I don't believe that!" she cried, sweetly, seizing the occasion to get in a little compliment.

Mrs. Elmore sat silent, while things were thus going against Miss Mayhew, and perhaps she was then meditating the stroke by which she restored the balance to her own favor as soon as she saw her husband alone after breakfast. "Well, Owen," she said, "you've done it now."

"Done what?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing, perhaps!" she answered, while she got on her things for the walk with unusual gayety; and, with the consciousness of unknown guilt depressing him, he followed the ladies upon their errand, subdued, distraught, but gradually forgetting his sin, as he forgot everything but his history. His wife hated to see him so miserable, and whispered at the shop-door where they parted: "Don't be troubled, Owen. I didn't mean anything."

"By what?"

"Oh, if you've forgotten, never mind!" she cried, and she and Miss Mayhew disappeared within.

It was two hours later when he next saw them, after he had turned over the book he wished to see and had found the passage which would enable him to go on with his work for the rest of the day at home. He was fitting his key into the house-door when he happened to look up the little street toward the bridge that led into it, and there, defined against the sky on the level of the bridge, he saw Mrs. Elmore and Miss Mayhew receiving the adieux of a distinguished-looking man in the Austrian uniform. The officer had brought his heels together in the conventional manner, and, with his cap in his right hand while his left rested on the hilt of his sword and pressed it down, he was bowing from the hips. Once, twice, and he was gone.

The ladies came down the *calle* with rapid steps and flushed faces, and Elmore let them in. His wife whispered, as she brushed by his elbow:

"I want to speak with you instantly, Owen.—Well, now!" she added, when they were alone in their own room, and she had shut the door. "What do you say now?"

"What do *I* say now, Celia?" retorted Elmore, with just indignation. "It seems to me that it is for *you* to say something—or nothing."

"Why, you brought it on us."

Elmore merely glanced at his wife, and did not speak, for this passed all force of language.

"Didn't you see me looking at you when I spoke of going out in a gondola, at breakfast?"

"Yes."

"What did you suppose I meant?"

"I didn't know."

"When I was trying to make you understand that if we took a gondola we could go and come without being seen! Lily had to do her shopping. But if you chose to run off on some interpretation of your own, was I to blame, I should like to know? No, indeed! You wont get me to admit it, Owen."

Elmore continued inarticulate, but he made a low, miserable sibillation between his set teeth.

"Such presumption, such perfect audacity, I never saw in my life!" cried Mrs. Elmore, fleetly changing the subject in her own mind, and leaving her husband to follow her as he could. "It was outrageous!" Her words were strong, but she did not really look affronted; and it is hard to tell what sort of liberty it is that affronts a woman. It seems to depend a great deal upon the person who takes the liberty.

"That was the man, I suppose," said Elmore, quietly.

"Yes, Owen," answered his wife, with beautiful candor, "it was." Seeing that he remained unaffected by her display of this virtue, she added: "Don't you think he was very handsome?"

"I couldn't judge, at such a distance."

"Well, he is perfectly splendid. And I don't want you to think he was disrespectful at all. He wasn't. He was everything that was delicate and deferential."

"Did you ask him to walk home with you?"

Mrs. Elmore remained speechless for some moments. Then she drew a long breath, and said, firmly:

"If you wont interrupt me with gratuitous insults, Owen, I will tell you all about it, and then perhaps you will be ready to do me justice. I ask nothing more." She waited for his contrition, but proceeded without it, in a somewhat meeker strain: "Lily couldn't get her things at Pazienti's, and we had to go to the Merceria for them. Then, of course, the nearest way home was through St. Mark's Square. I made Lily go on the Florian side, so as to avoid the officers who were sitting at the Quadri, and we had got through the Square and past San Moïsè, as far as the Stadt Gratz. I had never thought of how the officers frequented the Stadt Gratz, but there we met a most magnificent creature, and I had just said, 'What a splendid officer!' when she gave a sort of stop and he gave a sort of stop, and bowed very low, and she whispered, 'It's my officer.' I didn't dream of his joining us, and I don't think he did, at first; but after he took a second look at Lily, it really seemed as if he couldn't help it. He asked if he might join us, and I didn't say anything."

"Didn't say anything!"

"*No!* How could I refuse, in so many words? And I was frightened and confused, any way. He asked if we were going to the music in the Giardini Pubblici; and I said no, that Miss Mayhew was not going into society in Venice, but was merely here for her health. That's all there is of it. Now do you blame me, Owen?"

"No."

"Do you blame her?"

"No."

"Well, I don't see how *he* was to blame," she said.

"The transaction was a little irregular, but it was highly creditable to all parties concerned."

Mrs. Elmore grew still meeker under this irony. Indignation and censure she would have known how to meet; but his quiet perplexed her. She did not know what might not be coming.

"Lily scarcely spoke to him," she pursued, "and I was very cold. I spoke to him in German."

"Is German a particularly repellent tongue?"

"No. But I was determined he should get no hold upon us. He was very polite and very respectful, as I said, but I didn't give him an atom of encouragement; I saw that he was dying to be asked to call, but I parted from him very stiffly."

"Is it possible?"

"Owen, what *is* there so wrong about it all? He's clearly fascinated with her; and as the matter stood he had no hope of seeing her or speaking with her except on the street. Perhaps he didn't know it was wrong—or didn't realize it."

"I dare say."

"What else could the poor fellow have done? There he was! He had staid over a day, and laid himself open to arrest, on the bare chance—one in a hundred—of seeing Lily: and when he did see her, what was he to do?"

"Obviously, to join her and walk home with her."

"You are too bad, Owen! Suppose it had been one of our own poor boys? He *looked* like an American."

"He didn't behave like one. One of 'our own poor boys,' as you call them, would have been as far as possible from thrusting himself upon you. He would have had too much reverence for you, too much self-respect, too much pride."

"What has pride to do with such things, my dear? I think he acted very naturally. He acted upon impulse. I'm sure you're always crying out against the restraints and conventionalities between young people, over here; and now, when a European *does* do a simple, unaffected thing ——"

Elmore made a gesture of impatience.

"This fellow has presumed upon your being Americans—on your ignorance of the customs here—to take a liberty that he would not have dreamed of taking with Italian or German ladies. He has shown himself no gentleman."

"Now, there you are very much mistaken, Owen. That's what I thought when Lily first told me about his speaking to her in the cars, and I was very much prejudiced against him; but when I saw him to-day, I must say I felt that I had been wrong. He *is* a gentleman; but—he is desperate."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Elmore, shrinking a little under her husband's sarcastic tone. "Why, Owen," she pleaded, "can't you see anything romantic in it?"

"I see nothing but a vulgar impertinence in it. I see it from his stand-point as an adventure, to be bragged of and laughed over at the mess-table and the *caffè*. I'm going to put a stop to it."

Mrs. Elmore looked daunted and a little bewildered. "Well, Owen," she said, "I put the affair entirely in your hands."

Elmore never could decide upon just what theory his wife had acted; he had to rest upon the fact, already known to him, of her perfect truth and conscientiousness, and his perception that even in a good woman the passion for maneuvering and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery. He now saw her quelled and submissive: but he was by no means sure that she looked at the affair as he did, or that she voluntarily acquiesced.

"All that I ask is that you wont do anything that you'll regret afterward. And as for putting a stop to it, I fancy it's put a stop to already. He's going back to Peschiera this afternoon, and that'll probably be the last of him."

"Very well," said Elmore, "if that is the last of him, I ask nothing better. I certainly have no wish to take any steps in the matter."

But he went out of the house very unhappy and greatly perplexed. He thought at first of going to the Stadt Gratz, where Captain Ehrhardt was probably staying for the tap of Vienna beer peculiar to that hostelry, and of inquiring him out, and requesting him to discontinue his attentions; but this course, upon reflection, was less high-handed than comported with his present mood, and he turned aside to seek advice of his consul. He found Mr. Hoskins in the best humor for backing his quarrel. He had just received a second dispatch from Turin, stating that the rumor of the approaching visit of the *Alabama* was unfounded; and he was thus left with a

force of unexpended belligerence on his hands which he was glad to contribute to the defense of Mr. Elmore's family from the pursuit of this Austrian officer.

"This is a very simple affair, Mr. Elmore,"—he usually said "Elmore," but in his haughty frame of mind, he naturally threw something more of state into their intercourse,—"a very simple affair, fortunately. All that I have to do is to call on the military governor, and state the facts of the case, and this fellow will get his orders quietly and *definitively*. This war has sapped our influence in Europe,—there's no doubt of it; but I think it's a pity if an American family living in this city can't be safe from molestation; and if it can't, I want to know the reason why."

This language was very acceptable to Elmore, and he thanked the consul. At the same time he felt his own resentment moderated, and he said:

"I'm willing to let the matter rest, if he goes away this afternoon."

"Oh, of course," Hoskins assented, "if he clears out, that's the end of it. I'll look in to-morrow, and see how you're getting along."

"Don't—don't give them the impression that I've—profited by your kindness," suggested Elmore, at parting.

"You haven't, yet. I only hope you may have the chance."

"Thank you; I don't think I do."

Elmore took a long walk, and returned home tranquilized and clarified as to the situation. Since it could be terminated without difficulty and without scandal, in the way Hoskins had explained, he was not unwilling to see a certain poetry in it. He could not repress a degree of sympathy with the bold young fellow who had overstepped the conventional proprieties in the ardor of a romantic impulse, and he could see how this very boldness, while it had a terror, would have a charm for a young girl. There was no necessity, except for the purpose of holding Mrs. Elmore in check, to look at it in an ugly light. Perhaps the officer had inferred from Lily's innocent frankness of manner that this sort of approach was permissible with Americans, and was not amusing himself with the adventure, but was in love in earnest. Elmore could allow himself this view of a case which he had so completely in his own hands; and he was sensible of a sort of pleasure in the novel responsibility thrown upon him. Few men at his age were called upon to stand in the place of a parent to a young girl, to intervene in her affairs, and to decide who was and who was not a proper person to pretend to her acquaintance.

Feeling so secure in his right, he rebelled against the restraint he had proposed to himself, and at dinner he invited the ladies to go to the opera with him. He chose to show himself in public with them, and to check any impression that they were without due protection. As usual, the pit was full of officers, and between the acts they all rose, as usual, and faced the boxes, which they perused through their *lorgnettes* till the bell rang for the curtain to rise. But Mrs. Elmore, having touched his arm to attract his notice, instructed him, by a slow turning of her head, that Captain Ehrhardt was not there. After that he undoubtedly breathed freer, and, in the relaxation from his sense of bravado, he enjoyed the last acts of the opera more than the first. Miss Mayhew showed no disappointment; and she bore herself with so much grace and dignity, and yet so evidently impressed every one with her beauty, that he was proud of having her in charge. He began himself to see that she was pretty.

VI.

THE next day was Sunday, and in going to church they missed a call from Hoskins, whom Elmore felt bound to visit the following morning on his way to the library, and inform of his belief that the enemy had quitted Venice, and that the whole affair was probably at an end. He was strengthened in this opinion by Mrs. Elmore's fear that she might have been colder than she supposed; she hoped that she had not hurt the poor young fellow's feelings, and now that he was gone, and safely out of the way, Elmore hoped so too.

On his return from the library, his wife met him with an air of mystery before which his heart sank.

"Owen," she said, "Lily has a letter."

"Not bad news from home, Celia!"

"No; a letter which she wishes to show you. It has just come. As I don't wish to influence you, I would rather not be present."

Mrs. Elmore slipped out of the room, and Miss Mayhew glided gravely in, holding an open note in her hand, and looking into Elmore's eyes with a certain unfathomable candor, of which she had the secret.

"Here," she said, "is a letter which I think you ought to see at once, Professor

Elmore;" and she gave him the note with an air of unconcern, which he afterward recalled without being able to determine whether it was real indifference or only the calm resulting from the transfer of the whole responsibility to him. She stood looking at him while he read:

"MISS,

"In this evening I am just arrived from Venise, 4 hours afterwards I have had the fortune to see you and to speake with you—and to favorite me of your gentil acquaintanceship at rail-away. I never forgeet the moments I have seen you. Your pretty and nice figure had attached my heard so much, that I deserted in the hopiness to see you at Venise. And I was so lukely to speak with you cut too short, and in the possibility to understand all. I wish to go also in this Sonday to Venise, but I am sory that I cannot, beaucause I must feeled now the consequences of the desertation. Pray Miss to agree the assurance of my lov, and perhaps I will be so lukely to receive a notice from you Miss if I can hop a little (hapiness) sympathie. Très humble

E. VON EHRHARDT."

Elmore was not destitute of the national sense of humor; but he read this letter not only without amusement in its English, but with intense bitterness and renewed alarm. It appeared to him that the willingness of the ladies to put the affair in his hands had not strongly manifested itself till it had quite passed their own control, and had become a most embarrassing difficulty,—when, in fact, it was no longer a merit in them to confide it to him. In the resentment of that moment, his suspicions even accused his wife of desiring, from idle curiosity and sentiment, the accidental meeting which had resulted in this fresh aggression.

"Why did you show me this letter?" he asked, harshly.

"Mrs. Elmore told me to do so," Lily answered.

"Did *you* wish me to see it?"

"I don't suppose I *wished* you to see it; I thought you ought to see it."

Elmore felt himself relenting a little.

"What do you want done about it?" he asked, more gently.

"That is what I wished you to tell me," replied the girl.

"I can't tell you what you wish me to do, but I can tell you this, Miss Mayhew: this man's behavior is totally irregular. He would not think of writing to an Italian or German girl in this way. If he desired to —to—pay attention to her, he would write to her father."

"Yes, that's what Mrs. Elmore said. She said she supposed he must think it was the American way."

"Mrs. Elmore——" began her husband; but he arrested himself there, and said, "Very well. I want to know what I am to do. I want your full and explicit authority before I act. We will dismiss the fact of irregularity. We will suppose that it is fit and becoming for a gentleman who has twice met a young lady by accident—or once by accident and once by his own insistence—to write to her. Do you wish to continue the correspondence?"

"No."

Elmore looked into the eyes which dwelt full upon him, and, though they were clear as the windows of heaven, he hesitated.

"I must do what you *say*, no matter what you mean, you know?"

"I mean what I say."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you would prefer to return him this letter with a few lines on your card."

"No. I should like him to know that I have shown it to you. I should think it a liberty for an American to write to me in that way after such a short acquaintance, and I don't see why I should tolerate it from a foreigner, though I suppose their customs *are* different."

"Then you wish me to write to him?"

"Yes."

"And make an end of the matter, once for all?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then."

Elmore sat down at once, and wrote:

"SIR: Miss Mayhew has handed me your note of yesterday, and begs me to express her very great surprise that you should have ventured to address her. She desires me also to add that you will consider at an end whatever acquaintance you suppose yourself to have formed with her.

"Your obedient servant,

"OWEN ELMORE."

He handed the note to Lily. "Yes, that will do," she said, in a low, steady voice. She drew a deep breath, and, laying the letter softly down, went out of the room into Mrs. Elmore's.

Elmore had not had time to kindle his sealing-wax when his wife appeared swiftly upon the scene.

"I want to see what you have written, Owen," she said.

"Don't talk to me, Celia," he replied, thrusting the wax into the candle-light. "You have put this affair entirely in my hands, and Lily approves of what I have

written. I am sick of the thing, and I don't want any more talk about it."

"I *must* see it," said Mrs. Elmore, with finality, and possessed herself of the note. She ran it through, and then flung it on the table and herself into a chair, while the tears started to her eyes. "What a cold, cutting, merciless letter!" she cried.

"I hope he will think so," said Elmore, gathering it up from the table, and sealing it securely in its envelope.

"You're not going to *send* it!" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, I am."

"I didn't suppose you could be so heartless."

"Very well, then, I *wont* send it," said Elmore; "I put the affair into your hands. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nonsense!"

"On the contrary, I'm perfectly serious. I don't see why you shouldn't manage the business. The gentleman is an acquaintance of yours. *I* don't know him." Elmore rose and put his hands in his pockets. "What do you intend to do? Do you like this clandestine sort of thing to go on? I dare say the fellow only wishes to amuse himself by a flirtation with a pretty American. But the question is whether you wish him to do so. I'm willing to lay his conduct to a misunderstanding of our customs, and to suppose that he thinks this is the way Americans do. I take the matter at its best: he speaks to Lily on the train without an introduction; he joins you in your walk without invitation; he writes to her without leave, and proposes to get up a correspondence. It is all perfectly right and proper, and will appear so to Lily's friends when they hear of it. But I'm curious to know how you're going to manage the sequel. Do you wish the affair to go on, and how long do you wish it to go on?"

"You know very well that I don't wish it to go on."

"Then you wish it broken off?"

"Of course I do."

"How?"

"I think there is such a thing as acting kindly and considerately. I don't see anything in Captain Ehrhardt's conduct that calls for savage treatment," said Mrs. Elmore.

"You would like to have him stopped, but stopped gradually. Well, I don't wish to be savage, either, and I will act upon any suggestion of yours. I want Lily's people to feel that we managed not only wisely but humanely in checking a man who was resolved to force his acquaintance upon her."

Mrs. Elmore thought a long while. Then she said:

"Why, of course, Owen, you're right about it. There is no other way. There couldn't be any kindness in checking him gradually. But I wish," she added sorrowfully, "that he had not been such a *complete* goose; and then we could have done something with him."

"I am obliged to him for the perfection which you regret, my dear. If he had been less complete, he would have been much harder to manage."

"Well," said Mrs. Elmore, rising, "I shall always say that he meant well. But send the letter."

Her husband did not wait for a second bidding. He carried it himself to the general post-office that there might be no mistake and no delay about it; and a man who believed that he had a feeling and tender heart experienced a barbarous joy in the infliction of this pitiless snub. I do not say that it would not have been different if he had trusted at all in the sincerity of Captain Ehrhardt's passion; but he was glad to discredit it. A misgiving to the other effect would have complicated the matter. But now he was perfectly free to disembarrass himself of a trouble which had so seriously threatened his peace. He was responsible to Miss Mayhew's family, and Mrs. Elmore herself could not say, then or afterward, that there was any other way open to him. I will not contend that his motives were wholly unselfish. No doubt a sense of personal annoyance, of offended decorum, of wounded respectability, qualified the zeal for Miss Mayhew's good which prompted him. He was still a young and inexperienced man, confronted with a strange perplexity; he did the best he could, and I suppose it was the best that could be done. At any rate, he had no regrets, and he went even gayly about the work of interesting Miss Mayhew in the monuments and memories of the city.

Since the decisive blow had been struck, the ladies seemed to share his relief. The pursuit of Captain Ehrhardt, while it flattered, might well have alarmed, and the loss of a not unpleasant excitement was made good by a sense of perfect security. Whatever repining Miss Mayhew indulged was secret, or confided solely to Mrs. El-

more. To Elmore himself she appeared in better spirits than at first, or at least in a more equable frame of mind. To be sure, he did not notice very particularly. He took her to the places and told her the things that she ought to be interested in, and he conceived a better opinion of her mind from the quick intelligence with which she entered into his own feelings in regard to them, though he never could see any evidence of the over-study for which she had been taken from school. He made her, like Mrs. Elmore, the partner of his historical researches; he read his notes to both of them now; and when his wife was prevented from accompanying him, he went with Lily alone to visit the scenes of such events as his researches concerned, and to fill his mind with the local color which he believed would give life and character to his studies of the past. They also went often to the theater; and, though Lily could not understand the plays, she professed to be entertained, and she had a grateful appreciation of all his efforts in her behalf that amply repaid him. He grew fond of her society; he took a childish pleasure in having people in the streets turn and glance at the handsome girl by his side, of whose beauty and stylishness he became aware through the admiration looked over the shoulders of the Austrians, and openly spoken by the Italian populace. It did not occur to him that she might not enjoy the growth of their acquaintance in equal degree, that she fatigued herself with the appreciation of the memorable and the beautiful, and that she found these long rambles rather dull. He was a man of little conversation; and, unless Mrs. Elmore was of the company, Miss Mayhew pursued his pleasures for the most part in silence. One evening, at the end of the week, his wife asked:

"Why do you always take Lily through the Piazza on the side farthest from where the officers sit? Are you afraid of her meeting Captain Ehrhardt?"

"Oh, no! I consider the Ehrhardt business settled. But you know the Italians never walk on the officers' side."

"You are not an Italian. What do you gain by flattering them up? I should think you might suppose a young girl had some curiosity."

"I do; and I do everything I can to gratify her curiosity. I went to San Pietro di Castello to-day, to show her where the Brides of Venice were stolen."

"The oldest and dirtiest part of the city! What could the child care for the Brides of Venice? Now be reasonable, Owen!"

"It's a romantic story. I thought girls like such things—everything about getting married."

"And that's the reason you took her yesterday to show her the Bucentaur that the doges wedded the Adriatic in! Well, what was your idea in going with her to the Cemetery of San Michele?"

"I thought she would be interested. I had never been there before myself, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to verify a passage I was at work on. We always show people the cemetery at home."

"That was considerate. And why did you go to Canarregio on Wednesday?"

"I wished her to see the statue of Sior Antonio Rioba; you know it was the Venetian Pasquino in the Revolution of '48 ——"

"Charming!"

"And the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place."

"Delightful!"

"And—and—the house of Tintoretto," faltered Elmore.

"Delicious! She cares so much for Tintoretto! And you've been with her to the Jewish burying-ground at the Lido, and the Spanish synagogue in the Ghetto, and the fish-market at the Rialto, and you've shown her the house of Othello and the house of Desdemona, and the prisons in the ducal palace; and three nights you've taken us to the Piazza as soon as the Austrian band stopped playing, and all the interesting promenading was over, and those stuffy old Italians began to come to the *caffès*. Well, I can tell you that's no way to amuse a young girl. We must do something for her, or she will die. She has come here from a country where girls have always had the best time in the world, and where the times are livelier now than they ever were, with all this excitement of the war going on; and here she is dropped down in the midst of this absolute deadness: no calls, no picnics, no parties, no dances—nothing! We must do something for her."

"Shall we give her a ball?" asked Elmore, looking around the pretty little apartment.

"There's nothing going on among the Italians. But you might get us invited to the German Casino."

"I dare say. But I will not do that," he replied.

"Then we could go to the Luogotenenza,

to the receptions. Mr. Hoskins could call with us, and they would send us cards."

"That would make us simply odious to the Venetians, and our house would be thronged with officers. What I've seen of them doesn't make me particularly anxious for the honor of their further acquaintance."

"Well, I don't ask you to do any of these things," said Mrs. Elmore, who had, perhaps, mentioned them with the intention of insisting upon an abated claim. "But I think you might go and dine at one of the hotels—at the Danieli—instead of that Italian restaurant; and then Lily could see somebody at the *table d'hôte*, and not simply perish of despair."

"I—I didn't suppose it was so bad as that," said Elmore.

"Why, of course, she hasn't said anything,—she's far too well-bred for that; but I can tell from my own feelings how she must suffer. I have you, Owen," she said, tenderly, "but Lily has nobody. She has gone through this Ehrhardt business so well that I think we ought to do all we can to divert her mind."

"Well, now, Celia, you see the difficulty of our position—the nature of the responsibility we have assumed. How are we possibly, here in Venice, to divert the mind of a young lady fresh from the parties and picnics of Patmos?

"We can go and dine at the Danieli." replied Mrs. Elmore.

"Very well. Let us go, then. But she will learn no Italian there. She will hear nothing but English from the travelers and bad French from the waiters; while at our restaurant——"

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Elmore. "What does Lily care for Italian? I'm sure I never want to hear another word of it."

At this desperate admission, Elmore quite gave way; he went to the Danieli the next morning, and arranged to begin dining there that day. There is no denying that Miss Mayhew showed an enthusiasm in prospect of the change that even the sight of the pillar to which Foscarini was hanged head downward for treason to the Republic had not evoked. She made herself look very pretty, and she was visibly an impression at the *table d'hôte* when she sat down there. Elmore had found places opposite an elderly lady and quite a young gentleman, of English speech, but of not very English effect otherwise, who bowed to Lily in acknowledgment of some former meeting. The old lady said, "So you've reached Venice at last? I'm very pleased, for your sake," as if, at some point of the progress thither, she had been privy to anxieties of Lily about arriving at her destination; and, in fact, they had been in the same hotels at Marseilles and Genoa. The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked at Lily throughout the dinner, and seemed to take his eyes from her only when she glanced at him; then he dropped his gaze to his neglected plate and blushed. When they left the table, he made haste to join the Elmores in the reading-room, where he contrived, with creditable skill, to get Lily apart from them for the examination of an illustrated newspaper, at which neither of them looked; they remained chatting and laughing over it in entire irrelevancy till the elderly lady rose and said: "Herbert, Herbert! I am ready to go now," upon which he did not seem at all so, but went submissively.

"Who are those people, Lily?" asked Mrs. Elmore, as they walked toward Florian's for their after-dinner coffee. The Austrian band was playing in the center of the Piazza, and the tall, blonde German officers promenaded back and forth with dark Hungarian women, who looked each like a princess of her race. The lights glittered upon them, and on the groups spread fan-wise out into the Piazza before the *caffès*; the scene seemed to shake and waver in the splendor, like something painted.

"Oh, their name is Andersen, or something like that; and they're from Helgoland, or some such place. I saw them first in Paris, but we didn't speak till we got to Marseilles. That's his aunt; they're English subjects, someway; and he's got an appointment in the civil service—I think he called it—in India, and he doesn't want to go; and I told him he ought to go to America. That's what I tell all these Europeans."

"It's the best advice for them," said Mrs. Elmore.

"They don't seem in any great haste to act upon it," laughed Miss Mayhew. "Who was the red-faced young man that seemed to know you, and stared so?"

"That's an English artist who is staying here. He has a curious name,—Rose-Black; and he is the most impudent and pushing man in the world. I wouldn't introduce him, because I saw he was just dying for it."

Miss Mayhew laughed, as she laughed at everything, not because she was amused,

but because she was happy; this child-like gayety of heart was great part of her charm.

Elmore had quieted his scruples as a good Venetian by coming inside of the *caffè* while the band played, instead of sitting outside with the bad patriots; but he put the ladies next the window, and so they were not altogether sacrificed to his sympathy with the *dimostrazione*.

(To be continued.)

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

THE task which was committed to the companies of English and American scholars who have just completed their labors on the New Testament, had strictly defined limits. They were to correct errors, and, even in doing this, they were to deviate as little as might be from the vocabulary and style of the existing version. Their success must be judged by the agreement or disagreement of their work with the standard which they set before them. But the plan, with its limitations, we hold to be a wise one. There is no objection to new translations of the Bible in modern English, by competent hands, for private use, like that which De Wette made in German. But such a translation can never have the power, or secure the place, which belongs to the ancient rendering. The translators from whom the authorized version mainly springs, whatever may have been their defects of scholarship, were, nevertheless, owing to the character of the age and to the circumstances in which they wrote, able to give to the English Bible a racy, idiomatic diction, a home-bred flavor, and a melody which it would be impossible to rival now. "It lives on the ear," says the Roman Catholic, Faber, "like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego." To be sure, the Scriptures were first written in dialects then in familiar use. The English versions at first were in terms and phrases current among the people for whom they were composed. But if a book really comes from a far-off day, why should we deprive ourselves of the gracious influences flowing from that consciousness of its age which is silently imparted by venerableness of style? Who would wish to have Lord Bacon's Essays or the "Novum Organum" sound as if they were written yesterday? And when forms of words have been on the lips of many generations, have blended themselves with holy and tender recollections, have been inscribed on the tombstones of the loved and honored dead, why should we needlessly discard them? Is not the "old wine" better? Then, it must be remembered that if King James's version, like other versions before it, was a revision, still, the whole period covered by the successive English Bibles prior to it, as far back as the Reformation, was less than a century—a century, too, of debate and ferment, when everything in religion was undergoing change; whereas more than two centuries and a half have elapsed since the English Bible, in its final form, began to mingle itself with the whole literature and life of the English-speaking race. For these, and other reasons, the restricted plan of the new revision we believe to have been a wise one. But a revision was necessary. Tyndale, from whom the pith and marrow of all subsequent translations of the New Testament have been derived, and who deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance for the noble service for which he suffered martyrdom, in a pathetic passage of his preface went so far as earnestly to beseech that errors might be eliminated from his work. This injunction was in the spirit of his famous reply to a "learned man" who had said that he would rather be without God's law than the Pope's: "If God spares my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that driveth a plow shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest." The authorized version, from the effect of the lapse of time upon the English tongue itself, and from the progress of knowledge in Greek criticism and philology, needed a good deal of correction. Wisely then the attempt has been made, under as favorable auspices as could be expected to concur at any one time, not "to sew a piece of new cloth"—or, as the revisers more correctly say, "of undressed cloth"—"into an old garment," but to mend the old garment with cloth of a

The.prologge.

Have here translated (brethern and systers most dere and tenderly beloned in Christ) the newe Testament for youre spirituall edyfynge/consolacion/and solas: Exhortynge instantly and besechynge those that are better sene in the tonge then y/ and that have hyer gyfte of grace to interpret the sence of the scripture/and meanynge of the spyrite/then y/to consydre and ponder my laboure/and that with the spyrite of mekenes. And yf they perceyve in eny places that y have not attayned the very sence of the tonge/ or meanynge of the scripture/ or have not geven the right englysshe worde/ that they put to here hande to amende it/remembrynge that so is there dueties to do. For we have not receyved the gyfte of god for oure selves only/or for to hyde them: but for to bestowe them vnto the honorynge of god and christ/and edyfynge of the congregacion/which is the body of christ.

PREFACE TO TYNDALE'S FIRST NEW TESTAMENT. (QUARTO EDITION, 1526.)

similar age and texture. It is the retouching of a painting of an old master, which has been damaged by time. Or, it is like the introduction into an Elizabethan mansion of repairs indispensable to comfort, the aim being to blend the new with the old in a way to mar as little as possible the antique grace of the original structure.

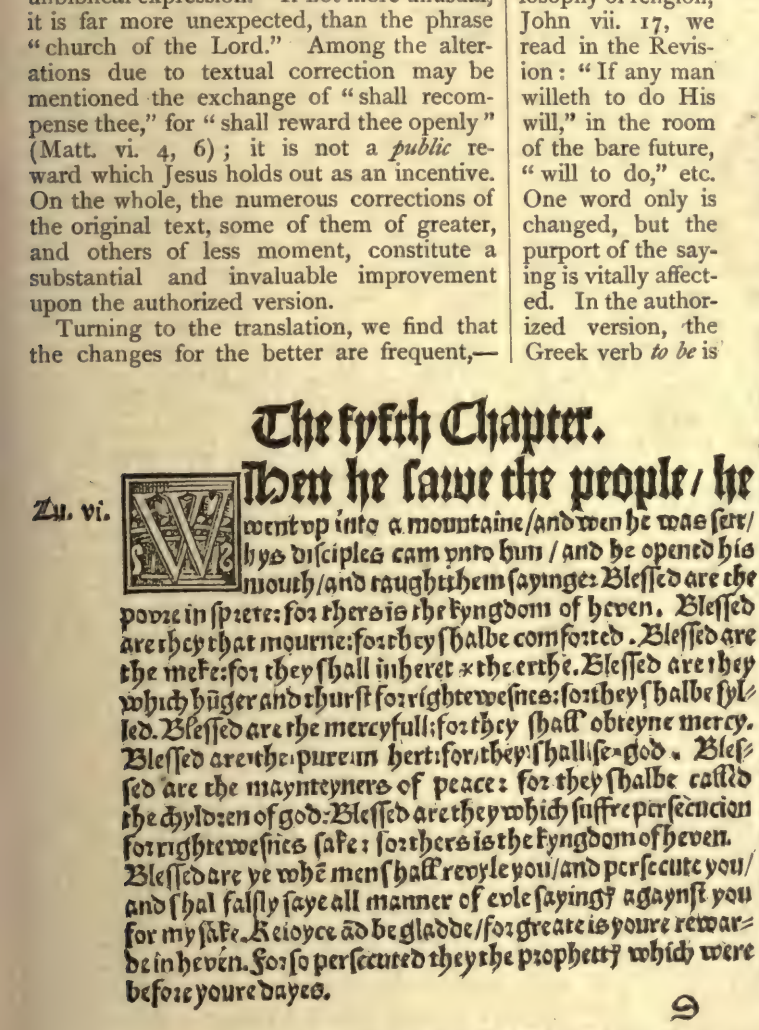
The first thing that strikes the eye when we open the new book, is the recasting of its matter into paragraphs, without reference to the old division of chapters and verses, which, though of necessity retained, is kept from breaking up the proper sequence of the epistle or narrative. This is a great gain. No longer, for example, is the remark (John ii. 23) that many believed because they saw miracles, cut off from the illustration afforded by the case of Nicodemus which follows (John iii. *seq.*); and the partition is taken down which separated the twelfth of Hebrews from the foregoing chapter which has presented to view "the cloud of witnesses" by whom (xii. 1) we are said to be surrounded in the Christian race.

The number of marginal notes, also, at once arrests attention. This feature, too, we count to be a signal merit. We want to know what the authors of the New Testament really said; and if there is a doubt on this point, we want to know that fact, also, and between what words, or collocations of words, the choice lies. The advantage of a smooth page is nothing if it is obtained at the cost of accurate information. Many of the marginal notes relate to the Greek text. It is best that all the essential facts respecting the Bible should be communicated to its readers. If the effect is to modify somewhat their theories about the Scriptures, the real power of the Bible will not be diminished, and in the long run there will be a gain to practical religion. Vague suspicions are dispelled. Somnolence is broken up. A new spur is given to investigation and reflection.

This brings us to the subject of the text and textual criticism. The revisers have acted in this matter with conscientious boldness. I. John v. 7 goes out of the New Testament, where it never had any right to be. The doxology to the Lord's Prayer in Matthew (vi. 13) steps aside into the margin. It is an old liturgical addition, quite proper to use, but not in the original record of the Evangelist. "As we *have forgiven*" takes the place of "as we forgive"; but the present tense remains in the corresponding passage in Luke, as it should. But Luke's record of the Lord's Prayer (vi. 2–5) is curtailed by the omission of the clauses which had been brought over from manuscripts of the first Gospel. The last twelve verses of Mark are printed with the marginal statement that the two oldest Greek manuscripts are against them, and that some other manuscripts have a different ending to the Gospel. It is quite improbable that Mark wrote these verses. The story of the woman taken in adultery (John vii. 53–viii. 11) is printed in brackets, with a marginal statement decidedly adverse to its genuineness. In I. Tim. iii. 16, it is

"He," and not "God," who is there said to have been manifested in the flesh. This is one of the most important of the passages where the reading has been in dispute. In another passage of the same importance, the revisers give the preference to "the church of God" over "the church of the Lord,"—without sufficient reason as we are inclined to think, since "the blood of God"—which the context then gives—is an unbiblical expression. If not more unusual, it is far more unexpected, than the phrase "church of the Lord." Among the alterations due to textual correction may be mentioned the exchange of "shall recompense thee," for "shall reward thee openly" (Matt. vi. 4, 6); it is not a *public* reward which Jesus holds out as an incentive. On the whole, the numerous corrections of the original text, some of them of greater, and others of less moment, constitute a substantial and invaluable improvement upon the authorized version.

Turning to the translation, we find that the changes for the better are frequent,—"strain *at* a gnat," for "strain *out*" (Matt. xxiii. 24), or "broidered hair," for "braided hair" (I. Tim. ii. 9). It is a little gain to get rid of bad grammar, as "his" for "its," in Matt. v. 13,—"If the salt hath lost his savor." The more correct renderings of the Revision, while they are insignificant in the space which they occupy, are sometimes of extreme value. Thus in that passage of so great weight practically, and in the philosophy of religion, John vii. 17, we read in the Revision: "If any man willeth to do His will," in the room of the bare future, "will to do," etc. One word only is changed, but the purport of the saying is vitally affected. In the authorized version, the Greek verb *to be* is



The fyfth Chapter.

Mat. vi. When he sawe the people / he went vp into a mountaine / and when he was sett / hys disciples cam vnto hym / and he opened his mouth / and taught them sayinge: Blessed are the poore in spirite: for theirs is the kyngdom of heven. Blessed are they that mourne: for they shalbe comforted. Blessed are the meke: for they shall inherit * the erthe. Blessed are they which hunger and thurst for righteousnes: for they shalbe fylled. Blessed are the mercyfull: for they shall obteyne mercy. Blessed are the pure in hert: for they shall se god. Blessed are the mayntayners of peace: for they shalbe called the chyldren of god: Blessed are they which suffre persecucion for righteousnes sake: for theirs is the kyngdom of heven. Blessed are ye whē men shall revyle you / and persecute you / and shal falsly saye all manner of evle sayings agaynst you for my sake. Reioyce ād be gladde / for greate is youre rewarde in heven. For so persecuted they the prophetes which were before youre dayes.

* Erth.

The worlde thynkethe too possesse the erthe / and to defend there awne / when they vse violence ² power: but christ teacheth that the worlde must be possessed with mekenes only / and with oute power and violence.

All these dedes here rehersed are to norisshe peace / to shewe mercy / to suffre persecucion / and so forth / make not a man happye and blessed / nether deserve the reworde of heven; but declare and testifie that we are happy and blessede and that we shall have greate promocion in heven. and certifyeth vs i oure hertes that we are goddes sonnes / ² that the holy goost is in vs. for all good thynges are geven to vs freely of god for christes blouddes sake ād his merittes

FROM TYNDALE'S FIRST NEW TESTAMENT. (QUARTO EDITION, 1526.)

more frequent in the Epistles than elsewhere, because in the Epistles the errors and obscurities to be removed were more numerous. It is something to have typographical errors in the old version corrected, so that puzzled readers are no longer compelled to read confounded with another verb meaning *to become* or *to begin to be;* and this bad mistake is now rectified in various places. This last verb, which was falsely rendered "was made," in John i. 14, now has its correct signification: "the Word became flesh." So

in the room of the statement, "a tumult was made," we have the words, "a tumult was arising" (Matt. xxvii. 24).

Among the felicitous changes is the putting of the past for the present in Matthew vi. 3, 16: "Verily I say unto you, they have received their reward." They have gained what they sought and can look for no higher reward. "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" is the translation justly preferred in Luke ii. 49. "The boy Jesus tarried behind" (Luke ii. 43),—the substitution of "boy" for "child" gives a new interest to the passage. A fresh thought is presented when we read (Luke vi. 35), "lend, never despairing": that is, not giving up hope because you are parting with property, as if God would not provide and reward. In Hebrews i. 1, the past revelations, instead of being said to have been "at sundry times," are said to have been "by divers portions,"—a true rendering. In Romans viii. 3, where it is said that God sent His Son "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin," etc., it is questionable whether the revisers were justified in introducing in italics the words "as an offering," before the words "for sin." It is an interpretation which, even if correct, is far from being generally accepted.

In the authorized version, there is a class of passages where two Greek words having a different sense are represented by the same English word. A marked example is John x. 16: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold"—but here the Greek word is different, and means, not "fold," but "flock"—"and one shepherd." The Revision brings out the difference, the beautiful idea of many folds, but one flock, and one shepherd for all. King James's translators in this instance were probably misled by the Vulgate. Another singularity of the old version is the frequent rendering of the same Greek word by different English words, a fault the opposite of that just noticed. A familiar instance, which is set right in the Revision, is "*everlasting* punishment" and "life *eternal*," in Matthew xxv. 46. Another is the association of "compassion" with "pity" in the parable of the unmerciful debtor (Matt. xviii. 33), the original word being the same. The reasons for this procedure, given by King James's translators in their preface, are quite curious. One is that uniformity of rendering in such cases they "thought to savor more of curiosity than of wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist than bring profit to the godly reader." The fear of "the scorn of the atheist" has had too much influence on interpreters, as well as translators, of the Bible. The second reason is still more remarkable: "We might, also," they say, "be charged by scoffers with some unequal dealing toward a great number of good English words." That is, they took both "compassion" and "pity," as a kind of compromise between the partisans of each. This bilingual duplication in the Prayer Book—"acknowledge and confess," "cloak" and "conceal," etc., associated the Norman and Saxon for the better reason that each explained the other. In I. Thess. v. 22, the English reader may now learn that it is every kind of real evil, and not "all *appearance* of evil," which he is to avoid. An inestimable service has been done in truly rendering, and thus clearing up the meaning of St. Paul's great passage on the Incarnation, Phil. ii. 6, 7. The revised version reads: "Counted it not a prize"—in the margin, "a thing to be grasped"—"to be on an equality with God." One feels, occasionally, on meeting with such an improved rendering, that it more than pays for all the trouble of the revision. Another change of much importance is the distinction which is now clearly made between the words which were rendered "hell"—namely, "Gehenna," which signifies uniformly, the place of punishment in the future life, and "Hades," which is the equivalent of the "Sheol" of the Old Testament, the abode of the dead, without reference to their condition as happy or otherwise. The confusion of these terms is one of the most marked and mischievous blemishes of the authorized version. It is the gates of "Hades"—of the under-world which swallows up all the living—which shall not prevail against the church (Matt. xvi. 18). The substitution of modern English, "Be not anxious," for "take no thought," where this phrase occurs (as in Matt. vi. 25), saves the need of constant explanation. In truth, much of the work of commentators is spared by a more correct translation from a more correct text. In a considerable number of passages, both in the Gospels and Epistles, misapprehension is prevented, and, in some cases, a new force added to injunctions, by superseding "offend," by "cause to stumble"; as (Matt. v. 29) "If thy right eye causeth thee to stumble," etc. The old translators may have given to the word

"offend" the same sense, though it does not appear to have been current in this meaning in the old English. "Bishops" appear in the revised edition, as was proper; but the insertion of "overseers" in the margin may serve as a caution to the reader not to confound the functions of the office in the New Testament age with those which it assumed afterward. Here it may be remarked that however judicious the alternative renderings inserted in the margin may be in general, there are a few, at least, for which it is difficult to see the ground. Wherever the word "covenant" occurs, as far as we have noticed, the word "testament" is rendered by its side in the margin. Now the Greek word in the New Testament means "covenant" in every instance except one, where the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, prompted by the thought of the other meaning of "will" or "testament," which was, also, given to the word by the Greeks, turns aside in a kind of episode (Heb. ix. 16, 17). In most of the passages, no other rendering is admissible. The new "covenant," or dispensation of grace, is contrasted with the old. It appears to us, therefore, misleading to inscribe "testament" in the margin.* In fact, the revisers were bound by their rules to alter the title of the book to "New Covenant." "Testament" in the title is an error due to the Vulgate. But such a change, like the abandonment of the divisions into chapters and verses, would be out of the question.

There is one instance in which the revisers have adopted a rendering which, in our judgment, is decidedly unfortunate. St. Paul is made to say (Acts xvii. 22): "Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious"—in the margin, "religious." The word in the original means literally "God-fearing": "gottesfürchtig" is the rendering in the German Bible of De Wette. It may signify "religious" in the ordinary sense, or it may be applied to those in whom religion is unduly mingled with punctiliousness and fear. The context of Acts xvii. 22 shows that it is meant here to convey no reproach. It is a conciliatory exordium. The Athenians worshiped, but in ignorance of the true object. It may be rendered thus: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are much given to worship." But if it is supposed that a tinge of censure lurks in the partly ambiguous epithet, this, nevertheless, is not its main element. The phrase "somewhat superstitious" fails to bring out the positive element, the idea of extraordinary devoutness, which certainly is contained in the term.

The order of words in Greek, as in other languages, is expressive. It determines the point on which the emphasis is laid. This peculiarity, which is too much disregarded in the authorized version, is not overlooked in the Revision. For example: "But Jesus he scourged and delivered," etc. (Matt. xxvii. 26); "My cup indeed ye shall drink" (Matt. xx. 23); "And the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?" In many other passages, the precise shade of meaning, or an additional force, is brought out by the observance of the Greek order. In one place, however, much to our regret, we have noticed that the Revision makes no improvement. In Romans i. 18, we still read: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven," etc. Here the Greek order requires the fact of the revelation to be made prominent. The indignation of God is something *made known*. This the context requires. There is a contrast with verse 17: "Therein is revealed a righteousness," etc., where the Revision preserves the true order. Moreover, the Apostle is laying down the premises for the conclusion (verse 20): "That they may be without excuse." The eighteenth verse should read: "For revealed is the wrath of God from heaven," etc.; or, "Revelation has been made of the wrath of God," etc. De Wette says: "Denn geoffenbaret wird Gottes Zorn vom Himmel," etc.

In other particulars of much higher concern, the superior Greek scholarship of the present day is manifest in the Revision. The old translators were apparently oblivious of the force of the Greek article, which answers to the definite article in English. They often leave the article out, when it should be inserted, and *vice versâ*. The restoration of it in many passages, though it is one of the alterations which may fail to attract the notice of a cursory reader, is in reality a most valuable change. Thus, in Matt. ii. 4, we have in the Revision: "Where the Christ"—in the room of "where Christ"—"should be born." Christ, in the Gospels, is not a proper name of Jesus: this is one sign of their early date. "Built his house upon *the* rock" (Matt. viii. 26) is more forcible than "built his house upon *a* rock." It is "*the* pinnacle of the temple"—not "a pinnacle"—to which

* The appendix indicates that the American revisers so judge.

Jesus is taken (Matt. iv. 5). It was not "branches of palm-trees" which they took (John xii. 13), but branches of *the* palm-trees," that is, the palm-trees that were growing on the Mount of Olives. It is not "one" and "many" in Romans v., where Adam is contrasted with Christ, but "*the* one," and "*the* many." The omission of the article in passages where it had been gratuitously inserted is an equal service of the Revision. The disciples (John iv. 27) wondered, not that Jesus "talked with *the* woman," but with "a woman"—any woman. The Apostle Paul (I. Tim. vi. 10) does not say that the love of money "is *the* root of all evil,"—which is not true,—but "*a* root of all kinds of evil." Occasionally the revisers appear to have strained a point in dealing with articles. Why should they say "*a* righteousness of God" in Romans iii. 21? Why say "*a* righteousness" in this verse, and "*the* righteousness" in the next? Why say "hearers of *a* law" in Romans ii. 13, while "*the* law" is the preferred rendering in ii. 17, 23; iii. 20, 21, 31; iv. 13; vii. 7? The omission of the article in the Greek, before an abstract noun, conceived of as the single one of its kind, is according to rule. It is *the* righteousness of God, or his method of justification, and *the* law—that is, the law of the Old Testament—which are meant. The inexact rendering of prepositions, and, in general, the vague rendering, or entire neglect of particles, in the authorized version is, in numerous places, remedied by the revisers.

But one of the most striking improvements due to the advance of grammatical knowledge is in the more exact discrimination between tenses. Especially is the proper sense of the aorist restored. This matter can be made clear to the English reader. Take the verb "to strike." The Greek has the perfect meaning, *I have struck*, and the pluperfect meaning, *I had struck*. These forms, as in English, refer to secondary events having relation in time to another occurrence, or to the principal event. The perfect "I have struck" brings the past into connection with the present when the words are uttered. Besides these the Greek has the aorist, denoting a bare occurrence, viewed as momentary,—"I struck." Now the aorist is not unfrequently rendered in the authorized version as the perfect or imperfect, to the great detriment of the translation. Notice how it is improved by correction in this particular. We read: "Who warned"—not "hath warned"—"you to flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. iii. 7); "Freely ye received," for "have received" (Matt. viii. 8); "Ye did not dance," for "have not danced" (Matt. xi. 17); "I planted, Apollos watered," etc., for "I have planted," etc.; "I chose you out of the world," not "have chosen" (John xv. 20); "Him whom thou didst send," not "hast sent" (John xvii. 4); "John I beheaded," for "have beheaded" (John ix. 9); "I betrayed innocent blood," not "have betrayed," etc. (Matt. xxvii. 4). The whole train of thought in connection with II. Corinthians v. 14 is obscured in the authorized version by the rendering, "All were dead," instead of "all died." The idea of St. Paul is that when Christ died all believers died (potentially or in idea), and thus are like Him, and in Him are risen to a new spiritual life. They belong to a new creation, to a spiritual order, as does He with whom they stand in intimate fellowship. The Revision reads: "Because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died." The importance of this single correction in its theological bearing is obvious. A rectification of the same sort takes place in Romans v. 12, where "for that all sinned" takes the place of "for that all have sinned." An uneducated person may fail to see the importance of these variations of phraseology. But if, as Gibbon says, one of the mightiest of controversies arose over an *iota*, the distinction between the *homoousion* of the Orthodox and the *homoiousion* of the Arians, a controversy, too, of tremendous consequence, it is easy to see that an exact rendering of the Apostle Paul on passages which touch on the deepest problems of theology is not a matter of indifference. It might be added in connection with the passage just referred to, that a like correction of Romans vi. 2, "died to sin," for "were dead to sin," and of Romans vi. 8, "if we died with Christ," for "if we be dead with Christ," serves to bring out of a partial eclipse the true thought of the Apostle.

The authors of the New Revision, had they undertaken to exclude all archaisms, would have been obliged to go farther in modifying the tone of the received version than was necessary or desirable. They have wisely decided to retain such as are perfectly intelligible and cannot be dropped without dispelling in some degree the atmosphere that invests the ancient translation. There is no objection to saying that

Joseph "minded to put her away privily" (Matt. i. 19). Every one sees the meaning of "minded" at a glance, without reflection. In some instances, however, archaic forms have been retained, which are less agreeable, and which might have been spared without the least harm. Why was it necessary to retain the word "bewrayeth"—"Thy speech bewrayeth thee" (Matt. xxvi. 73)? The difference between this word and "betrayeth," if there be any difference, readers will not discern. In the Lord's Prayer, why do we still read, "which art in heaven," for "who art in heaven"? It appears that the retention of "which" is due to the English branch of the board of revisers. It is a remarkable fact that the English company, with the uprightness which belongs to the character of true scholars, and with a genuine English boldness in a matter where truth is at stake, do not hesitate to alter the form of the Lord's Prayer, by substituting "as we have forgiven" for "as we forgive," and "deliver us from the evil one," in the room of "deliver us from evil,"—it is remarkable, we say, that the same scholars should cling to the old "which" for the modern and more grammatical "who." Fearless in revising the Greek text to make it accord with the demands of truth, they are excessively cautious about modifying the English phrases which represent it. Owing to the same mood of feeling, they hold on to "whiles"—"whiles thou art in the way with him"—(Matt. v. 25) as if "while" in the room of it were not harmless, and a better word for the modern ear. If it be asked why "which" is kept in the Lord's Prayer and "whiles" in the Sermon on the Mount, the solution must be found in that tenacious conservatism in minor things which belongs, in unison with a courageous spirit of progress, to the English mind, and is discerned in many phenomena of English life. Why do the boys in the great school at Winchester still eat their supper off wooden plates? Why do the lawyers and judges still load their heads with ponderous wigs? When such questions are answered, the reason will perhaps be found why the giving up of dear old "which" and "whiles" is a thing not to be thought of.

The authorized version, like that of Luther, has a rhythm which the revisers have done their best to leave undisturbed. In some places, a sacrifice on this score has to be made for the sake of a greater good. In that marvelous chapter in which the Apostle Paul exalts love to the throne among the virtues, the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, we lose the word "charity," and with it a portion of the music of this wonderful passage. But the gain more than compensates for the loss. Apart from the ambiguity of "charity" in its present use, the old Saxon word "love" has a meaning stored up in it which no word taken from the Latin has been able to gather. The doctrine of the Apostle is made, by the change, far more distinct and emphatic. Had "love" always stood in this chapter where "charity" stood, no antagonism between the theology of Paul and of John could plausibly have been affirmed to exist.

The New Revision is accompanied by an appendix in which the points are set down in which the American committee were unable to acquiesce in the decisions of the English committee. For the merits of the Revision as it stands, whatever they may be, the American branch deserves no small share of credit. Their opinions, we are given to understand, have had a large influence. The list in the appendix comprises the recommendations which were not accepted by the English, but which are deemed by their authors of sufficient importance to be appended to the volume. On this list, as it appears to us, are many changes which deserved to be adopted. "Tempt," in the sense of "make trial of," is now obsolete, and the use of it where no enticement to evil is meant is misleading. Such archaisms as "who" or "that" for "which," in speaking of persons, and "wot" or "wist" in the sense of "know," "knew," are needless blemishes in the translation. With the American company, we should prefer "demon" and the cognate terms to represent the Greek terms from which it is derived, as in the various places referring to demoniacal possession. On the use of the word "testament" we have already commented. Here the text of the Revision is manifestly wrong. In the Lord's Prayer (Matt. vi. 11, Luke xi. 3), the marginal reading is suggested: "Our bread for the coming day," or "our needful bread." This explanation is required to give the English reader an exact idea of the two meanings of which the original term is susceptible. In Matthew x. 39, "He that findeth his life shall lose it," and in several other passages, the Americans would strike out "soul," the alternative reading for "life" in the margin. "Life," and not "soul," is the sense of the Greek word. "For judg-

ment, and mercy, and faith" (Matt. xxiii. 23; also Luke xi. 42), "justice, and mercy, and faith," is properly suggested. In Luke i. 70,—"his holy prophets, which have been since the world began,"—the Americans correctly preferred "which have been of old." So in Acts iii. 21; xv. 18. In Luke xxiv. 30, they would translate, in exact accordance with the text: "He took the bread and blessed; and breaking *it* he gave to them." In Acts xvii. 22, they would read "very religious" for "somewhat superstitious"; on this passage we have already remarked. In Romans i. 18, they would put "hinder the truth" for "hold down the truth"; but here we are inclined to prefer the text of the Revision, as more faithful and expressive. The passage refers to the inward suppression of the truth by those who will not let it influence their lives. In I. Corinthians ii. 13, the text of the Revision reads: "Comparing spiritual things with spiritual," and "combining" stands in the margin as the alternative of "comparing." The American committee would say: "Combining spiritual things with spiritual *words*"—which the context shows to have been the Apostle's meaning. In Philippians ii. 6, they would read: "Counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped," and would omit the marginal reading—"a thing to be grasped"—which is found in the text of the Revision. This suggestion of the appendix gives the sense of the passage with greater precision, but involves a circumlocution. The text as it stands, with the marginal appendage, perhaps makes the meaning sufficiently plain. In Colossians iii. 5, "put to death" is preferred by the Americans to the obsolete "mortify" of the English revisers: "Mortify therefore your members," etc. In Philippians iii. 12, 13, the English cling to "apprehend": "I press on, if so be I may apprehend," etc., while the Americans wisely prefer "lay hold of," a Saxon synonym intelligible to everybody. The Revision, in Hebrews xi. 1, reads: "Now faith is the assurance of *things* hoped for, the proving of things not seen." This last clause is hardly intelligible without the marginal addition: "Or the giving substance to." In the appendix we have the better rendering: "A conviction of things not seen," with the same marginal rendering. In a considerable number of instances the different translations of the appendix rest on a different view as to the original text. It is plain that the American committee was disposed to go farther than the English in removing obsolete or obsolescent terms.

The first two changes put on their list by the authors of the appendix relate to the titles of the books. They would strike out "S." (*i. e.*, Saint) from the title of the Gospels and from the heading of the pages. If the authority of the ancient manuscripts were followed, this suggestion would have to be carried out. The addition of this epithet to the sacred writers is of later origin. The American committee would, also, have omitted, for a like reason, "the Apostle" from the title of the Pauline Epistles. From the titles of the Epistle to the Hebrews they would have struck out the words "of Paul the Apostle." This part of the title was not given to the book in the early centuries. The weight of authority, both past and present, is strongly against the authorship by Paul. Why, then, should it continue to be affirmed in the versions of the book? It may, perhaps, be said that the authorship of some other books is disputed; for example, the second Epistle of Peter. But the case is not parallel as regards the title proper to be attached in a version. The Epistle to the Hebrews does not itself claim to be the work of Paul.

In some respects it is a misfortune that the appendix is necessary. Inconsiderate persons and some who are opposed to any revision of the authorized version will, probably, point to it as a sign that even when revision is attempted agreement as to the changes to be introduced is out of the question. But why do we need a translation? It is that we may get at the meaning of the writers. If there are certain points on which unanimity between two bodies of learned scholars cannot be attained, why should we not be glad to know exactly where the uncertainty lies, and how far it extends? We are Protestants. We claim that it is the right and duty of every Christian to read and interpret the Bible. Why should we shrink from the logical and necessary consequences of our position? Those who have not studied the Greek language have a right to demand that they shall be informed, with all possible accuracy, of the true sense of the original Scriptures. Where there are cases of disagreement among scholars of approved capacity, why should the people be denied an acquaintance with the precise character and compass of the divergence? The existence and public avowal of these diversities of judgment will stimulate thoughtful and inquisitive

minds to investigate the Scriptures. The study of the Scriptures is just what Protestants ought to encourage. There is no Protestant who has ever been taught the rudiments of Christian knowledge, who is ignorant of the fact that the New Testament was not written in English. It is untruthful, as well as futile, to attempt to impress him with the belief that any translation is infallible. Surely truth requires that he should be put in possession, as far as practicable, of the facts in the case. When Protestants take a position on these questions which implies that thought and inquiry and knowledge are undesirable, they abandon their ground. They indulge in a temper of feeling more befitting the disciples of the Pope.

A translation executed by a body of persons must be in part the result of compromise. Debated questions in the committees have to be determined by vote. The majority decides them. The decision is not sure to be on the side where the weight of brain and of solid learning preponderates. If, at the last, the whole matter could have been committed to President Woolsey, Bishop Lightfoot, and three or four others who might be selected from both committees, with ample liberty to do what they should please, we might perhaps have had a better revision than we now have. Such a course, however, would be manifestly impracticable. We must comfort ourselves in the persuasion that in such bodies, especially when the questions of chief moment are under discussion, individual members like those whom we have named are likely to exert a leading influence. If a translation is to be made, which shall command the confidence of the various denominations of Christian people on both sides of the Atlantic, it must emanate from companies who have something like a representative character. We must be content with that degree of merit which bodies thus constituted are able to give to it. It is a case where one should remember the homely adage: "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Yet, in the case before us, we are presented with much more than this modicum of "half a loaf." The Revision which is now sent forth to the English-speaking race in both hemispheres, is undeniably an improvement upon the old version. The particulars of correction are altogether too numerous to have rendered it feasible for them to be incorporated in the form of marginal notes to the old translation. Competent judges will unite in the verdict that the translation, as it is offered in the revised edition, is made far more accurate. Nor can serious fault be found with the general character of the new terms and phrases which it has been necessary to interweave. Great care has evidently been taken not to inflict a needless shock upon those to whom the style of the old version is something almost sacred.

Another question is whether the advantages of the Revision are so decided that it is likely to supersede the old form of the version in public worship and in private reading. If the Revision of the Old Testament—supposing it to be as well done as that of the New—were ready to be issued in company with the latter, an affirmative answer might be confidently given. The revision of the translation of the Old Testament is an imperative necessity. Of course, the authorized version of the various books is of unequal merit. Thus, Job is very incorrectly translated. As it stands in the English Bible, it is a majestic work; but it is not the work which the sage and seer who wrote the Hebrew text composed. There are passages in the Psalms to which the translators themselves could have attached no definite meaning. If there were a simultaneous publication of the Old Testament and the New in the revised form, there is little reason to doubt that it would pretty rapidly supplant the present version, and make its way, by its obvious merits, to general acceptance.

It is our opinion that the Revision of the New Testament, even unattended by the Old Testament, its natural companion, will succeed in establishing its hold upon public confidence, and eventually take the place of the accepted translation. But this result, if it is to come at all, should be brought to pass spontaneously. Let the new volume win the victory for itself. It may be defended against unjust assaults. But let there be no pushing of it by artificial means. Let there be no effort to dragoon Bible societies into a premature adoption of it, or into hurried action of any sort respecting it. If it possess the superiority which, in our judgment, belongs to it, the fact will be evinced in due time, and its general acceptance will be the gradual but inevitable result. The company of American scholars who have devoted a great part of so many years, without compensation, to this work, deserve the lasting gratitude of those who will profit by their labors.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"Scribner's Monthly."—Historical.

So MANY stories have been told by the newspaper press, recently, about this magazine,—its internal relations and its history,—and so much public interest has been manifested in regard to the subject, that it has seemed to me to be worth while to tell the story from the beginning, authoritatively.

Thirteen years ago, Mr. Charles Scribner, the founder of what is known as "the Scribner book-house," applied to me to take the editorship of "Hours at Home," a magazine he had started some years before. At that time I had just closed up a business in Massachusetts, preparatory to a somewhat extended sojourn in Europe, and I peremptorily declined the invitation. Mr. Scribner insisted, however, that the offer should remain open until my return. The European journey was entered upon, and I had advanced sufficiently far in it to begin to look beyond it. It was then that this offer recurred to me, and that I began earnestly to consider it. My conclusions were that the place was not a desirable one; that there was no such thing as a great success for that magazine; that I did not myself like it, and that I would not identify myself with it, or tie myself to its traditions; besides, I believed it to be moribund, as a subsequent examination proved it to be.

At about this time I met Mr. Roswell Smith in Geneva, Switzerland, when the matter of the old magazine came up in conversation. I had met and known something of the gentleman before; indeed, we had planned to go abroad together, originally, though something had interfered with our calculations. His home was then in Indiana, and for health's sake, and other reasons, he desired to remove to the East; so that when I said that instead of entering upon the editorship of an old magazine I should like to start a new one, he announced himself ready to undertake, as business manager, an enterprise of that kind with me. The result of the conversation, which was terminated, as I happen to remember, upon one of the bridges in Geneva, was a verbal agreement that we should unite our forces, on our return to America, for the effecting of this project. It was on that bridge, and exactly under those circumstances, that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was planned.

Mr. Smith returned to America before I did, and when he came he brought a letter of introduction from me to Mr. Charles Scribner, commending him in such terms to the publisher's consideration and confidence as have been a thousand times justified by his subsequent business history. As the inventors would say: "I claim the discovery of Mr. Roswell Smith, and the combination with Mr. Charles Scribner and myself, which resulted in the production of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY." It was naturally Mr. Scribner's wish to have the new magazine emanate from the book-house, so that he was not primarily disposed to listen to the project of starting a new and independent house, with magazine publishing as its special business. I refused, however, to have anything to do with a magazine that should be floated as the flag of a book-house, or as tributary or subordinate to a book-house. I did not believe there would be success in such an enterprise, and the plan was at last determined upon that, when I should return to America, a new concern should be formed, for the special undertaking and execution of this enterprise.

I returned from abroad in the spring of 1870, and all our plans for the issue of the new magazine were matured during the following summer and autumn. Mr. Smith had no knowledge whatever of the publishing business, and I had none save that which I had acquired in the publication of a country newspaper, with the details of which, however, I had had little to do. It was deemed desirable by Mr. Scribner that the magazine should bear the name of the book-house. He and his associates served their purpose in that, and Mr. Smith and I were glad to have the prestige of the name in beginning our enterprise. It was, in one aspect, a selfish thing for all of us. The book-house wanted the advertising which the new magazine would give it; and the magazine-house, of which Mr. Smith and I represented the predominant interest, wanted the name for what there might be of popular value in it. In another aspect it was not a selfish matter at all. Through long years of the most brotherly intercourse, I had come into very affectionate relations with Mr. Scribner, and Mr. Smith came very quickly into similar relations,—charmed by his kindly nature and character. It was a pleasure to both of us to attach his name to the new publication, hoping that no circumstances would ever occur to change it. I have said all this simply to explain the "true inwardness" of all the differences which have occurred between Mr. Smith and myself on one side and the representatives of the Scribner book-house on the other. We—the two parties—regarded the enterprise and operations of the magazine-house from radically different standpoints. We who held the majority interest regarded the Scribner connection as something that should inure solely to the benefit of the magazine-house, in which the book-house was interested to the amount of its stock, and not to the benefit of the book-house, in which we had no interest whatever. We felt that if we should desire to publish a book,—which our charter gave us the right to publish,—we ought not to be called upon to consider whether we were affecting the business of any other concern whatsoever; and I have no question that we were perfectly right. We were organized to do our own business, and neither to do or to mind any other man's. We were opposed in this, and this differ-

ence lay at the basis, and was the inspiring cause, of all the recent changes that have taken place in the proprietorship of the concern.

Very soon after the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was issued, Mr. Putnam came to us with the offer of his magazine. We acceded to his conditions, though I have forgotten what they were, and it was soon quietly left behind with the "Hours at Home." It is remarkable, in reviewing the career of the MONTHLY, that, although it started without a subscriber, it never printed or sold less than forty thousand copies a month. The highest task we set ourselves in those early days was to reach an edition of one hundred thousand copies,—a number now largely surpassed; and now we are looking forward to an edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and the consequent production of two sets of plates and double sets of machinery. That this success has been a surprise to the publishing fraternity is undoubtedly true; that two men, utterly unused to the business, should succeed from the first, in so difficult a field, is, in the retrospect, a surprise to themselves. Of the editorial management of SCRIBNER, I have nothing to say, except that it has been conscientiously and industriously performed, and that I have had a corps of able and enthusiastic assistants, who have given themselves to the work as if the magazine, indeed, were all their own.

I suppose that if any one were asked what, more than anything else, had contributed to the success of the magazine, he would answer: Its superb engravings, and the era it introduced of improved illustrative art. This feature of our work is attributable to Mr. R. W. Gilder and to Mr. A. W. Drake,—the former the office editor, and the latter the superintendent of the illustrative department. Mr. Smith and I, any further than we have stood behind these men with encouragement and money, deserve no credit for the marvelous development that has been made in illustration. Perhaps this is not quite true, for Mr. Smith was the first to insist on the experiment of printing the illustrated forms on dry paper. This has had much to do with the success of our cuts, and SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY enjoyed a practical monopoly of this mode of cut-printing for years. The effects achieved in this way excited great curiosity, both in this country and in England. Mr. Smith may, therefore, legitimately claim to have revolutionized the cut-printing of the world; and it is another illustration of the fact that reforms are rarely made in their own art by routine men. It takes a mechanic to invent an agricultural machine; and a lawyer, turned man of business, to discover that damp paper is not the best for printing cuts on.

The present Mr. Charles Scribner and I have now ceased to be proprietors, and Mr. Roswell Smith has acquired about nine-tenths of the stock. The remainder has been divided among the young men who have done so much and worked so faithfully to make the magazine what it has been and what it is. I am glad they own it, and that it is Mr. Smith's design that they shall have more as they win the ability to purchase it. I have no coöperation theories or predilections to gratify, but I owe so much to these men that I shall greatly rejoice in any substantial rewards they may reap for their long and faithful service in building up the interests of the concern, and for their attempts to spare me all unnecessary toil.

It is a great satisfaction to me to feel that both SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS—the latter of which is peculiarly the child of Mr. Roswell Smith's enterprise—are in the same hands they have always been in, and that the readers of both have lost nothing in the changes that have been made in the proprietorship. Some changes are still to be made in names, for the necessity for which I am sorry; but they involve nothing more than sentiment, and we shall all very soon adapt ourselves to them and forget them.

With the burden of business responsibilities lifted from my shoulders, I hope to find my hand more easily at work with my pen, and trust that for many years I may hold the relation to the great reading world which this editorial position gives me. I risked in this business all the reputation and all the money I had made, and it is a great satisfaction that I did not miscalculate the resources of my business associate or my own.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Thomas Carlyle.

ON many accounts, the "Reminiscences" of Thomas Carlyle have made the most notable and interesting book of the year. Not that they have taught us anything very remarkable or authentic about the personages to whom they are devoted, but because they teach us a great deal about Carlyle himself. When he talks about his contemporaries he is really at his worst. We get the unlovely side of him whenever and wherever he feels the liberty of criticism, whether he speaks of men and women, or of institutions and the character of the times in which he lived. We should say that he was anything but a sympathetic man. He looked upon the public men he met with eyes as coldly critical and unsympathetic as if he were examining patent churns or old casts; and what he has to say of these is as unappreciative, uncharitable, and often as contemptuous as if they had been utterly worthless blockheads. Witness the way in which he speaks of Charles Lamb.

Many of the admired of his own generation—many of those whose names we all hold in high esteem, if not in reverence—are treated with hardly more consideration in these reminiscences. It made not the slightest difference with what he thought or would write of a person, that that person had a great place, for any reason, in the world's consideration. When "old Lamb" presented himself at his door, the fact that he had written some of the sweetest humor that had ever been embalmed in his mother-tongue was forgotten, and the exhausted, vice-ridden old man was all he saw, and for this wreck he had no respect whatever. To him the old humorist and *littérateur* was nothing but a silly

old dotard and drunkard, and he seemed to lose all sight of what he had been and what he had done. Now, it certainly was not amiable in Carlyle to see and talk about the weak side, especially, of those whom the world honored. Harriet Martineau is treated almost as contemptuously as Lamb, and the list of others who shared in his cheapening comments and criticisms is a long one. Now we do not doubt in the least that what he says of all these people is mainly true; but we think it a pity that their weak and ridiculous sides only should have been seen and appreciated by Carlyle, and that sympathy should not have tempered his words and brought him into a juster apprehension of that which was highest and best in them.

No man could occupy the position of Carlyle toward his contemporaries, or toward public institutions and public questions, without stupendous egotism. He railed at his own countrymen *en masse*. For his boldness of denunciation, he actually won the hearts of the very men he denounced. There is no question that he had a strong, virile sense of justice and truth. He did not always—perhaps not often—see the truth, for in many things he was wrong-headed; but what he believed to be true and just he loved and defended with all the strength of his stern nature. He had a most unreasoning affection for force, for heroes, for men who had power and prowess. For the praise of men like these he could shape his choicest periods, but for all else he cared little or nothing. For a great human will, with abundance of power and courage behind it, he had more than respect—admiration, almost adoration. He believed that there were some men who were made to govern, and that most men were made to be governed. For the first class he saved what respect there was in him for humanity; for the last, very little consideration of any kind. For the age of materialism and mammon-worshiping he had a contempt that came as near being measureless as anything finite can be, and he was undoubtedly soured by the contemplation of a world in which money, and luxury, and material splendor, and material success seemed to be the all-controlling motives and objects. His was the voice of a prophet, crying in the wilderness of such things. And exactly here he was most useful. He was a sturdy and fearless rebuker of the mercenary sins of his age, and, as such, deserves the gratitude of all good men.

But he had a sweet and lovely side to him. What he says in his "Reminiscences" of Jane Welsh Carlyle is, to our mind, the most beautiful tribute to a faithful wife there is to be found in the English language. We are not at all sure that she deserves all the good things he says of her, or that she was any better than many other wives we know, but it is delightful to find one notable literary man who lived with his wife through a reasonably long connection and did not, on any occasion, find her "incompatible." No one can read over his remembrances of his wife without being touched to tears by his exceeding tenderness, his unbounded admiration of her heart and mind, and his loyalty to her precious memory. We know nothing like this frank unfolding of a great man's heart in all literature. This passion which he would have been only too apt to regard as uxoriousness in another and which he does, rather grimly, make a jest of in Mill's Mrs. Taylor, whom he characterizes as "a very will-o'-the-wispish iridescence of a creature (meaning nothing bad either)," does him infinite honor, and her also. To have been such a companion, comforter, and inspirer to such a man was certainly a great destiny, and one for which, we do not doubt, she was profoundly grateful.

A goodly slice of these reminiscences are given to Carlyle's father, James Carlyle. For him he has the warmest affection and the greatest respect. With the son's description of his father before us, it is hard to understand his affection. He seems to have been a stern man, and good in a forbidding kind of way. The son was thoroughly afraid of him when he was a lad, but the filial piety and loyalty of the great old man gives us another look into the better side of his nature and character. After all, was not this love for wife and father only another aspect, or outgrowth, of his marvelous egotism? The absolute inability to see anything ridiculous in the father and the wife and to find anybody outside of them worth his while—what was this but egotism? The putative author of his mortal body and the progenitor of his mind would naturally stand high in the regard of Carlyle, while the woman with whom his life was united—what should she be but the paragon of women? At any rate, these filial and conjugal affections and enthusiasms, on the part of the august and even sublime old growler, are exceedingly delightful and inspiring.

And last, and not the least noteworthy, it is pleasant to accept Carlyle's tribute to religion. In an age of skepticism he clung to the Christian verities, recognized the adaptation of the Christian religion to human need, and held in awful scorn the materialism which he felt to be growing in power in human thought and society. We are not among those who take delight in the patronage which the great sometimes extend to religion; but when a man of brains, and insight, and faultless life, and a wide influence testifies to the practical value of religion, and makes it the basis and test of all other values, we can, at least, be grateful to God for him, and for the power of his words and his example. We can account, certainly in part, for the man's contempt for men, and for his love of his father and wife, on the ground of his egotism; but his affection for the religion which called upon him to subordinate his will and abnegate himself must have had a better basis.

Advertising Patent Medicines.

IF any of our readers should have the misfortune to be ill, we trust they will be wise enough to go to the wisest and most skillful physician within reach, and follow his advice and take his prescriptions. How are they to determine who will serve them best? There is a great deal in this question which has relation to the matter we have in hand in this article. There is no such thing as medical authority.

Medicine is all empirical. Diseases change in their type, from generation to generation, local influences and climatic perturbations, and variety of temperaments and constitutions in the sick themselves, make every new case a special case, removed from all fixed rules of practice, and place every exhibition of medicine in the category of experiments. This is true with regard to the practice of any so-called "system of medicine." Of systems there are two, into which the medical world is mainly divided, viz.: the allopathic and the homeopathic. These are practiced by educated men, a large proportion of whom were originally trained in allopathic schools, but they are about as widely divided in their ideas and their modes of practice as they can be, or can be imagined to be. The allopathist calls the homeopathist a "quack," and the latter regards the former as a "butcher." Men equally well educated and equally conversant with disease and with remedies, denounce each the other's practice, and "when doctors disagree who shall decide?"

We have already said that there is no such thing as medical authority. We may go farther, and declare that there never will be, in the nature of things. There are too many incalculable factors that enter into any disease of the human organism to permit its treatment ever to enter the domain of exact science. Life itself—its fountain and forces—is incalculable. The human mind, the human will, the nature of the subtle poisons that breed disease,—these are all incalculable. The modifying influences of temperament upon the character and phenomena of disease—these are incalculable. So we are forced to this: Nobody knows—nobody can know—exactly how to treat any case of disease; but there are some physicians, knowing most of that which is known about disease, and with native and acquired acuteness of observation, both as to disease and the effects of remedies, who are wiser and more skillful than others. These, whenever we can fix upon them, we choose for our physicians; and are very glad to get their service, when we have need, and to pay for it. No medical school can decide this question for us. The other day, hundreds of young doctors were graduated in this city. They went out with their spick and span new diplomas, ready, in their own self-confidence, to undertake the charge of almost any case of sickness —but who will trust them? The diploma does not mean much to the man who has a sick wife in his chamber, or a sick babe in his cradle. Men are obliged to trust themselves to select their physicians, and the mode of practice to which they will submit themselves. There is no authority whose prerogative it is to say to the public that this or that man, or this or that system of medicine, is the best, and the cure in all cases to be resorted to. The people are, and are obliged to be, the only judges of medicine and of physicians. They are always obliged to select those agencies for their own healing which seem the best, and to take what comes of it.

Out of the uncertainties of medicine has grown quackery. It has lived and thrived on the blunders of the doctors. If medical science had been a reliable resort, in all cases of disease, quackery would have been impossible; but it so happens that the doctors themselves are the great foes of quackery. They have recently been taking the religious papers to task for publishing advertisements of patent medicines. We have received a missive from one of them, who, in his private letters, seems to be surprised that we do not at once admit that all patent medicines are fraudulent, and that to advertise them is a disreputable thing. Now we are bound in honesty to say—however heterodox it may seem to the profession—that we believe that there is a large class of patent medicines whose ingredients are skillfully and conscientiously selected and compounded, and that they have been very useful in the domestic treatment of disease. We must come to this conclusion in precisely the same way that we come to the conclusion that a man is a skillful physician—by what they accomplish, and by the testimony of those who have used them. The reputation of a patent medicine is sustained by exactly the same evidence that supports a skillful physician's reputation, and we know of no physician in this or any other community who can furnish as many genuine testimonials to his skill and success as a healer, as twenty patent medicines that we could mention if we would. Many of these medicines came out of the regular practice, and were prepared and originally prescribed by the best physicians. Many of them are medicines whose virtues had been established by domestic use, before the enterprising quack began to advertise them. Very few of them, we believe, are humbugs and frauds in the consciousness or the intent of their makers.

Any publisher who has a valuable medium of advertising at his command knows how great the pressure is upon him for space for advertising patent medicines, and if he is a reputable man, and wishes to deal fairly by the community, he would like some rule by which to guide himself in accepting these advertisements. It is, of course, easy to turn away all advertisements that are tributary to vice, and to fraud. Bogus schemes, designed to practice upon the cupidity of the people—these are easily turned away if detected, though detection is not always easy. The advertisements for the cure of disgusting and disgraceful diseases, involving immorality, will be published by no respectable man. It is easy, we say, to turn away advertisements to a certain point, and then it becomes very hard. It is easy, of course, to turn away all advertisements of patent medicines, if we adopt the theory of the doctors that they are all frauds. But it would be equally just to say that the doctors are all frauds, because some of them undoubtedly are. The people, who are necessarily the judges, both of doctors and of medicines, say that these medicines are not all frauds, and if human testimony is good for anything, that fact is established.

How shall we know what are frauds and what are not? The character of the man or the house advertising will help to settle that question. If such a house as that of Caswell & Hazard, of this city, were to bring us an advertisement of any thing whatever, it would hardly pay us, or the public, to examine it before admitting it. The name of the house would

be a sufficient guarantee that it is not fraudulent. If Brown Brothers & Co. were to advertise some financial scheme, the clerk who would do more than count the lines, and give the price, would spend his strength for naught, and insult the house. In point of fact, Caswell & Hazard prepare many medicines whose ingredients are known to the medical profession, but they are used in domestic medicine by those who do not know their ingredients at all. Here, by the way, the doctors make a difference between what they call a "quack" medicine, and a "proprietary" medicine. The fact, however, that a doctor knows the ingredients of a "proprietary" medicine, makes no difference to the man or woman who uses it as a quack medicine, of which he or she knows nothing except by its results. We see no difference between advertising a "proprietary" medicine and a patent medicine, so far as the people are concerned. They judge by results, and have a perfect right to do so.

All simples—all extracts of simples—all medicines and external applications that have been proved to be not only not dangerous but salutary in the treatment of disease, have a right to be known through whatever medium of advertising their owners are willing to pay for. And publishers of religious papers, or of any other periodicals, have a right to judge what medicines and applications have this right to be known, and to do their advertising without being hauled over the coals by anybody. This treating them as culprits, and, as a matter of course, indefensible, is insulting and grossly unreasonable, especially by a profession that cannot afford to throw stones at the public authority in this matter.

We would not like to be misunderstood on this subject, so we close with two or three considerations. We have no affection for patent medicines or quackery. If medicine is not an exact science, there exists in the medical profession an accumulation of wisdom which forms a much better resort for suffering humanity than patent medicines, no matter how carefully and wisely they may be selected and applied. Sometimes, undoubtedly, men break away from the routine of medical practice and prescribe for themselves with advantage, but it is rational to suppose that men who make diseases and their remedies the study of their lives are our safest counselors.

Again, what we protest against—and this only—is the professional idea that all patent medicines are frauds, and that those who advertise them are parties to an intentional popular deception. We recognize a field of domestic medicine that is entirely legitimate, in which the people may, and often do, choose with great wisdom and success from the field of medicines in various ways offered to them.

Once more, we sympathize entirely in the prejudice of the profession against the patenting of a medicine by one of their own number. Such a proceeding is most unprofessional, in that it locks up in one man, and makes subservient to one man's profit, that which should be at the command of all professional healers, for the benefit of humanity. The non-professional healer, however, can hardly be held amenable to this consideration.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Lashing of Admiral Farragut in the Rigging.

NEW YORK, September 6, 1880.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In answer to your request for a statement of the facts with regard to the lashing of Admiral Farragut in the rigging at the battle of Mobile Bay, I beg to say that the account contained in "The Life and Letters of David Glasgow Farragut, the First Admiral of the United States Navy," by his son, is correct. The facts are, briefly, as follows:

At the commencement of the action Admiral Farragut was standing in the port main rigging, which position enabled him to overlook the other vessels of the fleet while at the same time it gave him perfect command of both his own flag-ship and the *Metacomet*. The latter vessel was lashed on that side of the *Hartford* for the purpose of carrying the flag-ship inside of the bay, in case of the disabling of her own machinery. A slight wind was blowing the smoke from our guns on to Fort Morgan. As the wind fell lighter (which it frequently does during heavy firing), the smoke gradually obscured the Admiral's view, and he, almost unconsciously, climbed the rigging, ratline by ratline, in order to see over it, until finally he found himself in the futtock-shrouds, some little distance below the main-top. Here he could lean either backward or forward in a comfortable position, having the free use of both hands for his spy-glass, or any other purpose. Captain Drayton, commanding the *Hartford*, and also Chief-of-Staff to the Admiral, becoming solicitous lest even a slight wound, a blow from a splinter, or the cutting away of a portion of the rigging, might throw the Admiral to the deck, sent the signal-quartermaster aloft with a small rope, to secure him to the rigging. The latter at first declined to allow the quartermaster to do this, but quickly admitted the wisdom of the precaution, and himself passed two or three turns of the rope around his body, and secured one end while the quartermaster (Knowles) fastened the other. The Admiral remained aloft until after we had passed Fort Morgan.

While leaning against the futtock-shrouds, he was near enough to the pilot—who was in the main-top, just over his head—to communicate with him by word of mouth, though by no means sufficiently near to reach him with his hand, as has been stated. He was at all times visible to Captain Drayton and the flag-lieutenant (myself), who were standing on the poop-deck, and conversed with him several times during the action. Lieutenant A. R. Yates, now

Commander in the United States Navy, who was acting as a volunteer aid, was stationed underneath the Admiral, and carried his orders to the other parts of the ship.

After the passage of the forts was accomplished, and the vessels were anchored and anchoring, the Confederate ram *Tennessee* was observed to be moving out from under the guns of Fort Morgan. Captain Drayton reported this fact to the Admiral, who was then on the poop, stating that Buchanan, the Confederate Admiral, was going outside to destroy the outer fleet. The Admiral immediately said, "Then we must follow him out!" though he suspected that Buchanan, becoming desperate, had resolved to sink or destroy the flag-ship *Hartford*, and do us as much injury as possible before losing his own vessel. Immediately after the above remark, Farragut said: "No! Buck's coming here. Get under way at once; we must be ready for him!" Captain Drayton could not believe this, and we were a little slow about getting up our anchor, in spite of the Admiral's impatience.

In Lieutenant Kinney's interesting account of the battle, which you are publishing, the subsequent events are described. I have only to add that, when the *Hartford* rammed the *Tennessee*, the Admiral was standing in the port *mizzen*-rigging, near the rail, where I secured him with a rope's-end, having first remonstrated with him and begged him not to stand in so exposed a place,—as he was only a few feet from and above the deck of the ram, which scraped her whole length along that side of the *Hartford*.

There could never have been any dispute as to the Admiral's having been lashed in the main-rigging, had the fact been generally known that the Admiral himself told Captain Drayton and me, shortly after the battle, exactly what took place when the quartermaster came up to him with the rope and the message from the captain, just as I have related it. He was afterward amused and amazed at the notoriety of the incident. When a comic picture of the scene, in one of the illustrated weeklies, came to hand, a few days after the battle, he said to Captain Drayton and myself, in conversation: "How curiously some trifling incident catches the popular fancy! My being in the main-rigging was a mere accident, owing to the fact that I was driven aloft by the smoke. The lashing was the result of your own fears [Captain Drayton's] for my safety." At the close of the war, he yielded to the solicitations of Mr. Page to stand for a historical portrait in the position in which he was first lashed.

Yours truly,
J. CRITTENDEN WATSON,
Commander, U. S. N.

"The Music of Niagara."

427 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The author of "The Music of Niagara," in the February issue of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, assumes, without demonstration, a parallelism between the formation of musical tones in organ-pipes of definite extent, and the formation of musical tones in sheets of water. While the same law applies to the formation of musical tones in pipes, whether air or water is forced through them, the tone obtained depends on the velocity with which sound is transmitted through the two media, consequently a definite length of pipe would yield a different fundamental note under the action of air, or water.

If musical tones are evolved from Niagara, they derive their origin either from the vibrations of the air back of the sheet, or the vibrations of the sheet itself.

The depth of water on the crest of the falls is variously estimated at from 20 to 30 feet. Assuming Mr. Thayer's height of the falls, 160.42 feet, to be correct, the height of the air-space could not exceed 140 feet. Since the music of Niagara rests upon a fundamental note such as would be evolved by an open organ-pipe 160.42 feet in length, it is evident that the vibration of the air-space back of the sheet—having a height not exceeding 140 feet—cannot be the origin of this fundamental note.

A properly constructed organ-pipe may be made to yield musical tones by forcing water through it. The fundamental tone of Niagara, as determined by Mr. Thayer, would have $3\frac{3}{32}$ vibrations per second. The theoretical length of a stopped pipe which, under the action of water, would yield this fundamental tone, would have a length in feet equal to the velocity of sound through water, divided by four times the vibration number of the tone. Assuming the temperature of the water to be 45° F., its length would be $4557 \div (4 \times 3\frac{3}{32}) = 368.24$ feet. An open pipe would require double this length.

It would seem from the foregoing that the determination of the height of Niagara from the fundamental tone of its roar could not be properly made.

It may be of interest in this connection to state that a careful determination of the height of Niagara, made by the Lake Survey, fixes the height of the falls, on the Canadian side, at 155 feet, at Terrapin Tower 161 feet, and at Prospect Park, easterly side of American Fall, 169 feet.

Very respectfully yours,
L. Y. SCHERMERHORN.

State Normal School, Winona, Minn.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: I have a question or two to ask regarding the article on "The Music of Niagara," in SCRIBNER for February. An organ-pipe 160.42 feet long would give only 3.49 vibrations per second in air at 60° F. Now, 16 vibrations per second is generally accepted as the lower limit of the human ear in its perception of musical sounds. Savart, who used shocks of great power in the production of vibrations, fixed the limit at 8, but is supposed to have mistaken overtones for the fundamental one. May not Mr. Thayer have done the same?

If Mr. Thayer does hear a musical sound produced by so few vibrations, does the force of the shock caused by the falling water suffice to blend them? Can he hear so grave a sound when produced in any other way?

Will Mr. Thayer assign some physical reason for there being any *accent* (or beat) whatever?

Yours truly,

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

MR. THAYER'S REPLY.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In answer to the communications which you have sent me, and to many private letters I have received, in relation to "The Music of Niagara," I would say that I find the questions met and answered in the article itself. For example: Mr. Schermerhorn's first objection is met in my article at the top of page 586. His next statement, that the depth of water on the crest of the falls is from thirty to twenty feet, is manifestly incorrect. The depth varies from thirty feet to less than thirty inches,—a fact which observation will prove. That "an organ-pipe may be made to produce musical tones by forcing water through it," is doubtless true, although I have never known when or where such an experiment was tried.

It seems to me that Mr. Boutelle asks the only really new question, viz.: "What is the *physical* basis of the beat or accent?" The true answer, I believe, is found in the fact that everything in the universe *vibrates*. All vibrations, by some law of differentiation, separate themselves into major and minor, the greater ones naturally producing a beat or accent from which rhythm is evolved.

If the readers of my article will but read it again a little more closely (and perhaps *between* the lines in some places), I think they will find that all their questions are met and answered in words or by easy inference.

Yours truly,

EUGENE THAYER.

The Rise of the Columbia River.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON, Sept. 10, 1880.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The article entitled "Our River," in the issue of SCRIBNER for August of this year, contains an allusion to the Columbia which greatly needs enlargement. It mentions as a remarkable fact that the Columbia often rises fifteen feet during the summer floods.

This presents so inadequate an idea of our great river that I am compelled to call your attention to the fact that, during the flood of this summer, the Columbia rose at Umatilla about forty-five feet; at Dalles fifty-one; at the upper Cascades about sixty, while at Portland, twelve miles from the junction of the Willamette and Columbia, the former was "backed up" to a height of twenty-eight feet above low water mark. At Vancouver, where the ordinary width of the Columbia is a mile and a half, the flood extended it to a width of six miles. To give some idea of the immensity of waters coming from the snows of our great Western mountains, I might add that at the Dalles the mass of water superimposed on the low stage of the river was fifty-one feet thick, a mile wide, moving at the rate of nine miles per hour. For several days it rose at the rate of an inch an hour. Its hourly increase was therefore enough to make a large creek, while its daily increase was just about equivalent to such a river as the Hudson.

The Columbia has, of course, no need to feel jealous of any of the brotherhood of rivers, but it would like to have its Eastern friends know what it really can do in the way of rising.

Very truly yours,

W. D. LYMAN.

English Correspondents at Plevna.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: I notice a slight error in your interesting description of the life of our great war correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes, in your magazine for December last.

Mr. Forbes was not the sole English correspondent present at the Russian defeat at Plevna, in July, 1877.

As the representative of the London "Graphic," I had the honor of being his companion throughout the day on the occasion so disastrous to the Russian arms.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC VILLIERS.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Young Men's Society for Home Study.

THE remarkable success of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, which, beginning with eight students in 1873, has now not far from a thousand names on its rolls, has suggested the organization of a similar society to do for young men what this does for young women. The field is not so large; that is, the number of young men having some leisure and having also a desire for study is not so great as that of young women; but although the society has not yet completed its first year, there are upon its list more than sixty students drawn from all sections of the country, the greatest number—more than half—coming from the Middle States. The plan pursued is, in the main, that which has been well tested with the other society. Several courses of study are open: American and English History; English Literature; German and French Literature; Philosophy; Natural Science, under the sections of Botany, Zoölogy, and Geology; and Mathematics. The greater number choose the first two courses, and of all the students, only one has dropped off. The students are assigned to competent teachers, with whom they enter into correspondence and to whom they report progress. Nothing could be

more simple than the device: a young man, sensible of his deficiencies in some study which interests him, and ignorant of the best way to go to work, is able to receive the advice and stimulus of some well-educated, kindly man, who tells him what to read, how to read, and how to get the most complete mastery of his subject. The mails carry few more valuable letters than those which pass in this correspondence. So well equipped is the society that it is able to direct the work of men who have had a collegiate education, and perhaps for that very reason are reluctant to fumble their way when a little guidance will enable them to work economically and with force; among the most faithful students are some of this class. There are literary societies, also, which have placed themselves under the direction of the organization. The absence of machinery, the freedom of association, and the directness of method render this society capable of doing a most admirable work. A small annual fee is required, to cover expenses of postage and the like, and the society is able to lend books to those who are remote from libraries. The secretary may be addressed by his title, at Cambridge, Mass.

Color in American Art and Dress.

WHATEVER the future of America—by "America" I mean the United States—whatever her future is to be in art, it is clear that she *ought* to be first among all nations in color. It only needs that the painter shall arise who dares to use color as he sees it before him in the clear air and wonderful skies of our summers and winters—in our sunset clouds and our autumn woods. Say what you please of Turner's "Slave-ship," at least it is true that he has dared to paint a sunset—a thing no other artist has ever done. Is there an American who dares to paint our autumn, who dares to step out of the ranks of the copyists of Old-World scenes and say on his canvas that America is the home of color, and warmth, and brilliancy, and paint her as she is? He will find full appreciation when he does it, for the quiet teachings of nature have had their effect upon us. We are freeing ourselves from our traditional English tastes and habits, for women are more sensitive to these subtle influences than men, and are making our homes bright with color and warm with sunshine, instead of making them dark and "cozy" like the English, who, a great part of their year, must depend for brightness upon firelight and candles. In dress, too, our women show their love of color. Justin McCarthy says that nowhere in the world is there to be seen so brilliant a street-scene as an American congregation coming out of church on a pleasant Sunday—and this is as it should be. In their embroideries and in their porcelain-painting, too, women show this, and it is beginning to be felt in some of the arts. Doubtless they are crude in their use of it oftentimes, for we are still new to this country, and not yet fully acclimated—we have not yet gained the full effect of the gorgeous nature about us, and learned, like the Eastern races in their long years of color-breathing, that one rich tint subdues another, and that if there is only depth enough in brilliant colors they must harmonize, while breadth of light will surely harmonize light tints.

But we are growing rapidly in these things, and it is time for some one to come forward and say boldly: "Our skies and our lights are as brilliant as those of the tropics. We have a right to a school of color as rich, as glowing, as lavish, and profuse as any of the Orientals, though it must be as different as are our countries or our peoples."

H. W. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Ward's Anthology of English Poetry.*

THIS anthology on the coöperative plan has the obvious advantage of assigning different parts of the field—in the case of English poetry a very large field—to specialists. The editor, *e. g.*, takes Chaucer; Spenser is intrusted to the Dean of St. Paul's, Shakspere to Professor Dowden, Milton to Mr. Pattison, and Dryden to Professor A. W. Ward. The selections are, in general, excellent, and the introductions, taken together, form a valuable and authoritative body of criticism. The rule of the book excludes dramatic poetry and the work of living authors.

Not the worst thing in the book is the general introduction by Matthew Arnold, who lays down very clearly the true rule to be followed in such a compilation, viz.: the selection of the *best*, and points out the danger of being tempted to substitute the "historic" or the "personal" for the real estimate of a poem. It might be wished that the editor had attended more carefully to this warning. The first principle of a florilege is economy. Sins of commission are here important because they necessitate sins of omission. For, where space is unavoidably restricted, every poor thing included keeps out some good thing that ought to go in. The severity of taste demanded in a little volume like Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" need not, indeed, be required, yet even within the wider limits of the present collection a nicer discretion would be easy. The plan of the work, perhaps, involves a certain unevenness, and it is not, therefore, surprising to find parts of it presided over by the "old-maidenly genius of

* The English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. In Four Volumes. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

antiquarianism," rather than by the spirit of Mr. Arnold's introduction.

This criticism applies particularly to the selections from English and Scottish poets between Chaucer and Spenser. Dull rhymers like Gower, Occleve, Hawes, Lyndesay, and Gascoigne have no business at all in an anthology—unless, of course, the "historic" estimate is to be the criterion. Lydgate might possibly claim a place on the strength of his "London Lickpenny," while Henryson, Douglas, and Dunbar might be represented by brief selections. As it is, these nine poets occupy nearly a hundred pages. Some of the criticism by which their insertion is justified is nothing less than extraordinary. Thus, Mr. J. Churton Collins is moved to say of Stephen Hawes, the author of "The Pastime of Pleasure": "But Hawes, with all his faults, is a true poet. He has a sweet simplicity, a pensive, gentle air, a subdued cheerfulness," etc. Having once taken a "penitential course of reading" in Hawes, we are able to testify that his cheerfulness is of the most "subdued" type. Henryson came much nearer than Hawes to being a poet, but Mr. Henley is very wide of the truth when he asserts that "He narrates with a gayety, an ease, a rapidity not to be surpassed in English literature between Chaucer and Burns," forgetting, seemingly, that Dryden, Gay, Prior, and Henryson's countryman, Ramsay, not to speak of earlier poets, all lived before Burns. The selections given from Henryson do not at all account for Mr. Henley's enthusiasm, and one asks why he did not give us instead that "incomparable" "Taile of the Wolf that got the Nek-herring throw the Wrinkis of the Fox that Begylit the Cadgear," which he conceives to be "one of the high-water marks of the modern apologue."

It is an article of faith in Scotland that Dunbar was a great poet, and there is, therefore, nothing unexpected in being told by Professor Nichol that the best stanzas in "The Merle and the Nightingale" are not unworthy of Wordsworth. Mr. Lowell has expressed the opinion that this was Dunbar's only good poem, quoting from it a very pretty stanza in which we remember one imaginative line:

> "Her sound went with the river as it ran."

Nevertheless, Professor Nichol has not seen fit to insert any part of this poem, though he makes four selections from Dunbar, including one from "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins." We have always thought Mr. Lowell rather too hard on the last-mentioned piece, which is not without a sort of Dantesque humor. Its grim fiends, "Blak-belly and Bawsy-Broun," laughing and making "gekkis" over their victims, the shaveling priests, remind one of those merry companions of the fifth *bolgia*, Farfarello, Graffiacan, *et als.* That is a good point, too, about the "Tarmegantis" who deafen the Devil, in "Ersche," "til, in the depest pot of hell, he smorit thame with smuke."

The first really good poetry after Chaucer was the Scottish and North English ballads, whose wild music comes in like the wail of the pibroch between the lascivious pleasings of the Elizabethan lute. Here the selection leaves little to be desired. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" might better have been left out, and the first of the two Robin Hood ballads given is inferior to "Robin Hood and the Monk," for instance. Personally, too, we should much prefer "The Nut-brown Maid," "Fair Annie of Lochroyan," and "Thomas of Ersyldoune" to "Kinmont Willie" and "The Douglas Tragedy." The introduction to the ballads—by Mr. Lang—is one of the most valuable articles in the book.

No two men, sitting down to make out an anthology, would choose the same things, and every detailed criticism of such a collection amounts to making a new one. We shall, accordingly, indicate only a few of the points in which we think that the editors of this collection have made mistakes.

To begin with Chaucer: the minor and doubtful poems are of the fashion of their day merely, and should be excluded. The prologue to "The Canterbury Tales" should have been given entire. The envoy of "The Clerkes Tale" is certainly a strange selection to make from that affecting story; and "The Man of Lawes Tale," with the exception of a few stanzas, is very tame. Either "The Wyf of Bathes" prologue or one of the short humorous tales, such as "The Nonne Prestes," or "The Freres," should, by all means, have been given. As it is, the reader is presented with fair specimens of Chaucer's descriptive powers, but with hardly any illustration of his two characteristic traits, pathos and humor. From Skelton, some part of "Philip Sparrowe" should have been given. Spenser's "Prothalamion" would have been a better choice than his "Complaint of Thalia" and the sonnets; he was not a good sonneteer. And why the magnificent "Epithalamion" should have been garbled we are at a loss to see: an anthology cannot be made *virginibus puerisque*, like a school-reader, without injury to its representative character. Among Lyly's songs room might have been made for the pretty madrigal, "What Bird so Sings yet so doth Wail?" and among the miscellanies for the Marquis of Montrose's noble song, "My Dear and Only Love, I Pray." In Shakspere, of course, one is always confronted by an *embarras de richesse*, yet why leave out "Come unto these Yellow Sands" and "Take, oh, take those Lips away"? Under Donne, in place of the first song given and the poem entitled "The Will," we should greatly prefer the fine "Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness" and the "Break of Day," which Romeo might have spoken to Juliet:

> "Stay, oh sweet, and do not rise;
> The light that shines comes from thine eyes.
> The day breaks not, it is my heart,
> Because that thou and I must part."

We miss Ben Jonson's "It is not growing like a Tree," and the superb "Hymn to Diana." Instead of these we have the insipid epitaph on Salathiel Pavy. Mr. Simcox goes out of his way to omit the only poem of George Herbert's which is generally known—"Sweet Day, so Cool, so Calm, so Bright." One of the extracts from "Paradise

Regained" might well give place to the invocation to light which opens the third book of "Paradise Lost," the noblest single passage in Milton. Altogether too much space is given to Cowley's tedious affectations. Professor Goldwin Smith is to be commended for sparing us Marvell's satires, but "The Nymph's Complaint on the Death of Her Fawn" would have been much better than "Young Love," or the labored conceits of "A Drop of Dew." Roscommon and Mrs. Behn occupy little space, but we fail to see why they should occupy any. Mr. E. W. Gosse's selections from Herrick are about perfect, and his introduction to that charming lyrist is a masterly piece of criticism. Indeed, all of Mr. Gosse's contributions are of the highest value.

In the third volume (Addison to Blake) and the fourth (Wordsworth to Sydney Dobell), there is less to criticise. It was probably from a regard to symmetry in the make-up of the series that, by a "Procrustean system of lopping and stretching," the eighteenth century is made to fill one of these volumes, and the nineteenth is crowded into the other. Were there really forty-four poets in the last century and only thirty-five in this? The selections in the third volume from Walsh, Garth, Philips, Armstrong, Somerville, Green, Blair, Byrom, Glover, Whitehead, Smart, and Churchill, are padding. The only poem of Byrom's by which he is known—the fable of "The Three Black Crows"—is omitted. If anything of Akenside's had to be given it should have been his "Ode to Ambition,"—much the best thing he ever wrote. Prior and Gay are appropriately given to Mr. Austin Dobson, as are also Hood and Praed in volume iv., and he writes of them with the sympathy of a critic who is likewise himself the author of charming society verses. The Rev. Mark Pattison says the orthodox things about Pope. Mr. Gosse performs a piece of literary restoration in his appreciative notice of Lady Winchelsea, concerning whom our curiosity was long ago aroused by Wordsworth's mention of her "Nocturnal Reverie" in the famous preface to the "Lyrical Ballads." Mr. Gosse may also be said to have rediscovered Parnell, the Irish poet, whose ballad, "The Hermit," was already familiar, but whose less-known "Hymn to Contentment" and "Night-Piece on Death" his critic judges to have more of real inspiration.

The reader will turn most expectantly, however, to Mr. Swinburne's introduction to Collins, and the article following, on Gray, by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold's little essay on Gray is written in his usual style of grave, chaste thoughtfulness, and is—as anything of the kind from his pen is sure to be—a delightful addition to our critical literature. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, expresses himself in that hysterical prose of his which is so offensive to a manly taste. And yet, in this instance, his instincts seem to us truer than Mr. Arnold's critical tests. We join with the former in thinking Collins greatly superior as a lyrist to Gray, and in setting Gray's "Elegy" far above his odes. Mr. Arnold, on the contrary, agrees with the poet's own opinion, that the "Elegy" was inferior to some of his other poems. But, *pace* Mr. Arnold, Mr. Swinburne is certainly right in his judgment that Gray's genius was naturally of elegiac, rather than lyric, quality. We believe that most readers have long felt a sneaking sympathy with Dr. Johnson's dislike for the frigid, artificial devices of "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy." The Pindaric ode in English is a very sickly exotic at best, and barely tolerable in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," or Collins's "Passions." The editor takes Cowper, and writes of him with discrimination; but, in fifty pages of selections, room might have surely been found for "John Gilpin's Ride." Dr. Service's somewhat heavy article on Burns reminds one that, in spite of the poet's dying request, the awkward squad are not yet done firing over him. It reminds one, too, by its plea for a cosmopolitan standing for Burns among the "world-poets," that the great Scotchman still remains, *as an English poet*, undoubtedly provincial. Whether this is due to the laziness of the general reader, to whom the dialect offers a barrier, or to the lack of the highest intellectual element in his poetry, the fact exists that in most expressions of admiration for Burns by Englishmen, there is a grain of hypocrisy. Among the extracts from William Blake,—who, with all his force and imagination, is sometimes insipid and sometimes incomprehensible,—we should have been glad to see the sweet little poem beginning

"My mother bore me in the southern wild," etc.

Mr. W. Theodore Watts is permitted to cover a dozen pages with specimens of Chatterton's forgeries, and to occupy nearly as many more with an essay on Chatterton which we cannot help calling sheer nonsense. He pronounces, *e. g.*, the very valueless "Ballad of Charity" "the most purely artistic work perhaps of his time."

In the fourth volume, the place of honor is rightly given to Wordsworth, to whom the Dean of St. Paul's contributes an excellent introduction. Selection here becomes difficult, of course, from the abundance of material. Dean Church might, however, have strained a point to admit "The Leech-Gatherer," and the powerful ballad of "The Thorn," and among the sonnets the favorite one on Venice:

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee," etc.

Mr. Pater's subtle analysis of the characteristics of Coleridge's genius could hardly be bettered; nor could his selections, unless, perhaps, by the addition of "Youth and Age." Sir Henry Taylor writes affectionately, but most mistakenly, of Southey, and says of him, *inter alia*, that, "of all his contemporaries, he was the greatest man!" "He pestered me with Southey," says Mr. Emerson of Wordsworth, "but who is Southey?" And, in truth, Southey, as a poet, is already the deadest of things dead. Nothing can be more mechanical, factitious, every way uninspired than his big Thalabas and Curse-of-Kehamas, and the wonder is that he was ever taken for a poet by his contemporaries. The selections from Walter Scott are not altogether such as we would have made. We would have included,

in place of some of those given, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," "Proud Maisie is in the Wood," "Jock, of Hazeldean," and "Helvellyn"; which last contained, said Wordsworth and Landor, the only imaginative line that Scott ever wrote, viz.:

"When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start."

The selections from Moore should by all means have included "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall." American readers would add to the pieces from Mrs. Hemans, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," and we would further add "The Adopted Child." Place might have been made for Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," and "Lines written near the Euganean Hills,"—possibly by omitting some of the superfluities from Beddoes and Peacock. Thomas Hood and Macaulay are too slenderly represented. Praed's "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine," which is, perhaps, his best thing, is missing, and so is Mrs. Browning's "Cowper's Grave." If the spasmodic school was to be represented, why not Alexander Smith rather than Sydney Dobell?

A number of names are simply crowded out. Thackeray and James and Horace Smith were worthy to figure beside Hood and Praed. Thomas Pringle's splendid poem:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,"

has a clear title to a place in any English anthology. And many others might be mentioned. Indeed, the third volume might well have been cut down by half and filled in with names from our own century. But, with all its faults, this collection is, upon the whole, an admirable one,—by far the best that has yet been made,—and an imposing monument to our poetical literature. No other modern language could make such a showing. It is a library in itself.

Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and "The Irish Land Question."*

It has been declared several times, in regard to Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty," and by various reviewers, that its appearance marks an epoch or constitutes an event. We are cordially of the same opinion, although for a somewhat different reason. Nothing could more distinctly mark the absence of any true body of criticism in social science and political economy than the respectful consideration which has been given to this book. It now appears in paper covers in a popular edition, and is going on its way to propagate still more social folly and prejudice where already there is so much that common sense scarcely has a chance.

If a competent student of sociology should undertake to review this book, to expose its fallacies and errors, he would have to take it to pieces page by page. It would be necessary to follow the author through his entire field of observation and philosophy, to show him what he has misunderstood, what he has misinterpreted, what he has left out, what he has brought into wrong relations, where he has mixed his definitions, where he has altered the contents of phrases, where he has picked up bits of philosophy which he has failed to comprehend. It is evident that to do all this would be at once to write a correct treatise on sociology from the first principles up to some of the most refined applications, and to refute a whole series of the most common fallacies in social science. It must suffice to say that the author has not fitted himself for the task which he has undertaken by any correct study of sociology. The title to his book is a paradox resting on two false definitions. He has been struck by some social phenomena produced by bad land laws and disputed land titles in California. These phenomena are significant of very defective institutions and very bad legislation. They call for some sound statesmanship and some thorough application of sound principles of jurisprudence, as that is now understood by all civilized nations. Mr. George, however, goes to work to recreate society. After the manner of the same kind of students in physics, mathematics, and other sciences, nothing will satisfy his ambition but the highest task and the greatest revolution. He brushes aside the law of population in passing only to get at the institution of private property in land. Having got "Malthusianism" out of the way, he is not troubled by the obvious fact, to those who know the law of population, that to exchange private property in land for any other tenure of land yet known to us would reduce the population of any country in Western Europe by from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

Mr. George simply shows that he has not mastered the elementary principles of sociology. His criticisms on the received doctrines of population, wages, rent, etc., show that he does not understand them at all. His discussion of social problems proves that he does not understand the conditions of the problems. Similar books are printed occasionally about topics in physiology, hygiene, or therapeutics. They no doubt win a certain currency, and are taken up by some people as sources of correct knowledge, but, in general, there exists such a body of sound criticism in those sciences that such books are usually rated at their true value. Sociology, however is yet the free arena for all the people with hobbies, crude notions, world philosophies, and "schemes." It is as yet so little understood that there is any science of society—any tests and guarantees of social dogmas—that as respectful attention is given to a book like this as to the most careful work of a highly trained and scientific observer. The unkindest cut of all was that Professor Cliffe Leslie should take notice of this book as a special and representative product of American political economy. Suppose somebody should criticise Joseph Cook's lectures as representative products of American biology!

* Progress and Poverty: an Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Irish Land Question: What it Involves and how alone it can be Settled. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. George's second book may perhaps do something to open the eyes of people who thought they found a mine of wisdom in his first one. Standing on the experience of California and armed with the scientific conclusions of his first treatise, he apparently looks about for a practical problem grand enough to be a fit opportunity for testing his remedy for "industrial depressions" and the "increase of want." He finds it in the hardest political problem now existing in the civilized world—the Irish question. Those who are nearest to the Irish question and know most about it are in despair over it. Rights and interests are entangled with the fruits of old error and folly and the inheritance of improvidence and ignorance. To Mr. George, however, the solution is easy: Abolish private property in land; that is all. It would, of course, be as foolish to discuss this proposition in detail as it is to make it soberly in the first place. It is not a contribution to the solution of the Irish question; it is only a gauge of the philosopher who made it.

Charles de Kay's "The Vision of Nimrod." *

THIS is a poem of some two hundred and sixty pages. It breaks off, rather than finishes, and the epilogue seems to promise a second part. To come forward with a poem of almost epic dimensions, and on a theme apparently so remote from the currents of modern life, is a challenge to the public requiring a degree of self-confidence. In the present instance, however, we incline to think the confidence justified by the event.

Mr. de Kay will be recognized by lovers of poetry as the author of "Hesperus, and Other Poems," published about a year ago—a volume in which, along with much that was trivial or distorted, were many poems marked by a quite unusual quality. There was, for instance, an unmistakable originality about them. Whatever else might be said of this poet, it was at least evident that he spoke with a strong accent of his own. In some of them—notably in the poem entitled "Invocation"—there was an old Greek joy in the presence of nature; and everywhere an absence of that "plaintive minor" which sounds through the music of so many singers of low vitality. "Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings," says Lord Bacon. In "Little People," "Arcana Sylvarum," "The Sea-Sprite," and some other pieces, there was a delicate, imaginative treatment of the preternatural—wild hints—glimpses hardly shown and quickly withdrawn of those thin shadows from a realm just beyond the grasp of sense, which seem to pass over the sunny face of nature. And finally, in "Hesperus" itself, there was a sustained majesty of diction and thought most promising for the future of its author. We recall this here in order to emphasize what we have to say about Mr. de Kay's new book.

The poem opens with a description of night-fall on the desert plains of ancient Babylon. On one of the tumuli of potsherds and crumbling masonry which strew the grim waste are seated the figures of the Persian reformer, Ali, and his wife and disciple, Gourred ("Consolation-of-the-eyes"), who are gloomily awaiting arrest on the morrow by the messengers of Moslem orthodoxy. There follows a dialogue full of tenderness between the dejected prophet and his consoler; and then suddenly "the even dusk of night rolls to a shape," which takes form first as a lion, then as a bull, and finally, as the gigantic figure of Nimrod, who relates to the awe-struck lovers the tale which forms the real subject of the poem.

Among a tribe of shepherds in the hill country of Ararat, conquered by Nimrod and transported bodily to Babylonia, was the wise and noble Ahram, a sage who had explored the secrets of the stars and the mystery of the earth's creation. Him Nimrod took into his confidence and made him second in power to himself. The fourth division of the poem, "The Tarn of Kaf," is a remarkable episode in which Ahram describes to Nimrod how, in an enchanted valley of the Himalayas, there was revealed to him the origin and succession of all life. From the profound recesses of the mere arose a mound out of which sprang, one after another, the members of that procession of living creatures known to modern evolution—the polyp, the fish, the saurian, etc., up to man and the disembodied spirit that issued from his mouth at death. The strange transformation scenes of this part are managed with much power and ingenuity. Mr. de Kay excels in devices whereby from chaotic, dim masses and vapors in perpetual flux, shapes start out, define, and condense themselves into clearly seen bodies, and then melt away again. The reader may, perhaps, recall a similar passage in "Indian Clove," one of the "Hesperus" poems, and the machinery to this end in "The Vision of Nimrod" has almost endless variety. "The Tarn of Kaf" reminds one somewhat of Milton's account of the creation, but still more of portions of that curious poem "La Semaine," of the "divine" Du Bartas. We quote three stanzas:

"'But from the crest of that submergèd crater
I saw great arms, each like a mighty snake,
Reach up to clasp the mass of living matter,
And the wide disk in thousand fragments break.
Below the spot a monster lay, so hideous
That tongue may not its filthiness relate:
A wreath of worm-like arms; two dull, perfidious,
Blue, glaring eyes; a form swelled up with hate;
A hide that hardly feels
Its cancerous weals.

"'No bones it had. Those limbs did not belong
To tremulous water, nor to earth-crust solid.
Sans feet, *sans* wings, it poured itself along
In oozy coils, and on its victim volleyed
A mass of slimy arms, with jaws all studded.
These, on the desperate victim closing, sank
Into his flesh. The limbs though lopped still budded
With limbs anew. A horrible midmouth drank
Its live prey, throe on throe,
With tortures slow.

* The Vision of Nimrod. By Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"'What found itself within those arms involved
Left hope behind. The central mass was tumid
With moving lumps that, swelling, then resolved
Themselves all smooth once more. The captive doomèd
Saw great bleared eyes, a puffed hide red and pale,
And, if at sea, the waters all on sudden
Turned jet with ink, or red with fire. No tail
This ogre had; weapons, nor stone, nor wooden,
Brazen, nor iron could
Draw from it blood.'"

After the striking episode of "The Tarn of Kaf," the story goes on to tell how Nimrod, to avert another deluge and to appease the gods, builds by Ahram's advice the great Tower of Babel, on the plains of Shinar. This is described with great elaboration, and the mystical and astronomical meaning of the seven stages of the wonderful pyramid is explained. For the topmost fane, sacred to the sun, a priestess is sought, and is found in Esther, a beautiful virgin of Ahram's tribe. Ahram had been her lover, but with lofty renunciation he dedicates her to the service of the gods. She becomes the sun's bride, and is destined to a life of lonely though glorious ministration on the summit of the tower. But Esther remains a woman, and when, after the completion of the structure, Nimrod ascends to the temple of the sun to greet the priestess, she utters this beautiful complaint:

"'I am alone,' she wailed, 'lone on the summit
Of this luxurious pile, more sad and poor
Than girls in hovels, whose dull pulses quicken
When well-known fingers grope against the door.
All night I lie among the embroidered pillows
And hear the wind howl in the gates of brass;
I see it wave my robes like even billows
On Tigris when the south wind stamps the grass.
Cold, Nimrod, is the side
Of your god's bride.'"

This confession of womanly weakness and love-yearning awakens once more in the king the passion which he had conceived at his first sight of Esther, but which he had solemnly forsworn. An interview which he afterward overhears between Ahram and the priestess informs him of their former betrothal, and Esther's soliloquy after the close of the interview suggests to Nimrod the means of attaining his desires. A few ambiguous words of warning, dropped by the prophet in the anguish of his heart at finding Esther unwilling to abjure her earthly love and enter with him into his somewhat dimly indicated schemes for the future of the race,—these words she takes as a promise by Ahram to visit her couch at night and partake her love. The king, lashed by desperate passions, seeks counsel of the eunuch Bitsu, the cunning and malignant enemy of Ahram and the representative of the old priestly faction, whose influence with Nimrod had been overthrown by the prophet. By the advice of the eunuch he resolves himself to visit Esther, who will take him in the darkness for her expected lover. The scene that follows—"The Deed of Nimrod"—is the climax of the poem and is very finely imagined. The sights and sounds of the night are described as the king, with beating heart, ascends from story to story of the vast temple, drawing slowly nearer to his guilty purpose:

"Far to the south the royal stars, the Crown
Bade me be king. Above my head Orion,
Those stars of mine in aidance, showered down
Nerve and address. From palace court a lion
Caged for my sport lifted his awful voice,
And with a whisper through the tower ever
Lapsed the sweet waters where with silvery noise
They purged each story ere they found the river,
Whenceforward sevenfold
Holier it rolled."

The king is alone with his victim. The summit of the tower seems an island afloat upon the night-fogs that steal up from the channel of Euphrates. The lovely sleeper in the dim light of the jadestone lamps is pictured with a warmth of voluptuous color worthy of Titian or of Spenser. The king's hesitation suggests the speech of Othello:

"'Put out the light; and then—put out the light!'"

At last the hand of fate brings on the catastrophe:

"Sudden * * * the light was crossed! * * *
Esther was lost."

"The Vision of Nimrod" is in many respects a noble poem. It is broadly conceived, and executed with vigor and with a wealth of detail. The poet has steeped his imagination in the scenery of the East—the stony hills, the sandy deserts, the fens and jungles of the great rivers. The imagery is all oriental and in strict keeping: the potter's art, the camels of the caravan, the windfall figs trampled in the mire, the wild oxen in the marsh-grass, furnish him with terms of comparison. In style, the book is a distinct advance upon the average of Mr. de Kay's earlier volume. It has a more even dignity, though it admits that intrusion now and then of the *outré* and the disagreeable which marred some of the work in "Hesperus and Other Poems."

The poem, for its proper effect, needs to be read continuously. We will give a few additional passages, however. The following stanza is full of a strong, exultant music and is fairly characteristic of the author's manner at its best.

"Know you how Spring ascends the mountain valleys
In fragrant dances on the line of snows,
Enrobed in wind half-cool, half-warm, that dallies
With vineyards now, and now by snow-peak blows?
When vernal hills are green with dainty guesses
With hope, with promise of delicious pain,
And sun from udders of the glacier presses
The foamy milk, life to the thirsty plain—
Know you the zest that fills
Spring in the hills?"

We venture to quote some still briefer passages, which seem to us of peculiar force and originality:

"* * * Eagles are their own depriver
Of outworn life. When beak and claws are grown
So crook, they cannot rend or strike the quarry,
Sunward in tempest towering, sheerly down
They dash upon the ocean! and a sorry,
Featherless, shapeless form
Sinks in the storm."

"A silence fell. Viewed from that giddy height
The town embowered in trees, the country gleaming
With silvery criss-cross of canals, the light
From myriad dwellings, and the sky-shine dreaming
On the broad river—all was visionary, [ing
Sublime, unreal * * * "

"And on they trail across the seed-pearl rain
Of melody the larks pour from the zenith,
Washing their bosoms of the earthly stain
Won while the night upon her star-throne queeneth."

"There, on the lower plane,
A dreadful train
Of harnessed men strode on with leveled lances
In windy rows, as when the pulsing breeze
Bows into even ranks as it advances
The wintry tops of glittering ice-bound trees."

He must be a brave critic who would pronounce at once and decisively upon the comparative merits of a poem which contains so many obvious faults, and so much of rare and high merit, as "Nimrod." It exhibits, in places, a carelessness of construction that has its good side and is, in itself, a relief to one who has been forced to read much of the niggling poetic manufacture of the day; but this carelessness, when it results in harshness and obscurity, can only be excused in works we look back upon in point of time,—works that have won their way in spite of their defects. A critic has no right to overlook the blemishes in a contemporary author, no matter how strong he may consider him to be. It seems to us that Mr. de Kay's excellences far outweigh his defects, but his final position as a poetic artist depends upon whether or not, in the future, he will value his work highly enough to be willing to bestow upon it such careful elaboration as the masters of the art in all ages have not disdained to give their own. The verbal infelicities which have attracted the attention of critics do not seem to us so serious as the willingness of the author to print passages of rather awkward statement, devoid of poetry.

We trust that the author will see his way clear to the completion of "The Vision of Nimrod," and that he will get that encouragement which he asks for in his epilogue, and which the extraordinary merits of the work richly deserve.

"A Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Burnett.*

THE caption of one of the chapters of this story—"Contrast"—might, not unappropriately, have been adopted as the title of the whole, which from beginning to end is a series of contrasts—contrasts of character, contrasts of motive, contrasts of action. A decorative or over-literary faculty, or one less intrinsically dramatic than Mrs. Burnett's, would have found this element a burden, and worked out by such hands, it would have taken on strained or incongruous effects; her sprightly style, however, feels not a feather's weight of it, and in the whole story we failed to find a single forced situation. As to a true poet rhyme is not a clumsy contrivance of prosody, but a suggestive aid to the fancy, so to the true dramatic faculty, contrasts present helps rather than difficulties. This is evident in "A Fair Barbarian," which shows not only more palpably than any of her previous works, wherein the author's strength lies, but exhibits anew the superiority of the dramatic method, as method, over the descriptive or contemplative. Mrs. Burnett conceives her characters, not as historic facts more or less interesting because they exist in the knowledge of readers, but as related vital forces, owing their chief interest to their interdependence on and modification one of another. It is the difference between descriptive and physical geography. Add to this imaginative power an extraordinary sensibility to what is called "character," and great ingenuity in advancing the plot by most piquant and yet not unnatural situations, and the result is a story of unusual significance and fascination.

The creation of Octavia Bassett is likely to be judged by the reader according to his own experience, and consequently there will be many opinions of her faithfulness as an American type. Of the consistency of the portrait we think there can hardly be a difference of opinion: throughout a trying variety of incident, she remains the same willful, high-spirited, over-dressed, crude, good-natured, self-possessed, and altogether feminine nature with which we started. The same may be said of Lucia, the charming foil to Octavia; of the timid little aunt; of the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, the sparrowy curate, and even of Lady Theobald—perhaps the most hackneyed type in English fiction. These are all newly imagined and buoyantly sustained, and are drawn with admirable proportion and fine verbal precision. Upon Francis Barold, only, a few more words might have been bestowed with advantage—for, if we are to judge from the warm contentions of readers, the data upon which a full estimate of the relations of Octavia and Barold is to be formed, are not immediately evident, or, being evident, are not conclusive. Many of Octavia's sex regard the manner of the rejection as thoroughly justifiable, while others are inclined to quote the old rhyme:

"Perhaps it was well you rejected my love;
But why did you kick me down-stairs?"

Upon the one side it is pleaded that a proposition of marriage is the highest compliment a man can pay: upon the other it is retorted that it may become the deepest of insults, and resort is had anew to the proof-texts. The humiliation of Barold is of course permissible only upon the theory that earlier in the book he discovers his selfishness and snobbery not

* A Fair Barbarian. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

only to the reader but to Octavia. Some persons require close reading between the lines to discover this fact, and to any one who overlooks the following passage-at-arms it must have somewhat the aspect of a mental reservation of the author's:

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit.

"It is very kind of her if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she fond enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked, after a pause, "I believe you are not. I should think so."

Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

Barold's snobbishness to Octavia is more a matter of tone than of words, and Mrs. Burnett has, accordingly, treated it subtly; but, in view of Barold's respectful conduct toward her in the early part of the book, a little more emphasis might have been given to the above incident. No doubt many would have welcomed a relenting touch of generosity in Octavia at the last, but we are inclined to think Mrs. Burnett has been truer to the demands of the situation in rejecting this sentimental touch. Indeed, she might have omitted "Jack" entirely, and cleared Octavia of the imputation of disloyalty, but this would have involved a more refined type than the author set out to describe, and would have weakened the force of the climax. Mr. Barold himself would be surprised to learn that Mrs. Belasys turned out to be —— but this must be left to Mrs. Burnett, who, if she chooses to follow her farther, will doubtless be accompanied by as large and eager an audience as that which has enjoyed this fine piece of literary comedy.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

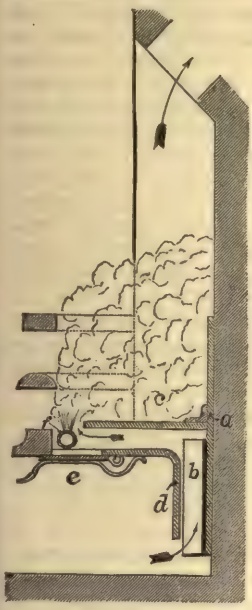
Improved Iron Punch

EVERY kind of structure, bridge, ship, house, and car, and all our power, is, more or less, dependent upon the strength or want of strength in riveted iron-work. No subject has received so much attention within the past few years as the methods used in joining pieces of iron by rivets, and the making of the holes for the rivets has already given rise to a great literature. If the riveted work be weak, wherein is our faith in bridge, or ship, or boiler? Even so small a tool as a rivet-punch deserves careful attention. A new punch for making rivet-holes by a smashing blow has the addition of a cutting lip or edge just above the point. This same smashing blow makes the weakest kind of rivet-work, because the edge of the hole is ragged, torn, and cracked, and the rivet makes an ill-fit, a bad joint on which to hang human lives. The addition of a curved lip on the punch acts as a shearing or paring tool, shaving off the ragged edges of the hole and leaving it smooth and evenly fitted to the shape of the rivet. Riveted work made in holes punched by the new tool appears to stand a higher test than will the same class of work made with ordinary punched holes, or punched and reamed out holes, or drilled holes. The rivets were sheared off in a Riehlé testing machine at a strain of 38,820 pounds for the punched plates, 39,210 for the drilled plates, and 39,850 pounds for the plates punched by the new tool.

Gas for Kindling.

THE idea of combining gas with coke or anthracite coal in a grate fire seems to have proved of some practical value, and the new style of grate used with these combined fuels may be briefly described as offering a valuable suggestion in domestic economy and in burning coal in all kinds of furnaces. No intimation appears to be given that any patent is to be taken out on the new application of gas fuel, and the apparatus is so simple that it can be made by any skillful worker in sheet metal. The theory is to apply a continuous gas flame to a mass of coke or hard coal, burning in a common open grate. To accomplish this, the horizontal bars of the grate are removed, and at the back of the fire-place, next to the wall, is placed an upright plate of copper reaching from the bottom of the ash-pit to a level with the top bar of the grate. To this is riveted a flat plate of cast-iron placed horizontally on a level with the bottom of the grate, or in place of the bars that were removed. This gives a fire-box with a solid iron bottom and an upright back of copper, the front bars remaining in place. The horizontal plate does not reach quite to the front, and there is a narrow opening between the plate and the lowest bar of the grate. Under the iron plate is a second one, also of iron, bent at a right angle and having a hinged trap-door at one edge, the trap being kept in place by a spring.

The accompanying drawing is a section of such a grate. The upright copper plate is marked A, the horizontal iron plate is marked C, and the angle plate and trap-door are marked D and E. Attached to the plate A is a strip of sheet copper bent into a series of corrugations and marked B in the drawing. At F is a gas-pipe, 13 mm. (½ inch) in diameter, extending the whole width of the grate just behind the lower grate-bar. This is perforated with small holes along the upper side, thus forming a series of small gas-burners. The grate is filled with coke or anthracite, and the gas is turned on under the solid fuel and set fire. No kindling is required, and the



gas flames burning under the coke or coal soon set it on fire and keep it at a rapid rate of combustion till it is consumed. The ash falls on the trap below the gas-pipe, and is occasionally removed by opening the trap and letting it drop into the ash-pit.

By this combination of a gaseous and solid fuel, it is claimed a perfect combustion is maintained, with great heat and a brilliant flame. It will be seen that the copper plate at the back of the grate may become heated in time, and the heat will be conveyed to the corrugations below. The air for combustion (except what may enter between the bars) is intended to pass between the corrugations and between the two iron plates, as shown by the arrows in the drawing, and thus meet the gas flames at a high temperature. This makes a regenerative furnace of the grate, the gas flames burning with more heat and flame when fed by the heated air. Such a regenerative grate, burning gas and coke, is said to give more heat than can be obtained from the same amount of coke burned in the common way, or more than the gas and coke together in an ordinary grate. This is explained partly by the fact that the fire is kept at all times at the front of the grate, as the plates prevent it from burning very freely at the back, and thus the heat is thrown out into the room. The heating of the air needed for combustion also materially helps by producing a large and hot flame. Economy of fuel is obtained because the fire is at the front of the grate only, and as the coke wastes and falls below, new fuel, already highly heated, moves forward, and only a portion of the solid fuel is burned at a time, instead of being consumed in one wasteful mass, as in the common grate. In grates where it is not convenient to remove the horizontal bars, the gas-pipe may be simply laid behind the lower grate-bar, and the rest of the grate may be covered with a thick plate of cast-iron, laid on the flat bars. In this case the regenerative apparatus would be left out, and the combined fuels would be burned with less economy. This form of regenerative grate, and this combination of solid and gaseous fuels, certainly possess the advantage of cleanliness and ease of starting and management. No kindling is required, and as fast as the coke is burned more may be added, and the fire kept up continuously. There is also the advantage of saving the unburned fuel, for when the gas is cut off the coke goes out very quickly; it may be started again, without waste, by simply lighting the gas.

Aside from the advantages of such a combined gas and coke fire, the idea readily suggests another that does not appear to have been considered by the inventor. In burning anthracite, the difficulty is to make it light quickly and thoroughly, even a small fire involving the trouble and expense of a wood fire. If open grates, designed for hard coal, were supplied with a perforated gas-pipe, placed behind the lower grate-bar, and this was connected with the mains, gas could be used in kindling the fire. Such a gas-kindling apparatus should have an opening in the pipe for mingling air with the gas before it is burned, thus making a Bunsen burner. Such a burner would give more flame and heat for the same amount of gas, and it would take the place of the paper and wood used in kindling the coal. After the coal is fired, the gas could be cut off, and the perforated pipe would deliver air instead of gas, and thus assist the combustion.

Another and more simple plan, that may be applied to stoves, ranges, and the furnaces of steam-boilers, would be to make a nest, or gridiron, of perforated gas-pipe, about the size of the grate, or even smaller, and arranged as a Bunsen burner. The grate, or fire-box, might then be filled with fuel (without kindlings), and the gas-burner placed in the ash-pit, close up to the grate-bars. In this position the gas flames would rise through the grate-bars and quickly fire the coal. While this suggestion is made here, it is believed, for the first time, it may be remarked that the idea is not new, as on several railway lines the fires under locomotive boilers are now kindled with gas. A bar of wood or iron is inserted between two of the bars, near the middle of the locomotive fire-box, and over this is piled a quantity of large coal. The rest of the fire-box is then filled evenly with fuel, and then the bar is drawn out. In the arched opening thus left under the coal, is thrust a gas-pipe, supporting a series of Bunsen burners. Connection is made by hose with the street-mains, and the burners are lighted from the fire-door of the boiler; the gas flame rises through the coal and quickly sets it all on fire, when the burners are withdrawn and the boiler is ready for firing in the usual way. Ten feet of gas is found sufficient to start the fire in about twenty minutes. If gas can be used with economy in lighting large fires in boilers,—and of this there seems to be no doubt,—the small burners suggested for domestic use would certainly effect a great saving in time, labor, kindlings, ashes, and dust, and probably expense, in starting the kitchen or parlor fire.

The Transformation of Light into Sound.

THE remarkable discoveries announced by Professor Bell, at the time of the invention of the photophone, in relation to the action of an intermittent beam of light upon various substances upon which it was thrown, have been recently made the subject of exhaustive research by Professor Tyndall, of London. While the experiments of Professor Tyndall do not point immediately to anything of practical value in the general work of the world, they are

worthy of consideration, because any new facts or laws that employ common tools and methods may, in other hands, result in useful inventions. The photophone showed that an intermittent beam of light could be made to reproduce its vibrations as sounds that could be heard in a telephone. In the new experiments, the sound is made directly audible without the aid of the selenium receiver of the photophone. A beam of light from a lime-light, or even a candle, has its rays rendered parallel by a reflector, and is directed upon a small glass flask. To the neck of the flask is fastened a rubber tube, having at the end an ear-piece. Between the flask and the source of light is set up, vertically, a disk of sheet metal, having radial slots cut in it near the edge, or having the edge cut into deep notches, or serrations. This is made to revolve swiftly on its axis in the beam of light, alternately allowing the light to pass through the slots, or between the serrations. By this arrangement the beam of light may be made intermittent, or broken up into a succession of alternate flashes of light and shadow. The flask is then filled with various vapors, or gases, and the beam of light, falling on these, imprints its vibrations of heat and cold (not light, but obscure heat, for all the light may be cut off, and the effect is the same), and the vapor, or gas, expands and contracts in exact unison with the vibrations. If these vibrations are sufficiently rapid, they may set up in the flask a musical tone that may be distinctly heard through the rubber tube. Different vapors and gases give different results, some giving out powerful notes that may be heard without the aid of the tube. For the purposes of experiment, carbonic acid and olefiant gas have been found best. These experiments open a wide field for research that may yet lead to useful results. No intimation has been given that a patent will be placed on these photophonic discoveries, and any one is at liberty to follow the experiments so happily begun on two continents.

Luminous Paint.

A PREPARATION of sulphide of lime, under the name of luminous paint, was first made on a commercial scale in England two or three years since, and has been recently introduced into this country. The method of making the sulphide of lime and its peculiar properties have been known for a long time, and the recent development of the art and the greatly increased value of the material are simply the results of improved manipulation. From a careful inspection of the new paint, it appears to possess qualities that make it highly useful when applied to surfaces that may be exposed to sudden changes from light to darkness. In appearance, the new paint is thick and creamy, and quite coarse in texture. It is best applied with a broad, thin knife, or spatula, as it is too pasty to work well under the brush. The paint in the pot, and when applied to any surface and thoroughly dried, is of a pale yellowish white, while the surface is granular and rather rough. A large sheet of paper, stretched on a frame and painted, was placed before a north window for about two minutes on a cloudy day, and was then carried into a small room that was quite dark. In the dark room the paint exhibited a rich purple color, that seemed to glow and burn very much as will sulphur from a match when gently rubbed on the hand in the dark. The purple light that came from all parts of the painted surface was reflected on the walls and on the faces of the persons in the room, and plainly lighted up the room so that any ordinary work could be performed without difficulty. The light was not bright enough to read by, yet quite sufficient to enable persons to be seen and recognized. The purple light slowly faded away and turned to white, this white light remaining visible for six hours. The hand, laid on the paint for a moment, left an exact reproduction in deeper purple, showing that heat intensified the effect. This glowing figure of the hand soon faded as the heat was dispersed. A lump of ice touched to the paint, on the contrary, makes a black spot, and seems to completely quench the light. Such a light-absorbing material naturally suggested a number of useful applications, many of which have proved to be of practical value. A sheet of gelatine coated with the paint may be taken into a dark closet, bank-vault, powder-room, or cellar, in place of a lantern. The light given out by the paint is sufficient to enable one to examine a gas-meter, find papers in the boxes of a safety-deposit bank, or to store or handle inflammable or dangerous substances. For searching for leaks in gas-pipes, the paint would be of the greatest value, as there would be no possibility of danger from explosion. The paint has been applied to clock-faces, to signs, to the interiors of cars that pass through dark tunnels, to powder-rooms, and to tools and materials that are occasionally used in dark places, and it has proved itself of practical value. From the material examined, it would appear that the luminous paint will be useful wherever a moderate degree of light is needed for a few hours, and wherever a burning lamp of any kind would be inconvenient or dangerous. The formula for making this sulphide of lime was described in this department, Vol. XX., page 478, but the improved processes whereby the luminous quality of the paint has been so much increased are known only to the manufacturers.

Improved Window Shade.

THE ordinary outside awning for windows has its disadvantages: while shutting out the sun, it also impedes the air and lets in all the dust, smells, and noise from the street below. It is supported by a bar of iron pivoted to the sides of the window just below the middle of the sash. Some ingenious inventor went farther and placed the ends in a slide so that it might be pulled up close under the window cap in wet weather. A more recent, and certainly more happy thought, is to provide two bars hinged together and to provide more canvas, and a different system of hanging. By this modification, the Italian awning becomes an American convenience. The new awning may be open at the top and closed at the bottom, to shut out the dust

and foul air, and to give a studio a "top-light." It may be opened above and below to admit fresh air into the lower part of the sash and to allow the impure air of the room to escape at the top, or it may be closed above and below and open at one side, to act as a "wind-sail," to bring the passing breeze into the room. Nearly a dozen different styles of awning can be made in this manner, and in each the awning can be drawn up out of the wet in rainy weather. The invention, simple as it appears, is quite new, and has the merit of a great number of useful and ornamental applications.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love amid the Barley.

YOUNG Jenny was reaping her grandfather's barley,
And through its brown mazes was peeping at Charley—
Who, timid young swain,
To wed her was fain,
But wanted the courage his Jenny to gain;
And so she decided her duty was plain
To help his decision, while reaping the barley.

Then bowed to the breezes the brown beards so rarely,
But soon they lie low in their banded sheaves, fairly;
Though hearts might be breaking,
And shoulders be aching,
There must be no pause in their great undertaking—
No staying the havoc their sickles were making,
For rain must not fall upon Grandfather's barley.

But Cupid is brave, though proverbially fickle,
He will not take fright at the wave of a sickle,
So, flying his bowers
Of orthodox flowers,—
Unheeding the possible advent of showers,—
He chose for the scene of his pranks and his powers
The shelter prosaic of Grandfather's barley.

"'Tis quite an uncommon description of barley,
I never saw anything finer," said Charley—
"So heavy and brown;"
Then he chanced to look down,
Saw Jenny's sweet features were drawn to a frown,
And could not imagine (the imbecile clown!)
Why she did not share in his praise of the barley.

While thus ran the inward reflections of Jenny:
"Was girl ever plagued with such tiresome ninny?
Yet I love him so well,—
Though I'm sure I can't tell
Why to me a notion so foolish befell,—
That I'd almost ask Grandpa the fears to dispel
Of such an uncommon good judge of his barley."

With a cluster of stalks, as she muttered, "The stupid!"
Her hand grasped the gossamer pinion of Cupid.
He marked the neat hand,
So dainty, though tanned,
And he felt the quick breathing his ringlets that fanned;
And he vowed the good genius of lovers he'd stand
In the person of Grandfather viewing his barley.

A comical figure the vision discloses:
No longer the urchin, with garland of roses,
But, glasses on nose,
Coat down to his toes,
And taking large pinches of snuff as he goes,
The offspring of Venus approaches the rows
Where prostrate is lying the beautiful barley.

"Well done, my good children," cried Cupid. "I'm thinking
You've cut down this field of good barley like winking;
For working so hard
You deserve some reward.
You, Jenny, wont think that your fortune is marred
If I find a good husband that fortune to guard;
And you, sir?—Hem—hem—why not finish the barley?"

"Dear Grandpa," said Jenny, "if parting would grieve you,
The hand of a prince should not tempt me to leave you;
But,"—dropping her eye
With expression so shy,
While rosy-cheeked apples her blushes outvie,—
"But if I a husband should choose by and by,
He must be an excellent judge of good—barley!"

Now Charley was shy, but was not at all stupid
(Besides, he'd the private assistance of Cupid)—
Her plan was betrayed.
"And I, sir," he said,
"My reward—though to name it I'm almost afraid;
But on my heart Jenny such havoc has made
That my hopes are all laid at her feet, like the barley!"

"Now, bless you! my children, I give my consent,"
And taking a huge pinch of snuff as he went,
"'Tis well! I declare,"
Cries Cupid; "so there!
My rose-colored pinions I'll spread to the air,
And to my friend Hymen I'll straightway repair:
His help will be wanted ere thrashing the barley.

"But I'll tell Master Hymen I've had all the trouble."
So saying, he soared o'er the ridges of stubble.
And, as it befell,
The affair ended well.
* * * *
But some, who the spirit of Romance would quell,
Just laugh at the mention of glamour or spell
In such a connection as "Grandfather's barley";

And say it was really not Love in disguise,
But Grandpa himself; who with vigilant eyes
Saw Jenny's dejection,
And Charley's affection;
So made up this story of Cupid's protection;
And gave the whole matter a mystic complexion
To hide the design of his trip to the barley.

A Provincial Idyl.

'Way down east, not far from Pictou,
As the train I journeyed by
Stopped, I heard the car-door click to
And a maiden met my eye,
Sweet of face, and lithe in motion,
Beautiful, though Nova Scotian.

On toward Cobequid we glided:
Book and paper thrown aside,
Little else thereafter I did
But to sit back, open-eyed,
Gazing, with profound emotion,
At that lovely Nova Scotian.

Field and wood, and sea and river,
What cared I how bright they were
While my heart was all a-quiver
With a wild delight in her?
Cynosure of earth and ocean
Was that radiant Nova Scotian.

From this trance of admiration
(So intent my eyelids ached),
At some rustic way-side station
She got out,—and I awaked;
Where she went I've not a notion,
She was lost, my Nova Scotian!

Since that day your charming features
Haunt and fill my wistful eyes;
Everywhere they seem to meet yours!
Frequent reminiscent sighs
Testify my fond devotion,
Unforgotten Nova Scotian!

All the regions, far and frosty,
Stretching north from Halifax
To the shores of Anticosti,
My imagination tracks:
Why its eager searching so shun,
Fair, fugacious Nova Scotian?

The Boston Girl.

I told her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.
The favored youth who gains the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart!
My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said,—
"You make me tired."

Conjunctions.

I am a happy woman? Yes.
The measure of my happiness
Fate's bounty can no higher fill.
I surely happy am! Yet still——

My brown hair has no silver thread,
My fresh cheek shows its white and red,
As fairest in the eyes of men
My love hath chosen me. But then——

Health, wealth, are mine. Great meed of praise
Makes bright the sunshine of my days.
In pleasant paths my feet are set;
Friends guard me tenderly. And yet——

The robins flutter to the hedge,
The sparrow seeks the window ledge;
The eagle rests upon the cliff;
My place is here. But if—but if——

I watch the village lovers pass
With loitering footsteps on the grass,
And mind me once—ah, yes, I know
The sweetest dream must fade, and so——

In Explanation.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

A Sonnet by Benjamin Disraeli.

[The following extract from a letter from Lord Stanhope is kindly furnished us for publication by a lady of New York. We believe the lines have not before been in type.—Ed.]

"I have added also for Mrs. —— a little poetical tribute of great merit, I think, as a composition, and commended by the subsequent celebrity of the author. It dates so far back as 1839.

"With many good wishes, I remain, Sir, your very faithful servant, Stanhope."

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE LADY MAHON.* 1839.

Fair Lady! thee the pencil of Vandyke
Might well have painted; thine the English air,
Graceful yet earnest, that his portraits bear
In that far troubled time when sword and pike
Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair
That shrouded Albion's beauty; tho' when need
They, too, tho' soft withal, could boldly dare,
Defend the leaguered breach, or charging steed
Mount in their trampled parks. Far different scene
The bowers present before thee; yet serene
Tho' now our days, if coming time impart
Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life
Would not reproach thy lot and what thou art—
A warrior's daughter and a statesman's wife.

B. Disraeli.

* Mahon is the junior title of Stanhope. The original of the portrait is now the Countess of Stanhope.

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THE YOUNGER PAINTERS OF AMERICA. III.

CAPRI PEASANT. (JOHN S. SARGENT.)

MR. W. GEDNEY BUNCE is, of all the new men, except Mr. Ryder, the fondest of color. Like Mr. Ryder, too, he seems to succeed in making very agreeable pictures without further design at bottom than that of amusing himself—or, to put it in another way, it is evident from his pictures that he delights in his art. The difference between them is patent enough. There is nothing in anything of Mr. Bunce's which

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we have seen that testifies to the concentrated brooding over luminous tones and harmonies of hue which gives its quality of intensity to Mr. Ryder's most characteristic work. His touch is lighter, freer, more buoyant, more natural, and less magical. Its range is greater and its power of moving correspondingly slighter. With less poetry, it has more intelligence, strictly so called—is cleverer, surer, more the servant of the painter. But he shares with Mr. Ryder that amateur quality which, when it is either truly poetic or cleverly managed, or both, is a delightful element in art, and, from its rarity, in American art especially. We endeavored, long ago, to say how Mr. Ryder's works impressed us, and he is not here in question, though, having mentioned him, it may be said in passing that since that time he has more than fulfilled the promise he then displayed. Mr. Bunce's are more difficult to speak of with closeness. He is one of the newest of the new men, and only last year won the full measure of attention which he undoubtedly deserves. We believe he owes no master any allegiance, though he painted long in Europe, and to compare his pictures to those of Felix Ziem, as they have been compared, shows a contrast in all points except that they agree in being, for the most part, marines, and in relying on color. Original, accordingly, Mr. Bunce's work must be called; and doubtless if he were fond of studying and judging it himself he would come to the same conclusion. But doubtless, also, he, better than any one else, could tell why, being original, it is not more impressive. It is certainly interesting and attractive. We do not care so much for those large marines shrouded in scumbled mist which introduced Mr. Bunce to the New York public two years ago, and which he contributed last year to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. There was observable in these, to be sure, an agreeable avoidance of the theatrical, as well as what may be called the sentimental, employment of color, to one or the other of which painters of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic are too often addicted. But, to our mind at least, both this avoidance and the effort to substitute soft aërial atmospheric effects seemed a little distinct and conscious. They seemed to say to the observer: "You have, all along, been laboring under a great mistake. What you have supposed to be color is a mere jumble of hues more or less discordant, striking, gorgeous, or what not, and can be obtained very cheaply. But properly speaking, it is not color at all. This is color; and, though it may not seem so at first, because it is not glaringly evident like the canvases you have been accustomed to regard as color, if you look at it a while you will see how pervaded it is with warmth and tone, how pleasantly elusive its modulations are, and how quietly charming is the whole effect of it." And though, if this be not too fanciful an interpretation of their import, these pictures may be said to have performed a valuable missionary service, such a service can only be called incidental in thoroughly satisfactory art. We liked much better the moonlight Venice which Mr. Bunce sent to the Academy last year, and which was evidently the product of an unmixed and genuine impression. This avoided quite as successfully the ordinary conventionalities of color, and had, in addition, the positive charms of rich and liquid tones. Along with this one could not fail to notice what, in fact, was its main attraction, that, liquid and rich as it was in color, and thoroughly imbued as the painter had evidently been with a sense of the beauty of color, it was distinctly a Venetian moonlight, and not merely a "nocturne." No one can have a greater respect for "nocturnes" than we have. There are many who have ineradicable *a priori* objections to them, but we cherish no illusions of the sort, and are free to like what seems on its face likable without inquiring too curiously into its legitimacy. Nevertheless, the painting of "nocturnes" is surrounded with discouraging difficulties, and until Mr. Bunce tries his hand at them avowedly and definitely, it will be safe to rest content with such frank treatment as in this picture he displayed. Owing to his use of color as material instead of as an end, and to the directness with which he painted what there was visible to his eye and suggested to his mind when he made his study (materially or mentally it matters not which, of course), his Venetian moonlight depends for its interest not on Venice and its familiar and hackneyed romantic attractiveness, but on qualities of its own. However, the picture had limitations obvious enough, perhaps, and in the direction of its merits. It was not altogether "inevitable," and the same may be said of a good deal of Mr. Bunce's work that has been exhibited here. And as we suggested, perhaps he himself, considering how rare a thing originality is, and how impressive a work that is original in any real sense must be, and

knowing his own powers, and the facility which they give him, could best explain why it is that, with all his admirable qualities, he yet fails to rivet one's interest firmly. One of two explanations must be the true one: either he is too subtle and poetic a painter, and by consequence careless of the obvious and tangible excellences upon which the wayfarer is accustomed to hang his admiration; or he is a clever, facile, and buoyant genius, delighting in his art for the pleasure which it gives him, esteeming difficulties lightly, because it is easy for him to conquer all that he sees, and full of sensitiveness, appreciation, aspiration, healthful confidence, and other qualities which the trained amateur shares with the born artist. If he should do more of such work as a bit of still-life a few inches square to be seen at the Cottier Gallery some time ago, there would be no doubt of his being a born decorative painter, at all events: it represented a couple of apples and so on, and was not only a rich piece of color, but beautifully painted in respect of quality and serious, contained expression in general.

Mr. Douglas Volk is another of the painters whose work has only recently been seen here. The portrait that introduced him to the New York public at the Academy a year ago yet remains the best thing he has shown. It was, however, a work of so much merit, and so evidently an important production of a trained painter, that to look for the speedy improvement upon it which it is the fashion to demand of "new men" would imply a misjudgment of its qualities. It showed clearly enough that Mr. Volk was a "new man" only in the sense of being new to us. At the same time, one could easily see that Mr. Volk's future was likely to be of more interest than his past, and if it had not a youthful look it could not be called mature. Most of our readers must remember the picture: a blonde young lady, with black dress, hat, and gloves, seated sidewise, her face turned toward the observer and relieved against a yellow background; the whole painted in a key high enough to give it an air of vivacity, enforced rather than enfeebled by the abundant contrasting blacks. The effect was very real, and the face and figure individualized so happily as to make one forget, in recognition of its perfect simplicity, the difficulty of realizing so completely the charm of a lively and attractive girl. Any one who studied the canvas must have given the painter deserved credit for failing to vulgarize in any degree a subject of such peculiarities. No disparagement of the dignity of portraiture compared with other departments of painting is implied, however, in adding immediately that this portrait furnished no test of Mr. Volk's imaginative force. In both color and composition it avoided failure so far as appeared by not challenging any of the difficulties of either. Its success, in other respects than those mentioned, lay in its admirable drawing and in the discriminating rendering of its different textures. The discovery of Mr. Volk's invention and his æsthetic qualities generally is made in other works—in "The Puritan Maiden," here engraved, for example. There is something very pleasant in the sentiment of this, aside from the noticeably excellent "handling" evident in the snow. It tells its story with clearness, as all *genre* of the sort of course should, but it is agreeably reserved in expression, and the subject is treated pictorially rather than in literary fashion. It loses thus naturally the quality which Mr. Boughton's literary insistence, for example, would secure—an intellectual or sentimental refinement, that is to say. But if not subtly poetic it is at any rate pretty, and yet dignified in both idea and expression. The same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of two small and unpretending landscapes sent respectively to the last Society of American Artists' Exhibition and its predecessor. The truth is, that Mr. Volk's work is of that kind which disposes one to take the most favorable view possible of it; even toward his rather confused picture which accompanied "The Puritan Maiden" to the Academy this year, and which seems more like picture-making (of a pardonable enough sort, however) than anything he has done, it is impossible not to take this view. But in it, as in his portrait of a "Fencing-Master," there is nevertheless a trace of alloy that will be rejected before Mr. Volk makes the position among his fellow-painters which belongs to him absolutely secure. How to characterize it one scarcely knows, but perhaps it would not be inaccurate to attribute it to a judgment of popular appreciation that is a little careless and hasty. Popular appreciation has made a great advance within the time that has elapsed since Mr. Volk began to paint and think of subjects and their treatment. It is still, to be sure, in large measure content with work greatly inferior to Mr. Volk's worst. But nothing is more certain than that, for this kind of appreciation, it is hopeless for an artist to compete with his inferiors. So-called "pop-

FRANK D. MILLET AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT. (GEORGE W. MAYNARD.)

ular art" seems somehow to have its own secret, undiscoverable by real talent in spite of every effort to attain it—according to the law which prescribes natural sincerity as the first condition in all art. So that successful mediocrity implies in general a natural turn for it in the painter who arrives at it. And it is therefore a sign of Mr. Volk's inaptitude for it that his own departures in its direction should appear as unsuccessful as they do. An inferior painter might easily have owed something to the theatricality of flinging a mass of white into the center of a large dark canvas, but in Mr. Volk's portrait of M. Senac the management of the white gauntlet is felt at once to be trivial and unhappy—and, as we say, by many more people than would have quarreled with it not so very long ago. In the same way, it must also be said, one may fail by inattention to, as well as by misconception of, one's natural audience, and that the background of the portrait first mentioned is an instance of this. Altogether, it is probable that Mr. Volk's serious work is yet to come—after he has become more singly devoted to some ideal worthy of his really uncommon powers. Of these, drawing is evidently the first, and so good a draughtsman is he that it will not be considered out of

place here to congratulate the schools of the Cooper Union upon his professorship there. There have been few as conspicuous examples of broad and firm drawing as the drapery of this portrait; and its drawing was what saved the picture of a sleeping child enfolded in the ultra-Ethiopian arms of a nurse outside the frame, which Mr. Volk sent to the last Artists' Fund Society Exhibition.

Portraiture is also the forte of Mr. George W. Maynard. That of Mr. Millet looks—in the engraving, at least—rather photographic, but one can see that in character delineation and in painting it is probably one of the painter's successes. His work is curiously unequal, it must have been observed. In the Academy Exhibition of 1880, for example, there was a family interior whose awkwardness was in striking contrast with the graceful traits of the large portrait in an adjoining room. One could not help trying to account for the difference, and it may pardonably be attributed to a lack of the critical poise and acumen which should warn a painter when he is erring, elementarily, at all events, though doubtless the unattractiveness of subject in the failure compared with the attractiveness of the subject in the success is to be partly blamed. That, however, is really the affair of the painter himself, and besides cutting both ways it would not serve as a plea more than once or twice, say. The larger canvas—which was curiously mis-catalogued "A Mexican Portrait," by the way—was not only a success, but one of the most noteworthy successes of an exhibition in which there were several. It was an excellent piece of painting, in large masses, and in arrangement remarkably graceful and winning; so that an occasional imperfection, like the blending of the charming figure's hair with the background, seemed a solecism. Now and then Mr. Maynard's inspiration seems to fail him in just this way, and of much of his work—such as a pretty conceit of a girl, or goddess, sailing the empyrean in a crescent, which was sent to the last Salmagundi Exhibition—one wonders why, since it is so pleasing, it is not even more so. Mediocrity always threatens when effort is relaxed, and it is so evidently within Mr. Maynard's ability to keep above it, that one wishes sometimes he were a little more acutely sensible of the ease with which one unconsciously falls into it, and of the loss to one's importance which even an occasional lapse must involve. Of a painter whose powers were really mediocre it would not, of course, occur to any one to say this, and it is said here mainly to suggest that Mr. Maynard is not fairly judged if he is judged, as he sometimes has been, by the unmistakable mediocrity he has once or twice exhibited.

MARKET DAY BY THE CATHEDRAL STEPS, MORLAIX, BRITTANY. (LOUIS C. TIFFANY.)

On their decorative sides, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany and Mr. Francis Lathrop, who are not to be classed among the younger painters with exactness, may be loosely considered with them. Mr. Lathrop was, we believe, one of the original band of devoted pre-Raphaelites whose mild earnestness of

performance and preachment accomplished its mission so many years ago. He studied with Madox Brown, and perhaps others of the school in England, and has reproduced their spirit in his pictures with a good deal of sympathy, but without special accentuation. To his work of this sort his drawings in black and white, of which this magazine has contained many examples, seem preferable,—done with more freedom, and therefore more characteristic. Such a portrait as that of Mr. Edison, which appeared here, shows powers of draughtsmanship and of characterization that are noteworthy, and have, indeed, long been recognized. But his strictly decorative work is not so well known, and in it he is probably at his best. He was Mr. La Farge's main reliance—we presume it may be said without disrespect to his associates in that work—in the decoration of Trinity Church in Boston, and to his tact and invention, and (at that time certainly no less valuable a quality) his skilled knowledge of what had been done and is practicable in decoration, no small part of the success of the whole is to be attributed. Of the decoration at Bowdoin College we cannot speak with knowledge. Persons who have visited Trinity Church may be reminded of a graceful and delicate band which runs around the chancel dado, and which certainly testifies to a very nice and artistic sense of pure decoration. Even now that the domain of decoration is being invaded by the painters to such a noticeable degree, so much taste as this one thing evinces is uncommon. Much the same thing may be said of Mr. Tiffany, with obvious qualifications, of course. He was for some years a very clever painter of oriental phenomena, the attractiveness of which was also appreciated with the same keenness by Mr. Colman and Mr. Swain Gifford. But no more than these painters did he find them exclusively interesting, and though both he and Mr. Colman have clung pretty closely to cathedrals,—representations of which, in general, have a vogue that may be explained on religious grounds, perhaps,—he has ranged as far afield upon occasion as either of the others, and with equally felicitous results. Some of the most attractive of his works that we remember were of the naturally unromantic, not to say hideous, "localities" to be found in this city. In particular, the impression left by a miniature portrait of an uptown green-grocer's shanty and garden remains with us still, though it certainly had nothing of factitious interest about it. This seemed for a time, indeed, so clearly Mr. Tiffany's true line that it is hardly probable that he has seriously compromised the qualities to which he owed his success in following it, and far more likely that he carries these into the new sphere of professional decoration which he has entered. And his decorative work, such of it as is to be seen in this city, does in truth show the same freedom from conventionality in intention and generally in accomplishment which he first gave the rein to in his street studies. Of course, he is in a much more agreeable and congenial atmosphere in dealing with rich stuffs and frescoes than in painting cabbage-gardens; but what is worth noticing is that, upon such work as the windows and wall-painting at the new Union League Club, he brings to bear all the invention and taste with which he is endowed, and that at the beginning of his career as a painter he was content to lean upon whatever intrinsic interest might belong to such material as deserts and dromedaries.

Any review, however cursory, of the younger painters of the country would err in neglecting the work of—shall we say the few, or the many?—American women who have helped to make it an impertinence to question the ability of their sex to acquire a contained and dignified plastic expression of the artistic susceptibilities in which it has always been assumed to be so strong. Indeed, in a society whose attention has only recently been given with any seriousness to fine art, which it had therefore long popularly regarded as an accomplishment, painting, to some extent, fell into the sphere of feminine effort synchronously with piano-playing and embroidery. Of course, not much was to be accomplished in it while it was thus classified even by women themselves. We all remember with emotion the "specimens" of feminine skill and feeling which won distinction at the fashionable boarding-school, and afterward gladdened the family heart and decorated the family drawing-room. One cannot do much in art without any notion of the dignity or of any other quality which makes art admirable, certainly; but the long apprenticeship which feminine art in this country served as an accomplishment merely was probably not entirely thrown away. Quite as much, perhaps, as a natural feminine aptitude,—and at the present day to distinguish aptitudes sexually may have a musty sound,—

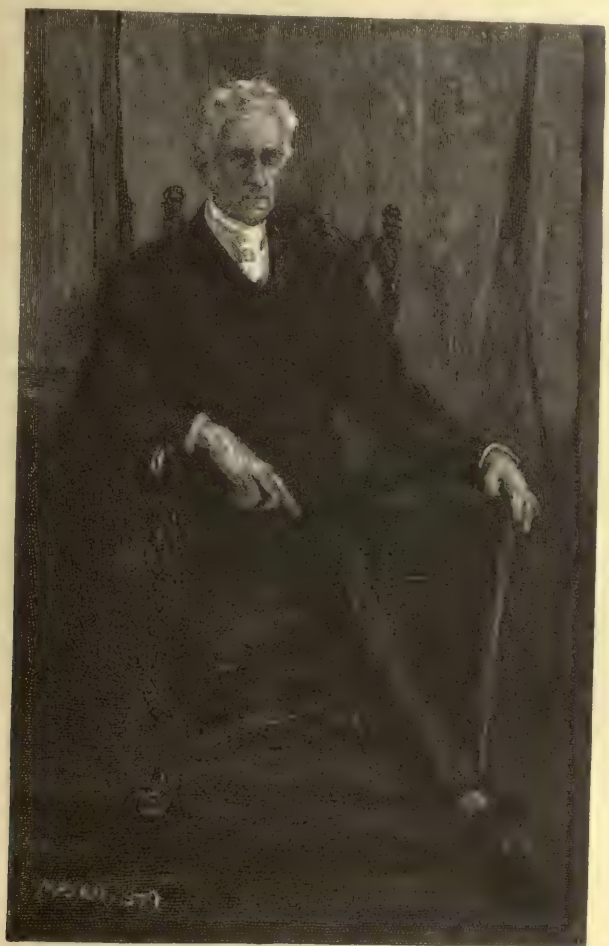
it is to be credited with the unmistakable turn for decorativeness which American women-painters have shown; or, at least, the aptitude may be said to have grown out of it. And so, when the opportunity came for serious work to be done in art, they were some of them as capable as they were enthusiastic to embrace it. Boston is, like the State of which it is the metropolis, the most chivalrous of American centers of intelligence. Either in virtue of its superior mental activity, or of the peculiar adaptedness of its activities to the feminine capabilities, or of the significant disclosures of every census, it gives to women a freedom and opportunity which, though at present somewhat crude, no doubt, may very fairly stand for the beginnings of a seemly, nineteenth-century, practical substitute for the Middle Age ideal of chivalry. Accordingly, it is natural to find in Boston a coterie of women artists, whose work has already gained some distinction and is still more striking in its promise. The late William M. Hunt stands sponsor for these clever painters, in popular estimation. He used to take great interest in their progress, and many of them had the benefit of his instruction. To them were addressed the series of "Talks," which one of them jotted down so successfully that he had them copyrighted, and which may therefore be taken as an authentic *précis* of his teaching and criticism. Almost every one has read more or less of these, and will be able to verify the remark that their effect upon their immediate audience is very evident. Mr. Hunt was, of all American painters, perhaps, the most alive to impressions of a vivid and vigorous kind. His impressionableness was, indeed, his main characteristic, and its predominance in him over the reflective and imaginative faculties is probably responsible for that diffusion of effort which, while it is always a witness of the power of a genius, accounts also for whatever alloy of transitoriness there may be perceived in its interest. His audience exactly suited him in this respect. A more impressionable body of students, taken as a whole, it would be difficult to find anywhere outside of the pale of a modern ritualist congregation, it is probable, than that which hung upon the lips of his eloquence, and for which he did in great measure the thinking. He was from the first recognized by them as something other than the picturesque character, acute observer, and powerful painter which he appeared to the dispassionate and disinterested—as, rather, a prophet and a sage; and they illustrated an exception to the general rule in such cases, and did him great honor in his own country. The result was what was to be expected. Some of his pupils (indirectly the number of his pupils was larger than his conscious responsibility included) were greatly helped by him, and their almost reverential admiration of him has undoubtedly a just basis of gratitude. He awakened in them the genuine as contrasted with the conventional art impulse, freed their minds from traditionary commonplaces, and stimulated them strongly to real and serious work. Others did his instruction less credit, and disclosed their need of a different kind of teaching. Aristotle, said Plato, needed the bit, and Speusippus the spur, but Mr. Hunt apparently did not distinguish thus, as, indeed, being not distinctively a teacher, he was, of course, not called upon to do. Nevertheless, since his teaching was all spur, we may fairly charge it with a part of the superficiality which some of its recipients have displayed. If these were like Aristotle in needing restraint upon their ardor, they lacked his perception of the virtue that lies in the mean and the error involved in the excess of qualities, and before long rioted in an exuberance rightly to be called license rather than freedom.

To say this is not to affirm any special eccentricity of their work, though here and there its essential whimsicality was noticeable; but what we have in mind is the impatience of anything academic which it evinced. Mr. Hunt felt this defect in them very sensibly, we believe. He used to say, half-humorously, half-vexedly, that he couldn't pretend to do the things "these girls" tackled with cheery confidence, and pronounced them altogether too clever. "These girls" had spent a few months in Paris, and had there picked up tricks of technic with which they delighted themselves and their admirers, but for which he himself felt only impatience. It might have been replied to him that his own experience showed something analogous, and that before he had met Millet he had been as fond of Couture as any of them all, but nothing save his own modesty could have foreborne the rejoinder that what was mere experiment with him was likely to be fatal with a less robust genius. Yet the weight of what they heard from him tended irresistibly—and we do not think it can be denied—if not to confirm tricks of technic, at least to belittle severity of training and

THE PURITAN MAIDEN. (DOUGLAS VOLK.) OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARK, ESQ.

exalt "originality." Some of "these girls," as we said, had the natural force to bear this, and carried within themselves the checks from good sense and seriousness which, doubtless, he relied upon them to apply. Others, whether they would of themselves have accomplished anything or not, certainly interpreted what they heard in a way disastrous to their prospects of any real success. Translated by them, Hunt's protest against formalism seemed a distressing jargon. Any one who reflects upon the years of study and practice upon which every painter of any importance has based the work that has made his reputation, upon the apprenticeship which of necessity precedes even journey-work in every art, and in the art of painting in particular, must have marveled at finding put forth as distinctly held tenets that nothing but harm could come of the weariness of the flesh involved in much study; that "the soul" of nature was only obscured by attention to the dross of external forms; that the subtleties of perspective were *chevaux-de-frise* erected by hard and "correct" pedants between the painter and his expression, and poor substitutes for the unaided eye; that definition, explicitness, fidelity were the terms of antiquated error; that sug-

gestion and imagination, too long neglected, should assume their fitting place in the aim and effort of the painter; and so on. Bound up with this there was, of course, a perceptible amount of affectation, but for the most part it contained a fatal germ of sincerity. What measure of truth, or of half-truths rather, it comprised is obvious enough; but the ingenuous formulation of these into the rudiments of a new grammar of art has its amusing, not to say pathetic, side. To put it baldly, the cant mysticism of which we have been speaking proceeds on the notion that a beginner in painting is a genius—like Hunt. Unhappily, however, as a New York painter once testified apropos of an analogous matter, genius "is such a rare thing that there's no use in talking about it." With not a few of those who had at various times the benefit of his advice and criticism, the result of being told by Mr. Hunt to "never mind" this and never mind that, but to express their own ideas, and paint the thing as they saw it, has been that they have acquired a facility of amusing themselves with "studies" and "impressions" that have never come to anything, at the price of frittering away a talent that might have been developed if it had been "taken in hand," instead of "humored."



PORTRAIT. (MARIA R. OAKEY.)

This qualification once made, it is with nothing but satisfaction that one turns to some of the painters, whether pupils of Mr. Hunt in any sense or not, who have risen out of the crowd of aimless aspirants. For the purposes here in view still narrower limits suffice, and in taking Miss Elizabeth H. Bartol, Mrs. L. W. Whitman, and Miss Helen M. Knowlton as representatives of

the successful women-painters of Boston, no neglect of the several others whose work may deserve as much consideration is to nature rather than to any representation of it; but it is quite as clear that she has original force and a kind of sweetness entirely indi-

PORTRAIT. (MRS. L. W. WHITMAN.) OWNED BY CHARLES G. WHITE, ESQ.

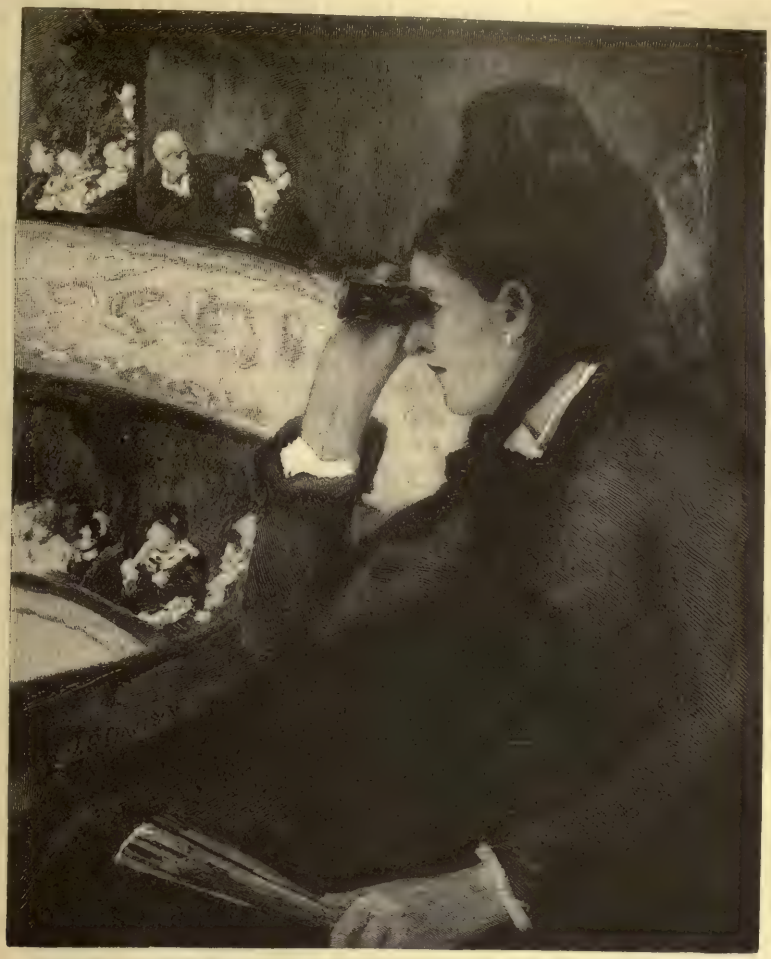
implied. Miss Bartol's work is not unfamiliar in New York. There are reminiscences of the manner of certain masters in her treatment, it may be, and evidence that she has been impressed by some of the idiosyncrasies of contemporary art with a keenness which it is, of course, better to owe vidual, and it is not to be denied that she uses her brush in a way to which, wherever she got it, she has acquired a right. The "Portrait of a Boy," here engraved, shows as much. The reader will not fail to note how broadly and simply even its immaterial characteristics, such as the pensive interest of

PORTRAIT OF A BOY. (ELIZABETH H. BARTOL.) OWNED BY MRS. T. I. LOTHROP.

the face and the nice adjustment to this of the figure and its action, are expressed. And there is something very frank and cordial, and, at the same time, quiet and chaste, about everything she has exhibited here; and it is greatly in her favor that it is in her most characteristic work, apparently,—such as a tender and poetic, yet gravely treated, Gloucester landscape which we recall,—that she seems at her best. Mrs. Whitman's contribution to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists a year ago was the first picture she has shown here, if we remember rightly. It and the one we use as an illustration are not unlike, and in either the merits and, in some degree, the limitations of the painter may be seen. In the former, Mrs. Whitman's fondness for color, which stands her in such good stead in her purely decorative work, is conspicuous. To say, then, that her fondness for it appeared more clearly than any natural felicity in employment of it, would be saying no more than the truth, perhaps. But it would have a depreciating sound, and the success is more evident than the short-comings of the portrait. But its very merits are so obvious and of such a kind that they seem to carry with them a witness that the painter has nothing more to learn, and will probably remain content with an accomplishment of which she has every reason to be proud. How to progress further along this line it would be difficult to suggest. Possibly the quality which we notice in Mrs. Whitman is analogous to that referred to by Mr. Hunt as blemishing the work of the young women

HEAD OF ITALIAN BOY. (HELEN M. KNOWLTON.)

whom he thought altogether too clever. The portrait does not betray by any means the self-satisfaction which it might perhaps justify, but it seems to indicate that the painter had her mind fixed too intently on richness of tone, firmness of drawing, and other elements of her picture, and that this is her natural inclination. After all, these are but elements, means of expression, and not what she had to paint—or should have had in order to endue the work with something more vital than cleverness. In just this respect it is interesting to contrast the accompanying portrait of the spruce and intelligent young gentleman, holding a striped staff, with Miss Bartol's portrait. The difference is apparent enough, and it is perfectly plain that the latter has a spiritual interest which the former is entirely without. This, however, might be set down with the caution of discretion to the difference in the models, and it would very likely be fanciful to say that the sitter suited the artist in either case; but an unmistakable, though less obvious, contrast consists in the imaginativeness which characterizes the one and is quite lacking in the other. A happy portraiture is to be seen in Mrs. Whitman's picture, but a photograph might show as much. Nor does the arrangement of detail transcend the ability of many of the "artists" who use the camera; but what distinguishes the art we think of in connection with the palette is, after all, at bottom the unphotographic quality of imagination. This may be poetic, or feeble, or whimsical, or what not. Miss Bartol's is extremely poetic, it strikes us; but even if it were less so, or not poetic at all, its imaginative character would at once classify it as art possessing intrinsic interest of some sort, apart from the various external excellences which might or might not accompany this. The distinction is as old as art itself, of course—old enough, therefore, to be constantly lost sight of. Miss Knowlton's work, so far as we have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing it, is so unpretending, that to place it in the same category with Miss Bartol's would, perhaps, be to overweight it. And her reputation as a teacher of painting may have tended to obscure her recognition as a painter, if, indeed, her teaching has not absorbed her time and effort too exclusively to allow the forwarding of her own art as swiftly as otherwise would have been possible. She was Mr. Hunt's "lieutenant" for some years, and it was from her notes of his "Talks" that the latter were printed. This circumstance of itself testifies to an unusual capacity of apprehension, and doubtless to the supplement of her systematic training the general and rather fragmentary instruction of Mr. Hunt owes a large measure of the success it obtained. But, aside from the credit which her efforts of this kind deserve, and which it would be an omission to fail to record here, there is discoverable in her own painting not only the excellent equipment as to ways and means, and the intelligent appreciation of aim and end which are to be logically inferred, but a motive of much pensive grace, which the head here engraved may serve to illustrate. To carry this a little further would hardly be to risk obscuring the agreeable intention of it, one may say, and it has a look as if it might have been designed to witness some precept of the painter's master about "knowing when to stop"; nevertheless, the intention is clear and agreeable as it is, which is, of course, the main thing. Certain others of Miss Knowlton's most attractive works are in very much the same vein, which seems to us her best; but though the most evident trait of such of her landscapes as we have seen is a study-like reality, they are also not without a charm that cannot be



AT THE OPERA. (MARY S. CASSATT.) OWNED BY I. G. CASSATT, ESQ.

ascribed solely to felicitous choice of subject.

The portrait which Miss Mary S. Cassatt sent from Paris to the Second Exhibition of the Society of American Artists stimulates a lively regret that she should keep her countrymen in comparative ignorance of the work she is doing. If it be said that, judging from that canvas, and from the accompanying "At the Opera," this seems to lack charm, it is easy to see, on the other hand, that in force few, if any, among American women-artists are her rivals. There is an intelligent directness in her touch, and her entire attitude, beside which a good deal of the painting now abundantly admired seems amateur experimentation. Her work is a good example of the better sort of "impressionism," and the sureness with which, contrary to the frequent notion of it, this proceeds; and perhaps it is especially successful in this respect because Miss Cassatt served an Academic apprenticeship, and "went over" to Dégas and the rest of the school only after she had acquired her powers of expression. One cannot be all things at once, and especially if one determines to be definitely some particular thing; and so many people will temper their acknowledgment and appreciation of Miss Cassatt's success with the recognition of her neglect of, or incapacity for, the poetic and sentimental, not to say spiritual, side of painting. One even feels that to her adoption of a theory may be conveniently ascribed certain prosaic details of her "At the Opera," for example, which only avoid seeming like *gaucheries* because it is so evident that

they are deliberate, intelligent, and well executed.

The chance conjunction which concluding this paper with mention of Miss Maria R. Oakey brings about, suggests the fancy that these two painters would, if their qualities could be combined, so supplement each other as considerably to excel the work of either; and it is a notion that carries with it sufficient criticism of both artists. It ought not to be forgotten that for a long time Miss Oakey was, in spirit and intention, one of the very few who can be termed the pioneers of the movement in painting which only yesterday every one was calling "the new movement," but of which it has now become an effort of memory to recall the origins. Long before the return of the Argonauts in 1877, the prevailing character of Academy Exhibitions used to be accentuated by, among a few others, a canvas or two by Miss Oakey, in which, whatever its short-comings, the love of beauty agreeably predominated. The influence of, to come no nearer home, the more delicate of the Italian colorists was marked enough; certain "unworkmanlike" deficiencies were also apparent; and the latter are not yet wholly overcome, as may be seen from the reproduction, herewith given, of perhaps the most dignified performance of an artist whose work is always serious. A still graver defect, since it infallibly conflicts with perfect simplicity of aim and endeavor, was a rather recondite and overanxious effort to avoid conventional forms and aspects of beauty. But this never wholly obscured the positive and direct love of tone and color and sentiment co-existent with it, and if Miss Oakey should continue to paint and avoid a perfunctory contentment with her accomplishment hitherto, varied by excursions into the lighter and less important departments of art, one must expect to see it disappear altogether. And, in any case, the circumstance that her choice of the unconventional at a time when American art was, for the most part, drenched in the commonplace, and before there seemed any danger from the vogue of affectation, must be interesting and worth chronicling in a review of such general scope as this.

[In the first paper of this series, published in May, 1880, the author had something to say about Mr. J. S. Sargent. An engraving of a study by this accomplished young painter which appeared in the last exhibition of "The Society of American Artists" is given herewith. The finished picture had been shown at a previous "Society" exhibition.—Ed. S. M.]

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF.

Sorrow, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And if my life with any glory end
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Said, honoring, when I'm dead,—
Sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral wreath, are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,—
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung mercies wrong!"

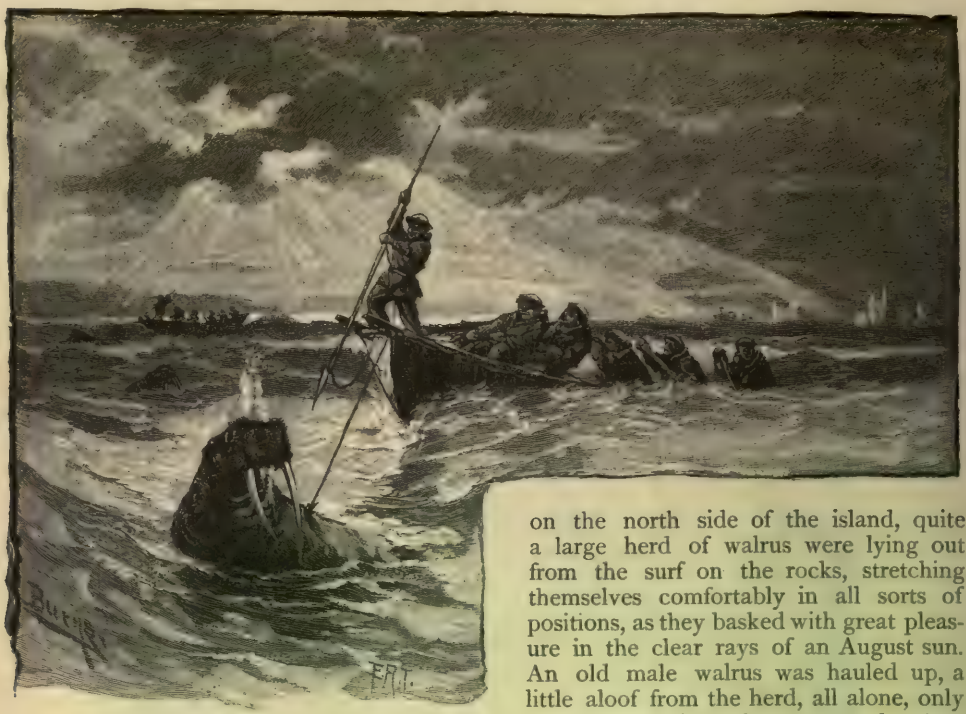
Still, you are near;
Who can your care withstand?
When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear,—
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your pale hand.

NO CREATURE is so repulsive in appearance as an old male walrus, or morse *(rosmarus)*; the head, large in itself, seems ridiculously small set upon the immense neck, and the ungainly body is all swollen and tremulous with the excessive deposit of flabby fat and blubber, distending the coarse, hairless, wrinkled hide into the shape and semblance of a wool-sack. No wonder that the eyes of the early Christian navigators opened wide in amazement as the sinister head of this brute amphibian rose unexpectedly from the cold green waters of the north, and then as suddenly disappeared beneath the waves with its peculiar snort and hog-like grunt. However, soon after that, some hardy sailor put a harpoon into a "sea-horse," and its ivory teeth, and the oil found under its tough skin, at once stimulated a grand general hunting of this brute by all the seamen of northern Europe. It was a walrus-hunter who first beheld the frozen coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and it was a walrus-hunter also who first passed from Asia to this continent across the Straits of Behring.

Though doubt exists even now among scientific men as to the true character and appearance of the walrus, yet there is but the one genus, and it in turn alone represents but two species. Curiously, too, while this animal is found in great numbers here and there within the waters of the Arctic Ocean, Baffin's Bay, and Behring Sea, no one has ever seen or even heard of the existence of a sea-horse in the equally frigid Antarctic seas and Southern circumpolar zone. The variation existing between the walrus of Spitzbergen and that of Behring Sea is a very sensible one, owing to the much greater size and almost hairless skin of the Alaskan adults; this difference may be due to the fact that our walrus has nothing to do but to grow in comparative peace and seclusion, while the annual raids made upon the Spitzbergen branch of the family may tend to dwarf it by inculcating fearful anticipation.

ESQUIMAUX HUNTERS CRUISING.

From the peculiar, wicked-looking tusks that hang down over the chin from the massive upper jaw, one instinctively jumps to the conclusion that the walrus must be a terrible fighter—that these enormous dental weapons are used for tearing, cutting, and striking in conflict among themselves and with their enemies; as a matter of fact, the walrus is among the most peaceable and inoffensive of animals, and these savage-looking teeth are used almost exclusively in



ESQUIMAUX TAKING WALRUS.

the quiet service of prodding up and digging out clams and other shell-fish from their sand and mud beds in the shallow marine waters and estuaries of the north, and to grub the bulbous roots of the wild celery, and to tear juicy sea-weed fronds from their strong hold upon the rocky bottoms of rugged coasts and reefs. The walrus does not subsist upon any animal food or fish: he is a good vegetarian and has a decided taste for mollusks; he is far too clumsy as a swimmer to capture fish, and he seems to be too much oppressed with his own unwieldy bulk to fight either by land or sea, even in self-defense. Still, in some directions, awkward as he is on shore, he is capable of exerting immense muscular power and displaying unwonted agility. To give an illustration: the size and strength of a polar bear are well known, but the largest of its kind cannot knock down and drag out a full-grown walrus bull, while it could easily destroy and dispose of one of our heaviest oxen in that manner. An incident occurred under the eye of the writer, while surveying on St. Matthew's Island, in 1874, that very clearly presents the decidedly different natures of the two animals. At the base of a series of bold, high bluffs on the north side of the island, quite a large herd of walrus were lying out from the surf on the rocks, stretching themselves comfortably in all sorts of positions, as they basked with great pleasure in the clear rays of an August sun. An old male walrus was hauled up, a little aloof from the herd, all alone, only a few hundred yards away, and enjoying himself, also, after the fashion of his kind when they come out for an air-bath. Lurking in the background, I observed a very large polar bear, as he took the scent of this old sea-horse, and watched him as he made a stealthy approach. Crouching and flattened to the ground, the bear rapidly came up to within a dozen yards of the dozing morse, when he sprang into a lumbering gallop, closed at once with him, and attempted, bear-like, to break in and crush his skull by dealing the astonished walrus a swift succession of thumping blows over the head with his heavy, powerful fore paws. The massive occipital of the walrus was, however, too thick to give way, even under the force of Bruin's immense feet; and, after the first shock of surprise, the clumsy amphibian righted himself, and, without striking back a single blow, turned and started for the water. The bear tried to head him off; but the strength of the walrus and the momentum of his bulky body, when started down grade to the surf, was more than his great white foe could overcome. So, instinctively realizing that his quarry was to escape, the infuriated bear leaped upon his broad, flabby back, buried his claws in the tough hide and his teeth in the neck of the

unhappy walrus, and actually hung on and rode down in this manner fifteen or twenty yards to the sea, where he quickly dismounted when the first wave combed over the flanks of his victim. This surf-bath, undoubtedly, cooled the bear's passion; but it did not destroy his interest, for he retreated, turned, squatted upon his haunches, and regarded the wake of the fleeing morse with great attention.

But when Bruin selects a young walrus, or a sick or feeble adult, then there is no

A ROUGH RIDER.

such failure; the skull is crushed by quick, repeated blows; then, when the stunned and quivering body of his prey lies extended, he fastens his ugly fangs upon the throat, tearing the hide and flesh until an artery is reached, when he settles down and fairly drinks out the life of the unfortunate walrus.

In looking at this uncouth animal, the most natural question at once arises—What earthly service can such an ungainly, stupid beast render? What, indeed, is the use of its existence? But the answer is swift and satisfactory; were it not for the subsistence furnished so largely by the flesh and oil of the morse, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Esquimaux of North America, from Behring Straits clear around to Labrador, could manage to live. It is not to be inferred that walrus-meat is the sole diet of these simple people, for that is very wide of the truth; but there are several months of every year when the exigencies of the climate render it absolutely impossible for the hardiest native to go out and procure food, and then the value of the *cache* of walrus-meat is appreciated, when for weeks and weeks it forms the beginning and the end of every meal. The walrus responds to as many demands of the Innuit as the camel of the Arab, or the cocoa-palm of the South Sea islander. Its flesh feeds him; its oil illuminates and warms his dark hut; its sinews make his bird-nets; its tough skin, skillfully stretched over the light wooden frame, constitutes his famous kayak, and the serviceable oomiak, or bidarrah; its intestines

ESQUIMAUX SORTING AND STRINGING WALRUS IVORY.

are converted into water-proof clothing, while the soles to its flippers are transferred to his feet; and, finally, its ivory is a source of endless utility to him in domestic use and in trade and barter.

Walrus famines among the Esquimaux have been recorded in pathetic legends by almost all of the savage settlements in the Arctic. Even now, as I write (November, 1880), comes the authentic corroboration of the harsh rumor of the starvation of the inhabitants of St. Lawrence Island—those people who live just midway between the Old World and the New, in Alaskan waters. The winter of 1879–80 was one of exceptional rigor in the Arctic, though in this country it was unusually mild and open. The ice closed in solid around St. Lawrence Island —so firm and unshaken by the mighty powers of wind and tide that the walrus were driven far to the southward and eastward, out of reach of the unhappy inhabitants of that island, who, thus unexpectedly deprived of their mainstay and support, seem to have miserably starved to death, with the exception of one small village on the north shore. The residents of the Poonook, Poogovellyak, and Kagallegak settlements perished, to a soul, from hunger—nearly three hundred men, women, and children. I was among these people in 1874, during the month of August, and remarked their manifold superiority over the savages of the northwest coast and the great plains. They seemed then to live, during nine months of the year, almost wholly upon the flesh and oil of the walrus. Clean-limbed, bright-eyed, and jovial, they profoundly impressed one with their happy subsistence and reliance upon the walrus-herds of Behring Sea; and it was remarked then that these people had never been subjected to the temptation—and subsequent sorrow—of putting their trust in princes; hence their independence and good heart. But now it appears that it will not suffice, either, to put your trust in walrus.

Walrus naturally occupy a large place in the spiritual horizon of the Esquimaux; his whole idea of paradise is bound up in finding walrus by countless herds in the spirit land, which in itself, however, does not differ at all from the one he now lives on, except that there he will be uniformly successful in the chase, and always sure of meat to eat day in and day out. When the writer attempted to argue with one of these people that we could get along very well in the next world without these unsavory animals, the emphatic response was: "Without walrus there is no heaven!"

In view of the unremitting warfare waged upon the walrus-herds of northern Europe, it is most likely that the sandy shoals and muddy bars of Bristol Bay, Behring Sea, are now the chosen resort of the largest congregations of these animals. When the ice-pack closes in solid above the straits between Asia and America, then the great mass of the walrus, which have been spending the summer on the broken ice-floes, engaged principally in breeding, return to the open waters of Bristol Bay and Norton Sound, where they spend the winter, scattered in herds from a dozen or so in number up to bodies of thousands; living in perfect peace

among themselves, and almost unmolested, though several districts are carefully hunted over by the Esquimaux of Nushagak for oil and ivory.

The shoal waters of this region and the eccentric tides have alone preserved these bands of *rosmarus* from extinction. Years ago, when the North Pacific was the rendezvous of the greatest whaling fleet that ever floated, vessels could not, nor can they now, approach nearer than sixty or even eighty miles of them.

The walrus is born upon the floating ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean, and during the whole of the summer remains there, carefully suckled and guarded by its mother, with whom it instinctively retires to the south as the packs begin to close over the sea. Following the example of its elders, it soon begins to dig clams with its tiny tushes, to pull sea-grass and celery roots, and to tear up the tender sea-weed streamers, upon all of which it fairly thrives, until it reaches maturity in its eighth or ninth year, when it will measure twelve to thirteen feet in length from the nostrils to the root of its almost imperceptible tail, and possess a girth of twelve to fourteen feet around its blubber-loaded neck and shoulders. The immense accumulation of fat in the region of the neck and shoulders makes the head and posteriors look small in proportion and attenuated. The singularly flattened head and massive, abrupt, square muzzle strongly resemble those of the African river-horse. The nostrils, eyes, and ear-spots are planted nearly on top of the square, flat head; the nostrils open directly above the muzzle, and are vertically oval and about an inch in diameter. Like the seal, the walrus, when traveling, swims entirely submerged, rising at prolonged intervals to breathe, when it "blows" with little jets of vapor and a noise not unlike a whale; on a cool, quiet day, the progress of these creatures as they swim may be traced by the succeeding tiny white columns of vapor thrown up. As the nostrils are scarcely raised above water, nothing is seen of the animal itself, unless it pauses in the act of swimming and rises up, head and shoulders, for a survey.

The chief glory of the *rosmarus*, however, must be embodied in its long white tusks, or canine teeth of the upper jaw, that are set firmly beneath the nostrils in deep, massive, bony sockets, which cause the distinguishing breadth and square cut front of the muzzle. These ivory teeth grow down, sometimes spreading a little as they descend; then again the tips of the tusks will nearly meet, varying in size from the six or seven inch tushes of youth to the average of two feet at maturity; the writer has seen examples over three feet in length, so large, indeed, that they might have belonged to a young mastodon. The usual weight of a good full-grown tusk is about eight pounds, but such teeth are rare: out of a herd of a hundred adult walrus, it will be very difficult to select an example which shall possess a perfect pair of tusks, because in rooting around for food they are almost

ESQUIMAUX DRESSING WALRUS-HIDES.

invariably broken off by their owners at the tips or even up as high as the jaw itself; when walrus ivory is perfectly white and free from cracks, it rates as high as the best elephant-teeth; but most of it has a yellow, porous core, and is badly cracked from the tips to the base.

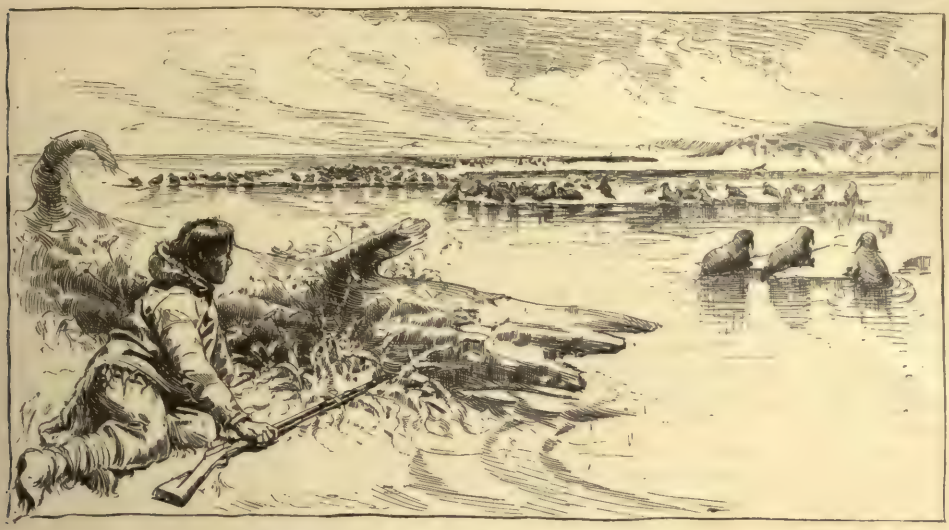
The upper lips are thick and gristly, completely overhanging and shadowing the lower; they are set full of short, stout, grayish-white and horn-colored bristles, varying in length from a half to three and four inches; this mustache is decidedly the most sinister and peculiar in the whole animal kingdom.

A dull, wooden expression is given by the eyes of the walrus. These are small, and protrude from their sockets like those of a lobster; the iris and pupil form less than one-quarter of the exposed surface. The sclerotic bulges out from the lids, which are tinged a coffee-yellow and brown, with an occasional admixture of white in tiny spots When the walrus is aroused, the eyes are rolled about in every direction,—forward, backward, up, down, and around,—while the head itself seldom turns, the animal only moving it, more or less stiffly, as it rears up. These odd, lobster-like optics, however, render their owners but little service out of water, and perhaps as little in. The natives have repeatedly amused the writer by going up gently to a walrus bull from the leeward, almost to within striking distance, causing that animal to make no other sign than a stupid stare and low grunts of curiosity; but did the man move a trifle to windward, so that the faintest whiff of his individuality reached the nostrils of the morse, and instantly the clumsy brute would snort in fright, and push, roll, and slide its huge bulk back into the sheltering sea. Most emphatically does the walrus aver that seeing is not believing, but smelling is!

After all, the crowning peculiarity of this creature comes with age. When an Alaskan *rosmarus* has wintered and summered for eighteen or twenty years in the chilly, desolate regions of its choice, it becomes bald, and, more than that, all of its hair, from head to tail, falls out, with the trifling exception of little sparse tufts here and there, rooted in the deep wrinkles and plications of its hide, giving a raw and naked appearance to the old veteran. The skin, bare of hair, is covered with a multitude of unwholesome, pustular-looking warts and pimples, deeply wrinkled and traversed with a coarse net-work of dark red venous lines, that show out in bold contrast through the thick, yellowish-brown cuticle, which in turn seems to be scaling off in places, as if from leprosy. A herd of these old stagers (they always keep together) strikes the eye of the observer in a most unpleasant manner.

A WALRUS BREEDING-GROUND, BEHRING STRAITS.

This thick, tough hide of the walrus gives a strong superficial resemblance to the pachydermata; its weight alone, divested of blubber, is more than three hundred and fifty pounds! Naturally, its grain is very coarse, especially where it is three inches in depth, as it is found to be over the shoulders and around the neck, and nowhere is the skin of an adult less than half an inch in thickness; when young, however, it is thoroughly covered with short, moderately fine



WALRUS-HERDS ON THE CLAM SHOALS AT BRISTOL BAY.

brown hair, growing coarser, thinner, and finally falling out with age.

In landing and crawling over low, rocky beaches, shelves, and bowlders, or in dragging themselves out on sand-bars, the walrus is as ungainly and as indolent as the sloth; they crowd up from the water in slow, labored movements, accompanied by low, swine-like grunts and then by a stifled bellowing, like that of oxen. The first walrus out from the water no sooner gets composed upon the ground to bask and sleep than the second one comes along, prodding and poking with its blunted tusks, demanding room, and causing the first to change its position a little farther on and up from the surf; then the second is in turn treated similarly by the third arrival, and so on; in this way, a piece of beach or shingle will be packed in the course of a day or two with hundreds and thousands as thickly as they can lie, their heads or posteriors being frequently pillowed upon the bodies of one another; and throughout the whole congregation there is nothing like ill-humor evinced. As they pass all the time when on land in sluggish basking or deep sleep, they seem to have an instinctive appreciation of the necessity of keeping watch, and guarding themselves from attack, and this is done satisfactorily by resorting to a somewhat singular though effective method; whenever a dozing herd of walrus is approached, there are always one or two stirring with their heads high up, snorting and grunting; these remain on duty only a very brief period, usually a few minutes, when they lie down to sleep, but before doing so, they strike and poke the drowsy forms of their nearest companions with their tusks, causing them to rouse up suddenly; these stand on the alert in turn for a few minutes also, again pass the blow to the next, and resume their pleasant siesta: and thus the signal of danger is incessantly transmitted throughout the whole herd; this disturbance, evidently preconcerted among themselves, has the effect of always keeping some four or five of their number more vigilant than their drowsy fellows.

In moving on land, the walrus has no power in its hind limbs, which are always dragged and hitched up in the rear as the animal slowly and tediously progresses by a succession of short, trembling steps on the stubby fore-flippers. If in good condition and undisturbed, the herds will remain out of the water, in the summer season, and fast in great apparent comfort for a month or six weeks at a time. The *rosmarus* is monogamous, and the difference between the sexes in size, color, and shape is inconsiderable, save in respect to the teeth; the female is never found to possess as long or as heavy tusks as the male, but her ivory is generally harder and whiter. The walrus mother is devoted to her offspring, caring for and nursing it nearly a year, but her action in protecting it, as well as herself, is always passive. The writer finds it exceedingly difficult to reconcile the stories so frequently told of the

attacks made by sea-horses upon boats and their crews, with the timid and rapid dispersion which always attended the appearance of his boat among a swimming herd. Under no provocation whatever could either males or females be persuaded to show fight.

Occasionally, if you are coasting in Behring Sea, running along before a light breeze, your vessel will silently glide upon a small band of walrus sound asleep in the water; and, unless the sail flaps or the keel strikes a sleeper's form, you will pass on and leave them entirely unconscious of their dreaded visitor. They sleep grotesquely enough at sea, just like so many waterlogged sticks, one end down and the other up. Nothing but the muzzle, with a few inches of the gleaming white tusks, appears to mark the position of a sleeping morse; its huge body rests vertically extended to a depth of twelve or thirteen feet below the surface of the rippling wavelets. You arouse a sleeper, and, with one short snort of surprise, it instantly tips itself back into a horizontal position and swims off, steering with its hind flippers; if not badly frightened it will re-appear, head and shoulders, after a lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, to resurvey and grunt its amazement; but if thoroughly alarmed, it disappears entirely.

Much amusing speculation has been indulged in by various writers as to what particular animal gave rise in olden time to the weird idea of the merman and mermaid: some authorities, and one of them encyclopedic, declare it is the "human expression" of the *rosmarus!* Evidently that man has never seen the beast, for no matter how harshly he may feel toward mankind, he never for a moment would make this charge, could he only see his type; however, several species of the common hair seals *(Phoca vitulina)* and the dugong, as they rise from the water, have a decided suggestion in their eyes of the famous girl-fish, and these are probably the source of the suggestion. No amount of imagination can invest the uncouth head of the sea-horse with this pleasant fancy, for when the gristled muzzle of a walrus rises above the sea an observer cannot see the creature's eyes; those small, skin-colored organs are wholly undistinguishable at the distance one is compelled to keep by reason of the excessive timidity of the snorting pachyderm.

ARCTIC FOG-HORNS.

EVERY city holds out-of-the-way places unknown to the mere sojourner within its gates, and full of local oddities and delights which the stranger, however experienced, can never share with the citizen. To the casual visitor in Philadelphia the cabalistic word "The Neck," and the piquant phrase "Down in the Ma'sh," convey no meaning. To the native Philadelphian who can recall days when the lore of "Watson's Annals" was oral tradition, not vulgar written words, the Neck contains unspeakable associations. "The Old Point House," a half-forgotten structure on the Delaware, figures in many stories still told by the small boy as he fishes from the dilapidated wharf near its site. The Philadelphia urchin has a strange affection for his uncle, by the way: if you threaten him, it is always his uncle who is a policeman and will avenge him, his uncle who owns the tightest gunning-skiff in the Ma'sh, his uncle who shot a fabulous number of reed-birds last year. He will tell you how his uncle stopped over night at this inn, the Old Point House, and, being attacked by some vile Jerseymen or Hessians, frightened them off with an account-book which they took for a horse-pistol; how his uncle saw the headless horseman who used to ride down into the Ma'sh from the old coach-factory, which, tradition has it,—no doubt untruthfully,—was the house in which part of the festivities attending the famous Meschianza were held. The Old Point House was in the Neck, Eleven-Gun Battery is in the Neck, the Ma'sh is part of the Neck, and Martinsville, or Frogtown, is in the Neck.

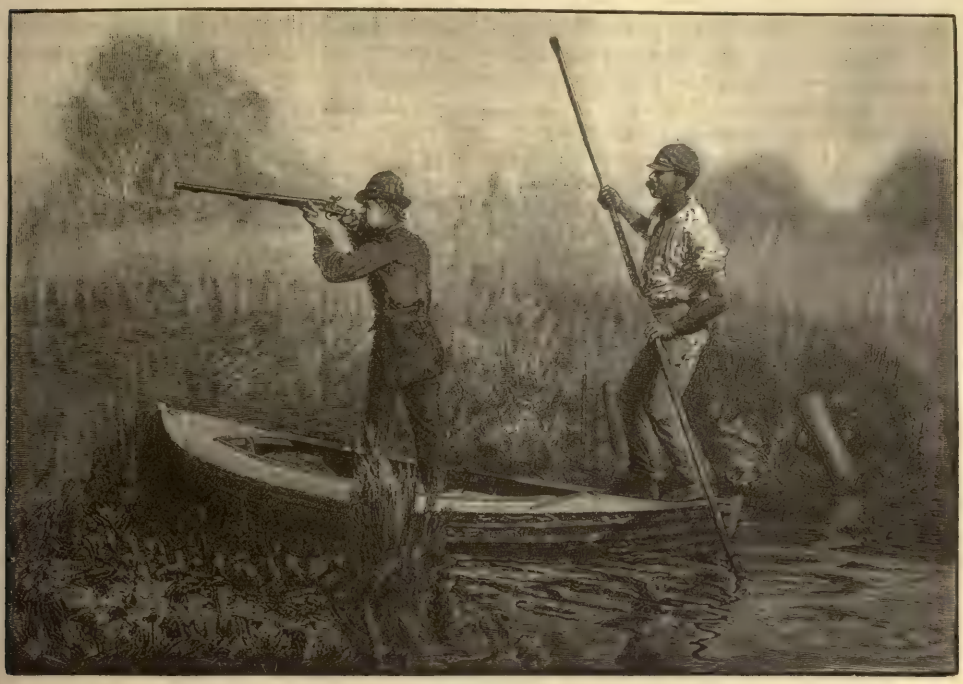
Fashionable Philadelphians do not affect the Neck as a promenade. It is unknown to the "new people" that dwell in West Philadelphia, and to the rising generation of those quarters in which the aristocratic bicycle and other usurping innovations are common; but to the boy who lives in the part of the city once known as Southwark, it is a well-spring of joy and dirt. It is celebrated for its cabbages, its pigs, its dogs, its dikes, its reed-birds, its inhabitants, and, above all, for its smells. Under the last head it is related that an exiled inhabitant of

Cologne, dying of homesickness,—who had been carried to Hunter's Point, opposite New York City, in the vain hope that there some reviving reminiscence of his beloved town might strike his nostrils,—was immediately restored as the odors from the Neck greeted his bereft olfactories. He recognized his cherished perfumes, accompanied by several new ones.

Time and a ruthless municipal government have taken from the Neck much of its romance. In the days of the old fire department, the youthful Philadelphian who could "bag it,"—*i.e.*, play truant on a school-day,—or break away from his mother's apron-string on the blissful Saturday, might have had all the emotions of a dime-novel hero crowded into the space of an afternoon. Having concealed his penknife, his slate-pencils, his jackstones and marbles in his boots, his "soaker" (a round disk of leather attached to a string, which the Philadelphia boy soaked and used for pulling up bricks from the sidewalks) up his sleeve, his sling-shot and a choice collection of pebbles in his hat, and miscellaneous articles in his mouth, he started forth stealthily to kill frogs, to hunt rats in the banks, or to meet his foes. If he was a member of the Shiffler Hose Company, the members of that company who met him would amiably refrain from "tackling" him, and his penknife and other impedimenta might remain in his possession; but woe to him were he to meet a Weccacoe, a Hibernia, or a Fairmount boy! and woe! woe! if a "Schuylkill Ranger" or a "Killer" were to take him in hand!

But we have changed all that. Romance has fled; adventure is no more. The boy may wade up to his middle in stagnant ponds on which the iridescent coal-oil floats; he may hunt for frogs, bottle tadpoles, long for the solitary mud-hen, dive from Reed-street wharf when the policeman is away, and cling to the chains of vessels; he may load himself with the marsh-marigold or the malarious buttercup, in the futile hope of propitiating an anxious mother, to whom the Neck is a word of fear; he may receive the sprinkling shot of the city sportsman, he may pick up a stray reed-bird, he may even catch an eel—but he can hardly realize the excitement of those perilous days. The war-cry of "Yea! yea! yea!" no longer resounds over the flats. The excitement of the stone-fight is only a memory. The stones wielded by the Moyamensing boys or the Shiffler champions lie beneath new soil. And the enervated Philadelphia boy,

"BELL SNICKLIN'."



RAIL-SHOOTING.

who knows not the "soaker," fears the fray, and never thinks of breaking a window or "tackling" an enemy for fun,—knows nothing of the ruder days that went before.

The Neck stretches below the city proper. Broad street, passing the palaces of private citizens toward the north, skirts the Union League Club House farther down, flows into the form of a drive,—called by the ambitious a "boulevard,"—bordered by delicate and nondescript trees, sweeps proudly against the farms of the truckmen, and finally loses itself in League Island, the site of the Navy Yard. On either side of it, the moment it reaches the truck-farms, stretches the Neck. To the east, along the Delaware, is the Ma'sh. The land is low, and high dikes, or banks, prevent the aggressions of the Delaware. These banks are fringed with wide spaces of bending reeds—tender in color in the spring (before their beards come) as young spring wheat, perhaps more brightly emerald, but growing yellower as the time draws near for that bird of which all true Philadelphians think and speak with reverence—the bobolink of the New England summer, the rice-bird of the later season in North Carolina, the reed-bird of the Ma'sh.

The sun which gilds the white shutters of red-bricked Philadelphia with a peculiarly dazzling luster, seen from the city itself, is a clean and respectable sun; but when one stands in the Neck, the mists that arise from the river and the Ma'sh give it a weird and uncanny look. The dikes, which seemed, in the faint gleams of dawn, like castled mounds, or deserted breastworks that had been used by giants, change from weirdness into the ugliness of reality; and the cart, which might three minutes before have been the chariot of the Magog of the city, loses the proportions morning mists give it, and your senses tell you that it conveys to the Neckers that substance gathered in the night which they would not give up for the most approved phosphates. The whole of the narrowing lowland at the southern end of the peninsula on which Philadelphia stands is called the Neck. The majestic Delaware makes a sudden sweep toward the more gentle Schuylkill, and suddenly carries her down to the sea.

There is a fine distinction between the Necker and the Ma'sher. The Necker does not live in the Ma'sh—that is, along the brinks of dikes. He is generally a truckman, while the Ma'sher, living along the banks, often earns his living in other

ways. Both the Necker and the Ma'sher are children of the soil. Though the Ma'sher may show by his appearance that he is either Irish or Dutch, the real Necker is, as a rule, of the Neck Necky. Thoughtless Philadelphians often confound pork-butchers, a large and respectable class of persons, with Neckers. This is a vulgar error. The Necker is long, lank, yellow, nasal-toned, if he be genuine; a pork-butcher may be anything. Pork-butchers do not inhabit the Neck. They are *bourgeois;* Neckers raise the pigs which they shore, when General Howe danced and Major André painted. Oil-refineries are not unknown, and in many places whole plantations of the primeval Jamestown-weed have been destroyed by the loads of refuse from the soap-factories that have been cast upon them. But even the evidences of encroaching civilization assume a picturesque aspect in this mural yet rural territory. The spatter-dock may disdain to show its spiky leaves in the rainbow-hued pools that surround the oil-refineries, but the scrub-willow grows in clumps and the James-

OIL-REFINERY.

slaughter, and, though Neck blood *may* run in the veins of a pork-butcher, yet it requires much more than that to make him a Ma'sher; he is only a middleman. Though many foreigners inhabit the Neck,—principally Irish,—the real Necker is supposed to have Revolutionary blood in his veins; and the word Hessian is often used as a term of reproach,—to express the idea of rogue, as the Necker uses the word "Ledger" to express the general idea of newspaper.

The Neck shows many signs of modern improvement since that mythical coachman or horseman first rode along its marshy town-weed, crushed to earth, raises its ribbed white bugle among heaps of rubbish, though it cannot follow the blue flag into the half-dry ditches by the road-side. An occasional strawberry-leaf shows itself in the fields allotted to grazing, but, though hundreds of boys have engaged in the search, not a solitary strawberry is known to have been found. No wild rose blooms in this desolate expanse; on the greener of the banks purple and white scentless violets grow in the spring, and these the city children eagerly gather and transplant. In the early summer, huge square bare

places show in the fields—the traces of those enterprising boys and men who load their wheelbarrows with sods, that Philadelphia back yards may be made green with the clover-mixed grass of the Neck.

But the Neck is wide; the Ma'sh—let no purist call it the Marsh—is narrower, and more worthy of study. Green meadows stretch along the Delaware, with here and there the relief of cows and horses grazing on this land, which was Ma'sh in the spring rains and which will be Ma'sh again in the winter thaws. A trucker's shanty, whitewashed, and with sashes filled with glass to force lettuce and the early radish, stands in the center of a rudely fenced patch of ground. Rows of vegetables, straight as the proverbial furrow can make them, cross the dark, moist soil. The pigs have a straw-thatched residence adjacent to the brilliant white house of their master. Their mistress, a burly woman ornamented with the inevitable calico sun-bonnet and wearing a huge apron of the same material of a purple tint, hints that it is going to rain. Her Dutch accents show that she is only a Necker by adoption. Stopping and pretending to give all your faculties to the consideration of the weather, you look into her house. The whitewash dazzles you. A scarlet geranium in bloom on the window-sill is like a trumpet-blast in all this silence of white; a neat rag-carpet covers the floor; the dresser contains a combination of dull-yellow crockery with the honored large-patterned blue-and-white. A chromo, with a tyrannical tea-store card pasted in one corner, delineating little Samuel awakening out of a pink *robe de chambre*, faces another in which two oyster-like infants are sweetly sleeping. A substantial table covered with oil-cloth, and a bird-cage containing a green-tinted canary and two somber reed-birds, make up a homely interior.

OUTDOOR TENANTS.

Passing farther on, you come to a smaller shanty, whitewashed excessively. A plump little pig, who has staid at home while all his brethren have gone to market, eyes contemplatively the front yard, which consists of a pool of stagnant water. Two children are rolling over each other on the top step, and their mother, a comely Irish woman, sets down a plate of steaming potatoes, hastily hitches up her back hair with one hand, slaps a child with the other, sternly commands it "not to be botherin' the pig," and, in answer to our question, gives us directions about getting to the Point Breeze Gas Works.

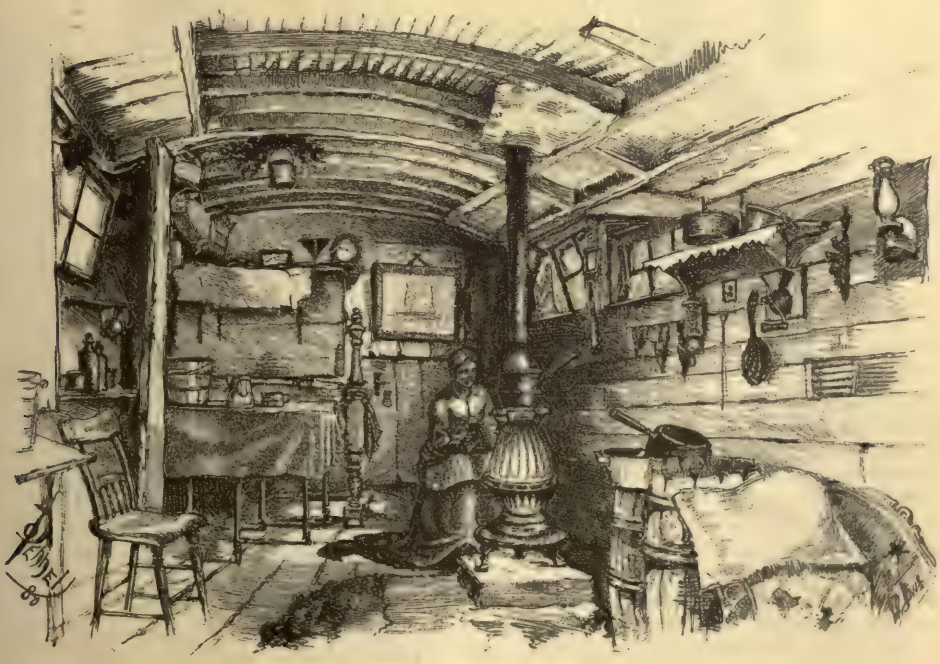
A PUSHER.

Southward lies "the loveliest village of the plain"—Martinsville. Martinsville has been confounded by careless geographers with another settlement—Eleven-Gun Battery; it is familiarly known as Frogtown. The structures that make up this village are in the best style of the architecture in vogue in the Ma'sh. Without superfluous ornament, it is composite and elaborate—in fact, if the word chaste may be used in connection with whitewash, it is chaste. Many of the Frogtown houses are made up of odds and ends picked up here, there, everywhere—they are patchwork structures, some dark, weather-beaten, others immaculate. The houses lie in two rows. Bones, bits of broken glass, and *roba* of all kinds, strew the ground. The houses front on the main street. Stagnant water is everywhere visible; each house seems to have its own pond. Ducks, pigs, children, and the silent frog are happy in the abundant moisture. Dogs abound. They crowd the street; they sit on the steps; they have a look as if they enjoyed the right of suffrage in this village, and they receive you quietly and gravely, as becomes burghers who have the privilege of offering the freedom of the city to him who pleases them. The rear entrances to some of the habitations in Martinsville show that the citizens, like

A TRUCKER'S FARM-YARD.

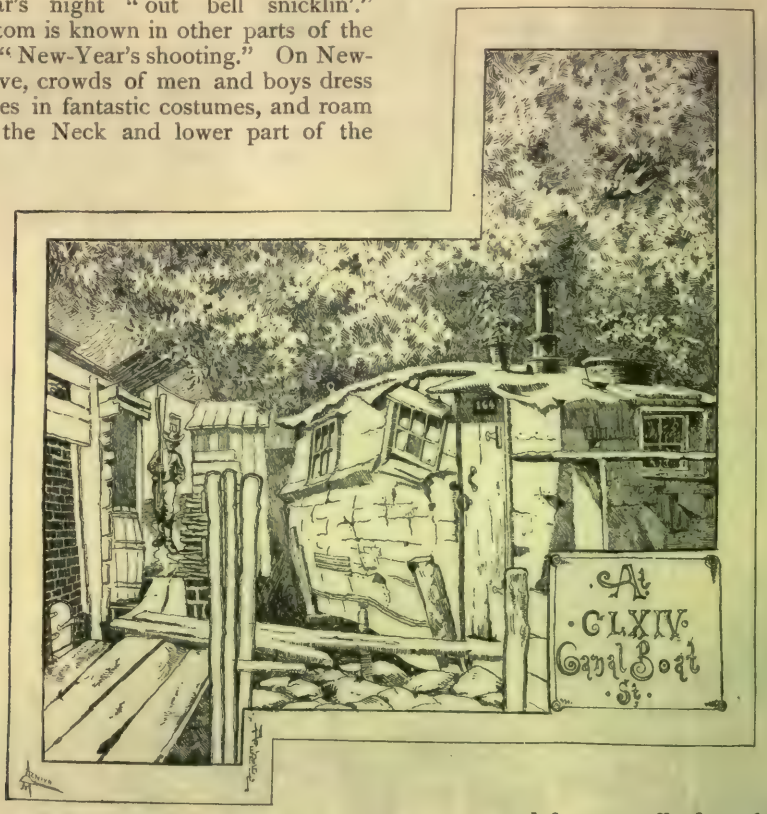
those of the metropolis, have more important things to look after than sanitary improvements. A specimen back yard shows oozy green mire dotted with oyster-shells, bottles, a broken ladder, old bits of timber, and parts of vehicles belonging to an older civilization; a rickety stable and a pig-pen are of the same style of architecture as the house.

A strain of music strikes the ear. It comes from a dwelling that possesses an unusually large lawn of green, velvety ooze. You observe now that the disposition of the oyster-shells and broken bottles on this



IN THE OLD CABIN HOME.

lawn betrays that the owner is more cultivated than the average citizen. A tomato-can placed exactly in the center, and evidently not cast there by a rude or careless hand, in a manner prepares you to believe that the pursuit of the fine-arts is not unknown within this humble cot. The owner, laboring to crush the notes of the "Danube Waltz" from an accordeon, comes forth. He is either Dutch or German—"Yarman," he says at last. He explains that the accordeon is not what it was; he broke it last New-Year's night "out bell snicklin'." This custom is known in other parts of the Neck as "New-Year's shooting." On New-Year's Eve, crowds of men and boys dress themselves in fantastic costumes, and roam through the Neck and lower part of the city all night. This custom, doubtless a remnant of the old English Christmas "mumming," grows year by year in Philadelphia, and the mummers, becoming bolder, penetrate as far north as Chestnut street. This custom, attributed in New York to the Dutch, is not unknown in Brooklyn, where troops of fantasticals parade on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and New-Year's.



Truck-farming in the Neck is not an unprofitable business. The market is near, and the objection which the fastidious make to the manure used in the Neck has not been found to be insuperable, and some inhabitants have managed, by industry and frugality, to acquire large and valuable truck-farms. Excess of moisture is the greatest enemy to the trucker. In the time of drought which ruins other farmers in less moist localities, he is happy; his esculents bring double prices. It is only in the time of floods that he is in grief.

Along the river, the fields of bearded reeds wave to and fro; a puff of smoke floating above them at intervals, and the report of a gun, are signs that the sportsmen are out. In a corner of the swamp there is a picturesque cluster of novel houses—"Rudder Granges." It is a hamlet of canal-boats; beyond them lie the tiny boat-houses in which the city sportsmen keep their skiffs and sometimes spend most of the summer and autumn. The tide is low, and it is easy to examine this *bizarre* hamlet. A row of canal-boats rises from the swamp. The one nearest to us has, like most of the others, a second story added to the boat. A rude balcony is at either end; one of

STILL USEFUL.

these swamp residences is distinguished by a clinging vine, and you almost expect to see Pomona come forth in a love-lorn reverie, with a weekly paper in her hand, to wait for high tide until she can step from the balcony into her lover's "scow." Old Sis's store is the most important feature of this hamlet. It is phenomenally neat. The sign informs the public that cider and cakes may be had within, but the exhibits show fossilized sour-balls, mint-stick twisted in an ancient pattern, and chunks of the horse-shaped gingerbread of the last generation, seemingly petrified. Jetsam and flotsam collected from the great river lie around in every direction—odds and ends brought in by the boats, which, more than once, have also brought in a corpse floating out from the crowded city, in which there seemed to be no room for it.

Out of doors, boats are everywhere—and, like everything else in the Ma'sh, amphibious. The flat-bottomed skiff is predominant. A white sail flutters against the sky, and the

LOW TIDE.

steamer to Wilmington passes, sending a crowd of mimic breakers up among the reeds. A canal-boat, lying against the bank, but still useful, covered with pitch, serves as a dwelling for several people. The proprietor, a pleasant-looking young Dutchman, who seems to have some connection with the work-sheds and dog-kennels on the bank, nods kindly. He is well satisfied with his house; it is weather-proof and he pays no rent. His wife and his grandmother live with him. To enter, it is necessary to stoop. The one room serves for all purposes. An old-fashioned "four-poster" bed, a stove, a quantity of cooking utensils in picturesque confusion, and a great chest, over which hangs a pair of horns, are the chief furniture of this interior. Nearer the river, around the row of boat-houses, lounge a few boatmen and fishers, getting ready rigging or oars, and patching boats for the coming campaign against the poetical bobolink, who, become a glutton, is fattening in the reeds.

In summer no gunner haunts the Neck; in the spring and winter a few wild fowl and snipe are sometimes bagged. But in the fall—on the first of September—sportsmen, boatmen, and "pushers," who propel the flat-bottomed skiffs through the reeds, swarm into the Neck. Anybody who can beg, borrow, or steal a fowling-piece sallies forth, and many are the pepperings of shot that worthy citizens receive from their unskillful brethren in search of the coveted reed-bird, whose rich, juicy flavor resembles that of the ortolan, so famous in Europe. Toward sunset the reed-birds congregate in large flocks, and then the slaughter is great, and the noise is like that heard on any unusually jubilant Fourth of July. Rail-birds are also objects of pursuit in the Ma'sh; but rail-shooting can be enjoyed only at high tide, as the boat must be pushed over the reeds. Rail do not fly until danger is very near, and the pusher beats for the game with his pole until it rises. The rail-bird, when wounded, clings to the reeds, with his bill above water, and tries to breathe until he gets a chance to escape. A few plover are shot at times, but they are wild and scarce, and even the Ma'sher seldom boasts of having bagged many of this species.

The Old Point House, with the solitary angler on its pier, catches a touch of roseate light from the setting sun. A sudden chill has come over the land,

> "Where all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

The white sails in the river, the shanties, the whole Ma'sh—even the puff of smoke from a gun in the reeds—are glorified. The windows of the factory in the distance glow like fiery eyes. Whistle after whistle sounds from the distant "city of homes." It is six o'clock, and weary feet tramp homeward from their work in the Neck, and night, misty, chill, and silent, except for the melancholy chorus of the frogs, settles over the reed-fringed Ma'sh.

THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM.—I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the Preamble to the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, framed in the year 1780, are these words:

"The end of the institution, maintenance, and administration of government is to secure the existence of the body politic, to protect it, and to furnish the individuals who compose it with the power of enjoying in safety and tranquillity their natural rights, and the blessings of life: *and whenever these great objects are not obtained, the people have a right to alter the government, and to take measures necessary for their safety, prosperity, and happiness.*"

The time has come for the people to exercise this "right to alter the government." We have, no doubt, accomplished under our present political system great results. We have become a very prosperous people. We have established it as a fact, that, so long as human nature remains substantially what it now is, free speech, a free press, a free vote for every man, and equal rights for all men before the law, are the only safe and sure foundations for a government.

But we have just seen a most singular spectacle. The people of the largest and richest city in the country have made a most earnest effort to be allowed to clean their own streets with their own money, and to secure their own lives against the dangers of pestilence,—and the effort has failed. The reason why it has failed is that the people's own officials, the very men who should have done the work, have made a powerful combination to hinder the work from being done. It has been a battle, between the people on the one side and the men who should be their honest servants on the other side,—and the servants have won the battle. Singularly, too, in this matter, which has been on the part of the citizens nothing but an effort to save life, we have seen our public officials, of the National, State, and City governments, all combined together to resist this effort of the people of one city.

We have substantially the same state of things in nearly every large center of wealth and population in the country,—public officials are banded together to draw money from the public treasury instead of doing well the public work. We have the same condition of things in our State legislatures. The people's work is not well done. The people's offices are not used for the people's purposes. And at the national capital, where we ought to have a body of public servants watching over the nation's welfare, the people's representatives are wasting their time in a mere struggle for place. Great national questions need to be wisely handled by the men who control our national affairs. But the men who are highest in the nation's service have brought the business of the people of the United States to a stand-still, while they wrangle over the appointment of door-keepers and revenue officials.

The people are angry. They do well to be angry; but they are angry at the wrong thing. They are angry at certain men; they should be angry at the system, which has made the men what they are.

Our political machinery has a radical, fundamental fault. The material which we use in our public service is the same that we use in all private industrial enterprises,—men—human nature. In private life the material serves its uses most nobly. Yet in our public affairs we have become so accustomed to downright robbery at the hands of men holding public place, that the whole community gives a sigh of relief, when Congress or a State legislature adjourns, at the thought that their power for evil is for a time ended. Yet most of these men who fill our public offices are, in private life, honest men.

But to say that there is some fault in our political machinery avails nothing. We must go further than that, and find precisely and accurately what the fault is. To find out what the precise fault is, if we stop there, will avail little. We must find what is the remedy. And even to find the precise remedy is not enough. We must go further, and convince men that the remedy can be applied,—must show *how* it can be applied.

This, then, is the problem which the people of the United States have to solve—it is to find:

(1) The precise fault in our political machinery.

(2) The precise remedy for the fault.

(3) The precise manner of applying the remedy.

The present series of papers is the contribution of one individual among the people to the effort of the people to solve this problem. No one man can ever hope to solve it alone. But, each giving in his

own thought, in due time the combined wisdom of the whole people will work out a complete result, as it has often done before.

THE GROWTH OF THE ELECTION MACHINE.

THE matter first in order is to find what is the precise fault in our political machinery. And the plan of this branch of the inquiry—as to the precise fault in our present political machinery—is to ascertain:

(1) The main purpose of the people in framing, one hundred years ago, our present system of government.

(2) The main idea in the people's mind which led them to form that purpose.

(3) The main features of the system as they have developed.

(4) The result which the system, as developed, has actually given.

(5) The main reasons why the system has given that result; and then

(6) The nature and sufficiency of the main remedies proposed.

I. The main purpose of the people in framing, one hundred years ago, our present system of government, was to have a people's government, in other words, that

(1) The people themselves, by turns, should do the public work.

(2) Public officers, the chief ones, should be chosen by the people.

(3) Public officers should represent the people's will.

(4) Public officers should be responsible to the people.

(5) Power should be kept in the hands of the people themselves—should not be centralized in the hands of the people's officials.

II. The main idea in the people's mind, which led them to form that purpose, was that public officials could not be trusted.

The political history of the English people, down to that time, and of the colonists, had been in the main a struggle of the people against the king for the liberties of the subject or citizen. To their mind, government was, in a measure, a contest, between the people and their rulers, for freedom. And, in their minds, the main point to be secured by a written constitution, was liberty. A constitution was, above all things, a bill of rights.

III. The main features of the system, as they have developed, were—in National, State, and local governments alike—

(1) Elections were to be held by direct vote of the people.

(2) Elective officers were to be very many.

(3) Terms of office were to be fixed and short.

(4) No power was to be vested wholly in the hands of any one man or body of men. Especially the chief executive was not to have the power of appointing and removing his subordinates.

IV. As a result, the system has given us, not a people's government, but the tyranny of an election machine.

(1) It has turned the Government into an election machine.

The new conditions under which we now live have developed faults in our political machinery which were not foreseen. When this National Government was framed, no one knew what the direct vote of the people was to become. No one thought how many these elective offices were to be, what a mass of this election work would have to be done, or how large a number of public officials we were to have. We are now fifty millions of people; our public officials number probably three hundred thousand men. The work of holding these frequent elections has become something enormous. These new facts have developed new results. How and why the results have come, it will be necessary to examine.

Election districts have become very large. The Mayor of the city of New York is now chosen by the direct vote of about two hundred thousand electors, the Governor of the State of New York by a vote of about one million, and the President of the United States by a direct vote (for the electoral college is only a formal thing) of about ten millions.

The only elections with which the framers of our constitutions were familiar were the elections by the town-meetings, where the voters of one small town, all of them neighbors known to one another, met in one place, and acted as one body. The choosing a chief executive by the votes of ten million electors was a thing not then known.

Elective offices have become very many. Elections in the time of our ancestors were confined to the choice of two or three town officials, with one or two representatives to the colonial legislatures. At a general election in the State of New York at the present day, each citizen may cast his vote for the following officials: a Governor, Judges of the Court of Appeals, Justices of the Supreme Court, Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor,

District Attorneys, County Judges, State Senators, Members of Assembly, Sheriffs, County Clerks, Coroners, Representatives to Congress, thirty-five Presidential Electors and, in addition, for the many city and town officials, who are made elective.

Elections, too, of all these officials are very frequent. Many of them are reëlected each year. Few terms are longer than three years.

This result then follows: Assuming that every single man in the whole country, office-holder and private citizen, is moved only by an honest wish to serve the common interests of the whole people, it is necessary, from the great size of the election districts, the great number of voters, and the great number of officers to be voted for, that there should be combination as to candidates before the election, in order that there should be any possibility of a choice at the election. These combinations must be national, for elections are national. These combinations must have their branches, and agents, and members in every State, city, and town. This involves a very large membership. They must then have heads, organization, and discipline, or they will have nothing but hopeless confusion.

The next result which follows is this: The work which these organizations have to do is so vast, that the ordinary citizens who have to follow their ordinary daily callings cannot possibly take the time to do it. Here are nominations for thousands of offices to be made, through all parts of the country; millions of ballots are to be printed; these ballots must be in the hands of trusted agents at every voting-place in every State, and, to pay for all this work, money must be found. The work certainly falls into the hands of professionals, who give to it their whole time and thought. It cannot be otherwise. There may be, from time to time, new sets of professionals, but one or another set of professionals will always do this work, so long as there is so great a mass of it to be done. Some men have an idea that one or two evenings in a year spent in caucus primary meetings will set right all the affairs of this National Government. There could be no greater delusion. The work of these election organizations is all done long before the primaries meet. It must be so. Every large organized body is controlled by the men at the head, and those men at the head do their work before the primary meetings are held. The men who attend the primary meetings merely witness the very end of the last scene of the last act of the play, when the performers come forward hand in hand and make their combined parting salutations to the audience. The men who do and control the work of these election organizations give to it more than two or three hours in one or two evenings in each year. They give to it substantially their whole time,—as the men must do, who are to do so great a work, and do it so well.

We have, next, this vital point: The fact that our highest officials, who are elected, hold their places only for a fixed term of years compels all our officials, the lowest and highest, alike and together, to become the members, and do the work, of these election organizations. Naturally, the men who control the election organizations take for themselves the chief offices—the offices which control the appointment of subordinates. The chief officials at the end of their term have another election to carry, and they know that they will not be able to carry it, or even get a nomination, without the support of the election organization. They cannot get the support of the men who do the election work, unless they pay for the work with appointments to office. On the other hand, the holders of the subordinate offices know that their superiors are compelled to use these subordinate offices to pay the men who do election work. The subordinates are thus driven to do that work in order to save their places. Both sets of officials, then, the lowest who are not elected as well as the highest who are, are compelled by this one powerful common interest, which presses on every man, to do the work on which they all depend for their future,—to do election work instead of the people's work, and to use the people's offices and the people's power for the benefit of the election organization instead of the people. But it is *the pressure on the men at the head* which makes the effect on the men below, and on the whole body. We may say that this is not a proper way of using the people's offices. That is very true. The men who so use the offices know that as well as we do. And they would be glad to use the offices for the natural purpose, to have honest work done in an honest way, if the system would only let them do so. It is not their wish to endanger life and health. They are compelled to do it by a pressure that they cannot resist. We private citizens, in our efforts to do right, have commonly

to deal with the temptations of only one individual; and a reasonable number of men get on passably well under that burden. But each man in our public service, in his every effort to do what is right, is subjected to the combined pressure of the combined interest of the whole army of office-holders,—and it is too much.

While, too, our public officials are at all times under this great pressure which makes them do election work, the main body of the citizens are comparatively under no pressure at all which will lead them to do that work. The ordinary citizen is only indirectly and remotely affected by the results of elections. With our public officers it is a question of bread. And the men who secure the grand prizes in politics and achieve the great political reputations do it by election work. Where can we point in our whole present list of public men to more than one or two who have done any great service to the people, or who have, from such service, gained any reputation? Men will do the work which pays them best. Human nature is, for the present, thus constituted.

Another element is now gaining great importance. This election work costs large sums of money. The carrying of elections is coming to be a question of the longest purse. It is now fast becoming an impossible thing for any man to get a nomination for public office who cannot command, in his favor, the payment of large sums of money. It is stated, among well-informed men, and is generally believed to be true, that it now costs at least fifteen thousand dollars for a nomination to a seat on the bench in either of the highest courts in the city of New York. For a long time it has been well understood that money, to some amount, is a necessary thing for what are called the "legitimate expenses" of a political campaign. But where, in these days, is the limit, either in kind or amount, to "legitimate expenses"? There is no doubt that, at this day, nominations to public office are often bought outright, and paid for in money. And what difference is there in the result to the people, whether the article sold is an election, or a nomination which insures an election?

The position, then, is this: On the one hand, the election work is so vast and so continuous, it requires the use of so many men, the management of such large organizations, and the expenditure of such large sums of money, that ordinary citizens cannot do it. On the other hand, the pressure upon our public officials is so great that they must do it. The result is, they do do it. And they can do little else. These men who should be doing our public work are always doing election work. Our daily political life is one long, never-ending series of elections, of pound-keepers and presidents,—election work by day, and election work by night,—one year and the next year. We turn our government into an election machine. The work of the election machine *is done*, always quickly and well. The work of the people—that is *to be done*—when the election work is finished.

That is, however, only the beginning,—only the first-fruits of the system. We must trace the other results.

(2) This election machine virtually disfranchises the people,—destroys the free choice by the people of their public officers.

We are looking now at what is—not at theories of what should be.

I do not mean that the citizen, on the day of election, has not a choice between two sets of printed ballots, or that he is forced to vote one of them rather than the other by a bayonet or a policeman's club. But the purpose of an election is to have citizens use their judgments as to men, and not merely make a choice between two paper lists. And the point which I shall here try to establish is, that under our present system, the people do not and cannot use their judgment as to men. The people become a mere attachment of the election machine, and register its decrees.

The details of the growth, of the development, are these:

In the first place, the system makes it necessary for the individual voter, and for each small district, to act with some national organization. When the day of election comes, the single voter finds his one voice of no value—he cannot be heard. He must combine with other men. A large number of men in only one town are of no value. They must combine with other men in other towns. A large number of men in a single State (in a national election) are of no value. They must combine with other men in other States. And these combinations must be made long before the election comes. Unless the voter wishes to throw his vote away, he must vote with some national organization, and in the end the national organization, however it may begin, will certainly fall into the hands of professionals. The process of election cen-

tralizes : the individual voter and the single district become nothing; the national organization becomes everything.

These national organizations, however they may begin, in course of time become two. Some of the peoples on the European continent have not yet enjoyed the perfect fruit of the perfect system. But to have more than two such organizations defeats the purpose of having any. *We* have only two. That is the form of our growth.

The vote of the individual, in course of time, becomes merely a vote *against* one of these two organizations.

Usually, as far as concerns the real work which our officers are to do,—the work of cleaning streets, building aqueducts and sewers, regulating canals and railroads, managing the post-office and our national police, the army and navy,—the men of one organization are really no worse than those of the other. But the voter cannot bring himself to think so. As to either set of men, he really knows little or nothing. But when election-day comes, everything is massed. The voter forgets the matter of men. It is not then, to his mind, a question whether this man or that man will better clean the streets, or manage the army and post-office, but it is the matter of handing over the control of the whole government, National, State, and local combined, to the other organization. And this result seems to him a great danger, in comparison with which individual men are not to be weighed. He then votes, not on men, but on organizations, and not so much for his own organization, as against the other one. For I venture to say that there is not an intelligent Democrat in the country who is not thoroughly disgusted with the acts, for the last ten years, of the professional politicians of his own organization, nor is there an intelligent Republican who is not equally disgusted with the acts of the professionals of his organization. The honest, clear-minded men of both organizations (and those men are the large majority of both) are entirely of one mind,—that the professional politicians on both sides do as badly as men can; but the voters on each side fear the machine men on the other side a little more than they do their own.

These two organizations have, at last, through the operation of natural laws, become only the two parts of one machinery. The gradual adaptation of these election organizations to their work, in accordance with the regular processes of growth, under which organs vary to serve the needs of the individual organism, and individual organisms vary to serve the needs of all nature, has gradually made these election organizations fitted to their ends, and has made them lose all the connection they ever had with real public measures. They began with being combinations of citizens, based on real differences of opinion, as to matters which at the time deeply interested the people. They have at last ceased to be anything more than mere machineries to struggle for plunder. The men who do the voting still have their differences of opinion on different matters. The men who do the acting, who divide the offices, take any set of opinions (as organizations) which will serve their purpose. They are compelled to do so. It is not their wish, but they must fit their wares to their market. They are under the necessity of carrying elections. They make their principles, or rather their platforms, to fit this necessity. No doubt there are many men of honest intentions in the nominating conventions of the day. But it is well understood how platforms are made, by the mere stringing together of a few "sounding and glittering generalities" which every one agrees to, and by striking out everything bearing on matters of real practical interest which may make any danger of losing votes. We talk of the declarations of principles in platforms, and of platforms being good or bad—how much longer are we to amuse ourselves with this nonsense? The men on either side will give us any platform we wish. These two great organizations of this present day profess to make much of the difference between centralization and decentralization. Each organization alike is in favor of centralization of power in its own hands, and of decentralization of power in the hands of the other,—and that is all the difference between them. Their "platforms" are mere words. These two sets of professional election-managers, who pretend to have these great differences over great questions, are playing two parts in a farce. Either one of them will trade with the other for half of the people's offices, when they cannot have the whole. It is perfectly well understood that, in the city of New York, the same set of men under two names manage both political organizations. The same men attend the primary meetings of both, nominate the candidates, draw the platforms, print the ballots, distribute them, and, what is more to the purpose, do the counting. Well-informed men have no doubt that the last elections,

for Governor of the State of New York, and for President of the United States, have been, in the city of New York, managed on a distinct agreement, as to casting and counting ballots, made between the political managers in the State of New York, who wear two sets of names. Few intelligent men have a doubt that bargains of the same kind are made at every election between the two sets of professionals at Washington. The very essence of their creed, according to their own saying, is that there will be great danger to the country if men of what is called the opposing organization shall fill any of the public offices. In Washington and Albany and New York, and everywhere else through the country, these men have always made bargains with each other to divide the public offices when either one set could not have the whole. It is their trade. The whole thing is a sham, a game between two sets of gamblers, with the people for the victim. I do not mean that there are not many honest men who are prominent in each of these organizations, who have no idea of deceiving themselves or any one else. But this is the working of the machinery,—this is the certain result, assuming the best of intentions to exist on all hands.

The process of election has become a mere form. It has been superseded by that of nomination, the process of nomination has fallen into the hands of the professional election workers, the professional election workers have fallen under the control of their leaders, and the leaders trade and bargain over the people's offices, and keep up the form of two "parties" (as they are called), to catch our votes. We do not *elect* our officers. They are appointed for us by the managers of the machine. We talk of two "parties." There is only one party, of two parts. It is time to name names. What difference does it make to us whether our public officials are appointed for us by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, or by Mr. John Kelly, or by the two acting in concert, or by their successors? We are disfranchised, none the less so that we are allowed to walk decorously to the polls, and there please ourselves with the choice between two sets of printed papers, prepared by the same men, but with different sets of names on them, with the eagle at the top printed it may be from different dies. Are we to call this kind of performance "popular election"? Mr. John Kelly and some of his coadjutors in another "hall," a short time since, drew lots publicly, in our very eyes, for the appointment of our representatives to Congress. The business of the great election-mill goes on from year to year. The names of the members of the firm at times change, new partners are admitted; there is at times a different distribution made of the interests in the business. At times, the upper and the nether millstones change places.

(3) This election machine makes slaves of our public officials.

The set of men now in public place are in private life generally men of honest dealings. By far the greater number of them would really wish to give the people good work, if they were free to do so. Does any one doubt that the present President of the United States—a man of great ability, a man of great ambition, with the eyes of the world on him, and with the possibility of making a great name for himself if he should serve the people well—wishes to give the people the best work he knows how to give? But what can he do? He cannot make his own choice of one of his own subordinates. It is, indeed, the custom to confirm the cabinet officers whom he selects; but there his power ceases, and that power under the present system of affairs is really nothing.

That, however, is not all. The moment a president is elected, the men who have elected him clamor for their pay. If he were free to act his own will, his simple despair at being unable to satisfy all the claimants, and his weariness at their importunity, would drive him, if he were human, to refuse to make a single removal from office, unless for cause, in the ordinary course of administration. But he knows that not only does he owe his past election to the members of the election organization, but that they are the men who can give him the next one. At least, he cannot get the next election without them. He may, indeed, lose it with them. Moreover, every official with whom he has to deal, nearly every man with whom he comes in contact, depends in the same way on the election machine for his future. Every man around him besets him with all kinds of influences and all kinds of arguments, to use all the powers of his office for the purposes of the election machine. The whole power of this vast organization is concentrated against him. And it is the same with every official in the service. The combined force of the whole organization is brought to bear on

each official to compel him to use the powers of his office for the common needs. And if a man has at times the courage to refuse so to use his office, sooner or later he will lose his place.

Our public officials, in short, are a set of slaves. The greatest slave among them is the man in the highest place. No public officer can follow his own will or his own judgment in his official action. Give every man his due. I have no great admiration for the men who are now charged with the duty of cleaning the streets of New York. But they are driven, by the system under which they live, to do precisely what they have done,—to make as many places as can be made, and spend as much money as can be spent, for the benefit of the people's masters instead of the people. They are the creatures of the system. We all know that there are two or three men—the Governor of the State of New York, the United States Senators from New York, and the Vice-President of the United States—who could, by a word honestly spoken, give to the city of New York clean streets, and save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives. The word is not spoken. These gentlemen would be glad, if they could, to give us clean streets and save life. But what shall they do? The election work cannot be had, unless it is paid for.

(4) The system centralizes power in the hands of an oligarchy.

Centralization of power was the great dread of our ancestors, though the phrase was one which they did not then use. That, especially, they meant to avoid. The machinery which they framed has given us centralized power in its most centralized form. The Czar of Russia is learning that he must submit his will to the will of his people. But what do the managers of the election machine care for the will of the people? Such large bodies as these national election organizations must have heads. It is the working of nature's laws. And the heads of the national election machine substantially control the appointment and removal—and therefore the action—of every official in the land, through the National, State, and local governments. It is a great power.

(5) The system destroys the responsibility of public servants.

The phrase, responsibility of public servants, means, if it is to have any meaning, responsibility for their official work, and it should mean that an official who fails to do well his official work can be removed from his office, and removed at once. This is the only kind of responsibility worth having, and this we do not have. The system does not secure, nor tend to secure, individual responsibility for individual action. When the day of election comes, individual action of single men is forgotten. Then it becomes a question (so we think) of "parties" and "principles"; then every voter is filled with the fear lest the control of the whole government may fall into the hands of the opposing branch of professionals. Even if elections were entirely free, if they were not controlled and managed by the election machine, good candidates are weighed down with the unpopularity of other men, and bad candidates are helped by the good deeds of other men. Individuals do not stand on their own merits. There are many other points which cannot be urged in a paper of this compass. But the fundamental difficulty is that the only kind of responsibility which is enforced under our present system is responsibility for service to the election organization, not for service to the people.

(6) The system destroys the efficiency of our public service.

I do not mean that no good work is done by our present government officials. There are, as we all know, many old and well-trained public servants who do good work. They do it for the reason that they are old and well-trained servants. They keep their places, when they keep them, because the men who hold the positions at the head find that the work of the departments cannot possibly be done without keeping in office some of these men of experience. Else the public business would come to a stand-still.

But it is the tendencies of the system with which we have to deal.

The system *tends* to drive all the best men out of the public service. It would be for the individual interest of each head of a department or office to choose the most efficient men that he could find, to do the work of the office under him. For he would be the man who would get the reputation for it. And if there were no external pressure on him, if he were independent, his own individual interest would make him take that course. If he were to try to make his appointments from motives of favoritism or corruption, he would certainly concentrate on his head all the odium which should arise from the short-comings of his whole de-

partment. Centralization of odium is, however, a remedy which we do not have. There is pressing on him the power which controls his future, and which he dares not disobey. It is the desire for reputation or popularity which brings into our public service many of the men who get there,—and it is not a bad reputation that they wish. Secure to them good reputation and good wages for good work, would they not do their work as well as they could? As it is, they give up the reputation. Gradually the result is, the men who give their time only to the faithful discharge of their duty are weeded out of the service, and the men who do the election work are brought in, and kept in. It is the law of nature, the survival of the fittest—for the special work to be done.

Moreover, the system tends to keep out the honest working-men who wish to enter the service, and who would be taken into it under a normal, natural condition of things. Men who have honest work of their own to do, which pays them honest wages, will not, as a rule, go into a service which is full of uncertainties. They cannot afford to give up one year or two years of their time, and sacrifice their private interests, without having the same certainty which they have in private life, that of permanent employment, if they do their work well. The tendency of our present system is to draw into the public service only adventurers, men who have not been able to command success elsewhere. And it must be admitted that election work, a very large part of it (and the work is such as the system necessarily makes it), is not work which any man who has a decent self-respect will consent to do.

The system, too, makes it impossible that the men who remain in the service should do the best work they are able to do. And the main difficulty here is in our having the term system for the men at the head of the service. No one has *time* to learn his work. There is no difference, on this point, between the work in the public service and work in private life. They both require time, to learn how to do them, and the men at the head surely do not need less time than the men at the foot of the service. Where is it that skill and experience are needed the most? Of all wonderful ideas, the most wonderful is that held by some friends of civil-service reform who urge that the subordinates in our public service must have experience, but the men at the top of the service can get on without it. What is there so miraculous about street-cleaning, aqueducts, post-offices, and treasury operations, which calls for training in subordinates only, and needs brains only at the foot of the organization? And it is impossible for any men to get experience at their work who are going in and out of office once in two or three years. But even this is not the main evil. The main evil is that, while the men are in office, they must give their time and thought to election work.

Aside, however, from the question of training individuals, the system makes it impossible for the public service to become an efficient working organization. Here especially it is that we need *time*. And here especially is it necessary that the men at the head should not be continually changing, and should not be the slaves of the election organization. Every service depends for its efficiency on the men at the top. They are the men who are to organize, if there is to be any organization. They are the men who are to enforce responsibility, if responsibility is to be enforced. They are the only men who can have any accurate knowledge as to the fitness and industry of subordinates. Throughout the service, but with the heads of the service more than anywhere else, men must have *time*, to find their places, to learn their work, to do their work, and to become adjusted one to another in a smoothly working organization.

In short, the system tends to drive the best men who are in the service out of it, to keep the best men who are out of the service from coming in, to hinder the men in the service from doing their best work, and to hinder the men in the service from becoming an efficient organization. Can more than that be said against any system?

(7) The system corrupts the public service.

It was at first both the principle and the practice to appoint and remove public officers simply for the reason that they were fit or unfit to do their special work. The system went on well enough until the election work became so enormous and paid so well. But now the working of our system of elections and appointments has become nothing but a buying and selling of offices. It is not that the men who control the election organizations wish to make this their trade. But they cannot help it. Make all the statutes and civil-service rules that we may, a way will always be found to evade them, so long as the men who have the appointing power are the slaves of the election organization. They must appoint at

the command of the election managers, or their political career is ended.

The next step in corruption often and surely follows. Men who once form the habit of selling appointments, official action of one kind, soon learn to sell official action of all kinds. And men who sell places and official action for place will learn to sell them for money. But it is not the manner of payment that concerns the people. Of what difference is it to the people, when official action is sold, whether payment is made in money, or some other thing of value?

(8) The system gives the control of the public service to the great money powers.

There is always a set of rich and powerful interests in the land that can be helped or injured by the official action of our public officers. There are the iron and coal interests, the railroads, the telegraphs, the oil monopoly, and many others which need not be mentioned. In former years, our legislators were men in whose hands property of all kinds, the interests of the rich and poor alike, were safe. It is not so now. The election machine has driven our best men out of the public service, and has lowered the standards of many of the men who are left in the service, until property is not safe from their attacks. The men who manage the election organizations, and who are thereby enabled to control the action of our public officials, are compelled to use large amounts of money. The result is that the professional politicians have become (with, of course, many honorable exceptions of men who resist temptation, and are true to their own sense of right and justice) an army of marauders. They plunder every rich enterprise which comes within their reach. They are the feudal barons of this country and this age, with new methods. The bludgeon of the law has taken the place of the spear and battle-ax. It is a weapon much more deadly to the victim, and much safer to the thief who uses it. The great corporations, like the wealthy Hebrew merchants of the Middle Ages, are compelled, in self-protection, to pay tribute to these brigands, under what we call a free government. It is a very costly investment to the corporations. No one gets any solid good from it. No honest citizen is a gainer, nor is the free-lance, who gets the plunder. If he could only be put in the way of earning honest wages by an honest service of any kind, all parties would be greatly benefited. However, so it is, that the rich corporations find it necessary to pay ransom money to the managers of the election machine, and they do so regularly, to the men on both sides. These rich corporations are now the powers who control the machinery of this Government, National, State, and local, as to measures which affect any interests of theirs, and they are enabled to do so by keeping regularly in their pay the men who control the election machine, both parts of it. It makes to them no difference which part of the machine happens for the time to be in office, as the term is. They pay both sides, at the same time. It is all one concern. What is the reason that nothing is done about the tariff in Congress? The old professional political hacks on both sides, the men who control the election machinery, are in the pay of the iron and coal interests. In the State of New York, it is the railroad and canal and oil interests that control our legislation. The principles have been laid down for us, in the testimony given under oath before a committee of the Assembly of the State of New York, by one of the leading railroad men in the country. He says, as to his regular method of operations: "We had to look after four States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and have helped men in all of them; *it was the custom*, when men received nominations, to come to me for contributions; and I made them, and considered them good paying investments for the company. In a Republican district I was a strong Republican; in a Democratic district I was Democratic; in doubtful districts I was doubtful; *in politics I was an Erie Railroad man every time.*" And his successors are so still.

(9) This election machine defies the people's will.

It is true that our public servants, for many years, until the growing mass of election work in time developed this election machinery, did represent public opinion. They were, in substance, chosen by the people, and they respected the people's wishes. There were, from time to time, many instances when public officials did acts which public opinion did not approve. But, so far as I am aware, the year 1870 was the first time in our history when the men who were, in form, elected by the people, to be the people's servants, said, in so many words, that they would use the people's power and the people's treasury according to their own will. The result was not doubtful. That one set of men went down before the people's wrath. The

figure-heads and leaders of the machine had to be changed. Ten years later, another set of men, emboldened by their repeated successes, took the same position, with the same result. Men may change, but the methods remain. Can we say that there is any limit to the boldness of these men, and where shall we place the limit of their power?

(10) In such a state of things a healthy national life and growth is an impossible thing. These periodical convulsions of the whole national fabric (which we call elections) waste the people's money, derange the people's industries, divide the people's strength, waste the people's time in fruitless strife over dead issues of the past, and corrupt the people's conscience.

The cost to the people of operating this election machinery is something enormous. The cost of general parliamentary elections in England, as shown by official reports, would seem to be not far from one pound sterling to the vote. In many instances it is much more. That figure does not cover all the real cost, only the acknowledged cost. When we take into view the great number of offices here to be voted for, the vast extent of country over which this election work is to be done, the number of ballots to be printed, the meetings to be held, the processions, the banners, the bands of music, I cannot see how the expense of a general election in a Presidential year can possibly be less than five dollars a vote, laying out of consideration any items which would be called improper. At the last election, over nine million votes were cast. That would make an expenditure of forty-five millions of dollars. In some form the people pay all this. When, then, we consider the injury to the people's interests from the neglect that the public work suffers, no one can estimate the money loss to the public which results from this never-ending series of elections. If there were any sufficient or satisfactory result, we could endure it. But to pay forty-five million dollars for a change from Mr. John Kelly to Mr. Roscoe Conkling is an unwise expenditure.

Each one of these great national excitements, which we call a presidential election, makes a serious disturbance of the nation's industries. No one can tell what will be the result to commerce and manufactures from a change in the men who are at the head of our national affairs. It is not that the new men will really have bad intentions, or that they have any new set of measures which they propose to carry into effect. But they are almost invariably ignorant of the nation's affairs. Even if their purposes be the best, a new administration, from mere ignorance of the laws of money and trade, may adopt measures which will make a money loss of many millions of dollars, and throw out of employment many thousands of poor men. We know, indeed, that the people will survive these troubles; the Government will go on in spite of them; but the injury is there, and cannot be avoided. The fear of it alone is enough to cause for a time a stagnation in all business enterprises.

These contests between the two parts of the election machine do, moreover, an injury which cannot be weighed, in dividing the people's strength in times of danger. In the war of the rebellion we had practically half the Northern people arrayed in active opposition to the Government. In the war of 1812, we had the same thing. In the history of the last few years in England, nearly one-half the House of Commons and of the English people has been actively engaged in embarrassing the operations of the Government at a time when a people should be united. At this present time, the people of the United States, North and South, sincerely wish for peace and rest, for simply an opportunity to work. But once in four years—in fact, all the time—the men of the election machine, for their own purposes, stir up all the angry feelings of the past, and leave untouched all the measures of the future. The people have no sound interest in these contests. They have at last learned that no changes in policy result from them; that the most they are to look for at a presidential election is a period of anxious suspense, followed perhaps by a great loss from the ignorance of a set of new and inexperienced officials, and at the end a feeling of temporary relief that the loss is no greater than it is, and that they may have for the rest of the new four years a state of comparative quiet.

The system destroys a healthy interest in public affairs. We hear much said as to the lack of interest in public affairs on the part of the business men and the educated men. On the face of things, there is a lack of interest, but it is the result of the present unnatural condition of affairs. Men have become discouraged; they have in a degree lost their interest in elections for the reason that they know that they can accomplish nothing. It is the indifference of despair. There is really

enough of true public spirit. The business men are willing to give their time and money freely, if any good will come of it, but not otherwise. Once in ten years they rouse themselves for a revolution against some one set of men, when the tyranny of the election machine becomes unendurable. But the men of business cannot be leading a new revolution every day. It has been at times a current idea that we must have periodical national elections in order to keep alive the popular interest in public affairs. That is much as if a physician should recommend a patient to contract a severe case of intermittent fever by way of improving the circulation of his blood. These struggles for place between the two sets of office-seekers, do not tend, as far as I can learn, to the elucidation of any of the great problems of political science.

It corrupts the public conscience. There can hardly be a greater influence for evil than to have widely spread among a people the belief that the official action of public officers is bought and sold. That belief is now widely spread among us, and there are facts enough on which to base the belief. Few measures in our legislatures, National, State, or local, are now honestly considered on their merits. The combined influence of our whole government is largely thrown against honest dealing, and in favor of bribery and corruption. And no one can estimate the evil that comes from that state of things. It was not so before the growth of the election machine. It comes from the fact that our public officers are not free; they cannot follow the dictates of their own consciences, and their own ideas of what would be for their own individual interests.

So long ago as in 1714, it was said in the British House of Commons, in the debate on the bill for lengthening the term of Parliaments from three years to seven, by Mr. Richard Hampden:

"The reasons why I am now for the bill are: To dispose the people to follow their callings and to be industrious, by taking from them, for a time, the opportunity of distracting one another by elections; to prevent such who have the will from the power of giving any new disturbance to the Government; to prevent another rebellion, there being just as much reason to expect one this year as there was the last; to check that evil spirit in those who have sworn to the King and rose in arms against him, or abetted such who have; to discountenance that spirit which lately did so far prevail in this nation as to approve of a most ignominious conclusion of a successful war by a ruinous peace; to render fruitless any concerted project of the Regent or any other foreign princes to disturb this nation at a time when elections, or the approach of them, have raised a ferment in the minds of the people; and to procure the clergy an interval from being politicians that they may be the better able to take care of their flocks in the manner the Scripture has prescribed."

The argument here has brought us to this result.

The purpose in framing our system had been to create a people's government. It was the purpose, that the people themselves should by turns do the public work, that the people should elect their chief public officers, that they should control all their officers, that public officers should represent the will of the people, should be responsible to the people, that power should be kept in the hands of the people, and not be centralized in the hands of public officials.

That purpose has failed. The system has developed into an election machine. This election machine has disfranchised the people, has enslaved their servants, has centralized power in the hands of an oligarchy, has destroyed the responsibility of our public servants, destroys the efficiency of the public service, corrupts the public service, sells the control of the public service to the great monopolies, defies the people's will, and makes the people's healthy life and growth an impossible thing. We have, not a people's government, but the tyranny of an election machine.

It is a most singular system of slavery. We, the people, have forged our own chains, have put them on, we keep them in repair, and we renew them. Every other oppressed race on the face of the earth hold in their own hands the right of revolution. That right we put in the hands of our masters. The cycle of revolution with us seems to be about ten years. We rebel with our tongues, submitting ourselves strictly to the letter of the law, as do the men who rob us. And the revolution, as its best result, gives us only a change of tyrants. The system is a slavery that is indeed severe for the slaves. But no men would be so blessed by its end as the masters.

V. But what is the reason of the result?

The reason why the system has failed is that it is framed, in some of its most important features, in defiance of the laws of political mechanics, and of human nature.

It is framed in defiance of the laws of political mechanics, chiefly in these respects:

(1) It uses the process of election for a wrong purpose. It uses that process for the purpose of enforcing responsibility, of putting men out of office. The true use is the selecting men, the putting them in office.

The system overworks that process. Annual elections make a perennial election machine. It is as if we were to build a locomotive, and have it all driving-wheels and no brakes.

(2) It uses the process of election in a wrong form. It is an attempt to have the people vote, at one time, in large districts, where they cannot meet together, talk together, and act together.

(3) As the consequence of these two points, it centralizes power, by centralizing and perverting the process of election.

(4) It destroys responsibility, by dividing it. It divides responsibility, by dividing single powers among different men, instead of centralizing each different power in a different center.

(5) It provides no sufficient means of enforcing responsibility. It makes everything of the process of putting men in office, and forgets the process of putting them out. It is based on the fundamental error that public offices are property, which a man is to hold for so many years, and of which he is not to be deprived unless he is convicted of a crime, on a trial. Public offices are trusts, from which men should be removed as soon as they fail to fulfill them.

(6) The system is an attempt to have the people govern, with their own hands. We have not the time. The work is too great. We have each our special work. The system of having the people themselves do their public work served their needs one hundred years ago, when the work was small. But we have outgrown the system.

Moreover, the system is framed in defiance of the laws of human nature.

It is fit only for Utopia, for some dreamland, where beings are all unselfish, where they pay no regard to their selfish interests. If we make three hundred thousand office-holders depend for their advancement on doing something other than their duty, they will do that thing other than their duty.

VI. It remains, then, to consider shortly the nature and the sufficiency of the main remedies usually proposed.

They are, in the main, two. One is to give to heads of executive departments seats in the legislature. The other is to have a system of competitive examinations in different branches of knowledge, as a test for admission and promotion *in the lower grades of the service.*

As to the first of these two measures, the reasons against it are these: 1st. If the head of a department is to be a real head, he will have neither time nor strength to sit in a legislature. He cannot do the two things. Sir Robert Peel said this many years ago. 2d. The main reason urged for the proposed measure is that the heads of departments should be compelled to defend their measures in debate. But suppose they should not be men skilled in debate. It puts them to a false test. We want at the heads of departments men of administrative capacity, not orators. 3d. It is said that the measure is desirable, in order that the heads of departments may be able to give information on the floor of the House as to the affairs of their departments, when it is asked. But all men of experience know that information as to matters of administration, if it is to have real value, must be given in detailed printed reports, which can be examined and digested. 4th. The main and final reason against this measure is that it does not touch the roots of the disease. The disease is, that the men at the head of the Government, on whom the working of the whole machinery depends, are the slaves of this election machine, and are compelled to use the powers of their offices in its service. And how is it proposed, by this measure of having cabinet ministers make speeches in the legislature, to deal with that disease?

The other of the two measures is, the having competitive examinations in geography, and history, and grammar, for admission and promotion in the lower grades of the service. To which the comment is, that we must begin at the source of the stream, and not at its mouth. We might as well make the attempt to cleanse the Mississippi River by building a system of weirs at the South-west Pass.

Let us see, then, where the whole argument, thus far, has brought us.

This first experiment in the history of the world, on a grand scale, to establish a people's government, on the fundamental idea of distrust of men, has given us as its result the tyranny of an election machine. The spectacle, looking only at the present condition of affairs, is one that might almost appall the friends of free government.

Is there any remedy? And can it be found? There is no doubt as to the answer to these questions. The people made this Government, and will yet find a remedy for its faults. But the remedy is not to be found by standing still, or by saying that nothing can be done.

In the next paper an attempt will be made to give the outline of a remedy.

BEWARE.

World, I have looked upon thy face once more,
Thy smiling face, as innocently fair
As cruel Circe's, when she wrought her snare
With shining thread and widely open door;
What time the sea, with sunshine dimpled o'er,—
As though no wreck had ever drifted there,
Nor wave nor cave resounded with despair,—
Was softly chiming round the fateful shore.
And thou, Enchantress, thou, as false and sweet,
As prone to lure the footsteps homeward bent,
Hast well-nigh lulled my foolish heart to sleep;
So dear to sense thy graceful, gay deceit,
Thy gentle ease and tender blandishment:
Avaunt! forewarned, I wake and vigil keep.

MONT BLANC.

How oft in childhood I could shut my eyes
And fancy they were dazzled by thy light,
As I went up and up the glittering height,
Piercing the azure of those far-off skies,—
Or I could watch the misty rainbows rise,
Their rose-tints fading from thy summit bright,
Till all the wondrous whiteness smote my sight,
And I fell prone, transfixed with dumb surprise:
Now thou art awful to me in my dreams,—
A soul unmated, on a silent throne,—
But when I think of this fair, smiling flower,
At home amidst thy snowy rifts and seams,
Thou dost not seem so utterly alone,
It links with life thy changeless realm of power.

DR. DÖLLINGER AND THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

The refusal of this illustrious Munich theologian to be bound by the decrees of the Vatican Council, or to submit to the system of church government embodied in them, constitutes the most remarkable defection from the Roman Church which has occurred in our day. It was not the revolt of a young or undistinguished man, who might crave the notoriety to be gained by a public conflict with the hierarchy to which he had been subject. It was not the result of personal grievances, acting upon a sensitive or resentful spirit. Nor was it a sudden outbreaking of disaffection, which might, perhaps, be soothed or be frightened into submission. Döllinger was a man of seventy. His birth (on February 28, 1799) preceded the beginning of the century which was now drawing to a close. He had been a life-long defender of the Roman Catholic system, under which in his youth he had been trained. Numerous pupils whom he had taught, belonging to several generations, filled the office of the priesthood in Bavaria and other lands; some of them were prelates in the German Catholic Church. His commanding abilities, and unsurpassed learning in the department of ecclesiastical history, church polity, and in theology generally, were acknowledged on all sides. If any candid and well-informed Roman Catholic scholar

had been asked, prior to the debates which immediately preceded the Vatican Council, who was the leading theologian of his communion on the continent of Europe, he would most likely have given the name of Döllinger. This would have been the unanimous verdict of Protestant scholars. Only one of the Roman Catholic theologians, whose reputation extended beyond the limits of their own church, could be said to stand on a level with him. John Henry Newman has no equal in a fascinating subtlety of intellect and a magical charm of style. A speculative vein, kept within due limits, colors all his writings, and enables him to impart an ideal quality to the system of faith of which he is so engaging an expounder. In patristic learning, at least in Greek theology, Newman does not fall behind Döllinger. But Döllinger's erudition in church history is of vast compass. He has brought to his studies the indefatigable spirit of research which is characteristic of the German historical school. The entire mediæval system of church doctrine and institutions is familiar to him. The extensive range which his studies have taken is illustrated in his work, "Judenthum und Heidenthum,"—translated under the title of "The Jew and the Gentile,"—in which is presented a full, yet concise, description of ancient religion, philosophy, moral and social habits. It was intended as a vestibule to a larger structure—an introduction to a full history of Christianity and the Church. But Döllinger has been too busy a man—or, rather, his hands have been too full of diverse employments, relating as well to politics and ecclesiastical affairs as to theological science—to permit the completion of the large tasks which he has set for himself. He finished but two volumes of his "Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte," a work projected on an extensive scale. Another work, the "Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte," likewise remains incomplete. The English reader will, perhaps, derive the best conception of his qualities as a historian, and of the type of Catholicism which he espoused during the main part of his life, and which he has by no means abandoned, from his "First Age of Christianity," which is accessible in a good translation. Döllinger differs from Newman in having been specially interested, throughout his career, in the relations of church and state, and in all the problems which fall under the consideration of an ecclesiastical statesman. Far from being a recluse, or a mere scholar, he has been largely concerned in the management of ecclesiastical affairs in Bavaria, and has stood, at various times, in close connection with the government of that kingdom. His genius is practical. It is this combination of ample and accurate learning, with a talent for affairs, a clear-headed, resolute administrative power, which has given to Döllinger his peculiar influence. He may be contrasted with another highly gifted man, his early friend and associate, Möhler, the author of a famous polemical book called, in the English translation, "Symbolism,"—"Symbolics," it should be,—a work which awakened a great deal of controversy and produced an extraordinary impression. Möhler had more of the distinctive characteristics of Newman. He had a keenness of intellect, a delicacy of discrimination, a spiritual temper, united with a vast range of acquisition, especially in patristic theology. He understood the Evangelical, or Protestant, movement far better—it might be said that he sympathized with important elements in it far more—than had ever been true before of champions of the Roman Catholic faith. In the hands of such men as Möhler and Döllinger, the great debate was taken up to a higher plane. Möhler made concessions which created anxiety among the adherents of the stricter school in his own church, whose confidence he never fully enjoyed, notwithstanding the personal esteem, or even pride, with which they may have often regarded him. It is plain that these eminent Catholic theologians of the German school have experienced an influence—in fact, an invincible influence—from Protestant Germany, from its great leaders, past and present, and from the scientific, religious, and literary activity which, even when it is not the direct or indirect result of the Reformation, has caught something of its spirit. The demand for more accurate and conscientious scholarship, the disposition to engage in the living controversies of the day, relating to the philosophy of religion and the origin of Christianity, the unwillingness to regard Thomas Aquinas as having exhausted the possibilities of theological science—these and kindred tendencies are marked in the German school, in contrast with what has been usual within the bounds of the Roman obedience. No one conversant with that school could avoid seeing that there was a threatened rupture with mediævalism. Those who have read Dr. Newman's "Essay on Development," and his later writings, know

on how different grounds he bases the legitimacy of the claims of the Roman Church from those on which they had been maintained in former days and in other circles. He does not contend that "Romanism" and the papacy existed in full bloom in the first centuries of the church. He does not argue that the Roman Catholic system is found in the New Testament or in the Apostolic age, all "cut and dried." It is there only in the germs; as it appears later, it is a development. This mode of defense involves the advantage of not being obliged to assert as facts what historical study has refuted and exploded. Whether there are not compensating dangers and disadvantages in this new line of defense may fairly be questioned. It is on the same general conception of a providential, supernaturally guided growth, or evolution, that Möhler, Döllinger, Hefele, and other teachers of the German school have proceeded in their attempts to vindicate their church against the attacks of Protestant historical critics.

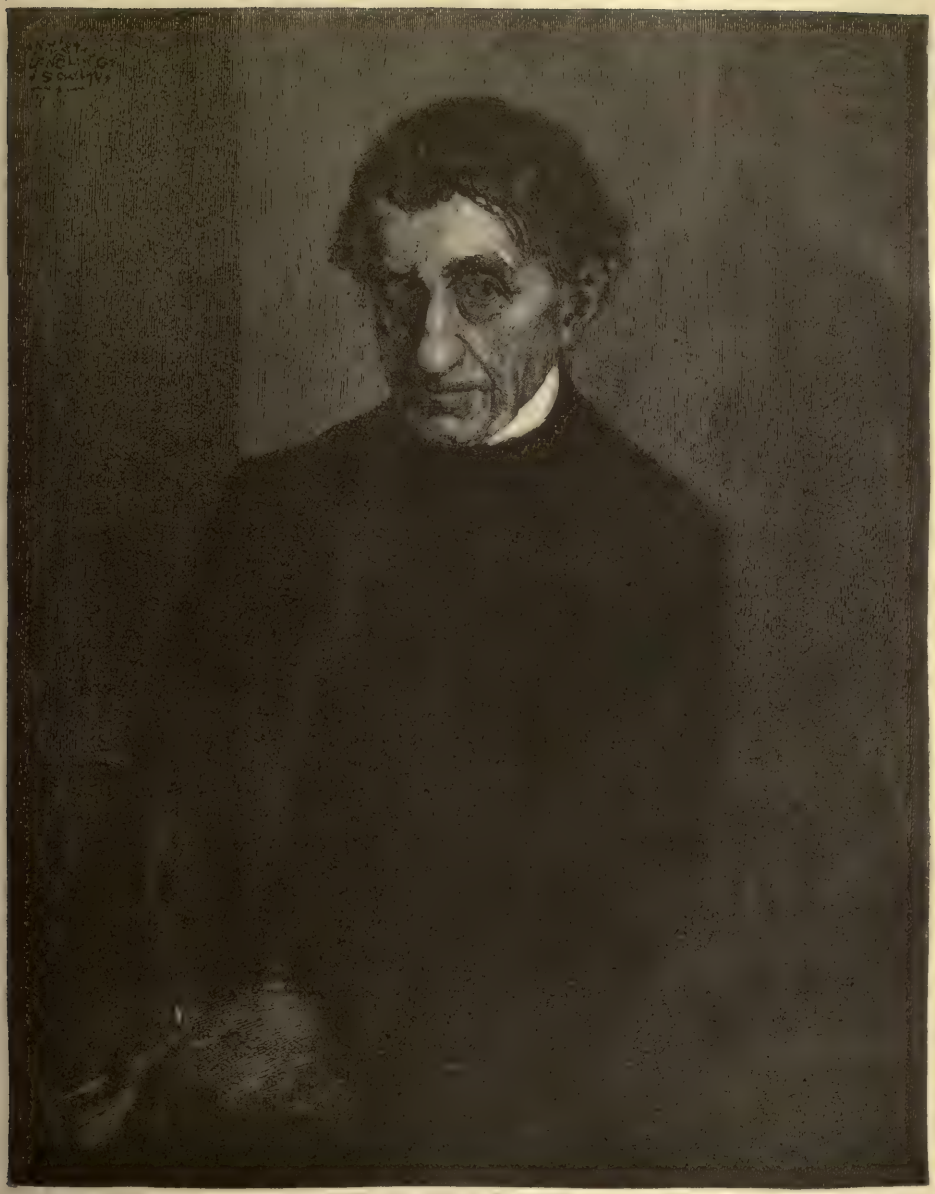
The progress of Ultramontanism could not fail to develop, in the more moderate and liberal school of theologians which had arisen in Germany, an increasing opposition. Professor Friedrich, a theological ally of Döllinger, in his "History of the Vatican Council," of which the first volume appeared in 1877, has delineated the anti-Gallican movement which arose in France under the auspices of Count de Maistre, and such leaders as Lamennais, and of a corresponding movement for the promotion of papal authority, which spread more and more in Germany. He has described, also, from the point of view of a strenuous adversary, the ascendency obtained by the Jesuit order in the councils of Pius IX. In 1846–48, Döllinger published a copious work, in three volumes, on the Reformation, in which the most vulnerable aspects of early Protestantism, as regards the personal action of its leaders, their doctrinal utterances, and the consequences of the changes effected by them, are effectively exhibited, in connection with extended citations from their writings. This, he has since said, was "a one-sided work." It proved, however, if proof were required, that he was not ignorant, as too many polemics in his church have been, of the writings of the men whom they have made it their business to decry. As the designs of the Ultramontanists became more manifest, Döllinger assumed a more definite attitude of opposition. In 1861, he drew suspicion upon himself by publicly avowing that the secular kingdom of the popes in Italy is not necessary to the discharge of their spiritual function—a point of doctrine in respect to which the curialists, at that time, were in the highest degree sensitive. In a course of lectures at Munich, in 1872, he took occasion to speak of the great qualities of Luther in terms rarely, if ever, heard before from the lips of a Roman Catholic theologian. He spoke of Luther's "overpowering greatness of mind and marvelous many-sidedness," which caused him to know the German people, and to be known of them, better than any other man ever was. "Heart and mind of the Germans were in his hand like the lyre in the hand of the musician. Moreover, he has given to his people more than any other man in Christian ages has ever given to a people: language, manual for popular instruction, Bible, hymns of praise." He eulogized Luther's eloquence, by the side of which (he said) all that opponents could say was "tame and feeble." Even the Germans who abhorred him as a heretic must perforce "discourse with his words, think with his thoughts." The dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception had been sufficiently obnoxious to the school of Döllinger; but, as the time for the meeting of the Vatican Council approached, they raised their voices in emphatic denunciation of the plan which had been marked out for that body by the reigning faction. In conjunction, it is supposed, with Professor Huber, he published a series of articles in the "Augsburg Gazette," which were collected into a volume under the pseudonym "Janus," and quickly translated into foreign languages. This work could have been composed by no one who had not made the most thorough studies in ecclesiastical history. It does not content itself with resisting the proposed dogma of papal infallibility. It is an indictment of the papacy, as having gradually converted the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, by usurpation, and largely by the aid of forged ecclesiastical documents, into a stupendous autocracy, inconsistent with the rights of other bishops, the freedom of states, and even with the religious obligation of a Christian toward God and Christ. "If," says the preface of this remarkable volume, "the primacy is on the one hand a source of strength to the Catholic Church, yet, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, when one looks at it from the point of

view of the ancient church—from the Apostolic age to about 845—the papacy, such as it has become, presents the appearance of a disfiguring, sickly, and choking excrescence on the organization of the church, hindering and decomposing the action of its vital powers, and bringing manifold diseases in its train." On another occasion, later, Döllinger said, in plain words, that the papacy is a *goître* on the neck of the church. "Janus" is utterly unsparing in its exposure of the mediæval forgeries which helped on the popes in their struggle for universal monarchy, and in bringing out the errors and contradictions into which they have fallen, which render the assertion of their doctrinal infallibility impossible to be credited save by the ignorant and superstitious.

When the Vatican Council, in the face of the earnest opposition of many enlightened men, including so great names as Dupanloup and Newman, proceeded to formulate the definition which they dreaded, most of the dissentients silently or openly acquiesced. Even Bishop Hefele, who, at the time when the council was held, published his pamphlet proving that Pope Honorius had taught a doctrine which other popes and councils had declared to be heresy, swallowed the bitter draught. This Döllinger declined to do. In consequence of this refusal, he was excommunicated by the archbishop. From this time, he became the life and soul of the Old Catholic movement. He was made Rector Magnificus of the University of Munich. This distinction as a teacher and writer, his intimate relations to the Bavarian government, and the weight of his character, conspired to make him the virtual head of the Separatists in Germany, who, with their coadjutors elsewhere, set about the organization of a church that should be neither Protestant nor Papal, but stand midway between the two systems. Of the possibility of such an institution, an example was furnished in the actual existence of the Church of the East.

It was Döllinger who presided at the Conference at Bonn, in 1874, when the Old Catholics, together with representatives of the Greek and of the Anglican Episcopal Church, formed a creed, consisting of thirteen theses, as the basis of union or intercommunion between these several churches. It was agreed that the apocryphal books of the Old Testament "are not of the same canonicity" as the books embraced in the Hebrew canon; the authority of the books first named, if they have any, being left undefined. The authority given to the Vulgate, as the umpire in controversies, in the creed of Trent, was virtually denied. The reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was insisted on, and services in general, in the vulgar tongue, were approved. On justification and the number of the sacraments, articles were made, which, though not free from ambiguity, would be accepted by most Protestants. The Bible was asserted to be the primary rule of faith; but tradition, derived from the consensus of the churches standing in historic unity with the primitive church, or deduced "from the written documents of all centuries," was declared to be an "authoritative source of teaching." The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was denied; the practice of confession before a priest or the congregation, when voluntary and freed from abuses, was sanctioned; indulgences were affirmed to be limited to penalties actually imposed by the Church; "the calling of a richer outpouring of grace on the departed" was also approved; and the eucharist was denied to be a propitiatory sacrifice, but said to be a memorial of the sacrifice of Christ, and a representation on earth and a "making present"—for so the German word should be rendered—of the oblation of Christ, which He continually presents for us in heaven. It is affirmed to be, in a sense not further explained, "a receiving the body and blood of Christ." Dr. Döllinger acknowledged the validity of the orders of the English Church. This the Greek members excused themselves from doing without further investigation. The Greek Church, in reference to the obsequious addresses of the Anglicans, has shown herself a courteous but, at the same time, a very coy maiden. The creed of Bonn contains comparatively little to which a sincere Protestant need take exception. It is certainly a long step for disciples of the Roman Church to make in the direction of reunion with Protestant churches. At a second conference, in 1875, an agreement, in substantial accordance with the Greek view, was framed on the doctrine of the Procession of the Spirit, and of the right form of the Nicene creed,—an ancient topic of discussion between the Greek and Latin churches.

The Old Catholic movement cannot be said to have prospered much. It did not spring from the hearts of the people, who care little for the distinctions, however important they may be, on which the protest of Döllinger and his supporters was founded.



J. J. IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER.

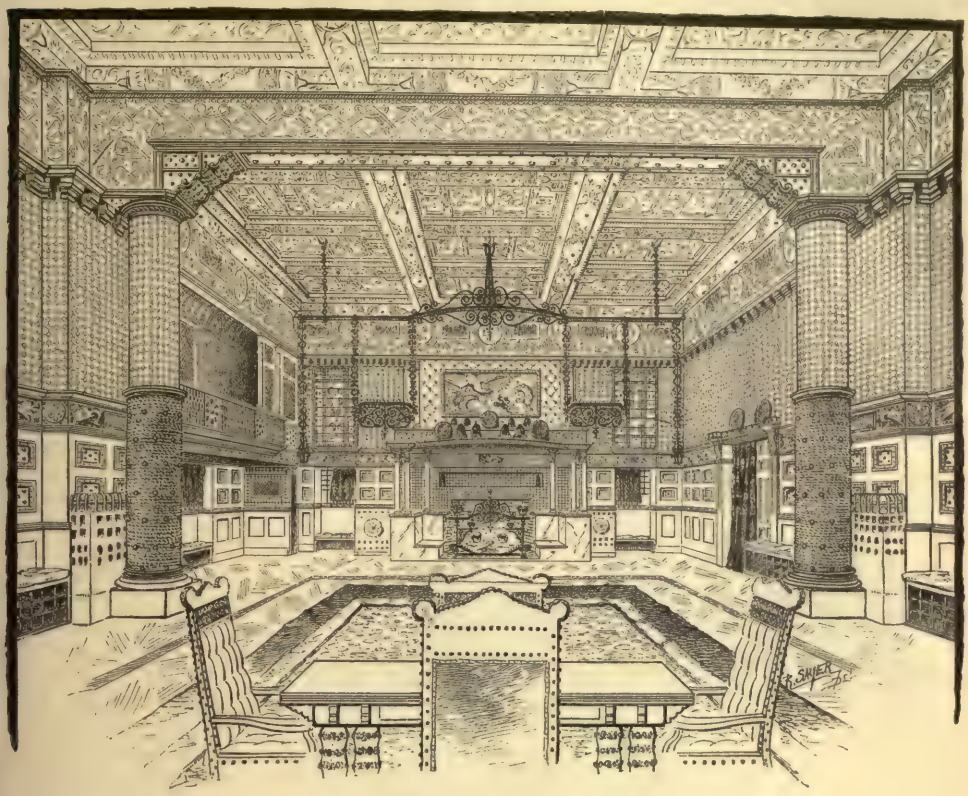
(FROM A PAINTING BY LENBACH, IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM M. CHASE, ESQ.)

It was undertaken by scholars and theologians, in coöperation with statesmen who found the new organization of use to them in dealing with politico-ecclesiastical problems connected with the position and claims of the Roman hierarchy. It is one of those half-and-half enterprises which usually fail to strike a deep root. Luther laid the ax at the root of the tree. He denied the Romish doctrine of a priesthood having in its hands the sacraments and other means of grace, keeping the door of access to its own ranks, and governing the laity by a divine commission. This is a clear, intelligible position. Everybody could understand it. The cause of the Reformation depended on no tenuous discriminations.

The moderate success of the Old Catholic movement shows the tenacity of the hold which the Roman Church has on its adherents. Unpalatable as its recently proclaimed dogmas are to a multitude, few are prepared to break the bond that unites them to the chair of St. Peter. As far as leaders are concerned, the Old Catholics were well provided. But the common people in Roman Catholic countries have neither the intelligence nor the courage which are requisite to move them to declare their independence of the ecclesiastical superiors to whom they have been wont to look up. They feel safer to walk in the accustomed road of obedience to the Pope. The dissent and open resistance of so eminent a man as Döllinger, strongly as it may affect a select class of minds, has but little permanent influence on the mass of the people.

DECORATION IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

It need be considered no disparagement to the decoration of the Veterans' Room and Library of the Seventh Regiment Armory to say that no part of it is so interesting as what might be called "the circumstances of its authorship." It is the work of the "Associated Artists," and, being the first of their performances on a large scale, it is noteworthy as an illustration of the value and practicability of the scheme in accordance with which their work is designed to be done. This, it must be admitted, appears at first thought a scheme little short of ideal perfection. Nothing is better established than the wisdom of the principle of the division of labor in all material activities And if wise in other departments of effort, why not in art? This, at all events, is the question Mr. Tiffany answered affirmatively some time ago by organizing the "Associated Artists." In general intention the notion of the coöperation of artists in monumental works is probably as old as monumental art itself, but the originality of Mr. Tiffany's plan resides in the degree to which the notion is carried; in a division of individual effort practically indefinite, the idea of the "Associated Artists" is, perhaps, a complete innovation. If, that is to say, you have a room to decorate, you first prepare a general sketch of your own, its diversity being dependent upon your imaginativeness, and its unity upon the strength of your individuality. The more numerous the details, the more field for the exercise of associated talent, and the more nearly your own efforts can be restricted to the mere work of harmonizing, without thereby losing general character, the better. For it is to be borne in mind that there is no question of artist and artisans, or even of designer and assistants, but of coöperating associates, each doing the detail he has proved himself most competent to deal with. Here, for example, Mr. Tiffany has conceived the general character and scope of the decoration. It includes architectural arrangements, a balcony, a fire-place, lattices, wainscoting, wood-carving, and so on, which he thereupon assigns to Mr. Stanford White, not only an accomplished architect, but an artist of known originality and taste; a frieze picturing the different stages of human warfare, for which Mr. Millet and Mr. Yewell are able to furnish the archæological erudition; various oriental details and delicate color-harmonies, upon which Mr. Colman is a recognized authority; embroidered stuffs, which could be intrusted to no better hands than those of Mrs. C. Wheeler; and stained glass, to which Mr. Tiffany himself has paid especial attention. It is obvious that it must have taxed Mr. Tiffany's invention to provide an appropriate field for the exercise of such various talent, and one may also suppose



THE VETERANS' ROOM.

that it tried his tact to the utmost to preserve just relations between their several works and maintain the perfect equipoise of the entire design—skeleton-like though that must have been originally. On reflection, one sees possible drawbacks to the perfect success of the "Associated Artists" in such a work. Is it likely that a sympathy can exist between artists sufficiently close to give an entire work the coherence it would have if it were the product of a single mind? Would it even be possible to select a number of artists, of whom all should be equally excellent in their several lines? How can the designer of the original sketch be sure that it is not unduly influenced by such a consideration as that So-and-so can do such and such a thing so well that, though strictly out of place, opportunity must be secured for it? Or how can he be confident that, in harmonizing its different parts, he will not, on the other hand, deprive the whole of the accent and elastic play needed to prevent it from having a monotonous excellence tantamount to mediocrity? In the "Associated Artists'" *ateliers* in Fourth Avenue, where, in perfect accord with each other, Mr. Saint-Gaudens designs graceful compositions for low reliefs, Mr. Maitland Armstrong arranges mosaics in glass, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler occupy themselves with rich stuffs and delicate embroideries, Mr. White invents circumventions of that evil genius of the architects, conventionality, Mr. Colman traces oriental arabesques, and Mr. Tiffany presides rather as a harmonious influence than as a director, or directs with a constant attention to the idiosyncrasies of his associates—is there not some peril in the very ideality of the arrangement? Is not the exotic character of the "Associated Artists"—so like a recollection of the Renaissance, and Byzantine craftsmen, and missal-illuminating monks, and mediæval guilds, flourishing in the raw and bleak atmosphere of a new world, of all whose possessions its art is the newest—open to the peculiar temptations of exotics—the temptation to fantastic efflorescence, to a

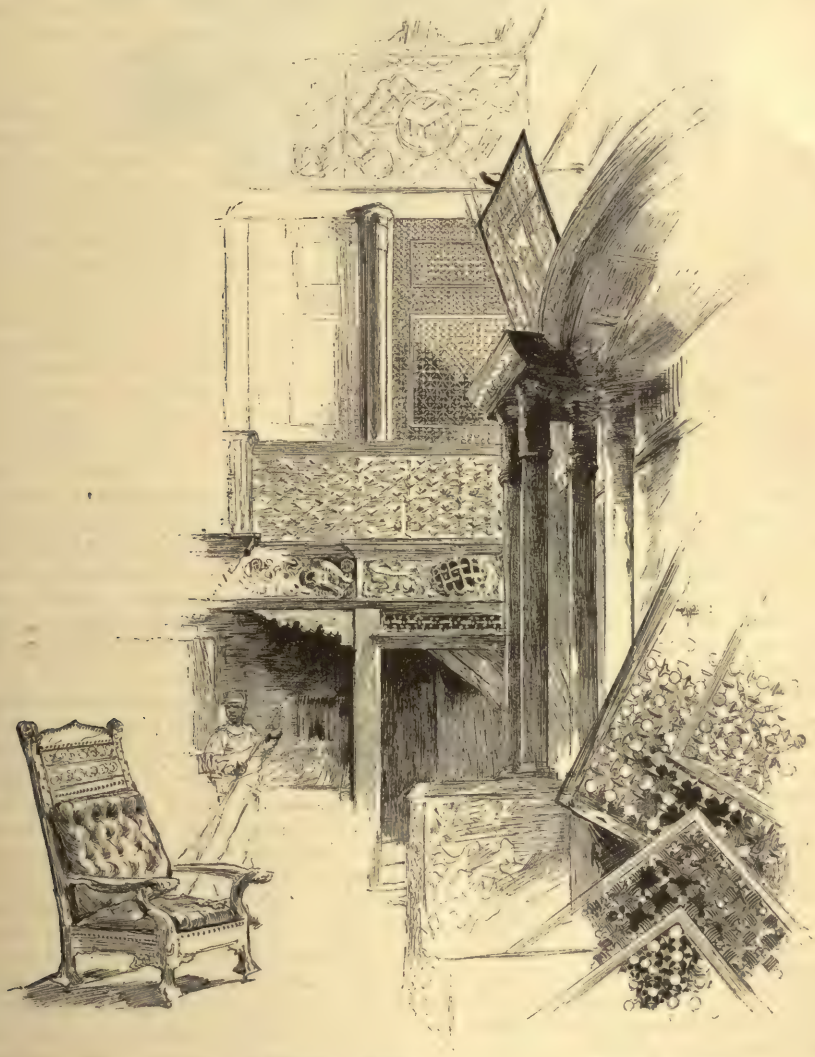
WAINSCOT IN VETERANS' ROOM.

too exclusive dependence upon culture, to a contentment with less vivacity, vigor, and virility than pure spontaneity and raciness always secure?

Questions like these get a ready answer in at least one quarter; the architect's response is prompt and discouraging. In general, the architect sniffs at the "Associated Artists," and pronounces work produced under such auspices "a mass of affectations," and the "Associated Artists" themselves *dilettanti* of a most objectionable type. The architect is not, however, an impartial critic. The artist-decorator is to him an intruder whom it is difficult to tolerate. Certain decorative expedients of artists—*i. e.*, of painters, or of artists who lay no stress upon the engineering part of their art—have upon him an effect analogous to that experienced by a severe moralist who witnesses the perpetration of a crime; or rather, let us say, to that of a breach of etiquette upon a court chamberlain. A piece of painted perspective destroys, in his eyes, what merit might otherwise be admitted to exist in the remainder of a decoration. Any merely apparent violation of the evident construction of a building is irritating to him—unless, indeed, it have an architectural sanction, such as a false roof to a church, or the simulation of the vault of heaven, dotted with five-pointed stars, in the ceiling of a theater. Nor are the positive errors of the painter who decorates interiors, though they are many and various, the sole causes of his objection. The short-comings springing from ignorance, as well as the blemishes due to perversity, are irritating to an informed mind; and when, instead of one artist whose "feeling" disports itself with thoughtless frivolity amidst the ruins of all decorative precedent, there is an association of several, formed for the express purpose of focussing as much and as various "feeling" as possible upon one work, it must be apparent to Academic training that the chances of both faults and failures are increased in a geometrical ratio. Decoration is, from the point of view of the architect, very nearly an exact science, or at least a historic art, with characteristics not merely time-honored, but long ago proved to be founded upon rational principles. Closely allied to the chief of the arts of design, it affords no opportunity for experimentation and amateurish eccentricities, such as the imitative arts which have no logic of their own seem to tolerate, and the imagination which is brought to it should be restrained by what even such a sentimentalist as Mr. Ruskin, when he is speaking of architectural decoration, calls "the iron laws of beauty." Stained glass, for instance, a department of decoration into which the painter-decorators appear to have thrown themselves with a *naif* enthusiasm abundantly rewarded by the applause of the vulgar just at present, is not the new thing so many persons seem to imagine. To talk, as the painter-decorators have the air of talking, of experimenting in this material with the hope of producing novel effects of value, is only to exhibit a deplorable ignorance. There are libraries of text-books upon the subject of which, apparently, the existence is known only to the architect. And yet, notwithstanding the fact, which a child in the study of art ought to know, that not only has the right use of stained glass been illustrated in scores of monumental buildings in such wealth of varying detail that it is hopeless to attempt improvement upon it, but that we do not now know how to make the material itself equal to the better kinds of old glass,—in spite of this, men who have passed all their lives in painting land-

scapes and figures on canvas, suddenly, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, plunge into stained glass and exhibit their enterprise in inventing new varieties of it.

Or, consider the way in which the painter-decorators employ color. If anything can be regarded as settled, the architect thinks, —and by the architect in general a great only standard is taste, but even then the end in view may be better secured. To secure a play of color which shall be rich and at the same time elegant, primary colors must be combined upon the surface to be decorated, not mixed in a pot before application. This is elementary to a trained decorator, the architect says, but, he asks,



PART OF GALLERY AND ORIENTAL SCREEN.

DETAIL OF SCREEN.

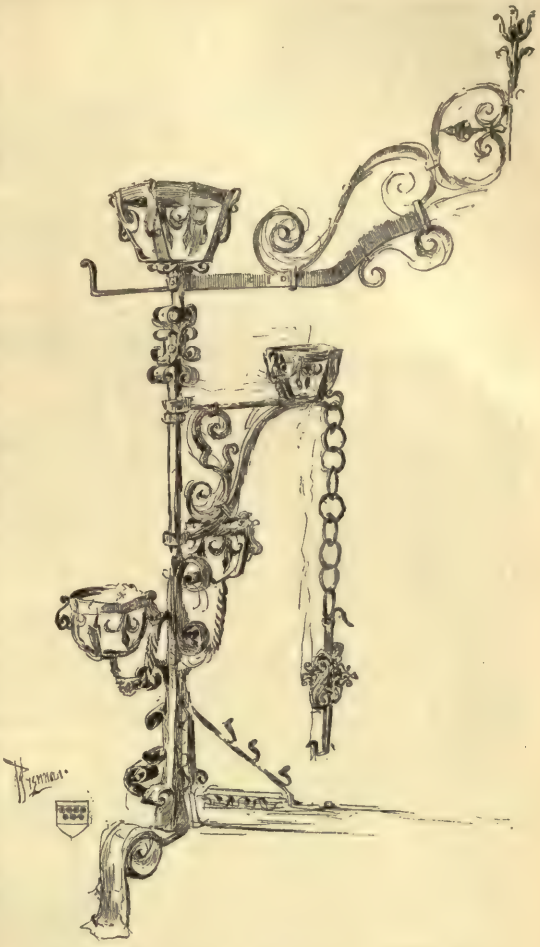
many things are so regarded,—it is the proper use of color. Its theory is as simple as its effects are manifold. The employment of only the three primary colors is absolutely prescribed. In monumental work, most of all, tints are trivial; they may serve for a bride's boudoir, or for purposes where the how many of our amateurs who have recently taken decoration in hand are aware of it. The architect is peremptory, it must be admitted, and perhaps underestimates the information of his new rivals. It is a tendency of training to depreciate mere taste, and to be carried further in condemnation

COLUMNS OF MANTEL-SHELF IN VETERANS' ROOM.

of it sometimes than is quite defensible. Taste has such a good defense of its own that occasionally one overlooks the circumstance that it may also have on its side the precedent which training so strenuously insists is authoritative. But on this score the painter-decorators can take very good care of themselves, no doubt, and there is no need to defend them against accusations of ignorance. The Moors themselves were not such strict constructionists as the modern architect, they would doubtless be able to reply; after all, there is a point beyond which Owen Jones becomes monotonous, and just now it is not a choice between Mr. La Farge's and Mr. Tiffany's glass and the old glass, but between theirs and the shop tawdriness—which the architects have to use, at what violence to their sense of what has been done in other times one can only imagine.

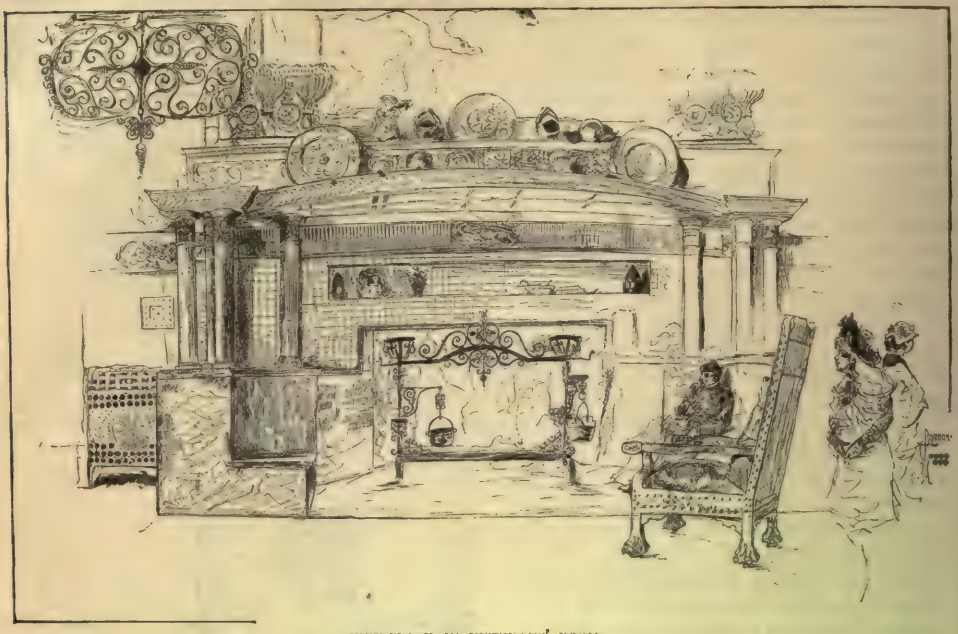
However, this skepticism is more or less *a priori*, and the architect's criticism not only *a priori* in some degree, but in some degree prejudiced. The simplest way of estimating the value and practicability of the "Associated Artists" scheme is to argue as to them from the work itself which is now done. And in this the architect, prejudiced though he may still prove, cannot fail to be of real service, since, when one knows how to allow for his particular order of partiality, the partial critic always becomes instructive because he helps one to put himself at a new point of view. The Veterans' Room is large in every dimension. An oak wainscoting eight or ten feet high runs around it, and at the top of it is a band of grotesque carving, whose surface is varied by recessed iron plates, resembling tiles. Above this, the wall is a light yellow, stenciled with linked copper and silver rings. The frieze is a silvery sequence of shields and circular allegories, representing the chronological progress of the art of war. Overhead the ceiling is broken up into numerous small squares, painted light yellow, by red beams and cross-beams, chamfered and rounded, and, like the interstices of ceiling, stenciled in silver arabesques. At the north end is a large fire-place of brownish-red brick, containing an old Venetian double crane, on which hang a couple of copper pots, and flanked by square piers of red marble, in the angles of which are seats. On these piers rise slender oak columns, with metallic fretwork chaplets which support the broad ledge of the oak mantel, whose edge is elaborately carved. Beneath the mantel, and surrounding the fire-place proper, is a bed of blue-glass tiles. Above it is a painted relief of stucco, which represents an

eagle swooping down upon a dragon, or octopus, or a beast of some obscene variety, with blue extremities, a red mouth, and a glass eye, lashing into foam the "ignominious ooze" in which it seems inextricably involved. On either side of this are branching iron candelabra, whose lines of horizontal light are repeated by the jets of others which drop from two large, crane-like iron beams, that divide the space of the room into nearly equal sections. A more marked division is effected by a heavy wooden truss, stenciled like the walls and supported by two columns not distantly detached from either side of the room, their lower portions wound with small-linked chains, studded here and there with silvered bosses and ochred into the semblance of rust. There are five windows, of olive and opaline glass mainly, one being in a little recessed balcony, which is inclosed by oriental lattice, to which a diminutive winding stair leads. The lower sections of two others and the two corridor doors are hung with *portières*, embroidered with buttons and crewels. Opposite the fire-place is the entrance to the library, the book-shelves of which are of mahogany, the mezzanine railing of iron, the hangings of a pale greenish lead-color, and the basketed-barrel vault of salmon, dotted with silvered disks of two or more sizes. Whatever may be thought of the whole or the details, it is evident that a great deal of thought has been expended upon the work.



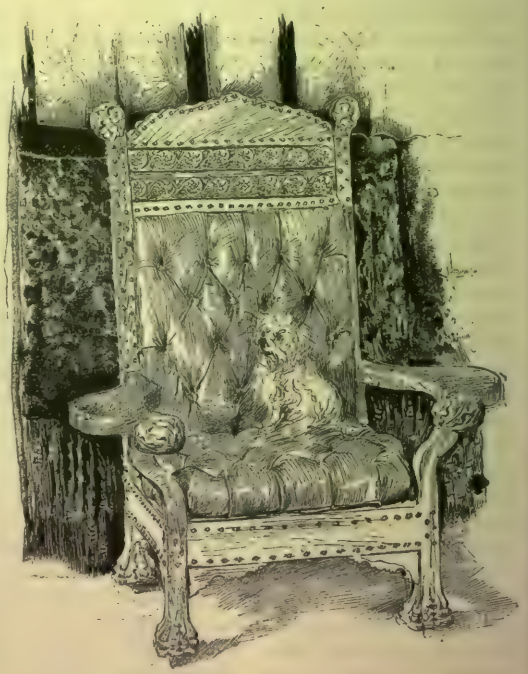
OLD VENETIAN CRANE IN FIRE-PLACE. VETERANS' ROOM.

"And wasted," one may easily fancy the architect adding. "That, indeed, is the most obvious criticism to make upon it. One has an unpleasant sense of the discrepancy between the amount of thought and industry so clearly manifest, and the meager result obtained. For I insist upon the meagerness of the whole effect, elaborate as the work is. I must admit, however, that this elaborateness of execution is by no means aimless, but corresponds closely to the refinements of the general intention. It is evident that Mr. Tiffany set about his task in an intelligent way and restrained his imagination, in general, from rioting in aimlessness; many of our own profession would do well to imitate his example, and express in the detail of their work the function and purpose of it as closely as he has done. You cannot help seeing that you are in a Veterans' Room. The work may be called a decorative expression of the idea of the veteran. About the significance of the apparently allegorical representation over the fire-place I cannot, myself, be quite sure; it may figure a contest between the National Guard and the regular army, but it is not clear, and must be set down as phantasmagorical. But nearly everywhere else are veteran associations. My objection to them is simply that they are mechanical and trivial, and of a whimsical subtlety rather than a dignified symbolism. And symbolism of any kind is a poor substitute for expression. A similar spirit would decorate the exterior of a post-office with letter-boxes, or cover the walls of a bedroom with pictures of towels and tooth-brushes. The iron tiles in the wainscoting painted to look like battered and rusted armor-plates;



FIRE-PLACE IN VETERANS' ROOM.

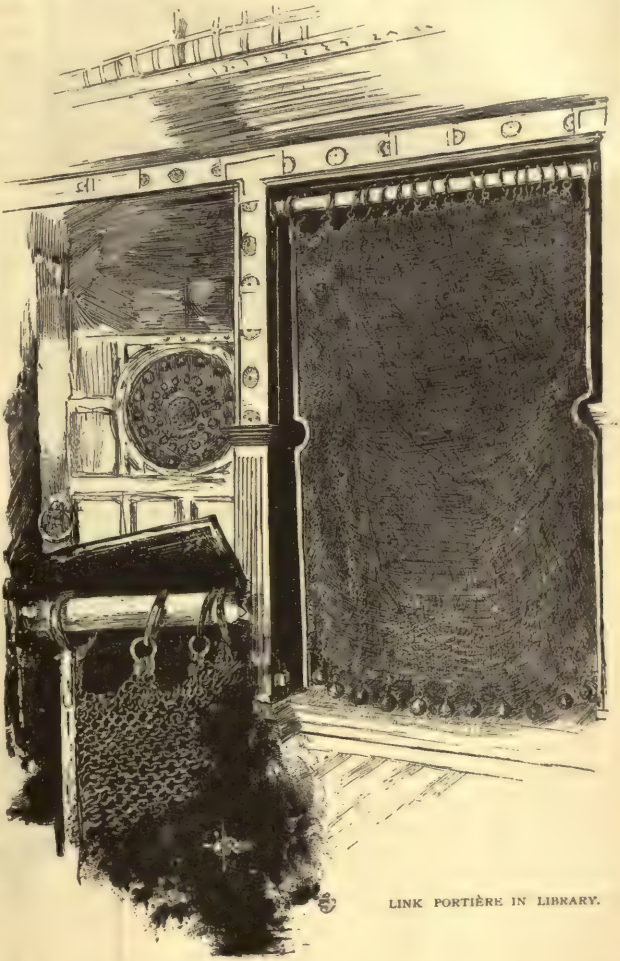
the similarly symbolic chains around the columns; the whimsical imitation of chain-armor in the stenciling of the walls; the iron nail-heads dotting the heavy furniture—appear to me to the last degree feeble and fanciful. Observe, for example, the frieze, which has the air of being the *chef-d'œuvre* of the decoration. Like the rest, its merit consists solely in the fact that it is significant; it is not impressively significant at all, and I need not remind you that the only object of a close correspondence between idea and expression is to strengthen the impressiveness of the idea. I mean nothing derogatory to the erudition of Mr. Millet and Mr. Yewell in saying, furthermore, that no very exhaustive research is required for painting any of these pictures, from the aboriginal warrior to the file of men of the Seventh Regiment. There is certainly a great deal of curious detail in them, but this, in itself, tends to confirm what I have just said: it is painted in such a way as to render it next to indistinguishable from the floor, not only because of the light and dark monotone of color, but because of the equal emphasis of the interstitial shields and the surrounding arabesques; moreover, the mistake—a mistake to which I should have supposed 'associated artists' peculiarly liable—has been made of treating these representations archaically, instead of frankly; in saying which, I do not refer to the copies of antique



ARM-CHAIR IN VETERANS' ROOM.

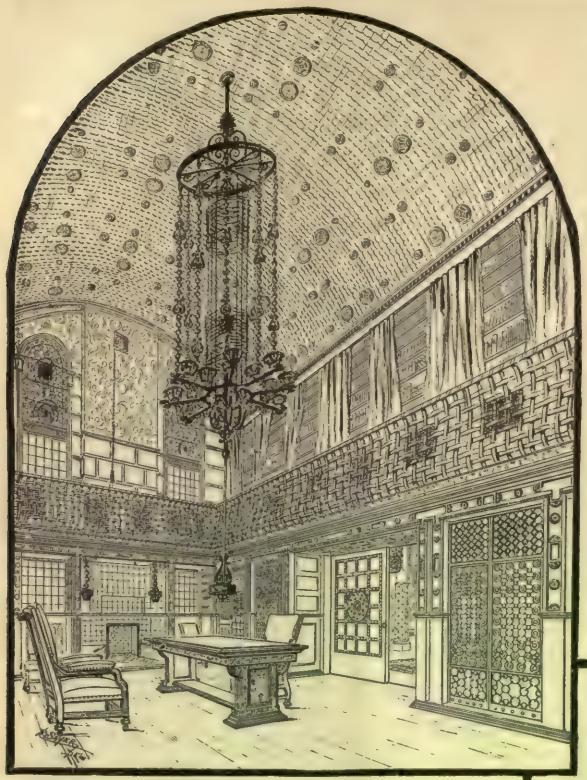
originals, but to the whole manner of treatment, which assumes a conventionality foreign to the present stage of mural painting; in other words, in manner they are a clear affectation. As to the color—I dislike to use such an epithet, but it is unmistakably 'Hottentot.' The 'Associated Artists' very likely object to much of our decoration as barbaric and brutal. They have probably got beyond the red, blue, and gold harmonies of the greatest decorators in the history of art, whose whole architecture, in fact, was an architecture of the interior; and this is what they give us as an improvement upon the color-treatment of the Saracens. It is a taste, like another, but for my own part, as far as color is concerned, I prefer the taste of *North* African origin. The glass, too, is a matter of taste. To me it looks weak. A mosaic of tints is, I do not say, *ex vi termini* a feeble thing, but in order to dispense safely with the advantage real color affords, a natural felicity is required, which can only be found in connection with genius."

The admissions, at any rate, of such a criticism, would be worth noting. To find a work by "associated artists" too logical and too conventional to satisfy the architectural sense, is to find the contrary of one's expectations, certainly; and to find objections from such a source based upon the despised principle of taste would be a triumph for corporate "feeling." Perhaps it would be difficult to obtain so candid an expression of opinion, and perhaps, too, we have exaggerated the petulance of the chronic enemy of "feeling,"—that is to say, the sound and logical architect. But the architect's point of view deserves to be known because, if the "Associated Artists" are to have the success which seems in store for them, according to all present indications, they must work, as in some cases and on a small scale they are now working, in conjunction with the architects —not architects like Mr. White, but very professional men, whose respect is not to be won by any display of æsthetic feeling unregulated by the "principles of decoration." The truth is, to our mind, judging from this work of Mr. Tiffany and his associates, they are only too likely to mortise their work with the average architect, and assist, rather than counteract, the mechanical tendency of the latter. The critic we have imagined has a turn for taste himself, and doubtless loses thus something of his representative character. But, at all events, objections to this work begin and end in considerations of taste. There is much to admire, as, of course, considering the capabilities of the artists in question, there could not fail to be. The rooms need to be seen at night, and were decorated with reference to their use under gas-light. It makes a dif-



LINK PORTIÈRE IN LIBRARY.

DETAIL OF PORTIÈRE.

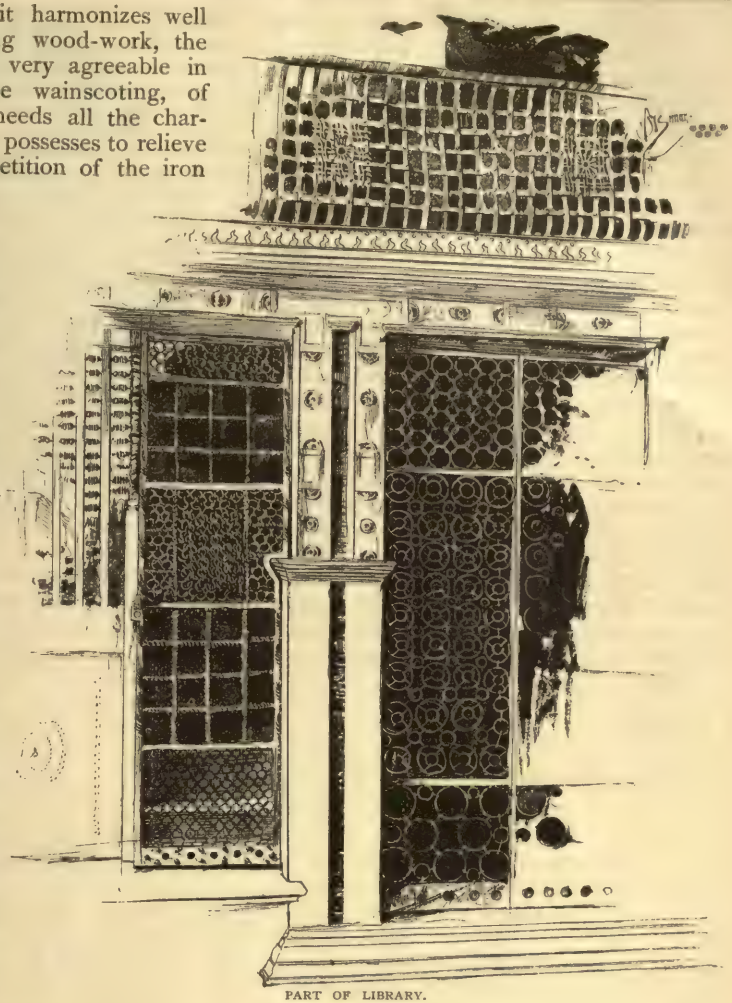


THE LIBRARY.

ference which those who have seen them only by daylight will hardly be able to appreciate. The improvement is particularly marked in the library. When this has the benefit of a subdued light, a richness of effect becomes evident which, in the daytime, cannot be said to exist at all. The disagreeable pink of the ceiling is softened into warmth, to which the basketing, which before seemed purposeless, gives agreeable quality; the light color of the hangings, which is almost sickly by daylight, undergoes a similar change, and the twisted ironwork netting and doors fit happily into the sobriety of general effect so wholly dependent by day upon the rich mahogany of the book-cases. In the Veterans' Room the lights, which are arranged in serried ranks, so to say, add great brilliancy to everything, and bring the frieze down so as to give it a distinctness much needed to prevent the evident elaborateness of it from seeming misspent labor. At the same time, however, the key of decoration being yellowish, the contributed yellow of the gas upon every contrasting hue in the room lightens the general color almost to the point of eliminating it, an effect which is heightened by the abundance of silver stenciling emphasized, not to say discovered, by the lighting of the burners. This is an advantage or a disadvantage as one chooses—almost everything here, we repeat, is as one chooses. An admirer of the general scheme of color will prefer the daylight aspect; others, who are only able to see in this an attempted refinement, the result of which has been an arrangement of rather weak and pale tints without much play beyond the sparkle of tinsel, will not object to the further development in the direction of its tendency into mere light and dark which takes place in the evening. The bed of glass tiling in the chimney-piece could not but be charming in its expanse of vary-

CORNER OF FIRE-PLACE. LIBRARY.

ing turquoise, and it harmonizes well with the surrounding wood-work, the pillars of which are very agreeable in proportion, and the wainscoting, of which the carving needs all the character it undoubtedly possesses to relieve the monotonous repetition of the iron plates already mentioned. The balcony is as good as the chimney-side, the lattices of which, with their ball-and-spindle interlacements, enforce the light elegance of the incised tracery that decorates it. The scant furniture is massive enough, perhaps, to have dispensed with the profusion of studded nails that cover it, but to object to them with any strenuousness would be to share the lack of proportion and measure they seem to illustrate. The same remark may be made in regard to the twisted chains wound round the two large columns and the buttons embroidered upon the *portières*, the latter of which certainly seem due to a disinterested vindication of some theory as to the utility of buttons in decoration. The iron-work in the library is particularly good, the ponderous hanging chandeliers of the same metal are yet sufficiently graceful, and, indeed, the visitor will not fail to observe how completely the idea of iron, which has an undoubted propriety in connection with an apartment for the use of military veterans, is adhered to throughout the work—the material employed wherever ingenuity could suggest an opportunity not too trivial, and the scale of color suggested by it adhered to with much unselfish consistency. We say unselfish because consistency in this case has apparently compelled the sacrifice of anything like splendor or sumptuousness, or even the qualities of simpler beauty usually associated with monumental decoration, and has substituted for them an elegance thin rather than refined—or, perhaps, better still, elegance itself has yielded to a metallic propriety. The veterans must enjoy themselves in it in their character of veterans exclusively. Nor do the windows operate in any degree to destroy the general tone of the whole. In several places the band of carved tracery which runs under them is pricked with solid lumps of translucent glass, illuminated by the exterior light, and owing to their solidity showing gem-like refractions of varying richness; but these are used in a very modest way, and the large windows above them exhibit no distracting imaginativeness—that in the balcony being, indeed, an arrangement of red, blue, and yellow lozenges, which



PART OF LIBRARY.

appears to insist upon its unpretending conventionality. Something has been attempted in the two circular windows of the library, but for his work in stained glass upon which Mr. Tiffany lays stress, we should have to go to the Union League Club.

In fine, we should have to go there or elsewhere for his work of any sort upon which he lays stress. There is here no stress laid on anything, by any one, it may be said, and surely the practicability of "associated artists" working in complete accord, and each contributing to a general design, must be set down as demonstrated—at what cost of time, patience, and tact no one, probably, will be likely to overestimate. On the other hand, it is equally clear that the practicability of "associated artists" working together to any striking and vitally organic result remains still a subject of speculation. It is an easy thing to say that the two things are incompatible, but the armory experiment tends negatively to confirm it. Until Mr. Tiffany becomes convinced that the planning of a work of monumental dignity demands more of him—or of some single mind, whoever it may be—than the preparation of a general sketch, the selection of specialists to advise as to the details, as well as to execute them, and the confining of his further effort to a mere harmonizing of possible discords, we may be sure the work of the "Associated Artists" will not differ substantially from this decoration. That is to say, it will be intelligently conceived, it will have various unquestionable excellences, and it will be harmonious. That it will have the impressiveness which proceeds from character, the really organic unity which proceeds only from the spontaneity and completeness of a single as well as comprehensive conception, can hardly be expected. On a smaller scale there is, doubtless, much good work to be done by Mr. Tiffany's association. But since no really great work of art has ever been accomplished by a constituent assembly, however harmonious, presided over by a chairman of never so great tact, skepticism as to any efforts to improve upon the old plan of a directing mind and competent assistance is not only permissible but inevitable.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* IX.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WINTER'S WORK. 1708–9.

THE winter of 1708 and 1709 was memorable in European history. The Baltic was frozen, and heavily laden wagons crossed the Great Belt and the Öresund. In central Europe the fruit-trees died. In France the courts had to be adjourned, and many men died of cold. The Rhone was frozen, and the canals of Venice were covered with ice. On the plains of the Ukraine, swept by the wind, the cold was still more intense. Birds fell dead as they flew through the air, and the snow in many places remained on the ground from the 1st of October to the 5th of April.

Charles had hoped to obtain, through Mazeppa,† possession of the strongholds of Starodúb and Nóvgorod-Séversk, but the expedition miscarried. This, combined with the almost total failure of the Cossack rising, put the Swedes in a very difficult and dangerous position. Instead of the twenty thousand Cossacks, as expected, Mazeppa had brought but fifteen hundred, who were subsequently joined by a small number of Zaporovians. The Swedes crossed the Desna with

† Iván Stepánovitch Mazeppa, the son of a petty nobleman of the Orthodox faith, from the western part of Little Russia, was born about 1645. In early manhood, detected in an intrigue with the wife of a Volynian nobleman, and fearing for his life, he sought refuge among the Cossacks. Among these he soon rose to prominence. When the hetman Samóilovitch became the scapegoat of the unfortunate Crimean campaign in 1687 and was deposed, Galítsyn made Mazeppa his successor. When Charles set out to invade Russia, Mazeppa's plan was to preserve, as far as possible, his neutrality, making excuses for not taking the part of the Russians, yet not wishing to take part with the Swedes until, as he thought, Charles was sure to win. On being forced to choose, he went over to the Swedes with a small band of his followers.

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MAZEPPA.

comparative safety, marched southward to Rómny, in a fertile district, where the troops were housed in the surrounding villages. Charles, although in very comfortable quarters, could not endure the close proximity of the Russians, and was annoyed at the frequent skirmishes. He, therefore, in the hopes of a general battle, readily fell into a trap which the Russians prepared for him. Peter directed the greater part of his army to move, as if to attack the small town of Gadiátch, which was occupied by four Swedish battalions. General Hallart, with another corps, went in the other direction with instructions to take Rómny in case the Swedes withdrew. In spite of the fearful cold, and contrary to the advice of his best generals, Charles, on hearing of the Russian movements, marched with all his forces to Gadiátch, with the expectation of making it a second Narva. The Russians, however, had withdrawn in time, and when the Swedes entered the town, one-third of the city had been burned to the ground, and there were not enough houses to shelter the troops. Nearly every building was turned into a hospital, and the surgeons were at work cutting off frozen limbs. In this terrible march from Rómny to Gadiátch over three thousand Swedes were frozen to death.

In revenge for the loss of Rómny, which had been occupied by General Hallart, Charles attacked the small village of Véprik, a few miles from Gadiátch. Here the Swedes captured but fifteen hundred men and four cannon, having themselves lost nearly a thousand men and forty-eight officers. The remainder of the winter was spent in comparative quiet, broken by small skirmishes, which, whether they resulted favorably or unfavorably to the Swedes, had always the effect of reducing their forces; and they had arrived at that state where the loss of every man counted.

The greatest success of the Russians was the suppression of the Zaporovian Cossacks and the destruction of their river-town, Setch. The Zaporovians—so called from their living *za porógi* (beyond the cataracts) of the Dnieper—were the bravest, the most reckless, and the most uneasy of the Cossacks. Many of them decided to follow the guidance of Mazeppa, and join the Swedes. To counteract this movement, a Russian expedition was sent out by Menshikóf in the spring, and, after sailing down the Dnieper from Kíef, and being met by a force of dragoons, succeeded in capturing and destroying Setch. Many Zaporovians were killed in the fight, others were taken prisoners, some were executed, and from this time on their strength was broken, although they nominally existed until they were finally abolished, under Catherine II., in 1775.

During the early part of the winter, the thoughts of the Tsar turned continually toward his fleet at Vorónezh. The proximity of the Swedes made him anxious, and hearing that the aim of Charles was to march to Vorónezh and to burn the wharves and ships, he resolved to go there in person. On his arrival, Peter found that the old vessels were in a bad state; although some of them had been repaired several times, yet it was necessary to break them up. Peter, having in view a possible complication with the Turks, assisted by Apráxin, worked hard all winter at the repair and re-organization of his navy. In April, as soon as the ice broke up, he sailed down the Don to Azof and Taganrog.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLTÁVA—1709.

THE spring thaw and the melting of the great mass of snow on the steppes were as bad for the Swedish army as the severe winter. The Swedes had gradually been pushed back into a small space between the rivers Psiol, Vórskla, and Dnieper. After the arrival of Lewenhaupt's troops the Swedish army numbered about forty-one thousand men, but it had now become reduced to twenty thousand, and of these more than two thou-

pitiful state." The soldiers suffered greatly, not only from the weather, but from lack of clothing and from bad food. Complaints were great, and few expected to see their homes again. Nevertheless, there were comparatively few desertions, and the Swedes remained loyal to the King personally, seeing that he shared their hardships, and believed that he was actuated by patriotism alone, and that he felt this campaign necessary for the safety of Sweden. Yet they had to some extent lost their confidence

sand were ill or crippled. Only thirty-four cannon remained; the powder had greatly suffered, and needed to be dried. Yet amid the great distress, on the 11th of April, shortly after the retreat from an unsuccessful expedition to Krasnóikútch, Charles could write to Stanislas: "I and the army are in very good condition. The enemy has been beaten and put to flight in all the engagements." Piper, on the contrary, wrote to his wife: "The campaign is so difficult, and our condition so pitiful, that such great misery cannot be described and is beyond belief"; and again: "The army is in an indescribably

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA.

in him. Charles exposed himself as ever to the enemy's bullets, but the soldiers, instead of being cheered by this, said to each other that the King wished to be killed, as he foresaw the bad end of the campaign.

The opinion of the generals was that it would be better to retire across the Dnieper, and either return to Poland or wait in a secure position until the force of General Krassow could join them. He could scarcely be expected before midsummer. Charles would hear nothing of this, and resolved to capture the town of Poltáva, the largest and most flourishing town of that region, more important, however, commercially than as a military position. At the beginning of the winter the capture of Poltáva would have been very easy, but at that time Charles, who objected to having winter quarters in a large town, paid no attention to it. In the meantime the Russians had succeeded in improving the defenses, and had garrisoned it with four thousand men. What made the attempt more dangerous now was that the Swedish forces were not large enough to surround the town on all sides, and the Russians could mass their forces on the other side of the river Vórskla.

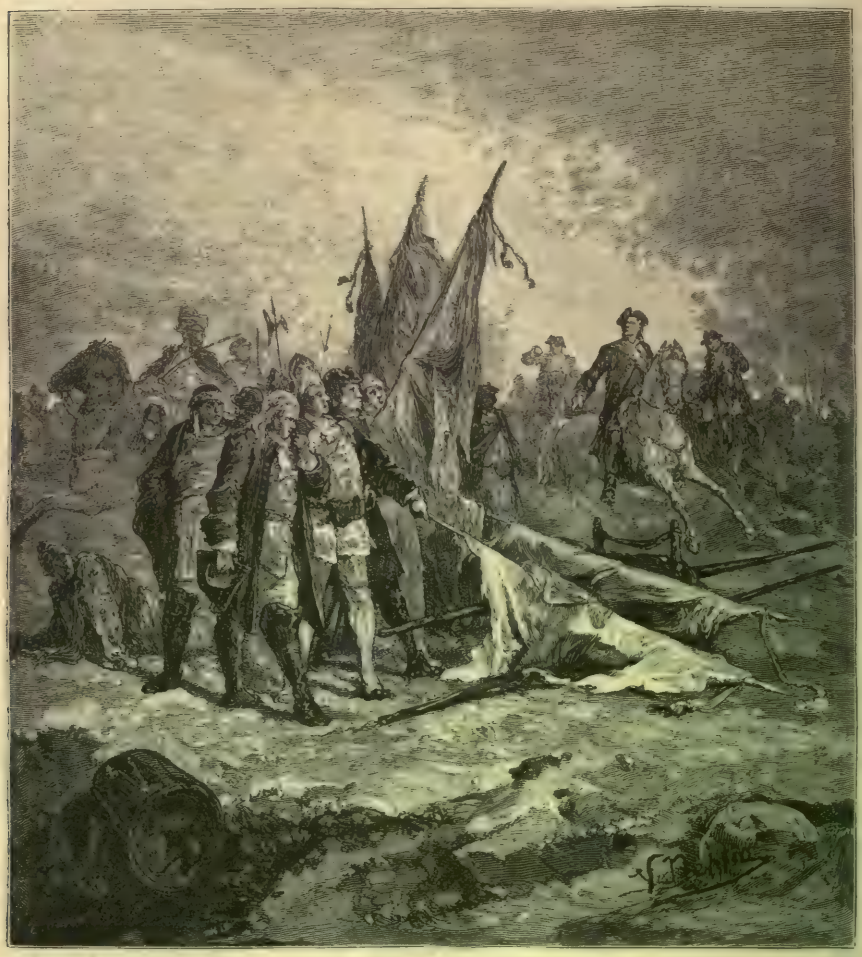
The siege was begun on the 12th of May. Charles was astonished that the town did not yield at the first fire, and exclaimed: "What! I really believe the Russians are mad, and will defend themselves in a regular way!"

So they did for six long weeks, under the leadership of Colonel Kellin, repelling assaults, making sorties, and destroying mines, assisted by the whole population of the town, great and small. Communications were always open with the Russian forces across the Vórskla, by means of letters in hollow bombs, and Menshikóf succeeded in getting nine hundred men into the town. In the Swedish camp, food was scarce, and there was great murmuring. The powder showed signs of giving out, and the stock of ammunition was so small that it was necessary to search the fields and pick up the Russian bullets.

Peter, warned in time by Menshikóf, made a hasty journey from Azof across the steppe, arrived on June 15th, and took the chief command. New spirit, if that were necessary, was infused into the garrison; skirmishing was actively carried on, and by the capture of Sanjárof about two thousand Russian prisoners, including the garrison of Véprik and the heroic Colonel Yurlof, were set free.

The need of the Swedes became at last so great and their position so critical, that one night Charles sought the advice of Lewenhaupt, whom he had until then treated with marked coolness. Lewenhaupt could coun-

THE FLIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA.



CAPTURED STANDARDS AT POLTAVA.

sel him nothing but to retire across the Dnieper. This he refused to do; but, feeling too uneasy to sleep, made Lewenhaupt follow him, and rode about aimlessly all night. In the early morning—it was his birthday, the 28th of June—he approached the banks of the Vórskla, and rode up and down in full view of the Russians. Lewenhaupt's horse was shot under him, but the King, who liked to expose his generals in this way, refused to move. This was the very time chosen by the Russians for a feint of crossing. After they had been repulsed, Charles resumed his ride on the river's bank, and was hit in the foot by a bullet. Though pale and faint from loss of blood, he refused to go to his tent until he had given some orders in the trenches, and when, an hour afterward, he had his wound dressed, his foot was much swollen. The ball had gone the whole length of his sole, from heel to toe, breaking some of the small bones, which had to be extracted.

The feigned crossing below the town, when Charles was wounded, was to cover another and successful crossing in force a few miles north of Poltáva. Here the Russians intrenched themselves, and then, under the cover of trenches and redoubts, drew gradually nearer to the Swedish positions. While the King was prostrated with fever, two dispiriting messages arrived. One from Poland showed the want of harmony be-

tween Stanislas and General Krassow, who were still in the west of Poland, kept back by the Poles under Sieniawski and the Russians under Goltz. The other, from Turkey, set forth that the Sultan would neither aid Charles directly, nor indirectly through the Tartars. The Russian lines were fast advancing; an attack might be expected on any day. The King, though advised to raise the siege and retreat across the Dnieper, decided on forestalling the Russian attack. Renskjöld, who, during the illness of the King, had the chief command, called the generals together on the afternoon of July 7th, and told them that the attack was fixed for the next day. The troops were under arms by midnight, and though the march of three miles was attended by some disorder, at daybreak, on Tuesday, July 8th, they stood in order of battle before the Russian lines. They numbered only twelve thousand five hundred men. The remainder were in the hospital, or guarding the camp, or manning the intrenchments against the town. Only four cannon were used, partly on account of the distaste of Renskjöld for artillery and partly on account of the lack of ammunition. The ground between the Russian camp and the town was much broken, but in front of the camp was a plain, with thick woods on each side. Here the Russians had thrown up two lines of redoubts, one parallel to the camp, the other at right angles to it. Renskjöld had no plan for the attack. There was a quarrel and a reconciliation between him and Lewenhaupt. The Swedish powder was bad, and they had to trust to their bayonets. The Russian army was four times as numerous. Charles was carried about in a litter to excite the ardor of his soldiers. The horses which carried him were killed one after the other, and the litter was finally broken to pieces by a cannon-shot. His Brabants then carried him on their crossed pikes; but even his presence could do nothing against the Russian numbers and resistance. Peter was conspicuous among his troops, on his favorite horse, Lisette, which had been sent to him by the Sultan. He received a bullet through his hat, and another in his saddle, while another struck the ancient cross he wore around his neck. The Swedes seemed at first to get the advantage; they captured two or three half-finished redoubts, and could easily have penetrated into the Russian camp. But finally they were overpowered and surrounded—beaten in detail; and though for two hours they fought with the fierceness of despair, they were forced either to surrender or to flee. Renskjöld, Schlippenbach, Rosen, Stackelberg, Hamilton, Horn, the Prince of Würtemberg, and over twenty-eight hundred officers and men, were taken prisoners.

Prince Michael Galítsyn with the guard, and General Bauer with the dragoons, were sent to follow up the enemy. Charles had been protected by his Brabants, and finally had been induced by Lewenhaupt to return to the camp and rally the remainder of the army. On passing their own intrenchments, then occupied by the Russians, the King's horse was killed and he was nearly taken prisoner.

On arriving at the camp, the King for the first time uttered a complaint, and asked to be taken from his horse and put in a carriage. His foot was dressed, and he ate a piece of cold meat, asking repeatedly for Renskjöld, for Piper, and for the young Prince of Würtemberg.

"All are taken prisoners," was the reply.

"Prisoners with the Russians! Rather die among the Turks! Forward!" he exclaimed.

Lewenhaupt was called in, and advised a repetition of what he had been obliged to do at Liesna—that is, to divide the horses, provisions, and ammunition among the men, to burn what was left, and to advance as soon as possible. Charles, after a few moments' reflection, sent Lewenhaupt away, and, without further communication with him, ordered the remaining troops to march down the Vorskla to the Dnieper, taking the cannon and all the baggage. The retreat began toward evening. The Russians pressed them so hotly that the next morning it was necessary to burn the heavy baggage, and mount part of the infantry on the horses. On the afternoon of July 11th the Swedes arrived at the little town of Perevolótchna, at the mouth of the Vorskla, where there was a ferry across the Dnieper, but the town had been burned and all the means of transport destroyed. After a long argument, Lewenhaupt and Creutz persuaded the King to leave the army and take measures for his personal safety. Some boats and rafts were found on the Vorskla, and by means of these the King, Mazeppa, and about one thousand men crossed the Dnieper. Charles took with him part of the army treasure, consisting of the military contributions levied in Saxony, which had been almost untouched. The remainder was to be divided among the troops. The

King, with the Russian cavalry in hot pursuit, rode as fast as he could to the Bug, where half his escort was captured, and he barely escaped. Thence he went to Otchakóf and Bender on the Dniester, and for five years remained the guest of Turkey. Mazeppa died at Varnítza, a village near Bender, on March 31, 1710, and was buried in the old church of St. George, on the high bank of the Danube at Galatz.

Lewenhaupt had a glimmer of hope that he could save the army by crossing the Vorskla and marching to the Black Sea. It was, however, too late. It was midnight when the King crossed, and the next morning the Russian advance-guard appeared on the hills back of the camp—the troops of Menshikóf, who had started in pursuit the day after the battle. Lewenhaupt tried to rally his men, and hoped to make a stand; but the Swedes refused to fight, many of them deserted, and some tried to swim across the Dnieper. A few officers even committed suicide. The conditions proposed by Menshikóf were honorable. Lewenhaupt, after prolonging the negotiations as long as he could, in order to give the King additional time for escape, at last surrendered. The prisoners taken at Perevolótchna numbered fifteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, including three generals. Those taken at Poltáva were two thousand eight hundred and seventy-one. The Swedish loss in killed and wounded was about four thousand. As trophies of the fight, the Russians took thirty-two cannon and two hundred and sixty-four standards, besides wagons and trains. Their own loss was: killed, one thousand three hundred and forty-five, and wounded, three thousand two hundred and ninety. "And thus, by God's help, the whole of the enemy's army, so famous in the world (which by its presence in Saxony caused no little fear in Europe), came into the hands of the Emperor." Thus says Peter's journal, and in a letter to Apráxin, written on the night after the battle, the Tsar adds: "Now, with God's help, the last stone has been laid of the foundation of St. Petersburg."

The battle of Poltáva marked the end of the campaign and of Charles's greatness. It did in one day what would otherwise have required weeks to accomplish, but the Swedish army was irretrievably lost, and the end would have been exactly the same, though a little later, had the battle of Poltáva never been fought.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

THE success at Poltáva was so sudden and so overwhelming that the Russians were at first dazed and confused by the magnitude of their victory. But the practical necessities of the moment soon restored Peter to his equilibrium. The Swedish prisoners were marched off to different towns and provinces,—some to Kief, some to Moscow, and some even to Siberia. They were made to labor at works of public utility, even at the construction of fortifications. The generals and superior officers were allowed their pay, and a third was given them in advance. Cederhjelm and Marderfeldt were allowed to go on parole to Stockholm and use their efforts for peace. The Prince of Würtemberg was released unconditionally. Great rewards were given to those who had taken the chief part in the events of the campaign. Menshikóf was made a field-marshal; Sheremétief received larger estates; Golófkin was made chancellor, and Shafirof vice-chancellor. The generals received increase of rank or estates, and all were presented with the portrait of the Tsar, set in diamonds. Peter himself, who was up to this time a colonel, at the request of his officers took the title of lieutenant-general in the army and rear-admiral in the navy. In Moscow there was great rejoicing.

Peter wrote to Catherine on the day of the battle, addressing her now and henceforth alone, and not together with Anisia Tolstóy:

> "Little mother, how are you? I declare to you that the all-merciful Lord has deigned to grant us this day an indescribable victory over the enemy. To say it in one word, the whole enemy's force is knocked on the head, about which you yourself will hear from us. Come here and congratulate us.
>
> "PITER.
>
> "Give my respects to the Princess and the rest."

Letters, inclosing a copy of the account of the battle, were sent not only to all Peter's friends, including two merchants, and to the chief officials at Moscow, but also to many of the Polish magnates and to Russian ministers abroad, for communication to the courts to which they were accredited. Menshikóf wrote to the Duke of Marlborough, and so much did Peter desire his good opinion that, twelve days after the battle, a special courier was dispatched to him and to the Prince of Orange. In some of these letters occurred the phrase:

PROCESSION OF CAVALRY.

"In short, the whole of the enemy's army has had an end like that of Phaeton." This comparison caused in some quarters doubts as to the genuineness of the letter and the reality of the victory. "For what," it was said, "do the Russians know about Phaeton?"

On the 24th of July the army left Poltáva, which was beginning to be very unhealthy. Sheremétief, with all the infantry and a part of the cavalry, was sent to besiege Riga; while Menshikóf, with the greater part of the cavalry, marched to Poland, in order to unite with General Goltz, and act against King Stanislas and General Krassow. The fatigues of Poltáva brought on a fever, which kept the Tsar for a fortnight in Kíef; but he was sufficiently master of himself to dictate orders with regard to his fleet, and letters to the parents and relatives of many who had died in the battle.

The news of the Swedish disaster at Poltáva was at first disbelieved in Poland, but at last the evidence became so strong that General Krassow thought it his wisest course to retreat into Pomerania. He was shortly followed by King Stanislas, who offered to resign the crown if the republic demanded it.* King Augustus regained his courage, and issued a proclamation, recounting the indignities put upon him by the Swedish King, and recalling his faithful subjects to their allegiance. He entered Poland with an army of fourteen thousand men, and invited the Tsar to an interview at Thorn. In this condition of affairs, the Polish magnates found it impossible to temporize. They withdrew from Stanislas and paid court to Peter, thanking him that by his victory he had restored them their lawful sovereign and their liberties. In the last days of September, at Solec, Peter reviewed the Polish army, commanded by the hetman Sieniawski, and received the chamberlain of the King of Prussia, who had come to congratulate him and invite him to visit his sovereign. Stopping but a day at Warsaw, to be received in state by the Polish senators, Peter sailed down the Vistula to Thorn. A little above the town he was met by the barge of the King. Augustus blushed and stammered in offering his congratulations, but Peter put him at ease by telling him not to recall the past, as he knew that he could not act otherwise.

On the 20th of October, the Tsar and Augustus concluded a new treaty, by which all previous obligations and claims were withdrawn, and all previous documents were to be considered as waste paper. The Tsar agreed to aid Augustus in regaining the Polish throne; the King promised to assist him against all his enemies. The aim of the alliance was not to annihilate Sweden, but to restrict it to its proper boundaries, and to render it harmless to its neighbors.

A few days afterward, a secret article was added to the treaty, by which the "principality" of Livonia, with all its cities and towns, was to be ceded to his Polish Majesty as Elector of Saxony, and to his heirs.

The public opinion of Europe, which had been adverse to Peter and to the Russians, turned as soon as the result of the battle of Poltáva was known. Leibnitz, for example, who, after the battle of Narva, had expressed his desire that Charles should rule over Moscovy as far as the Amur, now writes, "You can believe how much the revolution in the north astonished many people. It is commonly said that the Tsar will be formidable for all Europe, and will be like a northern Turk. But can he be prevented from educating his subjects and rendering them civilized and warlike? *Qui jure suo utitur nemini facit injuriam.* As for me, who am for the good of the human race, I am very glad that so great an empire is putting itself in the ways of reason and of order, and I consider the Tsar in that

* Stanislas was living at Wissembourg, on a scanty pension from the French Government, when he became unexpectedly the father-in-law of Louis XV. His attempt to regain his crown on the death of Augustus, in 1733, was a disastrous failure.

TRAILING FLAGS.

respect as a person whom God has destined to great works."

Negotiations had been going on since 1707 with the house of Wolfenbüttel for a marriage between the Tsarévitch Alexis and the Princess Charlotte. But great difficulties were raised because the Tsar's position in Russia was not secure, and it would be very difficult for him to succeed in making himself "considerable in Europe," for Sweden would not conclude peace until she had won back all the Baltic coast, and Poland, Holland, and England would never allow Russia to gain position as a naval power. Now there was a strong current of favorable opinion to him at the court of Wolfenbüttel. He had become brave, and generous, and powerful, and his virtues were loudly celebrated. All difficulties with regard to the marriage ceased. The Princess consented, and a draft of the marriage-contract was soon drawn up and sent to Russia through Baron Urbich.

The Elector of Hanover showed signs of a readiness to detach himself from the Swedish interests, and draw nearer to Russia. To confirm this feeling, Prince Boris Kurákin, returned long since from Rome, was sent as minister to Hanover.

While the Tsar was at Thorn he received a Danish envoy, Baron von Rantzau, with the congratulations of King Frederick IV., and a request for an offensive and defensive alliance against Sweden. Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the Tsar's minister at Copenhagen, had long been trying to bring the Danes to this step, and had been instructed to make large promises of men and money. England and Holland both did their best to prevent any such arrangement until peace had been made with France, and their ministers, in conference with the Danes, even threatened to take the side of Sweden. They feared that, in case of a war in the north, German troops would be withdrawn from the allied army, and an advantage thus be given to France.

Dolgorúky, too, ascertained that when the King of Prussia had sent word to Holland of his intention to have an interview with the Tsar, the States-General warned him against entering into any arrangements with Russia, as the Tsar was now so strong that he could become dangerous for other powers, and especially for Prussia; that all powers were bound not to allow him to strengthen himself so as to cause harm to the whole of Europe. While the Danes were using this opposition as a pretext for demanding subsidies, the secretary of the French legation informed Dolgorúky that Louis XIV. would be very glad to make an alliance with the Tsar. Dolgorúky, in reporting this, was of opinion that it would be better not to make any arrangements with France, but only to show an apparent willingness to do so, so that France might be incited to carry on the war, and the allies might be held in check. He was ordered to reply that Russia would be very glad to receive a French envoy. France was very willing to put an end to all former disputes, and was ready to guarantee the conquests of the Tsar, and help Russia to establish herself firmly on the Baltic, so as to injure the Dutch trade. Dolgorúky managed so well that, though he had before promised to supply soldiers and sailors, and give a subsidy, he now succeeded in inducing Denmark to make an alliance with Russia without any such stipulation. He wrote in ecstasy to Golófkin: "I have given nothing, neither a man nor a shilling." This treaty was concluded on the 22d of October.

While Dolgorúky was concluding the treaty with the Danes, Peter had sailed down the Vistula to Marienwerder, and had his interview with King Frederick of Prussia. The King communicated to him his views with regard to the partition of Poland, but the Tsar replied that it was not practicable. Both the King and the Tsar dined with Menshikóf, and the King conferred on him the Order of the Black Eagle, and Peter gave the King a sword made in Russia, "of very extraordinary workmanship." Apparently everything was most cordial. Scarcely ten words passed without embraces,

THE LITTER IN THE PROCESSION.

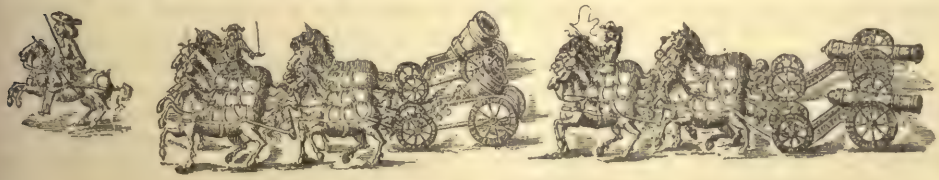
but the Prussian monarch and his minister were surprised to find the Tsar so haughty, so cool, and so evidently master of the situation.

The Tsar nevertheless concluded an alliance with King Frederick, defensive in its terms, as Prussia was excused from taking any active part in the war. He also agreed to restore Kurland to the young duke Frederick William, nephew of the King of Prussia, with whom and his niece Anna,* the daughter of the Tsar Iván, a marriage was speedily arranged.

After visiting the camp of Sheremétief, who was preparing for the siege of Riga, and giving him instructions not to expose his men too much to the rigors of the climate, but to confine himself during the winter months to a blockade of the town, the Tsar went to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the 4th of December. He now felt sure of the permanence of his settlement on the Neva, and, during his short stay, busied himself with many plans for the enlargement and improvement of the town. He decided on designs for public gardens and for a palace, on plans for magazines and store-houses, and ordered the nobles to build houses in what he called "the Holy Land," but to which they were ready to apply an epithet of a totally different character. After laying the keel of a ship, to be called the *Poltáva*, and giving directions for the foundation of a church for the funeral of strangers, in honor of St. Sampson the Hospitable, on whose festival the battle of Poltáva was fought, he hastened to Moscow for his triumph. It was necessary for him to wait a week at his villa of Kolómenskoe for the arrival of the guard and for completing the necessary arrangements. At last everything was ready; the triumphal arches were duly erected and the streets properly decorated, and the procession set out. But just as it was starting, Peter received information of the birth of his daughter Elizabeth, subsequently Empress. He hurried away with his friends to celebrate the event at home, and put off the procession for two days. In this triumphal entry the Tsar compelled the Swedish prisoners to take part, to the number of twenty-two thousand and eighty-five. Peter was on horseback, following immediately after the Swedish generals and ministers, in the same colonel's uniform that he had worn at Poltáva.

It was so late after the Te Deum in the cathedral that the remainder of the ceremony was postponed until the following day. At the banquet that evening in the hall of the new palace, the Swedish generals were entertained at a separate table, on the right of the Tsar's. Toasts were drunk to all, even to the Swedes, and the carousing was kept up to a late hour. The crowd outside was amused with fire-works. The official feasting went on again the next day, when entertainments were also given to the people, to the troops, and to all the Swedish prisoners, and the Christmas holidays were spent in festivities and nightly banquets in the houses of Peter's intimate friends.

* She subsequently became Empress.



PROCESSION OF ARTILLERY.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

VII.

THE next morning Elmore was called from his bed—at no very early hour, it must be owned, but at least before a nine-o'clock breakfast—to see a gentleman who was waiting in the parlor. He dressed hurriedly, with a thousand exciting speculations in his mind, and found Mr. Rose-Black looking from the balcony window.

"You have a pleasant position here," he said, easily, as he turned about to meet Elmore's look of indignant demand. "I've come to ask all about our friends the Andersens."

"I don't know anything about them," answered Elmore. "I never saw them before."

"Ah-ow!" said the painter. Elmore had not invited him to sit down, but now he dropped into a chair, with the air of asking Elmore to explain himself. "The young lady of your party seemed to know them. How uncommonly pretty all your American young girls are! But I'm told they fade very soon. I should like to make up a picnic party with you all for the Lido."

"Thank you," replied Elmore, stiffly. "Miss Mayhew has seen the Lido."

"Ah-ow! *That's* her name. It's a pretty name." He looked through the open door into the dining-room, where the table was set for breakfast, with the usual water-goblet at each plate. "I see you have beer for breakfast. There's nothing so nice, you know. Would you—would you mind giving me a glahs?"

Through an undefined sense of the duties of hospitality, Elmore was surprised by this impudence into sending out to the next *caffè* for a pitcher of beer. Rose-Black poured himself out one glass and another till he had emptied the pitcher, conversing affably meanwhile with his silent host.

"*Why* didn't you turn him out of doors?" demanded Mrs. Elmore, as soon as the painter's departure allowed her to slip from the closed door behind which she had been imprisoned in her room.

"I did everything *but* that," replied her husband, whom this interview had saddened more than it had angered.

"You sent out for beer for him!"

"I didn't know but it might make him sick. Really, the thing is incredible. I think the man is cracked."

"He is an Englishman, and he thinks he can take any kind of liberty with us because we are Americans."

"That seems to be the prevalent impression among all the European nationalities," said Elmore. "Let's drop him for the present, and try to be more brutal in the future."

Mrs. Elmore, so far from dropping him, turned to Lily, who entered at that moment, and recounted the extraordinary adventure of the morning, which scarcely needed the embellishment of her fancy: it was not really a gallon of beer, but a quart, that Mr. Rose-Black had drunk. She enlarged upon previous aggressions of his, and said finally that they had to thank Mr. Ferris for his acquaintance.

"Ferris couldn't help himself," said Elmore. "He apologized to me afterward. The man got him into a corner. But he warned us about him as soon as he could. And Rose-Black would have made our acquaintance, any way. I believe he's crazy."

"I don't see how that helps the matter."

"It helps to explain it," concluded Elmore, with a sigh. "We can't refer everything to our being American lambs, and his being a ravening European wolf."

"Of course he came round to find out about Lily," said Mrs. Elmore. "The Andersens were a mere blind."

"Oh, Mrs. Elmore!" cried Lily, in deprecation.

The bell jangled.

"That is the postman," said Mrs. Elmore.

There was a home-letter for Lily, and one from Lily's sister inclosed to Mrs. Elmore. The ladies rent them open, and lost themselves in the cross-written pages; and neither of them saw the dismay with which Elmore looked at the handwriting of the envelope addressed to him. His wife vaguely knew that he had a letter, and

meant to ask him for it as soon as she should have finished her own. When she glanced at him again, he was staring at the smiling face of Miss Mayhew, as she read her letter, with the wild regard of one who sees another in mortal peril, and can do nothing to avert the coming doom, but must dumbly await the catastrophe.

"What is it, Owen?" asked his wife, in a low voice.

He started from his trance, and struggled to answer quietly.

"I've a letter here which I suppose I'd better show to you first."

They rose and went into the next room, Miss Mayhew following them with a gay, absent look, and then dropping her eyes again to her letter.

Elmore put the note he had received into his wife's hands without a word.

"SIR,—My position permitted me to take a woman. I am a soldier, but I am an engineer—operateous, and I can exercise wherever my profession in the civil life. I have seen Miss Mayhew, and I have great sympathie for she. I think I will be lukely with her, if Miss Mayhew would be of the same intention of me.

"If you believe, Sir, that my open and realy proposition will not offendere Miss Mayhew, pray to handed to her this note. Pray, Sir, to excuse me the liberty to fatigue you, and to go over with silence if you would be of another intention.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. VON EHRHARDT."

Mrs. Elmore folded the letter carefully up and returned it to her husband. If he had, perhaps, dreaded some triumphant outburst from her, he ought to have been content with the thoroughly daunted look which she lifted to his, and the silence in which she suffered him to do justice to the writer.

"This is the letter of a gentleman, Celia," he said.

"Yes," she responded, faintly.

"It puts another complexion on the affair entirely.

"Yes. Why did he wait a whole week?" she added.

"It is a serious matter with him. He had a right to take time for thinking it over." Elmore looked at the date of the Peschiera postmark, and then at that of Venice on the back of the envelope. "No, he wrote at once. This has been kept in the Venetian office, and probably read there by the authorities."

His wife did not heed the conjecture.

"He began all wrong," she grieved. "Why couldn't he have behaved sensibly?"

"We must look at it from another point of view now," replied Elmore. "He has repaired his error by this letter."

"No, no; he hasn't."

"The question is now what to do about the changed situation. This is an offer of marriage. It comes in the proper way. It's a very sincere and manly letter. The man has counted the whole cost: he's ready to leave the army and go to America, if she says so. He's in love. How can she refuse him?"

"Perhaps she isn't in love with him," said Mrs. Elmore.

"Oh! That's true. I hadn't thought of that. Then it's very simple."

"But I don't know that she isn't," murmured Mrs. Elmore.

"Well, ask her."

"How could *she* tell?"

"How could she *tell?*"

"Yes. Do you suppose a child like that can know her own mind in an instant?"

"I should think she could."

"Well, she couldn't. She liked the excitement,—the romanticality of it; but she doesn't know any more than you or I whether she cares for him. I don't suppose marriage with anybody has ever seriously entered her head yet."

"It will have to do so now," said Elmore, firmly. "There's no help for it."

"I think the American plan is much better," pouted Mrs. Elmore. "It's horrid to know that a man's in love with you, and wants to marry you, from the very start. Of course it makes you hate him."

"I dare say the American plan is better in this as in most other things. But we can't discuss abstractions, Celia. We must come down to business. What are we to do?"

"I don't know."

"We must submit the question to her."

"To that innocent, unsuspecting little thing? Never!" cried Mrs. Elmore.

"Then we must decide it, as he seems to expect we may, without reference to her," said her husband.

"No, that wont do. Let me think."

Mrs. Elmore thought to so little purpose that she left the word to her husband again.

"You see we must lay the matter before her."

"Couldn't—couldn't we let him come to see us awhile? Couldn't we explain our ways to him, and allow him to pay her attentions without letting her know about this letter?"

"I'm afraid he wouldn't understand—that we couldn't make it clear to him," said Elmore. "If we invited him to the house he would consider it as an acceptance. He wants a categorical answer, and he has a right to it. It would be no kindness to a man with his ideas to take him on probation. He has behaved honorably, and we're bound to consider him."

"Oh, I don't think he's done anything so very great," said Mrs. Elmore, with that disposition we all have to disparage those who put us in difficulties.

"He's done everything he could do," said Elmore. "Shall I speak to Miss Mayhew?"

"No, you had better let me," sighed his wife. "I suppose we must. But I think it's horrid! Everything could have gone on so nicely if he hadn't been so impatient from the beginning. Of course she wont have him now. She will be scared, and that will be the end of it."

"I think you ought to be just to him, Celia. I can't help feeling for him. He has thrown himself upon our mercy, and he has a claim to right and thoughtful treatment."

"She wont have anything to do with him. You'll see."

"I shall be very glad of that——" Elmore began.

"*Why* should you be glad of it?" demanded his wife.

He laughed.

"I think I can safely leave his case in your hands. Don't go to the other extreme. If she married a German, he would let her black his boots,—like that general in Munich."

"Who is talking of marriage?" retorted Mrs. Elmore.

"Captain Ehrhardt and I. That's what it comes to; and it can't come to anything else. I like his courage in writing English, and it's wonderful how he hammers his meaning into it. 'Lukely' isn't bad, is it? And 'my position permitted me to take a woman'—I suppose he means that he has money enough to marry on—is delicious. Upon my word, I have a good deal of sympathie for he!"

"For shame, Owen! It's wicked to make fun of his English."

"My dear, I respect him for writing in English. The whole letter is touchingly brave and fine. Confound him! I wish I had never heard of him. What does he come bothering across my path for?"

"Oh, don't feel that way about it, Owen!" cried his wife. "It's cruel."

"I don't. I wish to treat him in the most generous manner; after all, it isn't his fault. But you must allow, Celia, that it's very annoying and extremely perplexing. *We* can't make up Miss Mayhew's mind for her. Even if we found out that she liked him, it would be only the beginning of our troubles. *We've* no right to give her away in marriage, or let her involve her affections here. But be judicious, Celia."

"It's easy enough to say that!"

"I'll be back in an hour," said Elmore. "I'm going to the Square. We mustn't lose time."

As he passed out through the breakfast-room, Lily was sitting by the window with her letter in her lap, and a happy smile on her lips. When he came back she happened to be seated in the same place; she still had a letter in her lap, but she was smiling no longer; her face was turned from him as he entered, and he imagined a wistful droop in that corner of her mouth which showed on her profile.

But she rose very promptly, and with a heightened color said:

"I am sorry to trouble you to answer another letter for me, Professor Elmore. I manage my correspondence at home myself, but here it seems to be different."

"It needn't be different here, Lily," said Elmore, kindly. "You can answer all the letters you receive in just the way you like. We don't doubt your discretion in the least. We will abide by any decision of yours, on any point that concerns yourself."

"Thank you," replied the girl; "but in this case I think you had better write."

She kept slipping Ehrhardt's letter up and down between her thumb and finger against the palm of her left hand, and delayed giving it to him, as if she wished him to say something first.

"I suppose you and Celia have talked the matter over?"

"Yes."

"And I hope you have determined upon the course you are going to take, quite uninfluenced?"

"Oh, quite so."

"I feel bound to tell you," said Elmore, "that this gentleman has now done everything that we could expect of him, and has fully atoned for any error he committed in making your acquaintance."

"Yes, I understand that. Mrs. Elmore thought he might have written because he

saw he had gone too far, and couldn't think of any other way out of it."

"That occurred to me, too, though I didn't mention it. But we're bound to take the letter on its face, and that's open and honorable. Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish for delay? There is no reason for haste."

"There's no reason for delay, either," said the girl. Yet she did not give up the letter, or show any signs of intending to terminate the interview. "If I had had more experience, I should know how to act better; but I must do the best I can, without the experience. I think that even in a case like this we should try to do right, don't you?"

"Yes, above all other cases," said Elmore, with a laugh.

She flushed in recognition of her absurdity.

"I mean that we oughtn't to let our feelings carry us away. I saw so many girls carried away by their feelings, when the first regiments went off, that I got a horror of it. I think it's wicked: it deceives both; and then you don't know how to break the engagement afterward."

"You're quite right, Lily," said Elmore, with a rising respect for the girl.

"Professor Elmore, can you believe that, with all the attentions I've had, I've never seriously thought of getting married as the end of it all?" she asked, looking him freely in the eyes.

"I can't understand it,—no man could, I suppose,—but I do believe it. Mrs. Elmore has often told me the same thing."

"And this—letter—it—means marriage."

"That and nothing else. The man who wrote it would consider himself cruelly wronged if you accepted his attentions without the distinct purpose of marrying him."

She drew a deep breath.

"I shall have to ask you to write a refusal for me."

But still she did not give him the letter.

"Have you made up your mind to that?"

"I can't make up my mind to anything else."

Elmore walked unhappily back and forth across the room.

"I have seen something of international marriages since I've been in Europe," he said. "Sometimes they succeed; but generally they're wretched failures. The barriers of different race, language, education, religion,—they're terrible barriers. It's very hard for a man and woman to understand each other at the best; with these differences added, it's almost a hopeless case."

"Yes; that's what Mrs. Elmore said."

"And suppose you were married to an Austrian officer stationed in Italy. You would have *no* society outside of the garrison. Every other human creature that looked at you would hate you. And if you were ordered to some of those half-barbaric principalities,—Moldavia or Wallachia, or into Hungary or Bohemia,—everywhere your husband would be an instrument for the suppression of an alien or disaffected population. What a fate for an American girl!"

"If he were good," said the girl, replying in the abstract, "she needn't care."

"If he were good, you needn't care. No. And he might leave the Austrian service, and go with you to America, as he hints. What could he do there? He might get an appointment in our army, though that's not so easy now; or he might go to Patmos, and live upon your friends till he found something to do in civil life."

Lily broke into a laugh.

"Why, Professor Elmore, *I* don't want to marry him! What in the world are you arguing with me for?"

"Perhaps to convince myself. I feel that I oughtn't to let these considerations weigh as a feather in the balance if you are at all—at all—ahem! excuse me!—attached to him. That, of course, outweighs everything else."

"But I'm *not!*" cried the girl. "How *could* I be? I've only met him twice. It would be perfectly ridiculous. I *know* I'm not. I ought to know that if I know anything."

Years afterward, it occurred to Elmore, when he awoke one night, and his mind, without any reason, flew back to this period in Venice, that she might have been referring the point to him for decision. But now it only seemed to him that she was adding force to her denial; and he observed nothing hysterical in the little laugh she gave.

"Well, then, we can't have it over too soon. I'll write now, if you will give me his letter."

She put it behind her.

"Professor Elmore," she said, "I am not going to have you think that he ever behaved in the least presumingly. And whatever you think of me, I must tell you that I

suppose I talked very freely with him,—just as freely as I should with an American. I didn't know any better. He was very interesting, and I was homesick, and so glad to see any one who could speak English. I suppose I was a goose; but I felt very far away from all my friends, and I was grateful for his kindness. Even if he had never written this last letter, I should always have said that he was a true gentleman."

"Well?"

"That is all. I can't have him treated as if he were an adventurer."

"You want him dismissed?"

"Yes."

"A man can't distinguish as to the terms of a dismissal. They're always insolent,—more insolent than ever, if you try to make them kindly. I should merely make this as short and sharp as possible."

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, as if the idea affected her respiration.

"But I will show it to you, and I wont send it without your approval."

"Thank you. But I shall not want to see it. I'd rather not." She was going out of the room.

"Will you leave me his letter? You can have it again."

She turned red in giving it him. "I forgot. Why, it's written to you, anyway!" she cried, with a laugh, and put the letter on the table.

The two doors opened and closed; one excluded Lily and the other admitted Mrs. Elmore.

"Owen, I approve of all you said, except that about the form of the refusal. *I* will read what you say. I intend that it *shall* be made kindly."

"Very well. I'll copy a letter of yours, or write from your dictation."

"No; you write it, and I'll criticise it."

"Oh, you talk as if I were eager to write the letter! Can't you imagine it's being a very painful thing to me?" he demanded.

"It didn't seem to be so before."

"Why, the situation wasn't the same before he wrote this letter!"

"I don't see how. He was as much in earnest then as he is now, and you had no pity for him."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Elmore, desperately. "Don't you see the difference? He hadn't given any proof before ——"

"Oh, proof, proof! You men are always wanting proof! What better proof could he have given than the way he followed her about? Proof, indeed! I suppose you'd like to have Lily prove that she doesn't care for him!"

"Yes," said Elmore, sadly; "I should like very much to have her prove it."

"Well, you wont get her to. What makes you think she does?"

"I don't. Do you?"

"N–o," answered Mrs. Elmore, reluctantly.

"Celia, Celia, you will drive me mad if you go on in this way! The girl has told me, over and over, that she wishes him dismissed. Why do you think she doesn't?"

"I don't. Who hinted such a thing? But I don't want you to *enjoy* doing it."

"*Enjoy* it! So you think I enjoy it? What do you suppose I'm made of? Perhaps you think I enjoyed catechising the child about her feelings toward him? Perhaps you think I enjoy the whole confounded affair? Well, I give it up. I will let it go. If I can't have your full and hearty support, I'll let it go. I'll do nothing about it."

He threw Ehrhardt's letter on the table, and went and sat down by the window. His wife took the letter up and read it over.

"Why, you see he asks you to pass it over in silence if you don't consent."

"Does he?" asked Elmore. "I hadn't noticed that."

"Perhaps you'd better read some of your letters, Owen, before you answer them!"

"Really, I had forgotten. I had forgotten that the letter was written to me at all. I thought it was to Lily, and she had got to thinking so, too. Well, then, I wont do anything about it."

He drew a breath of relief.

"Perhaps," suggested his wife, "he asked that so as to leave himself some hope if he should happen to meet her again."

"And we don't wish him to have any hope."

Mrs. Elmore was silent.

"Celia," cried her husband, indignantly, "I can't have you playing fast and loose with me in this matter!"

"I suppose I may have time to think," she retorted.

"Yes, if you will tell me what you *do* think; but that I *must* know. It's a thing too vital in its consequences for me to act without your full concurrence. I wont take another step in it till I know just how far you have gone with me. If I may judge of what this man's influence upon Lily would be by the fact that he has brought us to the verge of the only real quarrel we've ever had——"

"Who's quarreling, Owen?" asked Mrs. Elmore, meekly. "I'm not."

"Well, well! we wont dispute about that. I want to know whether you thought with me that it was improper for him to address her in the car?"

"Yes."

"And still more improper for him to join you in the street?"

"Yes. But he was very gentlemanly."

"No matter about that. You were just as much annoyed as I was by his letter to her?"

"I don't know about annoyed. It scared me."

"Very well. And you approved of my answering it as I did?"

"I had nothing to do with it. I thought you were acting conscientiously. I'll say that much."

"You've got to say more. You have got to say you approved of it; for you know you did."

"Oh—*approved* of it? Yes!"

"That's all I want. Now I agree with you that if we pass this letter in silence, it will leave him with some hope. You agree with me that in a marriage between an American girl and an Austrian officer, the chances would be ninety-nine to a hundred against her happiness at the best."

"There are a great many unhappy marriages at home," said Mrs. Elmore, impartially.

"That isn't the point, Celia, and you know it. The point is whether you believe the chances are for or against her in such a marriage. Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Agree with me?"

"Yes; but I say they *might* be *very* happy. I shall always say that."

Elmore flung up his hands in despair.

"Well, then, say what shall be done now."

This was perhaps just what Mrs. Elmore did not choose to say. She was silent a long time,—so long that Elmore said: "But there's really no haste about it," and took some notes of his history out of a drawer, and began to look them over, with his back turned to her.

"I never knew anything so heartless!" she cried. "Owen, this *must* be attended to at once! I can't have it hanging over me any longer. It will make me sick."

He turned abruptly round, and seating himself at the table, wrote a note, which he pushed across to her. It acknowledged the receipt of Captain von Ehrhardt's letter, and expressed Miss Mayhew's feeling that there was nothing in it to change her wish that the acquaintance should cease. In after years the terms of this note did not always appear to Elmore wisely chosen or humanely considered; but he stood at bay, and he struck mercilessly. In spite of the explicit concurrence of both Miss Mayhew and his wife, he felt they were throwing wholly upon him a responsibility whose fearfulness he did not then realize. Even in his wife's "Send it!" he was aware of a subtile reservation on her part.

VIII.

MRS. ELMORE and Lily again rose buoyantly from the conclusive event, but he succumbed to it. For the delicate and fastidious invalid, keeping his health evenly from day to day upon the condition of a free and peaceful mind, the strain had been too much. He had a bad night, and the next day a gastric trouble declared itself which kept him in bed half the week, and left him very weak and tremulous. His friends did not forget him during this time. Hoskins came regularly to see him, and supplied his place at the *table d'hôte* of the Danieli, going to and fro with the ladies, and efficiently protecting them from the depredations of the Austrian soldiery. From Mr. Rose-Black he could not protect them; and both the ladies amused Elmore with a dramatization of how the Englishman had boldly outwitted them, and trampled all their finessing under foot, by simply walking up to them in the reading-room, and saying: "This is Miss Mayhew, I suppose," and putting himself at once on the footing of an old family friend. They read to Elmore, and they put his papers in order, so that he did not know where to find anything when he got well; but they always came home from the hotel with some lively gossip, and this he liked best. They professed to recognize an anxiety on the part of Mr. Andersen's aunt that his mind should not be diverted from the civil service in India by thoughts of young American ladies; but she sent some delicacies to Elmore, and one day she even came to call with her nephew, in extreme reluctance and anxiety, as they pretended to him.

The next afternoon the young man called alone, and Elmore, who was now on foot, received him in the parlor, before the ladies

came in. Mr. Andersen had a bunch of flowers in one hand, and a small wooden box, containing a little turtle on a salad-leaf, in the other; the poor animals are sold in the Piazza at Venice for souvenirs of the city, and people often carry them away. Elmore took the offerings simply, as he took everything in life, and interpreted them as an expression, however odd, of Mr. Andersen's sympathy with his recent sufferings, of which he gave him some account; but he practiced a decent self-denial here, and they were already talking of the weather when the ladies appeared. He hastened to exhibit the tokens of Mr. Andersen's kind remembrance, and was mystified by the young man's confusion, and the impatient, almost contemptuous, air with which his wife listened to him. Hoskins came in at that moment to ask about Elmore's health, and showed the hostile civility to Andersen which young men use toward each other in the presence of ladies; and then, seeing that the latter had secured the place at Miss Mayhew's side on the sofa, he limped to the easy-chair near Mrs. Elmore and fell into talk with her about Rose-Black's pictures, which he had just seen. They were based upon an endeavor to trace the moral principles believed by Mr. Ruskin to underlie Venetian art, and they were very queer, so Hoskins said; he roughly jotted down an idea of some of them on a block he took from his pocket.

Mr. Andersen and Lily went out upon one of the high-railed balconies that overhung the canal, and stood there, with their backs to the others. She seemed to be listening, with averted face, while he, with his cheek leaning upon one hand and his elbow resting on the balcony rail, kept a pensive attitude after they had apparently ceased to speak. Something in their pose struck the sculptor's fancy, and he made a hasty sketch of them and was showing it to the Elmores when Lily suddenly descended into the room again, and, saying something about its being quite dark, went out, and left Mr. Andersen to make his adieux to the others. He startled them by saying that he was to set off for India in the morning, and he went away very melancholy.

"Well, I don't know," said Hoskins, thoughtfully retouching his sketch, "that I should feel very lively about going out to India myself."

"He seems to be a very affectionate young fellow," observed Elmore, "and I've no doubt he will feel the separation from his friends. But I really don't know why he should have brought me a bouquet, and a small turtle in a box, on the eve of his departure."

"What?" cried Hoskins, with a rude guffaw; and when Elmore had showed his gifts, Hoskins threw back his head and laughed indecently. His behavior nettled Elmore, and it sent Mrs. Elmore prematurely out of the room; for, not content with his explosions of laughter, he continued for some time to amuse himself by touching up with the point of his pencil the tail of the turtle, which he had turned out of its box upon the table. At Mrs. Elmore's withdrawal he stopped, and presently said good-night rather soberly.

Then she returned.

"Owen," she asked, sadly, "did you really think these flowers and that turtle were for you?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

"Well, I don't know whether I wouldn't almost rather it had been a joke. I believe that I would rather despise your heart than your head. Why should Mr. Andersen bring *you* flowers and a turtle?"

"Upon my word, I don't know."

"They were for Lily! And your mistake has added another pang to the poor young fellow's suffering. She has just refused him," she said; and, as Elmore continued to glare blankly at her, she added: "She was refusing him there on the balcony while that disgusting Mr. Hoskins was sketching them; and he had his hand up, that way, because he was crying."

"This is horrible, Celia!" cried Elmore. The scent of the flowers lying on the table seemed to choke him; the turtle clawing about on the smooth surface looked demoniacal. "Why——"

"Now, don't ask me why she refused him, Owen. Of course she couldn't care for a boy like that. But he can't realize it, and it's just as miserable for him as if he were a thousand years old."

Elmore hung his head.

"It was all a mistake. How heartless I must have seemed! But how should I know any better? I am a straightforward man, Celia; and I am unfit for the care that has been thrown upon me. It's more than I can bear. No, I'm *not* fit for it!" he cried at last; and his wife, seeing him so crushed, now said something to console him.

"I know you're not. I see it more and more. But I know that you will do the

best you can, and that you will always act from a good motive. Only *do* try to be more on your guard."

"I will—I will," he answered, humbly.

He had a temptation, the next time he visited Hoskins, to tell him the awful secret, and to see how the situation of that night, with this lurid light upon it, affected him: it could do poor Andersen, now on his way to India, no harm. He yielded to his temptation, at the same time that he confessed his own blunder about the flowers.

Hoskins whistled.

"I tell you what," he said, after a long pause, "there are some things in history that I never could realize,—like Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, putting on her best things, and stepping down into the front parlor of that castle to have her head off. But a thing like this, happening on your own balcony, *helps* you to realize it."

"It helps you to realize it," assented Elmore, deeply oppressed by the tragic parallel.

"He's just beginning to feel it about now," said Hoskins, with strange *sang froid*. "I reckon it's a good deal like being shot. I didn't fully appreciate my little hit under a couple of days. Then I began to find out that something had happened. Look here," he added, "I want to show you something;" and he pulled the wet cloth off a breadth of clay which he had set up on a board stayed against the wall. It was a bass-relief representing a female figure advancing from the left corner over a stretch of prairie toward a bulk of forest on the right; bison, bear, and antelope fled before her; a lifted hand shielded her eyes; a star lit the fillet that bound her hair.

"That's the best thing you've done, Hoskins," said Elmore. "What do you call it?"

"Well, I haven't settled yet. I *have* thought of 'Westward the Star of Empire,' but that's rather long; and I've thought of 'American Enterprise.' I aint in any hurry to name it. You like it, do you?"

"I like it immensely!" cried Elmore. "You must let me bring the ladies to see it."

"Well, not just yet," said the sculptor, in some confusion. "I want to get it a little further along first."

They stood looking together at the figure; and when Elmore went away he puzzled himself about something in it—he could not tell exactly what. He thought he had seen that face and figure before, but this is what often occurs to the connoisseur of modern sculpture. His mind heavily reverted to Lily and her suitors. Take her in one way, especially in her subordination to himself, the girl was as simply a child as any in the world—good-hearted, tender, and sweet, and, as he could see, without tendency to flirtation. Take her in another way, confront her with a young and marriageable man, and Elmore greatly feared that she unconsciously set all her beauty and grace at work to charm him; another life seemed to inform her, and irradiate from her, apart from which she existed simple and child-like still. In the security of his own deposited affections, it appeared to him cruelly absurd that a passion which any other pretty girl might, and some other pretty girl in time must, have kindled, should cling, when once awakened, so inalienably to the pretty girl who had, in a million chances, chanced to awaken it. He wondered how much of this constancy was natural, and how much merely attributive and traditional, and whether human happiness or misery were increased by it, on the whole.

IX.

In the respite which followed the dismissal of Andersen, the English painter Rose-Black visited the Elmores as often as the servant, who had orders in his case to say that they were *impediti*, failed of her duty. They could not always escape him at the *caffè*, and they would have left off dining at the hotel but for the shame of feeling that he had driven them away. If he had been an Englishman repelling their advances, instead of an Englishman pursuing them, he could not have been more offensive. He affronted their national as well as personal self-esteem; he early declared himself a sympathizer with the Southrons (as the London press then called them), and he expressed the current belief of his compatriots, that we were going to the dogs.

"What do you really make of him, Owen?" asked Mrs. Elmore, after an evening that, in its improbable discomfort, had passed quite like a nightmare.

"Well, I've been thinking a good deal about him. I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a final expression of the national genius,—the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that

the courtesies and decencies of life are for use exclusively toward Englishmen."

This was in that embittered old war-time: we have since learned how forbearing and generous and amiable Englishmen are; how they never take advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection.

But for the present Mrs. Elmore replied to her husband's perverted ideas, "Yes, it must be so," and she supported him in the ineffectual experiment of deferential politeness, Christian charity, broad humanity, and savage rudeness upon Rose-Black. It was all one to Rose-Black.

He took an air of serious protection toward Mrs. Elmore, and often gave her advice, while he practiced an easy gallantry with Lily, and ignored Elmore altogether. His intimacy was superior to the accidents of their moods, and their slights and snubs were accepted apparently as interesting expressions of a civilization about which he was insatiably curious, especially as regarded the relations of young people. There was no mistaking the fact that Rose-Black in his way had fallen under the spell which Elmore had learned to dread; but there was nothing to be done, and he helplessly waited. He saw what must come; and one evening it came, when Rose-Black, in more than usually offensive patronage, lolled back upon the sofa at Miss Mayhew's side, and said:

"About flirtations, now, in America,—tell me something about flirtations. We've heard so much about your American flirtations. We only have them with married ladies, on the Continent, and I don't suppose Mrs. Elmore would think of one."

"I don't know what you mean," said Lily. "I don't know anything about flirtations."

This seemed to amuse Rose-Black as an uncommonly fine piece of American humor, which was then just beginning to make its way with the English.

"Oh, but come, now, you don't expect me to believe that, you know. If you wont tell me, suppose you show me what an American flirtation is like. Suppose we get up a flirtation. How should you begin?"

The girl rose with a more imposing air than Elmore could have imagined of her stature; but almost any woman can be awful in emergencies.

"I should begin by bidding you good-evening," she answered, and swept out of the room.

Elmore felt as if he had been left alone with a man mortally hurt in combat, and were likely to be arrested for the deed. He gazed with fascination upon Rose-Black, and wondered to see him stir, and at last rise, and with some clumsy words, get himself away. He dared not lift his gaze to the man's eyes, lest he should see there a reflection of the pain that filled his own. He would have gone after him, and tried to say something in condolence, but he was quite helpless to move; and as he sat still, gazing at the door through which Rose-Black disappeared, Mrs. Elmore said, quietly:

"Well, really, I think that ought to be the last of him. You see, she's quite able to take care of herself when she knows her ground. You can't say that she has thrown the brunt of this affair upon you, Owen."

"I am not so sure of that," sighed Elmore. "I think I suffer less when I do it than when I see it. It's horrible."

"He deserved it, every bit," returned his wife.

"Oh, I dare say," Elmore granted. "But the sight even of justice isn't pleasant, I find."

"I don't understand you, Owen. Why do you care so much for this impudent fellow's little snub, and yet be so indifferent about refusing Captain Ehrhardt?"

"I'm not indifferent about it, my dear. I know that I did right, but I don't know that I could do right under the same circumstances again."

In fact, there were times when Elmore found almost insupportable the absolute conclusion to which that business had come. It is hard to believe that anything has come to an end in this world. For a time, death itself leaves the ache of an unsatisfied expectation, as if somehow the interrupted life must go on, and there is no change we make or suffer which is not denied by the sensation of daily habit. If Ehrhardt had really come back from the vague limbo to which he had been so inexorably relegated, he might only have restored the original situation in all its discomfort and apprehension; yet, maintaining, as he did, this perfect silence and absence, he established a hold upon Elmore's imagination which deepened because he could not discuss the matter frankly with his wife. He weakly

feared to let her know what was passing in his thoughts, lest some misconception of hers should turn them into self-accusal or urge him to some attempt at the reparation toward which he wavered. He really could have done nothing that would not have made the matter worse, and he confined himself to speculating upon the character and history of the man whom he knew only by the incoherent hearsay of two excited women, and by the brief record of hope and passion left in the notes which Lily treasured somewhere among the archives of a young girl's triumphs. He had a morbid curiosity to see these letters again, but he dared not ask for them; and indeed it would have been an idle self-indulgence: he remembered them perfectly well. Seeing Lily so indifferent, it was characteristic of him, in that safety from consequences which he chiefly loved, that he should tacitly constitute himself, in some sort, the champion of her rejected suitor, whose pain he luxuriously fancied in all its different stages and degrees. His indolent pity even developed into a sort of self-righteous abhorrence of the girl's hardness. But this was wholly within himself, and could work no sort of harm. If he never ventured to hint these feelings to his wife, he was still farther from confessing them to Lily; but once he approached the subject to Hoskins, in a well-guarded generality relating to the different kinds of sensibility developed by the European and American civilization. A recent suicide for love which excited all Venice at that time—an Austrian officer hopelessly attached to an Italian girl had shot himself—had suggested their talk, and given fresh poignancy to the misgivings in Elmore's mind.

"Well," said Hoskins, "those Dutch are queer. They don't look at women as respectfully as we do, and they mix up so much cabbage with their romance that you don't know exactly how to take them; and yet here you find this fellow suffering just as much as a white man because the girl's folks wont let her have him. In fact, I don't know but he suffered more than the average American citizen. I think we have a great deal more common sense in our love-affairs. We respect women more than any other people, and I think we show them more true politeness; we let 'em have their way more, and get their finger into the pie right along, and it's right we should: but we don't make fools of ourselves about them as a general rule. We know they're awfully nice, and they know we know it; and it's a perfectly understood thing all round. We've been used to each other all our lives, and they're just as sensible as we are. They like a fellow, when they do like him, about as well as any of 'em; but they know he's a man and a brother, after all, and he's got ever so much human nature in him. Well, now, I reckon one of these Dutch chaps, the first time he gets a chance to speak with a pretty girl, thinks he's got hold of a goddess, and I suppose the girl feels just so about him. Why, it's natural they should,—they've never had any chance to know any better, and your feelings *are* apt to get the upper hand of you, at such times, any way. I don't blame 'em. One of 'em goes off and shoots himself, and the other one feels as if she was never going to get over it. Well, now, look at the way Miss Lily acted in that little business of hers; one of these girls over here would have had her head completely turned by that adventure; but when she couldn't see her way exactly clear, she puts the case in your hands, and then stands by what you do, as calm as a clock."

"It was a very perplexing thing. I did the best I knew," said Elmore.

"Why, of course you did," cried Hoskins, "and she sees that as well as you or I do, and she stands by you accordingly. I tell you that girl's got a cool head."

In his soul Elmore ungratefully and inconsistently wished that her heart were not equally cool; but he only said:

"Yes, she is a good and sensible girl. I hope the—the—other one is equally resigned."

"Oh, *he'll* get along," answered Hoskins, with the indifference of one man for the sufferings of another in such matters. We are able to offer a brother very little comfort and scarcely any sympathy in those unhappy affairs of the heart which move women to a pretty compassion for a disappointed sister. A man in love is in nowise interesting to us for that reason; and if he is unfortunate, we hope at the furthest that he will have better luck next time. It is only here and there that a sentimentalist like Elmore stops to pity him; and it is not certain that even he would have sighed over Captain Ehrhardt if he had not been the means of his disappointment. As it was, he came away, feeling that doubtless Ehrhardt had "got along," and resolved, at least, to spend no more unavailing regrets upon him.

The time passed very quietly now, and

if it had not been for Hoskins, the ladies must have found it dull. He had nothing to do, except as he made himself occupation with his art, and he willingly bestowed on them the leisure which Elmore could not find. They went everywhere with him, and saw the city to advantage through his efforts. Doors closed to ordinary curiosity opened to the magic of his card, and he showed a pleasure in using such little privileges as his position gave him for their amusement. He went upon errands for them; he was like a brother, with something more than a brother's pliability; he came half the time to breakfast with them, and was always welcome to all. He had the gift of extracting comfort from the darkest news about the war; he was a prophet of unfailing good to the Union cause, and in many hours of despondency they willingly submitted to the authority of his greater experience, and took heart again.

"I like your indomitable hopefulness, Hoskins," said Elmore, on one of those occasions when the consul was turning defeat into victory. "There's a streak of unconscious poetry in it, just as there is in your taking up the subjects you do. I imagine that, so far as the judgment of the world goes, our fortunes are at the lowest ebb just now ——"

"Oh, the world is wrong!" interrupted the consul. "Those London papers are all in the pay of the rebels."

"I mean that we have no sort of sympathy in Europe; and yet here you are, embodying in your conception of 'Westward' the arrogant faith of the days when our destiny seemed universal union and universal dominion. There is something sublime to me in your treatment of such a work at such a time. I think an Italian, for instance, if his country were involved in a life-and-death struggle like this of ours, would have expressed something of the anxiety and apprehension of the time in it; but this conception of yours is as serenely undisturbed by the facts of the war as if secession had taken place in another planet. There is something Greek in that repose of feeling, triumphant over circumstance. It is like the calm beauty which makes you forget the anguish of the Laocoön."

"Is that so, Professor?" said Hoskins, blushing modestly, as an artist often must in these days of creative criticism. He seemed to reflect awhile before he added: "Well, I reckon you're partly right. If we ever did go to smash, it would take us a whole generation to find it out. We have all been raised to put so much dependence on Uncle Sam that if the old gentleman really did pass in his checks we should only think he was lying low for a new deal. I never happened to think it out before, but I'm pretty sure it's so."

"Your work wouldn't be worth half so much to me if you had 'thought it out,'" said Elmore. "It's the unconsciousness of the faith that makes its chief value, as I said before; and there is another thing about it that interests and pleases me still more."

"What's that?" asked the sculptor.

"The instinctive way in which you have given the figure an entirely American quality. There was something very familiar to me in it the first time you showed it, but I've only just been able to formulate my impression: I see now that, while the spirit of your conception is Greek, you have given it, as you ought, the purest American expression. Your 'Westward' is no Hellenic goddess; she is a vivid and self-reliant American girl."

At these words, Hoskins reddened deeply, and seemed not to know where to look. Mrs. Elmore had the effect of escaping through the door into her own room, and Miss Mayhew ran out upon the balcony. Hoskins followed each in turn with a queer glance, and sat a moment in silence. Then he said, "Well, I reckon I must be going," and went rather abruptly, without offering to take leave of the ladies.

As soon as he was gone, Lily came in from the balcony and whipped into Mrs. Elmore's room, from which she flashed again in swift retreat to her own, and was seen no more; and then Mrs. Elmore came back, with a flushed face, to where her husband sat, mystified.

"My dear," he said, gravely, "I'm afraid you've hurt Mr. Hoskins's feelings."

"Do you think so?" she asked; and then she burst into a wild cry of laughter. "Oh, Owen, Owen, you will kill me yet!"

"Really," he replied, with dignity, "I don't see any occasion in what I said for this extraordinary behavior."

"Of course you don't, and that's just what makes the fun of it. So you found something familiar in Mr. Hoskins's statue from the first, did you?" she cried. "And you didn't notice anything particular in it?"

"Particular? Particular?" he demanded, beginning to lose his patience at this.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "couldn't you see that it was Lily all over again?"

Elmore laughed in turn.

"Why, so it is; so it is! That accounts for everything that puzzled me. I don't wonder my maunderings amused you. It *was* ridiculous, to be sure! When in the world did she give him the sittings, and how did you manage to keep it from me so well?"

"Owen!" cried his wife, with terrible severity. "You don't think that Lily would *let* him put her into it?"

"Why, I supposed—I didn't know—I don't see! how he could have done it unless ——"

"He did it without leave or license," said Mrs. Elmore. "We saw it all along, but he never 'let on,' as he would say about it, and we never meant to say anything, of course."

"Then," replied Elmore, delighted with the fact, "it has been a purely unconscious piece of celebration."

"Celebration!" exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, with more scorn than she knew how to express. "I should think as much!"

"Well, I don't know," said Elmore, with the pique of a man who does not care to be quite trampled under foot. "I don't see that the theory is so very unphilosophical."

"Oh, not at all!" mocked his wife. "It's philosophical to the last degree. Be as philosophical as you please, Owen; I shall love you still the same." She came up to him where he sat, and twisting her arm around his face, patronizingly kissed him on top of the head. Then she released him, and left him with another burst of derision.

X.

AFTER this, Elmore had such an uncomfortable feeling that he hated to see Hoskins again, and he was relieved when the sculptor failed to make his usual call, the next evening. He had not been at dinner either, and he did not re-appear for several days. Then he merely said that he had been spending the time at Chioggia, with a French painter who was making some studies down there, and they all took up the old routine of their friendly life without embarrassment.

At first it seemed to Elmore that Lily was a little shy of Hoskins, and he thought that she resented his using her charm in his art; but before the evening wore away, he lost this impression. They all got into a long talk about home, and she took her place at the piano and played some of the war-songs that had begun to supersede the old negro melodies. Then she wandered back to them, with fingers that idly drifted over the keys, and ended with "Stop dat knockin'," in which Hoskins joined with his powerful bass in the recitative, "Let me in," and Elmore himself had half a mind to attempt a part. The sculptor rose as she struck the keys with a final crash, but lingered, as his fashion was when he had something to propose; if he felt pretty sure that the thing would be liked, he brought it in as if he had only happened to remember it. He now drew out a large, square, ceremonious-looking envelope, at which he glanced as if, after all, he was rather surprised to see it, and said, "Oh, by the by, Mrs. Elmore, I wish you'd tell me what to do about this thing. Here's something that's come to me in my official capacity, but it isn't exactly consular business,—if it was I don't believe I should ask *any* lady for instructions,—and I don't know exactly what to do. It's so long since I corresponded with a princess that I don't even know how to answer her letter."

The ladies perhaps feared a hoax of some sort, and would not ask to see the letter; and then Hoskins recognized his failure to play upon their curiosity with a laugh, and gave the letter to Mrs. Elmore. It was an invitation to a mask ball, of which all Venice had begun to speak. A great Russian lady, who had come to spend the winter in the Lagoons, and had taken a whole floor at one of the hotels, had sent out her cards, apparently to all the available people in the city, for the event which was to take place a fortnight later. In the meantime, a thrill of preparation was felt in various quarters, and the ordinary course of life was interrupted in a way that gave some idea of the old times, when Venice was the capital of pleasure, and everything yielded there to the great business of amusement. Mrs. Elmore had found it impossible to get a pair of fine shoes finished until after the ball; a dress which Lily had ordered could not be made; their laundress had given notice that for the present all fluting and quilling was out of the question; one already heard that the chief Venetian *perruquier* and his assistants were engaged for every moment of the forty-eight hours before the ball, and that whoever had him now must sit up with her hair dressed for two nights at least. Mrs.

Elmore had a fanatical faith in these stories; and while agreeing with her husband, as a matter of principle, that mask balls were wrong, and that it was in bad taste for a foreigner to insult the sorrow of Venice by a festivity of the sort at such a time, she had secretly indulged longings which the sight of Hoskins's invitation rendered almost insupportable. Her longings were not for herself, but for Lily: if she could provide Lily with the experience of a masquerade in Venice, she could overpay all the kindnesses that the Mayhews had ever done her. It was an ambition neither ignoble nor ungenerous, and it was with a really heroic effort that she silenced it in passing the invitation to her husband, and simply saying to Hoskins:

"Of course you will go."

"I don't know about that," he answered. "That's the point I want some advice on. You see, this document calls for a lady to fill out the bill."

"Oh," returned Mrs. Elmore, "you will find some Americans at the hotels. You can take them."

"Well, now, I was thinking, Mrs. Elmore, that I should like to take you."

"Take me!" she echoed, tremulously. "What an idea! I'm too old to go to mask balls."

"You don't look it," suggested Hoskins.

"Oh, I couldn't go," she sighed. "But it's very, very kind."

Hoskins dropped his head, and gave the low chuckle with which he confessed any little bit of humbug.

"Well, you *or* Miss Lily."

Lily had retired to the other side of the room as soon as the parley about the invitation began. Without asking or seeing, she knew what was in the note, and now she felt it right to make a feint of not knowing what Mrs. Elmore meant when she asked:

"What do *you* say, Lily?"

When the question was duly explained to her, she answered languidly:

"I don't know. Do you think I'd better?"

"I might as well make a clean breast of it first as last," said Hoskins. "I thought perhaps Mrs. Elmore might refuse, she's so stiff about some things,"—here he gave that chuckle of his,—"and so I came prepared for contingencies. It occurred to me that it mightn't be quite the thing, and so I went around to the Spanish consul and asked him how he thought it would do for me to matronize a young lady, if I could get one, and he said he didn't think it would do at all."

Hoskins let this adverse decision sink into the breasts of his listeners before he added:

"But he said that he was going with his wife, and that if we would come along she could matronize us both. I don't know how it would work," he concluded, impartially.

They all looked at Elmore, who stood holding the princess's missive in his hand, and darkly forecasting the chances of consent and denial. At the first suggestion of the matter, a reckless hope that this ball might bring Ehrhardt above their horizon again sprang up in his heart, and became a desperate fear when the whole responsibility of action was, as usual, left with him. He stood, feeling that Hoskins had used him very ill.

"I suppose," began Mrs. Elmore, very thoughtfully, "that this will be something quite in the style of the old masquerades under the Republic."

"Regular Ridotto business, the Spanish consul says," answered Hoskins.

"It might be very useful to you, Owen," she resumed, "in an historical way, if Lily were to go and take notes of everything; so that when you came to that period you could describe its corruptions intelligently."

Elmore laughed.

"I never thought of that, my dear," he said, returning the invitation to Hoskins. "Your historical sense has been awakened late, but it promises to be very active. Lily had better go, by all means, and I shall depend upon her coming home with very full notes upon her dance-list."

They laughed at the professor's sarcasm, and Hoskins, having undertaken to see that the last claims of etiquette were satisfied by getting an invitation sent to Miss Mayhew through the Spanish consul, went off, and left the ladies to the discussion of ways and means. Mrs. Elmore said that of course it was now too late to hope to get anything done, and then set herself to devise the character that Lily would have appeared in if there had been time to get her ready, or if all the work-people had not been so busy that it was merely frantic to think of anything. She first patriotically considered her as Columbia, with the customary drapery of stars and stripes and the cap of liberty. But while holding that she would have looked very pretty in the dress, Mrs. Elmore decided that it would have been too hackneyed; and besides, everybody would have known instantly who it was.

"Why not have had her go in the char-

acter of Mr. Hoskins's 'Westward'?" suggested Elmore, with lazy irony.

"The very thing!" cried his wife. "Owen, you deserve great credit for thinking of that; no one else would have done it! No one will dream what it means, and it will be great fun, letting them make it out. We must keep it a dead secret from Mr. Hoskins, and let her surprise him with it when he comes for her that evening. It will be a very pretty way of returning his compliment, and it will be a sort of delicate acknowledgment of his kindness in asking her, and in so many other ways. Yes, you've hit it exactly, Owen: she shall go as 'Westward.'"

"Go?" echoed Elmore, who had with difficulty realized the rapid change of tense. "I thought you said you couldn't get her ready."

"We must manage somehow," replied Mrs. Elmore. And somehow a shoe-maker for the sandals, a seamstress for the delicate flowing draperies, a hair-dresser for the adjustment of the young girl's rebellious abundance of hair beneath the star-lit fillet, were actually found,—with the help of Hoskins, as usual, though he was not suffered to know anything of the character to whose make-up he contributed. The *perruquier*, a personage of lordly address naturally, and of a dignity heightened by the demand in which he found himself, came early in the morning, and had been received by Elmore with a self-possession that ill-comported with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Sit down," said Elmore, easily, pushing him a chair. "The ladies will be here presently."

"But I have no time to sit down, signore!" replied the artist, with an imperious bow, "and the ladies must be here instantly."

Mrs. Elmore always said that if she had not heard this conversation, and hurried in at once, the *perruquier* would have left them at that point. But she contrived to appease him by the manifestation of an intelligent sympathy; she made Lily leave her breakfast untasted, and submit her beautiful head to the touch of this man, with whom it was but a head of hair and nothing more; and in an hour the work was done. The artist whisked away the cloth which covered her shoulders, and crying, "Behold!" bowed splendidly to the spectators, and without waiting for criticism or suggestion, took his napoleon and went his way. All that day the work of his skill was sacredly guarded, and the custodian of the treasure went about with her head on her shoulders, as if it had been temporarily placed in her keeping, and were something she was not at all used to taking care of. More than once Mrs. Elmore had to warn her against sinister accidents. "Remember, Lily," she said, "that if anything *did* happen, NOTHING could be done to save you!" In spite of himself, Elmore shared these anxieties, and in the depths of his wonted studies he found himself pursued and harassed by vague apprehensions, which upon analysis proved to be fears for Miss Lily's hair. It was a great moment when the robe came home—rather late—from the dress-maker's, and had to be put on over Lily's head; but from this thrilling rite Elmore was of course excluded, and only knew of it afterward by hearsay. He did not see her till she came out just before Hoskins arrived to fetch her away, when she appeared radiantly perfect in her dress, and in the air with which she meant to carry it off. At Mrs. Elmore's direction she paraded dazzlingly up and down the room a number of times, looking down to see how her dress hung, as she walked. Mrs. Elmore, with her head on one side, scrutinized her in every detail, and Elmore regarded her young beauty and delight with a pride as innocent as her own. A dim regret, evaporating in a long sigh, which made the others laugh, recalled him to himself, as the bell rang and Hoskins appeared. He was received in a preconcerted silence, and he looked from one to the other with his queer, knowing smile, and took in the whole affair without a word.

"Isn't it a pretty idea?" said Mrs. Elmore. "Studied from an antique bass-relief, or just the same as an antique—full of the anguish and the repose of the Laocoön."

"Mrs. Elmore," said the sculptor, "you're too many for me. I reckon the procession had better start before I make a fool of myself. Well!" This was all Hoskins could say; but it sufficed. The ladies declared afterward that if he had added a word more, it would have spoiled it. They had expected him to go to the ball in the character of a miner, perhaps, or in that of a trapper of the great plains; but he had chosen to appear more naturally as a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. "When you go in for a disguise," he explained, "you can't make it too complete; and I consider that this limp of mine adds the last touch."

"It's no use to sit up for them," Mrs. Elmore said, when she and her husband had come in from calling good wishes and last

instructions after them from the balcony, as their gondola pushed away. "We sha'n't see anything more of *them* till morning. Now, this," she added, "is something like the gayety that people at home are always fancying in Europe. Why, I can remember when I used to imagine that American tourists figured brilliantly in *salons* and *conversazioni*, and spent their time in masking and throwing *confetti* in carnival, and going to balls and opera. I didn't know what American tourists were, then, and how dismally they moped about in hotels and galleries and churches. And I didn't know how stupid Europe was socially—how perfectly dead and buried it was, especially for young people. It would be fun if things happened so that Lily never found it out! I don't think two offers already—or three, if you count Rose-Black—are very bad for *any* girl; and now this ball, coming right on top of it, where she will see hundreds of handsome officers! Well, she'll never miss Patmos at this rate, will she?"

"Perhaps she had better never have left Patmos," suggested Elmore, gravely.

"I don't know what you mean, Owen," said his wife, as if hurt.

"I mean that it's a great pity she should give herself up to the same frivolous amusements here that she had there. The only good that Europe can do American girls who travel here is to keep them in total exile from what they call a good time—from parties and attentions and flirtations; to force them, through the hard discipline of social deprivation, to take some interest in the things that make for civilization—in history, in art, in humanity."

"Now, there I differ with you, Owen. I think American girls are the nicest girls in the world, just as they are. And I don't see any harm in the things you think are so awful. You've lived so long here among your manuscripts that you've forgotten there is any such time as the present. If you are getting so Europeanized, I think the sooner we go home the better."

"*I* getting Europeanized!" began Elmore, indignantly.

"Yes, Europeanized! And I don't want you to be so severe with Lily, Owen. The child stands in terror of you now; and if you keep on in this way, she can't draw a natural breath in the house."

There is always something flattering, at first, to a gentle and peaceable man in the notion of being terrible to any one; Elmore melted at these words, and at the fear that he might have been, in some way that he could not think of, really harsh.

"I should be very sorry to distress her," he began.

"Well, you haven't distressed her yet," his wife relented. "Only you must be careful not to. She was going to be very circumspect, Owen, on your account, for she really appreciates the interest you take in her, and I think she sees that it wont do to be at all free with strangers over here. This ball will be a great education for Lily,—a *great* education. I'm going to commence a letter to Sue about her costume, and all that, and leave it open to finish up when Lily gets home."

When she went to bed, she did not sleep till after the time when the girl ought to have come; and when she awoke to a late breakfast, Lily had still not returned. By eleven o'clock she and Elmore had passed the stage of accusing themselves, and then of accusing each other, for allowing Lily to go in the way they had; and had come to the question of what they had better do, and whether it was practicable to send to the Spanish consulate and ask what had become of her. They had resigned themselves to waiting for one half-hour longer, when they heard her voice at the water-gate, gayly forbidding Hoskins to come up; and running out upon the balcony, Mrs. Elmore had a glimpse of the courtier, very tawdry by daylight, re-entering his gondola, and had only time to turn about when Lily burst laughing into the room.

"Oh, don't look at me, Professor Elmore!" she cried. "I'm literally danced to rags!"

Her dress and hair were splashed with drippings from the wax candles; she was wildly decorated with favors from the German, and one of these had been used to pin up a rent which the spur of a hussar had made in her robe; her hair had escaped from its fastenings during the night, and in putting it back she had broken the star in her fillet; it was now kept in place by a bit of black-and-yellow cord which an officer had lent her.

"He said he should claim it of me the first time we met," she exclaimed, excitedly. "Why, Professor Elmore," she implored, with a laugh, "don't look at me *so!*"

Grief and indignation were in his heart.

"You look like the specter of last night," he said, with dreamy severity, and as if he saw her merely as a vision.

"Why, that's the way I *feel!*" she an-

swered; and with a reproachful cry of "Owen!" his wife followed her flight to her room.

XI.

ELMORE went out for a long walk, from which he returned disconsolate at dinner. He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forego any pleasure than incur the reaction which must follow with all the keenness of remorse; and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a rational one) such unhappy persons as he saw enjoying themselves. But he had not meant to add bitterness to the anguish which Lily would necessarily feel in retrospect of the night's gayety; he had not known that he was recognizing, by those unsparing words of his, the nervous misgivings in the girl's heart. He scarcely dared ask, as he sat down at table with Mrs. Elmore alone, whether Lily were asleep.

"Asleep?" she echoed, in a low tone of mystery. "I hope so."

"Celia, Celia!" he cried, in despair. "What shall I do? I feel terribly at what I said to her."

"Sh! At what you said to her? Oh, yes! Yes, that was cruel. But there is so much else, poor child, that I had forgotten that."

He let his plate of soup stand untasted.

"Why—why," he faltered, "didn't she enjoy herself?"

And a historian of Venice, whose mind should have been wholly engaged in philosophizing the republic's difficult past, hung abjectly upon the question whether a young girl had or had not had a good time at a ball.

"Yes. Oh, yes! She *enjoyed* herself—if that's all you require," replied his wife. "Of course she wouldn't have staid so late if she hadn't enjoyed herself."

"No," he said, in a tone which he tried to make leading; but his wife refused to be led by indirect methods. She ate her soup, but in a manner to carry increasing bitterness to Elmore with every spoonful.

"Come, Celia!" he cried, at last, "tell me what has happened. You know how wretched this makes me. Tell me it, whatever it is. Of course, I must know it in the end. Are there any new complications?"

"No *new* complications," said his wife, as if resenting the word. "But you make such a bugbear of the least little matter that there's no encouragement to tell you anything."

"Excuse me," he retorted, "I haven't made a bugbear of this."

"You haven't had the opportunity." This was so grossly unjust that Elmore merely shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. When it finally appeared that he was not going to ask anything more, his wife added: "If you could listen, like any one else, and not interrupt with remarks that distort all one's ideas——" Then, as he persisted in his silence, she relented still further. "Why, of course, as you say, you will have to know it in the end. But I can tell you, to begin with, Owen, that it's nothing you can do anything about, or take hold of in any way. Whatever it is, it's done and over; so it needn't distress you at all."

"Ah, I've known some things done and over that distressed me a great deal," he suggested.

"The princess wasn't so very young, after all," said Mrs. Elmore, as if this had been the point in dispute, "but very fat and jolly, and very kind. She wasn't in costume; but there was a young countess with her, helping receive, who appeared as Night,—black tulle, you know, with silver stars. The princess seemed to take a great fancy to Lily,—the Russians always *have* sympathized with us in the war,—and all the time she wasn't dancing, the princess kept her by her, holding her hand and patting it. The officers—hundreds of them, in their white uniforms and those magnificent hussar dresses—were very obsequious to the princess, and Lily had only too many partners. She says you can't imagine how splendid the scene was, with all those different costumes, and the rooms a perfect blaze of wax-lights; the windows were battened, so that you couldn't tell when it came daylight, and she hadn't any idea how the time was passing. They were not all in masks; and there didn't seem to be any regular hour for unmasking. She can't tell just when the supper was, but she thinks it must have been toward morning. She says Mr. Hoskins got on capitally, and everybody seemed to like him, he was so jolly and good-natured; and when they found out that he had been wounded in the war, they made quite a belle of him, as he called it. The princess made a point of introducing all the officers to Lily that came up after they unmasked. They paid her the greatest attention, and you can easily see that she was the prettiest girl there."

"I can believe that without seeing," said Elmore, with magnanimous pride in the loveliness that had made him so much trouble. "Well?"

"Well, they couldn't any of them get the hang, as Mr. Hoskins said, of the character she came in, for a good while; but when they did, they thought it was the best idea there: and it was all *your* idea, Owen," said Mrs. Elmore, in accents of such tender pride that he knew she must now be approaching the difficult passage of her narration. "It was so perfectly new and unconventional. She got on very well speaking Italian with the officers, for she knew as much of it as they did."

Here Mrs. Elmore paused, and glanced hesitatingly at her husband. "They only made one little mistake; but that was at the beginning, and they soon got over it." Elmore suffered, but he did not ask what it was, and his wife went on with smooth caution. "Lily thought it was just as it is at home, and she mustn't dance with any one unless he had been introduced. So, after the first dance with the Spanish consul, as her escort, a young officer came up and asked her; and she refused, for she thought it was a great piece of presumption. Afterward the princess told her she could dance with any one, introduced or not, and so she did; and pretty soon she saw this first officer looking at her very angrily, and going about speaking to others and glancing toward her. She felt badly about it, when she saw how it was; and she got Mr. Hoskins to go and speak to him. Mr. Hoskins asked him if he spoke English, and the officer said no; and it seems that he didn't know Italian either, and Mr. Hoskins tried him in Spanish,—he picked up a little in New Mexico,—but the officer didn't understand it; and all at once it occurred to Mr. Hoskins to say, '*Parlez-vous Français?*' and says the officer instantly, '*Oui, monsieur.*'"

"Of course the man knew French. He ought to have tried him with that in the beginning. What did Hoskins say then?" asked Elmore, impatiently.

"He didn't say anything; that was all the French he knew."

Elmore broke into a laugh, and laughed on and on with the wild excess of a sad man when once he unpacks his heart in that way. His wife did not, perhaps, feel the absurdity as keenly as he, but she gladly laughed with him, for it smoothed her way to have him in this humor.

"Mr. Hoskins just took him by the arm, and said, 'Here! you come along with me,' and led him up to the princess, where Lily was sitting; and when the princess had explained to him, Lily rose, and mustered up enough French to say, '*Je vous prie, monsieur, de danser avec moi,*' and after that they were the greatest friends."

"That was very pretty in her; it was sovereignly gracious," said Elmore.

"Oh, if an American girl is left to manage for herself, she can *always* manage!" cried Mrs. Elmore.

"Well, and what else?" asked her husband.

"Oh, *I* don't know that it amounts to anything," said Mrs. Elmore; but she did not delay further.

It appeared, from what she went on to say, that in the German, which began not long after midnight, there was a figure fancifully called the Symphony, in which musical toys were distributed among the dancers in pairs; the possessor of a small pandean-pipe, or tin horn, went about sounding it till he found some lady similarly equipped, when he demanded her in the dance. In this way a tall mask, to whom a penny trumpet had fallen, was stalking to and fro among the waltzers, blowing the silly plaything with a disgusted air, when Lily, all unconscious of him, where she sat with her hand in that of her faithful princess, breathed a responsive note. The mask was instantly at her side, and she was whirling away in the waltz. She tried to make him out, but she had already danced with so many people that she was unable to decide whether she had seen this mask before. He was not disguised, except by the little visor of black silk coming down to the point of his nose; his blonde whiskers escaped at either side and his blonde mustache swept beneath, like the whiskers and mustaches of fifty other officers present, and he did not speak. This was a permissible caprice of his, but, if she were resolved to make him speak, this also was a permissible caprice. She made a whole turn of the room in studying up the Italian sentence with which she assailed him:

"*Perdoni, Maschera: ma cosa ha detto? Non ho ben inteso.*"

"Speak English, Mask," came the reply. "I did not say anything."

It came certainly with a German accent, and with a foreigner's deliberation; but it came at once, and clearly.

The English astonished her, and somehow it daunted her, for the mask spoke

very gravely; but she would not let him imagine that he had put her down, and she rejoined, laughingly:

"Oh, I knew that you hadn't spoken, but I thought I would make you."

"You think you can make me do what you will?" asked the mask.

"Oh, no. I don't think I could make you tell me who you are, though I should like to make you."

"And why should you wish to know me? If you met me in the Piazza, you would not recognize my salutation."

"How do you know that?" demanded Lily. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, it is understood yet already," answered the mask. "Your compatriot, with whom you live, wishes to be well seen by the Italians, and he would not let you bow to an Austrian."

"That is not so," exclaimed Lily, indignantly. "Professor Elmore wouldn't be so mean; and, if he would, *I* shouldn't." She was frightened, but she felt her spirit rising, too. "You seem to know so well who I am; do you think it is fair for you to keep me in ignorance?"

"I cannot remain masked without your leave. Shall I unmask? Do you insist?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "You will have to unmask at supper, and then I shall see you. I'm not impatient. I prefer to keep you for a mystery."

"You will be a mystery to me even when you unmask," replied the mask, gravely.

Lily was ill at ease, and she gave a little unsuccessful laugh.

"You seem to take the mystery very coolly," she said, in default of anything else.

"I have studied the American manner," replied the mask. "In America they take everything coolly: life and death, love and hate—all things."

"How do you know that? You have never been in America."

"That is not necessary, if the Americans come here to show us."

"They are not true Americans, if they show you that," cried the girl.

"No?"

"But I see that you are only amusing yourself."

"And have you never amused yourself with me?"

"How could I," she demanded, "if I never saw you before?"

"But are you sure of that?" She did not answer, for in this masquerade banter she had somehow been growing unhappy.

"Shall I prove to you that you have seen me before? You dare not let me unmask."

"Oh, I can wait till supper. I shall know then that I have never seen you before. I forbid you to unmask till supper. Will you obey?" she cried, anxiously.

"I have obeyed in harder things," replied the mask.

She refused to recognize anything but meaningless badinage in his words. "Oh, as a soldier, yes! You must be used to obeying orders." He did not reply, and she added, releasing her hand and slipping it into his arm, "I am tired now; will you take me back to the princess?"

He led her silently to her place, and left her with a profound bow.

"Now," said the princess, "they shall give you a little time to breathe. I will not let them make you dance every minute. They are indiscreet. You shall not take any of their musical instruments, and so you can fairly escape till supper."

"Thank you," said Lily, absently, "that will be the best way;" and she sat languidly watching the dancers. A young naval officer who spoke English ran across the floor to her.

"Come," he cried, "I shall have twenty duels on my hands if I let you rest here, when there are so many who wish to dance with you." He threw a pipe into her lap, and at the same moment a pipe sounded from the other side of the room.

"This is a conspiracy!" exclaimed the girl. "I will not have it! I am not going to dance any more." She put the pipe back into his hands; he placed it to his lips and sounded it several times, and then dropped it into her lap again with a laugh, and vanished in the crowd.

"That little fellow is a rogue," said the princess. "But he is not so bad as some of them. Monsieur," she cried in French to the fair-whiskered, tall mask who had already presented himself before Lily, "I will not permit it, if it is for a trick. You must unmask, or I will dispense mademoiselle from dancing with you."

The mask did not reply, but turned his eyes upon Lily with an appeal which the holes of the visor seemed to intensify.

"It is a promise," she said to the princess, rising in a sort of fascination. "I have forbidden him to unmask before supper."

"Oh, very well," answered the princess, "if that is the case. But make him bring you back soon: it is almost time."

"Did you hear, Mask?" asked the girl,

as they waltzed away. "I will only make two turns of the room with you."

"*Perdoni?*"

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed. "I will not be trifled with in this way. Either speak English, or unmask at once."

The mask again answered in Italian, with a repeated apology for not understanding.

"You understand very well," retorted Lily, now really indignant, "and you know that this passes a jest."

"Can you speak German?" asked the mask, in that tongue.

"Yes, a little, but I do not choose to speak it. If you have anything to say to me you can say it in English."

"I cannot understand English," replied the mask, still in German, and now Lily thought the voice seemed changed; but she clung to her belief that it was some hoax played at her expense, and she continued her efforts to make him answer her in English. The two turns around the room had stretched to half a dozen in this futile task, but she felt herself powerless to leave the mask, who, for his part, betrayed signs of embarrassment, as if he had undertaken a ruse of which he repented. A confused movement in the crowd and a sudden cessation of the music recalled her to herself, and she now took her partner's arm and hurried with him toward the place where she had left the princess. But the princess had already gone into the supper-room, and she had no other recourse than to follow with the stranger.

As they entered the supper-room she removed her little visor, and she felt, rather than saw, the mask put up his hand and lift away his own: he turned his head, and looked down upon her with the face of a man she had never seen before.

"Ah, you are there!" she heard the princess's voice calling to her from one of the tables. "How tired you look! Here—here! I will make you drink this glass of wine."

The officer who brought her the wine gave her his arm and led her to the princess, and the late mask mixed with the two-score other tall blonde officers.

The night which stretched so far into the day ended at last, and she followed Hoskins down to their gondola. He entered the boat first, to give her his hand in stepping from the *riva;* at the same moment she involuntarily turned at the closing of the door behind her, and found at her side the tall blonde mask, or one of the masks, if there were two, who had danced with her. He caught her hand suddenly to his lips, and kissed it.

"Adieu—forgive!" he murmured in English, and then vanished in-doors again.

"Owen," said Mrs. Elmore, dramatically, at the end of her narration, "who do you think it could have been?"

"I have no doubt as to who it was, Celia," replied Elmore, with a heat evidently quite unexpected to his wife, "and if Lily has not been seriously annoyed by the matter, I am glad that it has happened. I have had my regrets—my doubts—whether I did not dismiss that man's pretensions too curtly, too unkindly. But I am convinced now that we did exactly right, and that she was wise never to bestow another thought upon him. A man capable of contriving a petty persecution of this sort—of pursuing a young girl who had rejected him in this shameless fashion—is no gentleman."

"It *was* a persecution," said Mrs. Elmore, with a dazed air, as if this view of the case had never occurred to her.

"A miserable, unworthy persecution!" repeated her husband.

"Yes."

"And we are well rid of him. He has relieved *me* by this last performance, immensely; and I trust that if Lily had any secret lingering regrets, he has given her a final lesson. Though I must say, in justice to her, poor girl, she didn't seem to need it."

Mrs. Elmore listened with a strange abeyance; she looked beaten and bewildered, while he vehemently uttered these words. She could not meet his eyes, with her consciousness of having her intended romance thrown back upon her hands; and he seemed in nowise eager to meet hers, for whatever consciousness of his own.

"Well, it isn't at all certain that he was the one, after all," she said.

XII.

LONG after the ball, Lily seemed to Elmore's eye not to have recovered her former tone. He thought she went about languidly, and that she was fitful and dreamy, breaking from moods of unwonted abstraction in bursts of gayety as unnatural. She did not talk much of the ball; he could not be sure that she ever recurred to it of her own motion. Hoskins continued to come a great deal to the house, and she often talked with

him for a whole evening; Elmore fancied she was very serious in these talks.

He wondered if Lily avoided him, or whether this was only an illusion of his; but in any case, he was glad that the girl seemed to find so much comfort in Hoskins's company, and when it occurred to him he always said something to encourage his visits. His wife was singularly quiescent at this time, as if, having accomplished all she wished in Lily's presence at the princess's ball, she was willing to rest for a while from further social endeavor. Life was falling into the dull routine again, and after the past shocks his nerves were gratefully clothing themselves in the old habits of tranquillity once more, when one day a letter came from the overseers of Patmos University, offering him the presidency of that institution on condition of his early return. The board had in view certain changes, intended to bring the university abreast with the times, which they hoped would meet his approval.

Among these was a modification of the name, which was hereafter to be Patmos University and Military Institute. The board not only believed that popular feeling demanded the introduction of military drill into the college, but they felt that a college which had been closed at the beginning of the Rebellion, through the dedication of its president and nearly all its students to the war, could in no way so gracefully recognize this proud fact of its history as by hereafter making war one of the arts which it taught. The board explained that of course Mr. Elmore would not be expected to take charge of this branch of instruction at once. A competent military assistant would be provided and continued under him as long as he should deem his services essential. The letter closed with a cordial expression of the desire of Elmore's old friends to have him once more in their midst, at the close of labors which they were sure would do credit to the good old university and to the whole city of Patmos.

Elmore read this letter at breakfast, and silently handed it to his wife: they were alone, for Lily, as now often happened, had not yet risen.

"Well?" he said, when she had read it in her turn. She gave it back to him with a look in her dimmed eyes which he could not mistake. "I see there is no doubt of your feelings, Celia," he added.

"I don't wish to urge you," she replied, "but, yes, I should like to go back. Yes, I am homesick. I have been afraid of it before, but this chance of returning makes it certain."

"And you see nothing ridiculous in my taking the presidency of a military institute?"

"They say expressly that they don't expect you to give instruction in that branch."

"No, not immediately, it seems," he said, with his pensive irony. "And the history?"

"Haven't you almost got notes enough?" Elmore laughed sadly.

"I have been here two years. It would take me twenty years to write such a history of Venice as I ought not to be ashamed to write; it would take me five years to scamp it as I thought of doing. Oh, I dare say I had better go back. I have neither the time nor the money to give to a work I never was fit for,—of whose magnitude even I was unable to conceive."

"Don't say that!" cried his wife, with the old sympathy. "You will write it yet, I know you will. I would rather spend all my days in this—watery mausoleum than have you talk so, Owen."

"Thank you, my dear; but the work wont be lost, even if I give it up at this point. I can do something with my material, I suppose. And you know that if I didn't *wish* to give up my project, I couldn't. It's a sign of my unfitness for it that I'm able to abandon it. The man who is born to write the history of Venice will have no volition in the matter; he cannot leave it, and he will not die till he has finished."

He feebly crushed a bit of bread in his fingers as he ended with this burst of feeling, and he shook his head in sad negation to his wife's tender protest:

"Oh, you will come back some day to finish it!"

"No one ever comes back to finish a history of Venice," he said.

"Oh, yes, you will," she returned. "But you need the rest from this kind of work, now, just as you needed rest from your college work before. You need a change of stand-point,—and the American stand-point will be the very thing for you."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," he admitted. "At any rate, this is a handsome offer, and most kindly made, Celia. It's a great compliment. I didn't suppose they valued me so much."

"Of course they valued you, and they will be very glad to get you. I call it merely letting the historic material ripen in your mind, or else I shouldn't let you

accept. And I shall be glad to go home, Owen, on Lily's account. The child is getting no good here; she's drooping."

"Drooping?"

"Yes. Don't you see how she mopes about?"

"I'm afraid—that—I—have—noticed."

He was going to ask why she was drooping; but he could not. He said, recurring to the letter of the overseers:

"So Patmos is a city."

"Of course it is, by this time," said his wife, "with all that prosperity."

Now that they were determined to go, their little preparations for return were soon made; and a week after Elmore had written to accept the offer of the overseers, they were ready to follow his letter home. Their decision was a blow to Hoskins under which he visibly suffered; and they did not realize till then in what fond and affectionate friendship he held them all. He now frankly spent his whole time with them; he disconsolately helped them pack, and he did all that a consul can do to secure free entry for some objects of Venice that they wished to get in without payment of duties at New York.

He said a dozen times:

"I don't know what I *will* do when you're gone;" and toward the last he alarmed them for his own interests by beginning to say, "Well, I don't see but what I will have to go along."

The last night but one, Lily felt it her duty to talk to him very seriously about his future and what he owed to it. She told him that he must stay in Italy till he could bring home something that would honor the great, precious, suffering country for which he had fought so nobly, and which they all loved. She made the tears come into her eyes as she spoke, and when she said that she should always be proud to be associated with one of his works, Hoskins's voice was quite husky in replying: "Is that the way you feel about it?"

He went away promising to remain at least till he finished his bass-relief of Westward, and his figure of the Pacific Slope; and the next morning he sent around by a *facchino* a note to Lily.

She ran it through in the presence of the Elmores, before whom she received it, and then, with a cry of "I think Mr. Hoskins is too *bad!*" she threw it into Mrs. Elmore's lap, and, catching her handkerchief to her eyes, she burst into tears and went out of the room. The note read:

"DEAR MISS LILY: Your kind interest in me gives me courage to say something that will very likely make me hateful to you forevermore. But I have got to say it, and you have got to know it; and it's all the worse for me if you have never suspected it. I want to give my whole life to you, wherever and however you will have it. With you by my side, I feel as if I could really do something that you would not be ashamed of in sculpture, and I believe that I could make you happy. I suppose I believe this because I love you very dearly, and I know the chances are that you will not think this is reason enough. But I would take one chance in a million, and be only too glad of it. I hope it will not worry you to read this: as I said before, I had to tell you. Perhaps it wont be altogether a surprise. I might go on, but I suppose that until I hear from you I had better give you as little of my eloquence as possible. CLAY HOSKINS."

"Well, upon my word," said Elmore, to whom his wife had transferred the letter, "this is very indelicate of Hoskins! I must say, I expected something better of him."

He looked at the note with a face of disgust.

"I don't know why you had a right to expect anything better of him, as you call it," retorted his wife. "It's perfectly natural."

"Natural!" cried Elmore. "To put this upon us at the last moment, when he knows how much trouble I've ——"

Lily reëntered the room as precipitately as she had left it, and saved him from betraying himself as to the extent of his confidences in Hoskins.

"Professor Elmore," she said, bending her reddened eyes upon him, "I want you to answer this letter for me; and I don't want you to write as you — I mean, don't make it so cutting — so — so — Why, I *like* Mr. Hoskins! He's been so *kind!* And if you said anything to wound his feelings ——"

"I shall not do that, you may be sure; because, for one reason, I shall say nothing at all to him," replied Elmore.

"You wont write to him?" she gasped.

"No."

"Why, what shall I do-o-o-o?" demanded Lily, prolonging the syllable in a burst of grief and astonishment.

"I don't know," answered Elmore.

"Owen," cried his wife, interfering for the first time, in response to the look of appeal that Lily turned upon her, "you *must* write!"

"Celia," he retorted, boldly, "I *wont* write. I have a genuine regard for Hoskins; I respect him, and I am very grateful to him for all his kindness to you. He has been like a brother to you both."

"Why, of course," interrupted Lily; "I

never thought of him as anything *but* a brother."

"And though I must say I think it would have been more thoughtful and—and—more considerate in him not to do this——"

"We did everything we could to fight him off from it," interrupted Mrs. Elmore, "both of us. We saw that it was coming, and we tried to stop it. But nothing would help. Perhaps, as he says, he *did* have to do it."

"I didn't dream of his—having any such—idea," said Elmore. "I felt so perfectly safe in his coming; I trusted everything to him."

"I suppose you thought his wanting to come was all unconscious cerebration," said his wife, disdainfully. "Well, now you see it wasn't."

"Yes; but it's too late now to help it; and though I think he ought to have spared us this, if he thought there was no hope for him, still I can't bring myself to inflict pain upon him, and the long and the short of it is, I wont."

"But how is he to be answered?"

"I don't know. *You* can answer him."

"I could never do it in the world!"

"I own it's difficult," said Elmore, coldly.

"Oh, *I* will answer him—I will answer him," cried Lily, "rather than have any trouble about it. Here,—here," she said, reaching blindly for pen and paper, as she seated herself at Elmore's desk, "give me the ink, quick. Oh, dear! What shall I say? What date is it?—the 25th? And it doesn't matter about the day of the week. 'Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hosk'— Ought you to put Clay Hoskins, Esq., at the top or the bottom—or not at all, when you've said Dear Mr. Hoskins? Esquire seems so cold, anyway, and I *wont* put it! 'Dear Mr. Hoskins'—Professor Elmore!" she implored, reproachfully, "tell me what to say!"

"That would be equivalent to writing the letter," he began.

"Well, write it then," she said, throwing down the pen. "I don't *ask* you to dictate it. Write it,—write anything,—just in pencil, you know; that wont commit you to anything; they say a thing in pencil isn't legal,—and I'll copy it out in the first person."

"Owen," said his wife, "you shall not refuse! It's inhuman, it's inhospitable, when Lily wants you to so. Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

Elmore desperately caught up the sheet of paper on which Lily had written "Dear Mr. Hoskins," and with a cry of "Well, well!" he added some skillfully balanced and ornately antithetical phrases, in which she forbade all hope to Hoskins, and invited him to come next day and bid her good-bye at the station.

"There! there, that will do beautifully—beautifully! Oh, thank you, Professor Elmore, ever and ever so much! That will save his feelings, and do everything," said Lily, sitting down again to copy it; while Mrs. Elmore, looking over her shoulder, mingled her hysterical excitement with the girl's, and helped her out by sealing the note when it was finished and directed.

It accomplished at least one purpose intended. It kept Hoskins away till the final moment, and it brought him to the station for their adieux just before their train started. A consciousness of the absurdity of his part gave his face a humorously rueful cast. But he came pluckily to the mark. He marched straight up to the girl.

"It's all right, Miss Lily," he said, and offered her his hand, which she had a strong impulse to cry over. Then he turned to Mrs. Elmore, and while he held her hand in his right, he placed his left affectionately on Elmore's shoulder, and, looking at Lily, he said, "You ought to get Miss Lily to help you out with your history, Professor; she has a very polished style,—quite a literary style, I should have said, if I hadn't known it was hers. I don't like her subjects, though."

They broke into a forlorn laugh together; he wrung their hands once more, without a word, and, without looking back, limped out of the waiting-room and out of their lives.

They did not know that this was really the last of Hoskins,—one never knows that any parting is the last,—and in their inability to conceive of a serious passion in him, they quickly consoled themselves for what he might suffer. They knew how kindly, how tenderly, even, they felt toward him, and by that juggle with the emotions which we all practice at times, they found comfort for him in the fact. Another interest, another figure, began to occupy the morbid fancy of Elmore, and as they approached Peschiera, his expectation became intense. There was no reason why it should exist; it would be by the thousandth chance, even if Ehrhardt were still there, that they should meet him at the railroad station, and there were a thousand chances that he was no longer in Peschiera. He could see that

his wife and Lily were restive, too: as the train drew into the station they nodded to each other, and pointed out of the window, as if to identify the spot where Lily had first noticed him; they laughed nervously, and it seemed to Elmore that he could not endure their laughter.

During that long wait which the train used to make in the old Austrian times at Peschiera, while the police authorities *viséd* the passports of those about to cross the frontier, Elmore continued perpetually alert. He was aware that he should not know Ehrhardt if he met him; but he should know that he was present from the looks of Lily and Mrs. Elmore, and he watched them. They dined well in waiting, while he impatiently trifled with the food, and ate next to nothing; and they calmly returned to their places in the train, to which he remounted after a last despairing glance around the platform in a passion of disappointment. The old longing not to be left so wholly to the effect of what he had done, possessed him to the exclusion of all other sensations, and as the train moved away from the station he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, sick that he should never even have looked on the face of the man in whose destiny he had played so fatal a part.

XIII.

In America, life soon settled into form about the daily duties of Elmore's place, and the daily pleasures and cares which his wife assumed as a leader in Patmos society.

Their sojourn abroad conferred its distinction; the day came when they regarded it as a brilliant episode, and it was only by fitful glimpses that they recognized its essential dullness. After they had been home a year or two, Elmore published his "Story of Venice in the Lives of her Heroes," which fell into a ready oblivion; he paid all the expenses of the book, and was puzzled that, in spite of this, the final settlement should still bring him in debt to his publishers. He did not understand, but he submitted; and he accepted the failure of his book very meekly. If he could have chosen, he would have preferred that the "Saturday Review," which alone noticed it in London with three lines of exquisite slight, should have passed it in silence. But after all, he felt that the book deserved no better fate. He always spoke of it as unphilosophized and incomplete, without any just claim to being.

Lily had returned to her sister's household, but though she came home in the heyday of her young beauty, she failed somehow to take up the story of her life just where she had left it in Patmos. On the way home she had refused an offer in London, and shortly after her arrival in America, she received a letter from a young gentleman whom she had casually seen in Geneva, and who had found exile insupportable since parting with her, and was ready to return to his native land at her bidding; but she said nothing of these proposals till long afterward to Professor Elmore, who, she said, had suffered enough from her offers. She went to all the parties and picnics, and had abundant opportunities of flirtation and marriage; but she neither flirted nor married. She seemed to have greatly sobered; and the sound sense which she had always shown became more and more qualified with a thoughtful sweetness. At first, the relation between her and the Elmores lost something of its intimacy; but after several years her health gave way, and then a familiarity, even kinder than before, grew up. She used to like to come to them, and talk and laugh fondly over their old Venetian days. But often she sat pensive and absent, in the midst of these memories, and looked at Elmore with a regard which he found hard to bear: a gentle, unconscious wonder it seemed, in which he imagined a shade of tender reproach.

When she recovered her health, after a journey to Colorado one winter, they saw that, by some subtile and indefinable difference, she was no longer a young girl. Perhaps it was because they had not met her for half a year. But perhaps it was age—she was now thirty. However it was, Elmore recognized with a pang that the first youth at least had gone out of her voice and eyes. The next winter she went again to the West. She liked the climate and the people, she said; and she feared to risk another winter in Patmos yet awhile.

She wrote home after awhile that she had opened a *kindergarten*, with another young lady, in Denver.

"She will end by marrying one of those Western widowers," said Mrs. Elmore.

"I wonder she didn't take poor old Hoskins," mused Elmore, aloud.

"No you don't, dear," said his wife, who had not grown less direct in dealing with him. "You know it would have been ridiculous; besides, she never cared anything for him—she couldn't. You might as well won-

der why she didn't take Captain Ehrhardt after you dismissed him."

"*I* dismissed him?"

"You wrote to him, didn't you?"

"Celia," cried Elmore, "this I *cannot* bear. Did I take a single step in that business without her request and your full approval? Didn't you both ask me to write?"

"Yes, I suppose we did."

"Suppose?"

"Well, we *did*—if you want me to say it. And I'm not accusing you of anything. I know you acted for the best. But you can see yourself, can't you, that it was rather sudden to have it end so quickly ——"

She did not finish her sentence, or he did not hear the close in the miserable absence into which he lapsed.

"Celia," he asked, at last, "do you think she—she had any feeling about him?"

"Oh," cried his wife, restively, "how should *I* know?"

"I didn't suppose you *knew*," he pleaded. "I asked if you thought so."

"What would be the use of thinking anything about it? The matter can't be helped now. If you inferred from anything she said to you ——"

"She told me repeatedly, in answer to questions as explicit as I could make them, that she wished him dismissed."

"Well, then, very likely she did."

"Very likely, Celia?"

"Yes. At any rate, it's too late now."

"Yes, it's too late now."

He was silent again, and he began to walk the floor, after his old habit, without speaking. He was always mute when he was in pain, and he startled her with the anguish in which he now broke forth.

"I give it up! I give it up! Celia, Celia, I'm afraid I did wrong! Yes, I'm afraid that I spoiled two lives. I ventured to lay my sacrilegious hands upon two hearts that a divine force was drawing together, and put them asunder. It was a lamentable blunder—it was a crime!"

"Why, Owen, how strangely you talk! How could you have done any differently, under the circumstances?"

"Oh, I could have done very differently. I might have seen him, and talked with him brotherly, face to face. He was a fearless and generous soul! And I was meanly scared for my wretched little decorums, for my responsibility to her friends, and I gave him no chance."

"We wouldn't let you give him any," interrupted his wife.

"Don't try to deceive yourself, don't try to deceive *me*, Celia! I know well enough that you would have been glad to have me show mercy; and I would not even show him the poor grace of passing his offer in silence, if I must refuse it. I couldn't spare him even so much as that!"

"We decided—we both decided—that it would be better to cut off all hope at once," urged his wife.

"Ah, it was I who decided that—decided everything. Leave me to deal honestly with myself at last, Celia! I have tried long enough to believe that it was not I who did it." The pent-up doubt of years, the long-silenced self-accusal, burst forth in his words. "Oh, I have suffered for it. I thought he must come back, somehow, as long as we staid in Venice. When we left Peschiera without a glimpse of him—I wonder I outlived it. But even if I had seen him there, what use would it have been? Would I have tried to repair the wrong done? What did I do but impute unmanly and impudent motives to him when he seized his chance to see her once more at that masquerade ——"

"No, no, Owen, he was not the one. Lily was satisfied of that long ago. It was nothing but a chance, a coincidence. Perhaps it was some one he had told about the affair ——"

"No matter! no matter! If I thought it was he, my blame is the same. And she, poor girl,—in my lying compassion for him, I used to accuse her of cold-heartedness, of indifference! I wonder she did not abhor the sight of me. How has she ever tolerated the presence, the friendship, of a man who did her this irreparable wrong? Yes, it has spoiled her life, and it was my work. No, no, Celia! you and she had nothing to do with it, except as I forced your consent —it was my work; and, however I have tried openly and secretly to shirk it, I must bear this fearful responsibility."

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, while his wife soothed him with loving excuses for what he had done, with tender protests against the exaggerations of his remorse. She said that he had done the only thing he could do; that Lily wished it, and that she never had blamed him. "Why, I don't believe she would ever have married Captain Ehrhardt, anyhow. She was full of that silly fancy of hers about Dick Burton all the time,—you know how she used always to be talking about him; and when she came home and

found she had outgrown him she had to refuse him, and I suppose it's that that's made her rather melancholy." She explained that Major Burton had become extremely fat; that his mustache was too big and black, and his laugh too loud; there was nothing left of him, in fact, but his empty sleeve, and Lily was too conscientious to marry him merely for that.

In fact, Elmore's regret did reflect a monstrous and distorted image of his conduct. He had really acted the part of a prudent and conscientious man; he was perfectly justifiable at every step: but in the retrospect those steps which we can perfectly justify sometimes seem to have cost so terribly that we look back even upon our sinful stumblings with better heart. Heaven knows how such things will be at the last day; but at that moment there was no wrong, no folly of his youth, of which Elmore did not think with more comfort than of this passage in which he had been so wise and right.

Of course the time came when he saw it all differently again; when his wife persuaded him that he had done the best that any one could do with the responsibilities that ought never to have been laid on a man of his temperament and habits; when he even came to see that Lily's feeling was a matter of pure conjecture with them, and that, so far as they knew, she had never cared anything for Ehrhardt. Yet he was glad to have her away; he did not like to talk of her with his wife; he did not think of her if he could help it.

They heard from time to time through her sister that she was well, and that her little enterprise was prospering; at last they heard directly from her that she was going to be married. Till then Elmore had been dumbly tormented in his somber moods with the solution of a problem at which his imagination vainly toiled,—the problem of how some day she and Ehrhardt should meet again and retrieve all the error of the past for him. He contrived this encounter in a thousand different ways by a thousand different chances; what he so passionately and sorrowfully longed for accomplished itself continually in his dreams, but only in his dreams. In due course Lily was married, and, from all they could understand, very happily. Her husband was a clergyman, and she took particular interest in his parochial work, which her good heart and clear head especially qualified her to share with him. To connect her fate any longer with that of Ehrhardt was now not only absurd, it was improper; yet Elmore sometimes found his fancy forgetfully at work as before. He could not at once realize that the tragedy of this romance, such as it was, remained to him alone, except, perhaps, as Ehrhardt shared it. With him, indeed, Elmore still sought to fret his remorse, and keep it poignant; and his failure to do so made him ashamed. But what lasting sorrow can one draw from the disappointment of a man whom one has never seen? If Lily could console herself, it finally seemed probable that Ehrhardt, too, had "got along."

THE END.

SHADOWS.

Shadow and substance—who is he can say
Where this doth surely end and that begin,
And which is greater? Who hath scales to weigh
Alike the shadow and the substance in?
Who rightly knows them—which is which? and who
Conceiveth which is elder of the two?

Thou pluck'st the daisy from the happy grass,
Touched with its lowly looks, but art too weak
To pluck the wandering shadows where they pass.
Great is the shade: and I have heard men speak
Of one old Shadow able to appall
Eyes not afraid of substances at all.

Yea, thou art he, O Death, whom mortals name
Life's shadow, tremblers at a shadow's tread:
Albeit there are who know how noontide's flame
Scorches, and of the shadow have no dread,
Seeing it means a cool, dusk place, with trees
All round, and grass, and much oblivious ease.

RAILWAY, CHURCH-YARD, AND CEMETERY LAWN-PLANTING.

A RAILWAY LAWN.

An encouraging sign of the times is the interest which has been manifested of late by our railroad officials in the appearance of the stations on their lines. Many of these buildings and surroundings, which were formerly eye-sores, have been so beautified by the judicious expenditure of some thought and a little money, that they now lend an added charm to the landscape, and were they to be removed, they would be missed with regret.

I had occasion lately to visit one of these recently improved stations. The natural surface of the ground rose rapidly in the rear of the building, and along the edge of the great rock mass, cut through just here by the railroad, gurgled a small, tumbling rill across the road, under a board or two. Except just about the station, where everything had been thoroughly cleared away, bits of rock abounded, and these had been utilized in a picturesque manner. Immediately around the station ran a carriage-road, with a convenient oval circuit for turning. On one end of this circuit, near the station, was a weeping beech, and the other extremity was occupied by a group of flowering shrubs, that, although too freshly planted to blossom that year, already impressed the eye as an attractive mass of bright green foliage. Here and there, near the house, were planted pleasant shade-trees, such as the linden, oak, and maple. It should be remembered that by thus planting large shade-trees the architectural effect of the building was greatly enhanced, because the side toward the railroad, which is the true front, was uninterfered with. Passing mention is made of this, because objection might otherwise be fairly raised to shutting in the building with trees. The entire work had been completed rapidly, but with evident thoroughness. Rich, well-tilled soil had been secured, and the paths were solid and properly constructed. All the edges of the walks were bordered by cut sods, and the remaining ground was sowed with grass-seed that, by the good luck that sometimes accompanies good management, had come up evenly. A single path wound through the small domain, carried hither and thither so as to obtain the best views of the river near by, as well as the utmost variety of surface. It was surprising how large the place seemed, as one rambled over this undulating path. The matter-of-fact visitor was even betrayed into the expression that it was as good in its way as anything in Central Park.

There was little bedding stuff that required to be constantly renewed; only a few bits of color in the way of scarlet geraniums and the like, planted as a salient point in some shrub group. Almost everything was simple and permanent in character. Hardy flowering shrubs were freely used, because some one of them bloomed during every month of spring and summer. There were small-sized trees, like the purple beech, stuartia, and magnolia. A few groups and single specimens of evergreens stood in a section near the rockiest part of the grounds and somewhat by themselves. These consisted almost entirely of dwarf, slow-growing kinds, such as the Nordman's fir, conical spruce, glaucous juniper, and the beautiful retinosporas. Peering out from the rocks and background of woods and shrubbery that surrounded the spot, were white-barked weeping birches, golden oaks, and other trees of equally individual character. A rhododendron or two bloomed also among the nearest rocks, as well as several hardy azaleas. Along the little run of water were set out various herbaceous plants that flower freely and brightly in the green turf nearly all summer, and come up again next year without being renewed. Over the rocks grew climbing vines, Virginia creepers, moneywort, and periwinkles, as well as sedums and many other varieties of herbaceous plants fitted for such spots. A little of everything that properly pertained to a lawn was here, for variety had been one of the main objects sought, in order that the tedium of the waiting passenger might be alleviated as much as possible.

I cannot properly explain how charmingly the combinations were contrived to thus produce, by a complete variety, the most continued pleasure and surprise. Uninitiated as they were, the railroad men at once recognized the attractions of this variety, even in its crude and freshly planted state, and grimly, after the way of such men, expressed approval.

I asked the station-master how all this had been done, and how it was to be kept in order. He said that a close survey of the ground and existing plants was made last fall. During the winter, maps and planting lists were worked up, and in the spring, a lawn-planting foreman came on the ground with half a dozen men, and with the help of the map, and one or two visits of the landscape architect, they accomplished the result.

As to keeping it in order, the work is easily done by men who are sent from the company's office, at stated times, to mow grass, and to weed and prune. All the station-master is asked to do is to watch that everything is kept in apple-pie shape, and if weeds and grass show signs of getting ahead, to telegraph for help.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

CHURCH-YARDS and cemeteries were once essentially identical. All this, however, is rapidly changing. For sanitary and other good reasons, the cemetery is now separated from the church; but, unfortunately, with the growth of modern cemeteries is associated curtailment of church-yards. This is greatly to be deplored. Would it not be wiser to even moderate, if necessary, the ornamentation of the interior, and secure trees and grass and flowers? A few may be impressed with holy awe by sculptured nave and glowing window, but the whole world that passes by is benefited by trees and flowers. My object, therefore, is to see if I cannot help to increase the love and knowledge of lawn-planting as applied to the grounds of buildings for worship. In the belief that it is a reasonable and beautiful object, I will endeavor to point out how certain trees not only harmonize with such surroundings, but also how they possess special and practical value in the positions they occupy. The accompanying illustration shows what can be effected in a country church-yard.

Such trees as stand near the church are rightly dignified and statuesque. For the same reason, they generally stand singly or in small groups of three. The larger ones, like the American elm in the center, or the gingko *(Salisburia adiantifolia)* to the right, have a more or less erect character. On the other hand, the yellow-wood *(Virgilia lutea)*, to the left of the last, has a broad head and curving outline of trunk and branches, suggestive of the high finish of the turner's art. Harmony and variety are specially sought in the design of this plot. Remarkable specimens of weeping sophora stand in one or two spots, and seem especially adapted to the surroundings of a church.

Remarkable and valuable weeping trees are the elms on either side of the gate. They have been planted later than many other trees visible in the picture, and are of the campestris species, Camperdown variety. Evidently British from their name, they bear little resemblance to our American elms. Slow of growth and compact of form, at no time are they lofty and spreading. They belong evidently to the rounded type of foliage contour. The rich, dark green leaves droop and fold over each other in a regular manner, in many cases quite systematic. You will notice in the picture, however, that these particular specimens have taken a fancy to lean toward each other in a manner that even trees will sometimes assume. Pruning secures for this tree a perfect form, until it attains considerable age. In short, it may be ranked well up on our short roll of really good weeping trees. The weeping sophora, of which there are two, is possibly more elegant in appearance, with drooping garlands of neat, acacia-like foliage. It is not, however, as hardy, either summer or winter, as the Camperdown elm. I need hardly rehearse the excellence of the weeping sophora, having already treated of it elsewhere. Furthermore, I want to call your attention again to the broad, round-headed yellow-wood *(Virgilia lutea*, or, according to best authorities, *Cladrastis tinctoria)*. It is the most cheerful tree on the grounds, and, moreover, though rare, an American plant from the banks of the Tennessee. The foliage is not dense and does not clothe the interior branching of the tree, which, in a way, lays open to view a peculiar development of trunk and limbs. About their rounded contour is stretched tightly wrinkled swathings of smooth, light-colored bark. Small and graceful, the leaves are light green, more or less like those of an acacia or sophora, and the flowers white and in form drooping, like those of the wistaria. The pyramidal oak, too, forms one of the best trees for a church-lawn. Its upright lines are bold and picturesque as relieved against the more horizontal ones of the church. The tree is, moreover, massive and, for an oak, very rapid in growing.

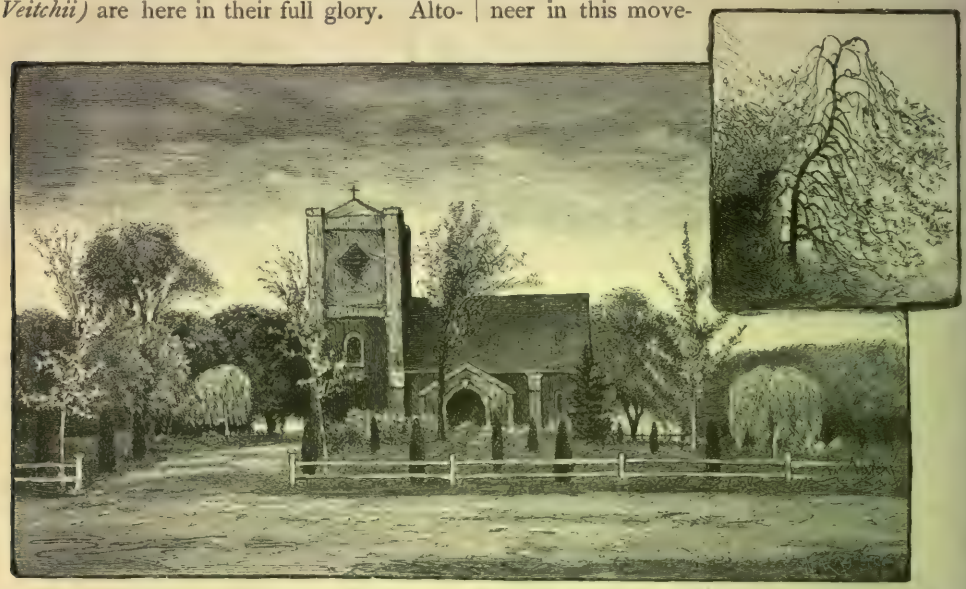
In seeking to gather about the church,

A RAILWAY LAWN.*

trees that accord with the place, the lawn-planter, by employing the *Virgilia lutea*, has been most successful. The color shades off effectively, through the varying hues of gingko, weeping elm, pyramidal oak, and stately American elm, to the deepest, noblest tone of all produced by the grand Nordmann's fir, near the right-hand corner of the church. Here a dark, noble mass, with rich silvery tints, rears itself into a symmetrical, perfect feature, which impresses the eye much as the ear is affected by some deep, solemn strain from the old organ within the church. This fir, indeed, serves, with its companion evergreens, to give the place its special character. By good luck, hills and trees to the north and west have so protected this spot that evergreens of somewhat tender nature stand the winter well. Thus, we have the Irish yew, rich and dark and erect as a sentinel, as well as its parent *Taxus baccata*, also dark, if not altogether statuesque. Other evergreens bear, of course, their due relation to this harmony of color and form. Graceful, grotesque, weeping spruces, golden and fern-like Japanese cypresses, columnar weeping silver firs, and fountain-like weeping hemlocks, alike contribute each its separate mark on the broad effect of the whole. It is a symphony of trees as impressive in many ways as the swelling chords of the church organ. Nor does the velvet turf, extending in broad, unbroken spaces, fail to perfect the general appearance of the scene. All statuesque dwarf evergreens, as well as more lofty trees, occupy the space immediately about the church walk, or fence, leaving wide openings between. The fence, carrying out the same idea, is low, with but two rails, and as inconspicuous as possible. Care is taken also not to overload the lawn even with choice, low-growing, somber evergreens, as represented by most of the yews, spruces, and firs. Just as the effect of the graver elms, oaks, and maples is lightened by the tints of the yellow-wood and gingko, so the evergreens pass here and there into bright golden forms, and again into low deciduous trees, which are not, in any sense, shrubs. Thus the glowing leaves of certain Japanese maples are used as single specimens, and especially the low-grafted form of the Kilmarnock weeping willow. This

* This station was built by Mr. J. C. Cady, at Demorest, New Jersey. The landscape is ideal.

tree is very symmetrical and even graceful, if properly pruned; but, as usually known in its high-grafted form, its stem early decays. In the sketch accompanying the church illustration is shown the low-grafted form, which is free from bark-cracking and disease on account of the protection the branches afford the stem. The effect of the employment of this weeping plant in this church-yard is specially happy, for it hardly represents a real shrub, which is, as may be seen, scarcely admitted, and yet it breaks, with its irregular, graceful lines, any possible monotony among the statuesque dwarf evergreens. Of course, the ivy on the wall and the crimson autumnal tints of the Japan creeper *(Ampelopsis Veitchii)* are here in their full glory. Altogether, there is an organic completeness in the selection of the various plants that proves the lawn-planter to have had a genuine sympathy for his work, as well as abundant practical knowledge.



A CHURCH LAWN. Low-grafted Kilmarnock Weeping Willow. (Salix caprea pendula.)

THE CEMETERY.

THE excessive and tasteless use of stone-work in our cemeteries has been unnaturally fostered by love of display and by the fact that cut stone is more permanent and needs less care than shrubs and flowers, which are not only difficult to select to-day, but liable to perish to-morrow. Hence grew up this vulgar fashion of using stone inordinately, nominally in honor of the dead, but often merely for the sake of fashionable display.

Plants, however, have long been employed, entirely independent of what the fashion might be, and in their use, therefore, lies the really heart-felt offering to the memory of the departed. More than twenty years ago, one or two cemeteries, notably Spring Grove, Cincinnati, and Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, attempted a reform which aimed at doing away with fenced and hedged burial plots. Hartford laid out a cemetery on a similar plan, and a portion of Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, has a park-like character, unblemished by fences or even tombstones. Cincinnati has certainly been the pioneer in this movement, and to Mr. Strauch, superintendent of Spring Grove Cemetery, of that city, belongs the credit of most persistently and systematically following out what may really be called a new principle.

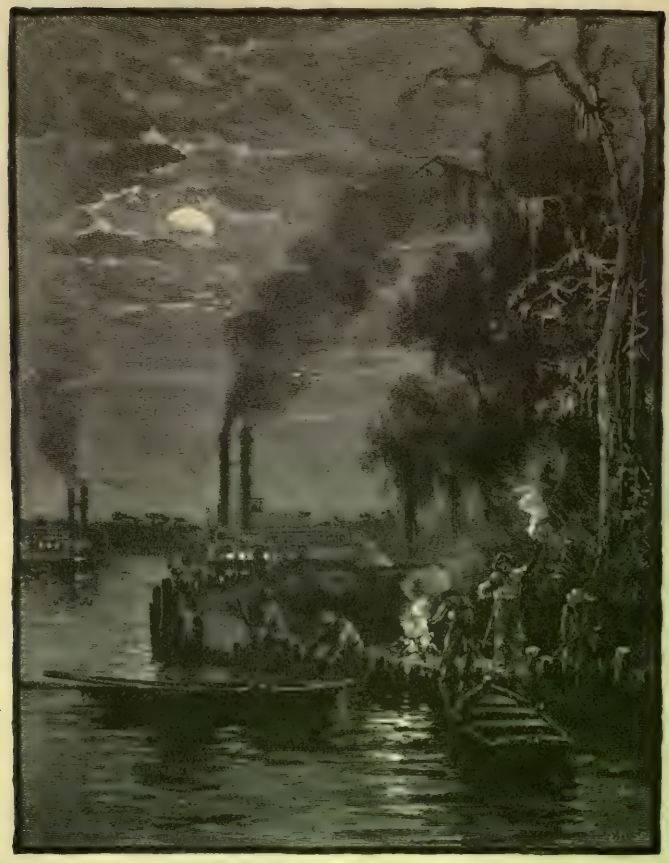
In Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, may be seen a fair example of what is generally considered a good park-like cemetery. Shrubs and trees are planted about in irregular fashion upon a lawn. The lots are clustered here and there in groups, and their boundaries are designated by small stones or stakes hidden in the grass, the graves themselves being made in an inconspicuous manner. With the exception of creeping vines, not a tree, shrub, or flower is planted unless by permission of the authorities.

A BURIAL PLOT.

Flowers are allowed on the graves, but no plants bearing flowers may be set out except under these restrictions. Everything is under the control of a central authority, which is supposed to know exactly how to produce the finest landscape effect possible under the circumstances. That such effects are actually accomplished may be fairly questioned by competent judges; but that is not the fault of the system

Many people, however, possess cemetery lots where stones exist, and they must make the best of things as they are. They may not wish to destroy existing evergreen hedges entirely, in which case they can leave a plant in each corner and on either side of the gate, otherwise they will find it advisable to follow the plan here presented as regards its general system. This system consists chiefly in open stretches of perfect greensward throughout the entire lot, except on the extreme edges and at the head and foot of the graves. No formal hedge is necessary, but a border of foliage, to break and modify the stiffness of the necessarily inartistic fence. This work can only be accomplished properly by dwarf evergreens, the forms of which are statuesque and dignified, as comports with the spirit of the place. I refer to such plants as the Swiss stone pine, the conical and Gregory spruces, and the many agreeable dwarf varieties of retinosporas. These plants have the supreme advantage of the most lovely variety and contrast of color, when properly arranged, and have at the same time the ability to retain their dwarf forms for a score of years with a minimum of pruning. Variety of color is too little considered in most landscape-gardening of a permanent character, and the unfitting mature size of many plants in confined positions is equally disregarded.

This lot, it will be seen, has a weeping beech by the monument, and three or four slow-growing plants—roses and variegated-leaved Japanese maples—by the grave itself. This is designed to secure a peculiar grace for this special spot, which may be enhanced by allowing a vine or two, ivy or Japan creeper, to twine about the base of grave-stone or monument. All plants used in the center of the lot should be pruned and managed with the greatest care, or they will become, in spite of their dwarfness, too luxuriant in growth for the place they occupy. Above all things, the vines should not be allowed to cover all the surface of the stones and monuments. Any seeming neglect and disorder must detract greatly from the proper dignity of the spot.



FIGHTING THE WATER.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, below the junction with the Ohio, has, on one side or the other, about 1800 miles of levee, representing in first cost and present actual value twenty million dollars. The protection thus afforded, however, is far from perfect, and agricultural operations are conducted under very serious annual peril of loss of crops by the casualty of overflow. How far this fact, or the magnitude of the interests involved, or the collateral advantages likely to accrue, or all together, authorize the expectation of Government intervention between this wayward river and the dwellers upon its banks, are questions which will not be discussed in this paper, which will merely have to do with the popular and unscientific aspects of the problem—the origin, progress, and present condition of the levee system and, as far as yet developed, the measures proposed for perfecting the reclamation of the country.

The Mississippi River, although preëminent among the rivers of the earth for its length, and distinguished by the imperial extent, fertility, and population of the valley which it drains, has exceedingly inconvenient peculiarities. Besides its habit of annually rising too high, it is very crooked and restless, continually changing its channel, constantly caving off its banks on one side and piling up sand-bars on the other. Sometimes it will in a very few years cut in half a mile or more, absorb the old levee, and render the construction of a new one an absolute and urgent necessity. While the river is high there is little caving, but as it falls, and particularly when it approximates low-water mark, the bank tumbles in all along the affected portion of each afflicted

bend. As nearly every bend, either at its upper end, or its lower, or in the middle, is so affected, and as the river is almost all bend, there being but few reaches, it is manifest that the displacement of what can only by courtesy be called *terra firma* must, in the course of five or six months of continuous low water, be something enormous. It is very clear, therefore, that levees placed within reasonable distances from the river are not structures of extraordinary permanence, and that the necessity of their occasional renewal immensely increases the difficulty of protecting the country.

As yet no adequate protection has been of avail against this great terror—which, indeed, seems invincible under the conditions of the levee system as heretofore developed in practice. The plan proposed by the Levee Commission appointed in 1874 under national auspices would greatly alleviate it, while the more fundamental scheme of Captain Eads for the rectification of the river channel as well as the reclamation of the swamp, if successful, would abolish not only the necessity of any levee system but the danger of caving banks. This phase of the subject, however, will be considered later.

The magnitude and importance of the interests involved in the reclamation of this region will be apparent when it is stated that its total area is between 32,000 and 37,000 square miles, of which only narrow strips along the main stream and its principal tributaries have heretofore been cultivated. By protection against overflow and by proper drainage there would be rendered available not less than 2,500,000 acres of sugar land, about 7,000,000 acres of the best cotton land in the world, and 1,000,000 acres of corn land of unsurpassed fertility. On the eastern side of the river is the great swamp or alluvial plain of Mississippi, fifty miles wide, extending from the Chickasaw Bluffs, below Memphis, Tennessee, to the Walnut Hills at Vicksburg—a distance of one hundred and seventy miles in a direct line, or, following the meanderings of the river, of nearly four hundred miles. On this line the facilities for reclamation are exceptionally good. From its northern limit to its southern no tributary

FISHING IN THE OVERFLOW.

A RISE IN LIFE.

COMING FROM THE WOOD-PILE.

debouches into the Mississippi except the Yazoo, the mouth of which is within a few miles of the Walnut Hills. An adequate line of levee, therefore, from the northern limit of the swamp to the mouth of the Yazoo, or as near it as possible, would effectually exclude all river-water from the plain, and all rain-fall and surface-water being conducted into the Yazoo by the Sunflower and Coldwater rivers, Deer Creek and other tributaries would pass into the Mississippi, thus affording drainage to the country.

On the western side of the river is a vast region, not less fertile, embracing the lower part of Missouri, all the alluvial front of Arkansas, and of Louisiana as far down as the mouth of Red River. Here the conditions for effectual and permanent reclamation are much less favorable. Within these limits the St. Francis, White, and Arkansas rivers, and other streams, flow into the Mississippi, and as any of them is liable to overflow its banks from its own floods, and all are subject to back-water from the Mississippi for many miles, it is evident that their existence, and the necessity of leveeing their banks above the reach of back-water, would furnish much employment to levee engineers and add greatly to the cost and complication of the system. Large bodies of very fine lands have, however, been reclaimed, although levee operations have been necessarily more fragmentary than on the opposite bank of the river. Below the mouth of Red River no tributaries add to the waters of the Mississippi; on the contrary, it is depleted by a number of bayous or outlets,—Atchafalaya, Bayou La Fourche, Bonnet Carré Crevasse, and others,—which, leaving the river, make their way through the delta to the Gulf of Mexico.

In Louisiana the levee system is of comparative antiquity, having had its beginning in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the embankments long ago came under the jurisdiction of local and State government and assumed the dignity of public works. In Mississippi and Arkansas, however, the reclamation of the swamp was an enterprise of much more modern date, having its origin almost within memory of persons now living, and at first—and, indeed, for a long time—it was exploited solely by individual effort.

The earlier settlements on the river between Memphis and Vicksburg—generally wood-yards with small appurtenant cornfields—were made upon unusually high spots, which, although really formed by anteced-

FEEDING STOCK ON THE LEVEE.

A CYPRESS BRAKE.

ent inundation, obtained, absurdly enough, the reputation of being "above overflow," because, for a number of years, they had not been actually submerged. They were prized accordingly, and the corn-fields of the wood-choppers were gradually transformed into cotton plantations, at first, of course, of very limited dimensions. Similar elevated spots were sought out and subjected to culture, and, before any leveeing operations had been attempted, the river bank on both sides was dotted with settlements of pioneer planters, who sought to utilize the fertile soil by cultivation. A very few years, however, sufficed to demonstrate the fallacy of the "above-overflow" pretension; the planter's mind relinquished the delusion that land should be *high*,—it was sufficient that it should be *dry*,—and the proprietors deemed it expedient to fortify against their common enemy. The water-marks left by the flood upon trees, stumps, and fences were as plain as paint; these indicated the level of the water and supplied the want of engineering science. A make-shift levee of primitive style was constructed, very near the river bank, because less land was thereby thrown out, and because the ground is always highest upon the margin of the river, sloping thence inland. As the plantations increased in number and approximated each other, the principle of coöperation appeared; levees were built across unoccupied lands until there were disconnected strings ten, twelve, or fifteen miles long. The construction of these was far from satisfactory. The operatives were generally the plantation negroes. At that time the Irish ditchers and levee-builders had scarcely made their appearance in the country. The colored people are not usually distinguished for their skill in the use of the spade, and cannot at all compete with the Hibernian. Some years there was high water, carrying dismay to the planter's heart; some years there was low water, inspiring confidence and security; occasionally there was no "water" at all—the river did not get out of its banks, and was therefore held in contempt. In 1844, however, the Mississippi, having apparently lost all patience with this persistent intrusion upon its domains, "spread itself," to use a vulgarism singularly descriptive of the operation, and treated its unbidden guests to a first-class "big overflow," the like of

A SIMILITUDE TO VENICE.

which had not been seen since 1828. The river rose early and went down late; it overflowed the whole country, and filled up the entire swamp; ruined all the levees, great and small; remained at or near high-water mark week after week and month after month until late in July, and did not finally retire within its banks until nearly the middle of August.

Life in the Mississippi swamp is unique, but perhaps never so much so as during that memorable summer. The shallowest water, for indefinite miles in any direction, was two feet deep, the nearest land, the "Hills of the Arkansaw," thirty miles away. The mules were quartered on the upper floor of the gin-house; the cattle had been all drowned long ago; planter, negroes, and overseer were confined in their respective domiciles; the grist-mill was under water, and there was no means of preparing corn for culinary purposes except a wooden hominy-mortar. The hog-and-hominy diet (so highly extolled by some people who have never lived on it) was adopted of necessity, the former being represented by mess pork, salter than tongue can tell. There were no visitors, except now and then a sociable snake, which, no doubt bored by swimming around indefinitely in the overflow, and craving even human companionship, would glide up on the gallery of some of the houses. There was no means of locomotion except the skiff and the humble but ever serviceable dug-out—nowhere to go and nobody within a day's journey otherwise or more comfortably situated. The only sense of sympathy from without was

GRABBING FOR CRAW-FISH HOLES.

had from remote and infrequent glimpses of the gallant steamer *J. M. White*, which, leaping from point to point, made better time from New Orleans to St. Louis than was ever made before or for many years after.

That year, nineteen plantations out of twenty failed to produce a single pound of cotton or a single bushel of corn, and when the flood was over and the swamp Noahs came out of their respective arks, they were, to say the least, malcontent. They were not ruined, of course, but they had lost a whole year's gross income. Moreover, the prestige of the swamp as a cotton country was wofully diminished. The planters in the "Hills," as the uplands are denominated, began to hold up their heads, no longer overcrowed by the extraordinary crops alleged to have been heretofore produced in the swamp.

The swamp-planters set to work to redeem the disaster, and to provide, as far as possible, against its recurrence. With the purpose of retrieving their financial fortunes they took some unique measures. There is a tradition that, at a public meeting held in Greenville, Miss., in October, 1844, among other more commonplace resolutions, one was gravely and unanimously adopted to the effect that a demand of payment within twelve months from that date of any debt, great or small, upon any planter who had been overflowed that year, should be considered distinctly "personal"—a clear case for pistols and coffee. The code was certainly a curious institution, but probably this is the only instance in which it was expected to do duty as a stay-law.

After 1844, it became evident to the meanest capacity that, if any use was to be made of the swamp country, the Mississippi River *must* be kept out of it. To effect this end the efforts of the people were systematized; funds were raised by local taxation of lands; levee boards and other official bodies were duly organized and installed; professional engineers made their appearance; the Irish multiplied and the work went bravely on, always in advance of the supply of money which, *non passibus aequis*, came toddling on behind. The proprietors in every bend wanted *their* levee built first, and to gratify this very natural and reasonable desire the officials, exhausting with the utmost ease their ready money, drew upon futurity after the manner of such bodies, issuing certificates and levee bonds bearing eight or ten per cent. interest, which were receivable in payment of levee taxes, and, if not so absorbed, payable in money three, four, or five years after date. Of course such payment in cash, according to the tenor and effect of the instrument, was from the beginning regarded on all hands as a pleasant figure of speech; the bonds had a certain value simply because they were receivable in payment of levee taxes.

Besides the funds derived from the levee tax and the credit which it supported, the levee boards were endowed by State or national benefaction—it is not worth while to inquire or remember which—with certain lands that up to that time could not be sold at any price and were therefore given away. These were called "overflowed" lands, and the word in this connection was not only descriptive but intensative, indicating that, of all lands which habitually "went under," these went under the deepest and staid under the longest. To a limited extent they were purchased by prescient capitalists, and were found to be very good lands—to keep, to pay taxes on, or, in default of that ceremony, to hold until the back taxes had so far accumulated as to exceed in amount the market value of the lands, which in most instances came to pass at an early day.

Notwithstanding their very limited resources in money and credit, the levee authorities pressed forward their work with great energy and remarkable success. It is wonderful how much was done to reclaim the swamp, and with what limited means, between the great overflow of water in 1844 and the great overflow of blood in 1861—especially within the last half-dozen years of that period. Among the manifold disadvantages under which this work was prosecuted, the greatest was the fact that much of it was necessarily temporary. That lawless habit of the river in undermining and carrying away huge slices of the levees rendered it necessary to renew these structures frequently, or else to place them at a considerable distance from the river, and, if possible, out of its reach. And hereupon arose a most perplexing dilemma. There was always a question, and often a violent controversy, between the levee board and the planter upon whose premises the new levee had become a necessity. To him it was a very serious misfortune; like *Hotspur*, he naturally objects to the river which

> ——"comes me cranking in,
> And cuts me from the best of all my land,
> A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out."

And his disgust is much intensified when the location of the line of the levee anticipates and greatly enlarges the encroachments of the river. If his front is, for example, a mile, building the new levee will involve the loss of at least one hundred and sixty acres of his best land, for, in a caving bend, the new line is rarely placed nearer the old one than a quarter of a mile, and if, out of abundant caution, it should be located still farther back, the loss is increased in proportion; for all land outside the levee becomes as valueless for planting purposes as if already careering in suspension toward the Gulf of Mexico. The proprietor, grieving over his prospective loss of land, is recalcitrant; he cannot be made to understand why so large a margin is necessary; he fights against it as long and as hard as he can, and even resorts to chancery suits and injunctions.

Besides the opposition, active or passive, of local interests, there were weighty considerations moving the levee authorities to a moderate policy. Anxious as they might be to put the public money where it would last the longest, there was no absolute certainty that it was necessary to place the levee so very far from the bank. The river is nothing if not capricious; the caving bank of one season is often perfectly solid the next; on this point the prognosis of the oldest inhabitant is of as little worth as that of the latest arrival. One thing was certain —the farther from the river a levee may be built, the more it will cost. A pure scientist, authorized to draw upon unlimited funds, might disregard such considerations, but they had much weight with practical business men whose objects were, first, present immunity from overflow, and, second, such permanent reclamation as was attainable with the means at their command.

When levees were built *en amateur* by planters, the methods were less scientific and the work far less effective than later, when they became the business of civil engineers and Irishmen. The received idea of a levee, for a long time, was an embankment sloping from the surface, at an angle of even forty-five degrees, to a line a foot or two above high-water mark. It was usually made by casting with the spade from each side, so that in front and rear, close to the base of the levee, was an irregular trench two spades deep, usually full of water from which the earth had been taken. There was no "seep-water" ditch, and whenever the river stood against the levee, the "transpiration water" which oozed through it filled the trench along the line of the levee, and rendered any work upon it in case of storm or other emergency a matter of great difficulty. The levee was built on the natural earth; stumps and even logs were often left in it—a cause of much peril, as the earth, in settling, would shrink away from the wood and leave a cavity, which the insinuating water soon enlarged to dangerous proportions. Now and then a root-hole just below the surface would form the primordium of a crevasse, and sometimes the levee, being on and in no degree incorporated with the earth upon which it rested, would slide bodily away and let in the importunate river. That such structures should have resisted any water, not to say a "big water," could only be regarded as a fortunate accident.

The mode of building a levee which superseded the primitive style just described is this: The space which it is to occupy is first carefully cleaned off; trees, roots, stumps, logs, weeds, even grass and leaves, are removed. Then in the middle of the space, extending longitudinally the whole length of the proposed work, is dug a ditch three feet wide and three feet deep, which is to be straightway filled up again. This is called a mock-ditch, or, as some people say, a "muck-ditch," but why "muck" is one of the things that has not yet been found out. The object of this is twofold—to close all root-holes and to mortise the superstructure into the natural earth, thus preventing any sliding under the pressure of the water. As the levee is built of loose earth, its mass coalesces with the loose earth with which the mock-ditch was filled, and when the levee has been completed and settled it forms, with the contents of the mock-ditch, a homogeneous mass anchored three feet all along the line in the solid ground. The next process is to build the levee. The material is to be taken only from the outside or side next to the river, and should not be cut nearer than twenty feet from the base of the levee; the earth is carried in wheelbarrows upon runplank. The dimensions of levees have varied from time to time, according to the amount of funds available for their construction. In any case, the top of the levee should be three feet perpendicular above high-water mark; the base line should be five, six, or seven feet, according to the ratio in force, for every foot of perpendicular height; the top should be level, and

as broad as the levee is high. Thus where high-water mark is four feet above the level of the natural bank, the perpendicular height of the levee should be seven feet, the breadth at the top should be seven feet and its thickness at the bottom thirty-five feet, forty-two feet, or forty-nine feet, as the ratio of five to one, six to one, or seven to one might be in force. Taking, for illustration, a seven-foot levee constructed upon this last ratio, it will be observed that, with the water standing four feet deep, there will be on a horizontal line twenty-five feet of solid earth between the surface of the water outside and the air inside, and forty-nine feet between the bottom of the water without and the air at the natural surface of the earth within.

The last but indispensable step in the process of levee-building is the "seep-water" ditch, which is dug some thirty or forty feet from the inner margin of the levee, and parallel with it. The function of this ditch is to receive and conduct away the seep-water, or transpiration-water, which oozes in considerable quantities through even the most compact of levees. If permitted to remain it would render the ground about the inner base of the levee intolerably muddy, and would operate as a great disadvantage in case of emergency. The seep-water ditch must be connected with plantation ditches or otherwise put into communication with the swamp in the rear, so that the water can be carried away. Finally, as a finishing touch to the new levee, it should be planted with Bermuda grass. If tufts of this grass be set two or three feet apart all over the surface of the levee it will, in a year or two, cover it completely with a very dense sod, and by its interlacing roots add materially to its water-resisting capacity. When water stands for a long time against a levee, the current and the waves seriously abrade its surface, cutting in sometimes so deep that an inopportune wind-storm would assuredly break it. A heavy coat of Bermuda sod is a very efficient preventive of this kind of disaster. I have seen, at the end of a long period of high water, a piece of levee deeply indented all along the line, and, in some places, cut more than half through, while adjoining it was a strip of Bermuda-covered levee, subject to the same exposure to wave, wind, and current, which had not, apparently, lost a pound of earth or a tuft of grass.

The levee-building season lasts from October until the river, by rising out of its banks in the spring, shall serve notices to quit. The laborers, collected by the contractors in St. Louis, Cincinnati, or Cairo, are chiefly Irish, with a few English and Scotch, an occasional German or Scandinavian, and rarely a native American. When the season closes, all except a few who have been employed as ditchers return to the upper country, and the swamp knows "the Irish" no more until the fall. Levee work is paid for by the cubic yard, usually twenty-five to thirty-five cents per yard. The payment is made in money or its current equivalent in levee bonds, which are cashed either directly by tax-payers or by brokers who buy them to sell to tax-payers. The cost of levees varies, of course, with their dimensions; a good seven-foot levee with ample base would cost from eight thousand dollars to eleven thousand dollars per mile, higher levees costing in a much greater and lower in a much less proportion. The height of levees varies with the relative elevation of the bank, ranging from five to thirteen feet in perpendicular height, averaging perhaps nine or possibly ten feet.

The season of peril to levees is variable, ranging from the first of April to the first of July. I have known a levee broken by equinoctial storms about the 20th of March, but usually the evil day comes later. It depends greatly upon the weather in the upper country: a mild winter brings an early "water"; a hard winter, keeping the rivers long closed with ice, delays the coming of the floods. There is a general impression that heavy snows above portend and produce very high water in the Mississippi. This is a mistake; snow is not formidable because there is very little water in it, as anybody can discover by melting a cupful, and because it usually passes away gradually unless dissolved by heavy rains; in that case, it is the rain that does the mischief. A kindred delusion prevails that the floods in the Mississippi are caused by the melting of snows on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. To this source is due only what is known as the "June rise," but it is usually so late that it has no coadjutors, and of itself is rarely formidable. It is, besides, so gradual that, even when superimposed upon a pretty full river, it adds little to the height of the water though much to its duration.

The most dangerous floods come from the Ohio and its affluents. When all these up to the "head of the hollow" conspire

ALL UNDER WATER IN '44.

and do their wickedest, the aggregate of water is enormous and the result is a long season of suspense, anxiety, labor, and peril. The upper Mississippi and Missouri with their tributaries are not capable of equal mischief. Usually there is a succession of high waters; and the result is that during the whole critical season, April, May, June, the river is generally bank-full, and often stands against the levee in a most threatening attitude for three, four, five, or six weeks together. At high stages the Mississippi falls very slowly, and as a rise travels much more rapidly than a fall, the rivers relieve each other in keeping up the water. The Arkansas is *sui generis;* it rises very rapidly, and several times in the course of a season an immense flood comes down, rushing with great velocity quite across the Mississippi, dyeing the turbid yellow waters with its peculiar red for a hundred miles below. Whenever its boom coincides with a very high stage of the Mississippi, disagreeable things are likely to happen almost anywhere from its mouth to Vicksburg.

It must not be supposed that an overflow is always as universal and disastrous as that of 1844. When the general line of levee stands firm, and there are only a few crevasses, each has its own area of devastation limited by the topographical configuration of the country. All land back from the river is lower than that upon its margin, but there is no little diversity in the relative depression of these lower levels. The lagoons are lowest, then the cypress brake, the open swamp, the green-brier ridge, the switch-cane ridge. All these are lower by three to ten feet than the cane ridge of the interior, which is itself lower than the land on the margin of the river. Where there is a bayou the land on one side or both is relatively high. Some bayous were originally outlets from the river, and were filled up at their heads either by deposits before the reclamation era or by levees since. Other bayous are the outlets of the larger lakes, such as were portions of the bed of the river, and in most instances the banks of the lakes are comparatively high and communicate by ground of similar elevation with the margin of the river. Thus, at irregular intervals all along the banks of the Mississippi, are strips of higher ground, extending in a measure parallel with the general course of the river for a great distance. As a sort of inchoate natural levees, they divide the country into a number of sections partially independent of one another in the matter of protection from inundation. If a crevasse takes place below one of these natural breakwaters, the lands above it are comparatively safe. As long as there remains within reach of the errant flood a space adequate to the receipt and discharge of the volume of water admitted by the

crevasse, the higher levels are not invaded. If, however, the break takes place above the ridge the security is not so perfect, because of the normal tendency downward of the water; but it often happens that the natural elevation of the ridge, especially if reënforced by a volunteer side levee, protects the plantations below, throws off the water, compels it to disport itself in the open swamp and deep cypress-brakes of the interior, and to seek through the usual outlets of the swamp a pass-way to its ultimate destination.

In the immediate vicinity of a crevasse the action of the water upon the land is direct, flowing over it with great velocity toward the lower levels of the swamp, spreading, of course, on either side. In its rapid descent it often cuts holes in places, and elsewhere covers spots of considerable extent with sand a foot or more deep. In 1846 I saw large patches of this character, white as the sands of Florida, barren as Sahara, the souvenirs of 1844. In time the winds dispersed the sands in some measure, and persistent and very deep plowing partially restored the fertility of the soil. The great body of overflowed lands, however, is differently affected; the water, having filled the adjacent swamps, and unable to find adequate outlets into still lower depths, backs up on the higher lands and quietly takes possession, continuing to rise until it has reached the highest level it can attain with the volume imparted by the crevasse. Thus, at a short distance below and *a fortiori* above a crevasse, the highest ground, usually alongside the levee, remains for a long time and often altogether untouched by the water.

The width of a crevasse varying from a hundred feet to half a mile or more depends upon the height of the water above the surface of the earth, the slope in the rear, and the tenacity of the soil of which the levee is composed. As the space afforded by the breach for the escape of the water increases, the abrading force operating upon the levee diminishes, and when it falls below the cohesive strength of the material of the levee the abrasion ceases. Sometimes the work of destruction is limited by securing the ends of the broken levee (this is effected by driving down heavy stakes and depositing masses of gunny-bags filled with earth), and sometimes the same result takes place when the critical point is masked by a thicket of willows, or cotton-wood, or even a fortuitous drift-log.

Closing a crevasse becomes practicable when its current has been so far diminished by a fall of the river without, or the rising of the overflow water within, that stakes can be driven with good hope that they will remain where they have been placed. The difficulty is that, as the width is diminished by the operation, the velocity of the current is increased, and up to the very last it is uncertain whether the break can be closed at all; contrary to the proverb, it is here the last step that costs. This process is, except perhaps in Louisiana, less frequently attempted than it should be It is not a very easy thing, of course; the cost is considerable, the result always problematical; it may be wholly superfluous, for the river may retire within its banks so that the levee can be rebuilt after the ordinary fashion. On the other hand, the river may not recede—may indeed rise so high that the operation will be utterly impracticable; in view of that probability it is wise to seize the opportunity to close the crevasse while it can be done, and save to the community perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars. Under favorable circumstances very useful work is sometimes done with apparently inadequate means. I once saw a crevasse three or four hundred yards wide, where water was running through from two and a half to three feet deep, closed in five or six hours by sixty men operating with a dozen skiffs, a row-boat, a lot of stakes, and a supply of gunny-bags.

The amount of damage inflicted by an overflow varies greatly; sometimes the fright is the worse result, but generally there is ample and substantial cause for lamentation. Buildings are rarely injured; they might be upset or washed away if a crevasse should occur at a convenient point for that purpose, but somehow levees do not break in front of people's houses. Cattle in considerable numbers are often drowned, but the great damage is the loss of time and the consequent injury to crop prospects. If relief comes in May or early in June, cotton is planted, and a half-crop is a fortunate result. After an overflow, cutworms are especially numerous, active, and malicious, and seldom permit a full stand of any crop to be obtained. If planting becomes practicable later in June, corn only is grown, and that, too, is generally scanty; after the first of July it is hardly worth while to plant anything.

Sometimes, but rarely, the same body of land has suffered an overflow and produced

a full cotton crop the same year. In a certain land in Mississippi, on the first day of April, 1858, everybody was ready to plant cotton, and on that night the levee was broken. It was a bad crevasse, six hundred yards wide and nearly or quite five feet deep, and admitted an immense volume of water. The roar of the rushing torrent could be heard more than a mile in every direction, and the overflow was general and complete. After two weeks the river fell rapidly, and about the twenty-third of the month was well within its banks; another flood, however, was coming, and the river, already under its influence, was beginning again to rise. The levee authorities and the planters interested seized the opportunity, all the hands in the district subject to levee duty were ordered out, two hundred men were put to work, and in five days the breach was closed. The new levee was not a little after the old style, being tall and slender, but experts thought it might survive if the river should not stand against it more than two or three weeks. Whether the Mississippi had permitted it to be built from complaisance or inadvertence will, probably, never be known; it is certain that for two months no reasonable efforts were spared to break it. From the first of May until after the first of July the river stood against it, usually at a high stage, and at one time higher than that which had proved fatal to its predecessor. The people who had had it built and its friends —it had many friends all along down the river, for seventy-five or a hundred miles, who would suffer severely if it should come to grief—were almost in despair; the neighbors sat up with it night after night. Time wore on; cotton was growing rapidly; the river stood high upon the very steep slope of the levee; the levee, tough and stanch though a light weight, stood up against the river, each apparently determined to fight it out on that line if it should take all summer. At last the river, beaten for once, retired from the contest, King Cotton was in the ascendant, the elements had been propitious, and, though planted a month later than usual, the crop was a full one. The work of two hundred men for five days in building that inartistic levee saved a cotton crop worth more than a million of dollars.

There are various perils to which levees are exposed during the season of their usefulness, but it must not be supposed that every part of the line is equally in jeopardy or requires the same kind or degree of attention. Levees built after the more modern fashion, with ample height and base, can usually be trusted to take care of themselves with only a general supervision even when the river stands at high-water mark. Numerous strings, however, not so well constructed or unfortunately located need, during the critical season, constant watching and frequent mending and patching. The dangers are either in the levee itself or its position with reference to the river-bank.

Some old levees are, to speak hyperbolically, "full of craw-fish." These little animals make their way through and come out on the inner side near the base, and in a levee so affected are numerous little round holes an inch or two in diameter, through each of which flows a brisk stream. While the water runs clear there is no danger, but when a craw-fish hole runs muddy water disintegration is taking place in the interior, and at any moment the undermined levee may sink below the water-line and a crevasse may follow. There are two modes of treating craw-fish holes: first, to grope in the water outside the levee till the hole is found, then stop it with a sand-bag or otherwise. This is the best way if the hole can be found; otherwise the surest plan is to build around the inner hole a miniature circular levee rising to the level of the river, and in this, as in a bowl, the water remains tranquil.

Some levees are leaky because of their deficiency in dimensions, others on account of the permeable character of the earth of which they are composed; these are always in danger. Others are in danger because of their exposed position—the wind having a clear sweep for many miles, and hurling water against the embankment during the prevalence of heavy storms.

What to do for an endangered levee depends, of course, upon the circumstances of each particular case. The materials employed are stakes, boards, brush, earth—loose and in gunny-bags. These last, though costly, are in the end the cheapest and best ammunition for "fighting water." They should always be held in readiness and used profusely in cases of emergency.

From what has been said, it is apparent that the protection afforded by the levee system, so far as it has yet been developed, was and is essentially imperfect and precarious. A very grave danger of overflow annually recurs, and the partial security which has been attained is held only by

vigilance of a most trying character. The lapse of time adds little or nothing to the security of the country. The crisis of one year safely overpast affords no augury for like immunity in the next, which may be a "big-water" year. If the banks were stable the levees might be gradually increased in dimensions, thus adding to the security which they afford; as it is, the reproduction of levees annually absorbed by the insatiate river exhausts the local resources of the country.

The levee systems of the past and the present have been considered from a strictly practical and unprofessional standpoint. What of the levee of the future? Since the reclamation of the swamp by the action of the general Government has become a possibility, plans for that region have taken a wider range. Formerly engineers, accepting the existing system, confined themselves to its amelioration. Now the old ideas are modified, and new and utterly diverse theories of reclamation are promulgated. The commission of 1874 designed an elaborate levee system, by which the lines in the more northern portion of the region to be leveed would be placed at a great distance from the immediate margin, so as to postpone as long as possible the ultimate doom of the works—falling into the river. This was an old idea, but it was modified by the new idea of an auxiliary system more closely following the banks. This last is a concession to mercy, for without the auxiliary line the riparian proprietors would probably find themselves wholly unprotected, because, under most of the plans for extra permanent levees, the lines would be placed *behind* their plantations, not in front. Under such circumstances they could appreciate vividly Æsop's fable of the frogs and their two kings,—Log and Stork,—and, like the frogs, they would, after trying both, infinitely prefer King Log.

Besides the long-range levee with its auxiliary line, two modes of reclamation have been proposed which reduce the levees to a very subordinate element, and, indeed, may make it possible to dispense with them altogether. The first of these, called the "outlet system," is, in effect, that the river be relieved of its superfluous waters by making outlets which will carry off a large proportion of the floods through the delta to the gulf; it has also been suggested that the course of the Red River be diverted so that its floods may reach the Gulf of Mexico by another route, not contributing to the superabundance of the Mississippi. The withdrawal of so much water would, it is insisted, lower the flood-line for an indefinite distance up the river, preventing overflows in future and keeping the river easily under the control of the levees.

The system offered by Captain Eads is the precise opposite of the "outlet system." He would close all outlets and all island chutes, permit no water to escape, confine it all closely, and make it work its passage to the gulf by diligently dredging out the bottom of the river. He proposes to bring the channel to a uniform width and thereby, as he asserts, secure a uniform depth and uniform velocity, these three constituting, according to his theory, the great *desiderata*.

During the session of Congress of 1878–79, Captain Eads, at the request of a member, appeared before the House Committee on Commerce and expressed his views on this subject at some length. From his remarks it appears that his plan is very ambitious and exhaustive, including everything that could be desired as well for the perfect navigation of the river as for the reclamation of the swamp. He says:

"By bringing the river channel to an approximatively uniform width a uniform depth of channel must result. A channel of uniform width will not be subject to these constant alterations of current velocity, and the caving of the banks must necessarily cease. A uniform width of the river, therefore, implies a uniform depth, and this means at least twenty feet of water, at all seasons of the year, through eleven hundred miles of navigation to the sea. But a uniform width of channel means more than this; it means the prevention of caving banks and the loss of valuable farms and improvements thereon. It means far more than this; it implies the reclamation and protection of thirty-seven thousand square miles of the richest alluvial territory on the face of the earth, for a uniformity of channel width also implies a lower flood-line, which is equivalent to lifting this vast and fertile area above the level and beyond the devastation of the annual floods of the river."

Again—as if to make assurance doubly sure—he says:

"Any further reduction in the flood-line which might be found necessary after the correction of the river, could be obtained by one or two, or possibly three, judicious cut-offs somewhere above the mouth of Red River. The effect of each cut-off would be to lower the flood-line throughout the entire alluvial region above it."

To kill two birds with one stone is considered excellent marksmanship, but Captain Eads proposes to surpass this ballistic

performance by bringing down three, birds in high feather at that—*i. e.*, to convert the Mississippi River into a veritable "inland sea," with a perennially perfect stage of water; fully to reclaim a vast territory equivalent in area to two or three of our smaller States; to "correct" the Mississippi, break it of its bad habit of carving off its banks, and teach it to deport itself like other respectable rivers. He leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. Only exacting and unreasonable people could demand of him in addition the extirpation of chills, mosquitoes, and cotton-worms. If he will perform what is promised in this programme he will "outdo his former outdoings"—the St. Louis bridge and the jetties at the mouth of the river.

However, luxuries must be paid for—the cost will be fearful. On this point Captain Eads is re-assuring, though a trifle vague. Speaking of the whole project, he says:

> "This can be accomplished for a sum entirely within the ability of the Government, and one really insignificant when compared with the magnitude of the benefits which would flow from such improvement."

Of course, "facts and figures" must come later. Even approximate estimates cannot be furnished until after a thorough and accurate survey of the whole proposed work shall have been made.

It is needless to say that each of these theories encounters hostile criticism. Against the outlet system it is alleged that the permanent effect of an outlet is to raise, not to depress, the flood-line of the river for indefinite distances above it. Of the Eads plan a very material feature is that the river, confined in a channel of uniform width, shall scour out its own bottom, and, thus deepening the channel, reduce the flood-line. The objection is that the true bottom of the river, underlying gravel, sand, and silt deposited upon it, is composed of tough blue clay, which is not likely to yield to the abrasion of the current. Its refractory character, it is insisted, would put a stop to the contemplated deepening process before any useful results had been accomplished.

Which of these projects is the true ideal scientific way by which the great river is destined to be ultimately bridled, bitted, tamed, and run in harness, it is difficult to say. They constitute, with the objections urged against each, an interesting scientific problem worthy of the careful consideration of engineers and legislators.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN.

Colonel Hartright, of "Hartright Hall," in Surrey County, on James River, is a Virginian of the old *régime*. I speak of him in the present tense, going back in memory a score of years, and fancying that the worthy gentleman is still alive,—the type of a race which has disappeared, or is every hour assuming a new phase and different characteristics.

Let us leave the dust and din of cities, and, descending the broad current of the James, land at the wharf running far into the stream, and walk up to the old manor-house, embowered in the foliage of its ancient oaks. It is a plain weather-board building of large size, with wings, a long veranda, innumerable outhouses, a great barn and stables in the rear; and the extensive grounds, covered with the greenest turf, are overshadowed by clumps of trees, whose leaves whisper low as the breeze stirs them.

Everything about the place is old. The stone steps are worn by the feet of many generations, and moss grows in the interstices. Some plaster has fallen from the ceiling of the veranda. The heavy door, which, winter and summer, stands hospitably open, and is scarcely secured at night (for the huge, rusty key turns with difficulty in the huge, rusty lock), has made a deep furrow in the floor; and within, all is equally suggestive of old times. The hall, which runs through the house, is broad and roomy, with cane-bottomed lounges on each side; and its walls are wainscoted with dark oak. On this wainscoting hang branching stags'-horns, game-bags, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, engravings of famous race-horses, and a number of portraits, in plain oaken frames, of members of the family who flourished in the palmy days of the Hartrights. Here is the likeness of Colonel William Hartright, of the time of Queen Anne, who went to England, knew Bolingbroke and Addison, and was a gay wit and gallant, as you might, indeed, fancy

from his sparkling eyes, his gracious smile, and his handsome face, framed in the flowing curls of his peruke. Beside him is the portrait of his daughter,—a little flower of the spring-time, with a rose in her hair and twin roses in her cheeks,—the blue silk bodice running down into a long point, and clearly defining her slender figure. Next to these you may see another old colonel, Carter Hartright, who "fought for King Charles," and found Virginia thereafter a safer place than England; and further on, the Hartrights male and female of many generations, including the brave young captain who fell at Brandywine. These portraits are the only evidences that the family was once wealthy and distinguished. All else in the house is plain and unpretending. The furniture is old-fashioned;—the hard, round-armed sofas, the tall-backed chairs, and discolored sideboard, belong to another age. The high, narrow mantel-piece rises above a broad fire-place with plain old andirons on which a thousand wagon-loads of wood have burned away. On the small window-panes are scratched the names of youths and maidens long crumbled to dust. All about the Hall is antique, plain, unassuming, home-like, and takes you back to the past time and its people.

I linger in memory over these details of the honest old country-house, thinking of the frolic, the laughter, the gay carnival of old days there when I was young.

But to speak more especially of the master of the mansion—Colonel Hartright. Here he is, seated in his easy-chair on the porch, reading his newspaper; let me attempt to draw his portrait. The colonel is tall, thin, and nearly seventy years of age, but still hale and hearty. His hair is gray, but still abundant, and is pushed back behind his ears, and falls on his shoulders. The expression of his face is charming. The kindliest smile habitually lights it up, and when he speaks his voice can only be described by the word *caressante*. It is full of simplicity, mildness, and sweetness; but a glance at the penetrating eyes of the colonel is sufficient to convince you that he is a man of extraordinary force of character. His dress is the plainest of the plain. It consists of an old, shabby, short-waisted dress coat, with a high collar, a long waistcoat, worn with use, drab pantaloons, and buckled shoes. Beside him is an ancient beaver hat, discolored by exposure, while his face and old hands are tanned by sun and wind.

You would not imagine from his plain almost poor, appearance that he is the largest land-holder of the region, or from his age that he is still an ardent fox-hunter. But such is the fact. On the coldest morning of winter the old master of Hartright Hall may still be seen in the saddle by daybreak, and his large, dappled hunter, requiring knees and wrists of iron, still leads the sport, over every obstacle, in the wake of the hounds yonder, baying hoarsely as they drag the blocks to which they are attached. Once the colonel was a famous cock-fighter, taking huge pride in his "spangles," and boasting that his breed was the finest in Virginia. But this he has long since given up.

Still his old taste lingers, and now and then he disappears in a mysterious manner, for a few days, and on his return gives no account of himself. He has ridden twenty miles to see a main of cocks, and has enjoyed it with the ardor of youth; as he still enjoys a fox-hunt with his old neighbor, Mr. Stratton. Mr. Stratton is an enthusiast in hounds, and our old colonel will tell you, with admiration, how he acted when his favorite, Romulus, "cut"—that is to say, did not follow the scent, but, seeing the fox doubling, took a short cut to reach him. Mr. Stratton drew rein thereupon, groaning out:

"Romulus has *cut*, gentlemen!"

"No matter, Mr. Stratton," was the reply; "don't take it so much to heart."

But the old fox-hunter shook his head, pathetically.

"I appreciate your kindness, gentlemen," he said, mournfully, "but my feelings are too much for me. Romulus has cut. I am going home, gentlemen!"

Which anecdote old Colonel Hartright relates with evident admiration of the feeling exhibited by his neighbor.

He is a strong Southerner and Democrat, swearing by the "Richmond Enquirer," whose founder, "old Tom Ritchie," he considers the greatest of all editors, dead or alive; and it is refreshing to hear him talk politics with old Phil Warrington, a neighbor, who is an ardent Whig. When these two worthies discuss political affairs, they pass by slow degrees from the courteous and friendly to the indignant, and from the indignant to the quarrelsome. They scowl at each other; they both talk at once in a very loud tone; and the resolutions of '98, and the characters of Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun, and Jackson are the topics of angry argu-

ment. When the friends have fought thus for two hours with indignant wrath, they quietly begin to laugh, and drop the discussion. The colonel temporarily disappears, comes back followed by a youthful African, bearing on a waiter a pitcher of iced toddy, and the foes proceed to hobnob peacefully.

The old colonel is hospitable to the echo, and is never so well pleased as when the Hall is crammed with guests. It is never quite full, for if all the chambers are occupied, mattresses are spread in the drawing-room, the dining-room, everywhere. In the memory of man, the mansion has scarcely ever been entirely without guests. Throughout the entire summer and autumn, the broad mahogany dining-table—dark with age, but shining like a mirror—is crowded. It groans with a profusion of every edible of the land and water; and the more his guests consume, the greater the colonel's pleasure and satisfaction. Without visitors, he seems to miss something and is not happy; especially young people, for they are his particular favorites, and love him dearly in return. It is a pleasant sight to see him seated in the large parlor, watching them play "fox and geese," "blind-man's-buff," or "hunt the slipper." He looks on with pleased smiles over the top of his newspaper, never complains of the noise and confusion, and is even reported, on one occasion, to have suffered himself to be blindfolded, and joined in the blind man's game. If the young people wish to dance, they beg him to play for them—for one of the colonel's accomplishments is his performance on the violin. He resists *pro formâ*, and begs to be left in peace. But the young people know what the result will be, and redouble their urging. Whereupon the colonel yields, declaring that they are the greatest of pests; takes his ancient fiddle from its case, and soon the "Snow-bird on the ash-bank," or some other famous reel, fills the large apartment with its contagious mirth. The lines are formed; the young men and maidens dart from end to end of the room, with glowing cheeks; and the loud, rejoiceful music roars on without cessation, the colonel swaying from side to side, patting his foot, and sawing away with all the ardor of youth. When the reel ends, the young maidens rush to him, throw their arms around his neck, and kiss him energetically, by way of thanks. They then form a group around him, and demand "a story," which the colonel proceeds to tell. It is sometimes a ghost story, related with imposing solemnity; sometimes a love affair, when his tone is full of a lurking humor. The latter he follows with advice to the youths. A young man, he says, should never omit an opportunity of squeezing his sweetheart's hand. The boys, he adds, are not as ardent now as they were in his time. When he was young, he more than once swam swollen streams on horseback to see his sweetheart, and had galloped twenty miles at night, thrown a nosegay into her open chamber-window, and galloped back. To dance a reel with her, he would have ridden through the woods on fire! Once, he says, it was the fashion to approach a young lady with an air of deference, bow to the ground, and request, in a tone of deep respect, the honor and pleasure of her hand in the minuet. Now the young men lounged up lazily, ducked their heads, and asked carelessly if the maidens "wanted to dance." Shocking, shocking! It was not so in *his* time, and everything and everybody seemed to be deteriorating more and more!

No one has ever charged the colonel with being an "aristocrat," which his plain old house, his plain old manners, and his uniform and equal courtesy to high and low, rich and poor, seemed to render absurd. Still, he has a great regard for the "good old families," and repudiates as a ridiculous fallacy the doctrine that all men are equal. "If Mr. Jefferson, who originated that idea in this country," he says, "meant that all honest men had a right to a voice in the government, he was right; if he meant that all men are equal in another and the general sense, he uttered an absurdity. Men are like animals—the character of the parents descends to the offspring. The colt of a thorough-bred is a racer, and the child of an honest man is apt to be honest, as the child of a sneak is likely to be a sneak. A gentleman is a gentleman; money and fine clothes do not make a man one, nor family, either, for some of the best gentlemen in reality I've ever known have been poor and humble. And as to money, who attaches any importance to that? There's old Tom Lackland, across the river, who has an execution served on him every month in the year, and lives in an old rattletrap of a house that scarcely keeps the rain out—is he less of a gentleman than Mr. Threepercent, his neighbor? Mr. Threepercent could buy him out easily; but if the British marched into Virginia, old Tom

would shoulder a musket, and Threepercent would not. Tom would give a poor creature his last dollar in the world, and Mr. Threepercent would turn the unfortunate one away from his door with a curse. Which is the better gentleman, the purse-proud shaver, in his glossy broadcloth, or old Tom, in his shabby coat? It is the kindly, honest heart that makes the gentleman, my son, and if the owner of it wears a homespun coat and digs a ditch or drives the plane, what matter is it? The gentleman is there."

Thus does the worthy colonel discourse as to classes in society, and he seems to take pleasure in illustrating his views by reference to Mr. Threepercent. He does not like that worthy. He frowns as he passes by the land once old Tom Lackland's, now Mr. Threepercent's, and I fear is at such times a terrible aristocrat.

But the aged colonel gives himself little trouble about the outside world and its pursuits. His world is Hartright Hall and the fields around it; his children, from young Hopeful, the future head of the house, to the little maiden of ten, who spends half the time on his lap; and Mrs. Hartright, the tall, gray-haired, sweetly smiling old dame, with whom he has journeyed through life, from the era when they were both rosy-cheeked and in their teens, to the present. With the old Hall and its inmates the colonel is quite content. He means to live and die here, keeping up the family, and preserving, as far as possible, all the old habits and traditions of the past. Of these, the Christmas festivities are the most interesting and delightful. At this famous season, you may see Hartright Hall in all its splendor. The whole great Hartright clan, from far and near, assemble, and the venerable mansion blooms like a flower-bed with brilliant dresses, rosy cheeks, and smiles and laughter. For days preceding, dances, sleigh-rides, great dinners, and endless games are the order of the day and night, and all look forward to the crowning festivity. The Hall is half buried in evergreens, which crown the portraits, festoon the wainscoting, and make bowers for lovers in the alcoves. At night, on Christmas eve, the colonel himself hangs up the stockings and acts the part of old St. Nick, waking early, and listening to the laughter and delight of the young ones as they seize the stockings and retire to bed again to examine their hidden treasure. The day follows: everybody "catches" everybody; breakfast, and attendance at the neighboring church succeed, and this is followed by the grand Christmas dinner, lighted by candles in the old silver branches, heirlooms in the family. A great crowd fills the table, there is an uproar of voices mingled with laughter, the colonel pushes the sherry and Madeira ("honest old wines," he says), and the very sleek-faced Africans, who come and go with endless plates and dishes, grin in delighted sympathy with the time.

Such is the old Virginian of the old *régime*, in his old Virginia homestead. He has his whims and foibles, his eccentricities and prejudices, but almost all of them are kindly and amiable. Here and there, in remote localities, these old worthies of another age still linger, striving to preserve the traditions of the past, but alas! that whole generation is going. Soon the Colonel Hartrights will be extinct. The strong hands which shaped the Republic have crumbled—the sons of the sires are passing away, also. As the lofty forms defile before us, on their way to the grave, let us salute them. There is time enough, even in the midst of the whirl and bustle, to murmur a "Hail and farewell!"

UNDOWERED.

THOU hast not gold? Why, this is gold
All clustering round thy forehead white;
And were it weighed, and were it told,
I could not say its worth to-night!

Thou hast not wit? Why, what is this
Wherewith thou capturest many a wight
Who doth forget a tongue is his—
As I well-nigh forgot to-night!

Nor station? Well, ah, well! I own
Thou hast no place assured thee quite;
So now I raise thee to a throne;
Begin thy reign, my Queen, to-night.

MADAME DELPHINE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOTHER BIRD.

ONE afternoon, some three weeks after Captain Lemaitre had called on Madame Delphine, the priest started to make a pastoral call and had hardly left the gate of his cottage, when a person, overtaking him, plucked his gown:

"Père Jerome ——"

He turned.

The face that met his was so changed with excitement and distress that for an instant he did not recognize it.

"Why, Madame Delphine ——"

"Oh, Père Jerome! I wan' see you so bad, so bad! *Mo oulé dit quiç'ose*,—I godd some' to tell you."

The two languages might be more successful than one, she seemed to think.

"We had better go back to my parlor," said the priest, in their native tongue.

They returned.

Madame Delphine's very step was altered, —nervous and inelastic. She swung one arm as she walked, and brandished a turkey-tail fan.

"I was glad, yass, to kedge you," she said, as they mounted the front, outdoor stair; following her speech with a slight, unmusical laugh, and fanning herself with unconscious fury.

"*Fé chaud*," she remarked again, taking the chair he offered and continuing to ply the fan.

Père Jerome laid his hat upon a chest of drawers, sat down opposite her, and said, as he wiped his kindly face:

"Well, Madame Carraze?"

Gentle as the tone was, she started, ceased fanning, lowered the fan to her knee, and commenced smoothing its feathers.

"Père Jerome ——" She gnawed her lip and shook her head.

"Well?"

She burst into tears.

The priest rose and loosed the curtain of one of the windows. He did it slowly—as slowly as he could, and, as he came back, she lifted her face with sudden energy, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Père Jerome, de law is brogue! de law is brogue! I brogue it! 'Twas me! 'Twas me!"

The tears gushed out again, but she shut her lips very tight, and dumbly turned away her face. Père Jerome waited a little before replying; then he said, very gently:

"I suppose dad muss 'ave been by accyden', Madame Delphine?"

The little father felt a wish—one which he often had when weeping women were before him—that he were an angel instead of a man, long enough to press the tearful cheek upon his breast, and assure the weeper God would not let the lawyers and judges hurt her. He allowed a few moments more to pass, and then asked:

"*N'est-ce-pas*, Madame Delphine? Daz ze way, aint it?"

"No, Père Jerome, no. My daughter —oh, Père Jerome, I bethroath my lill' girl —to a w'ite man!" And immediately Madame Delphine commenced savagely drawing a thread in the fabric of her skirt with one trembling hand, while she drove the fan with the other. "Dey goin' git marry."

On the priest's face came a look of pained surprise. He slowly said:

"Is dad possib', Madame Delphine?"

"Yass," she replied, at first without lifting her eyes; and then again, "Yass," looking full upon him through her tears, "yass, 'tis tru'."

He rose and walked once across the room, returned, and said, in the Creole dialect:

"Is he a good man—without doubt?"

"De bez in God's world!" replied Madame Delphine, with a rapturous smile.

"My poor, dear friend," said the priest, "I am afraid you are being deceived by somebody."

There was the pride of an unswerving faith in the triumphant tone and smile with which she replied, raising and slowly shaking her head:

"Ah-h, no-o-o, Miché! Ah-h, no, no! Not by Ursin Lemaitre-Vignevielle!"

Père Jerome was confounded. He turned again, and, with his hands at his back and his eyes cast down, slowly paced the floor.

"He *is* a good man," he said, by and by, as if he thought aloud. At length he halted before the woman.

"Madame Delphine ——"

The distressed glance with which she had been following his steps was lifted to his eyes.

"Suppose dad should be true w'at doze peop' say 'bout Ursin."

"*Qui ci ça?* What is that?" asked the quadroone, stopping her fan.

"Some peop' say Ursin is crezzie."

"Ah, Père Jerome!" She leaped to her feet as if he had smitten her, and putting his words away with an outstretched arm and wide-open palm, suddenly lifted hands and eyes to heaven, and cried: "I wizh to God—*I wizh to God*—de whole worl' was crezzie dad same way!" She sank, trembling, into her chair. "Oh, no, no," she continued, shaking her head, "'tis not Miché Vignevielle w'at's crezzie." Her eyes lighted with sudden fierceness. "'Tis dad *law!* Dad *law* is crezzie! Dad law is a fool!"

A priest of less heart-wisdom might have replied that the law is—the law; but Père Jerome saw that Madame Delphine was expecting this very response. Wherefore he said, with gentleness:

"Madame Delphine, a priest is not a bailiff, but a physician. How can I help you?"

A grateful light shone a moment in her eyes, yet there remained a piteous hostility in the tone in which she demanded:

"*Mais, pou'quoi yé fé cette méchanique là?* What business had they to make that contraption?"

His answer was a shrug with his palms extended and a short, disclamatory "Ah." He started to resume his walk, but turned to her again and said:

"Why did they make that law? Well, they made it to keep the two races separate."

Madame Delphine startled the speaker with a loud, harsh, angry laugh. Fire came from her eyes and her lip curled with scorn.

"Then they made a lie, Père Jerome! Separate! No-o-o! They do not want to keep us separated; no, no! But they *do* want to keep us despised!" She laid her hand on her heart, and frowned upward with physical pain. "But, very well! from which race do they want to keep my daughter separate? She is seven parts white! The law did not stop her from being that; and now, when she wants to be a white man's good and honest wife, shall that law stop her? Oh, no!" She rose up. "No; I will tell you what that law is made for. It is made to—punish—my—child—for—not—choosing—her—father! Père Jerome—my God, what a law!" She dropped back into her seat. The tears came in a flood, which she made no attempt to restrain.

"No," she began again—and here she broke into English—"fo' me I don' kyare; but, Père Jerome,—'tis fo' dat I come to tell you,—dey *shall not* punizh my daughter!" She was on her feet again, smiting her heaving bosom with the fan. "She shall marrie oo she want!"

Père Jerome had heard her out, not interrupting by so much as a motion of the hand. Now his decision was made, and he touched her softly with the ends of his fingers.

"Madame Delphine, I want you to go at 'ome. Go at 'ome."

"Wad you goin' mague?" she asked.

"Nottin'. But go at 'ome. Kip quite; don' put you'se'f sig. I goin' see Ursin. We trah to figs dat law fo' you."

"You kin figs dad!" she cried, with a gleam of joy.

"We goin' to try, Madame Delphine. Adieu!"

He offered his hand. She seized and kissed it thrice, covering it with tears, at the same time lifting up her eyes to his and murmuring:

"De bez man God evva maque!"

At the door she turned to offer a more conventional good-bye; but he was following her out, bareheaded. At the gate they paused an instant, and then parted with a simple adieu, she going home and he returning for his hat, and starting again upon his interrupted business.

Before he came back to his own house, he stopped at the lodgings of Monsieur Vignevielle, but did not find him in.

"Indeed," the servant at the door said, "he said he might not return for some days or weeks."

So Père Jerome, much wondering, made a second detour toward the residence of one of Monsieur Vignevielle's employés.

"Yes," said the clerk, "his instructions are to hold the business, as far as practicable, in suspense, during his absence. Everything is in another name." And then he whispered:

"Officers of the Government looking for him. Information got from some of the prisoners taken months ago by the United

States brig *Porpoise*. But"—a still softer whisper—"have no fear; they will never find him: Jean Thompson and Evariste Varrillat have hid him away too well for that."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIBULATION.

THE Saturday following was a very beautiful day. In the morning a light fall of rain had passed across the town, and all the afternoon you could see signs, here and there upon the horizon, of other showers. The ground was dry again, while the breeze was cool and sweet, smelling of wet foliage and bringing sunshine and shade in frequent and very pleasing alternation.

There was a walk in Père Jerome's little garden, of which we have not spoken, off on the right side of the cottage, with his chamber window at one end, a few old and twisted, but blossom-laden, crape-myrtles on either hand, now and then a rose of some unpretending variety and some bunches of rue, and at the other end a shrine, in whose blue niche stood a small figure of Mary, with folded hands and uplifted eyes. No other window looked down upon the spot, and its seclusion was often a great comfort to Père Jerome.

Up and down this walk, but a few steps in its entire length, the priest was walking, taking the air for a few moments after a prolonged sitting in the confessional. Penitents had been numerous this afternoon. He was thinking of Ursin.

The officers of the Government had not found him, nor had Père Jerome seen him; yet he believed they had, in a certain indirect way, devised a simple project by which they could at any time "figs dad law," providing only that these Government officials would give over their search; for, though he had not seen the fugitive, Madame Delphine had seen him, and had been the vehicle of communication between them. There was an orange-tree, where a mocking-bird was wont to sing and a girl in white to walk, that the detectives wot not of. The law was to be "figs" by the departure of the three frequenters of the jasmine-scented garden in one ship to France, where the law offered no obstacles.

It seemed moderately certain to those in search of Monsieur Vignevielle (and it was true) that Jean and Evariste were his harborers; but for all that the hunt, even for clues, was vain. The little banking establishment had not been disturbed. Jean Thompson had told the searchers certain facts about it, and about its gentle proprietor as well, that persuaded them to make no move against the concern, if the same revelations did not even induce a relaxation of their efforts for his personal discovery.

Père Jerome was walking to and fro, with his hands behind him, pondering these matters. He had paused a moment at the end of the walk furthest from his window, and was looking around upon the sky, when, turning, he beheld a closely veiled female figure standing at the other end, and knew instantly that it was Olive.

She came forward quickly and with evident eagerness.

"I came to confession," she said, breathing hurriedly, the excitement in her eyes shining through her veil, "but I find I am too late."

"There is no too late or too early for that; I am always ready," said the priest. "But how is your mother?"

"Ah! ——"

Her voice failed.

"More trouble?"

"Ah, sir, I have *made* trouble. Oh, Père Jerome, I am bringing so much trouble upon my poor mother!"

Père Jerome moved slowly toward the house, with his eyes cast down, the veiled girl at his side.

"It is not your fault," he presently said. And after another pause: "I thought it was all arranged."

He looked up and could see, even through the veil, her crimson blush.

"Oh, no," she replied, in a low, despairing voice, dropping her face.

"What is the difficulty?" asked the priest, stopping in the angle of the path, where it turned toward the front of the house.

She averted her face, and began picking the thin scales of bark from a crape-myrtle.

"Madame Thompson and her husband were at our house this morning. *He* had told Monsieur Thompson all about it. They were very kind to me at first, but they tried ——" She was weeping.

"What did they try to do?" asked the priest.

"They tried to make me believe he is insane."

She succeeded in passing her handkerchief up under her veil.

"And I suppose then your poor mother grew angry, eh?"

"Yes; and they became much more so, and said if we did not write, or send a writing, to *him*, within twenty-four hours, breaking the —— "

"Engagement," said Père Jerome.

"They would give him up to the Government. Oh, Père Jerome, what shall I do? It is killing my mother!"

She bowed her head and sobbed.

"Where is your mother now?"

"She has gone to see Monsieur Jean Thompson. She says she has a plan that will match them all. I do not know what it is. I begged her not to go; but oh, sir, she *is* crazy,—and—I am no better."

"My poor child," said Père Jerome, "what you seem to want is not absolution, but relief from persecution."

"Oh, father, I have committed mortal sin,—I am guilty of pride and anger."

"Nevertheless," said the priest, starting toward his front gate, "we will put off your confession. Let it go until to-morrow morning; you will find me in my box just before mass; I will hear you then. My child, I know that in your heart, now, you begrudge the time it would take; and that is right. There are moments when we are not in place even on penitential knees. It is so with you now. We must find your mother. Go you at once to your house; if she is there, comfort her as best you can, and *keep her in, if possible*, until I come. If she is not there, stay; leave me to find her; one of you, at least, must be where I can get word to you promptly. God comfort and uphold you. I hope you may find her at home; tell her, for me, not to fear,"—he lifted the gate-latch,—"that she and her daughter are of more value than many sparrows; that God's priest sends her that word from Him. Tell her to fix her trust in the great Husband of the Church, and she shall yet see her child receiving the grace-giving sacrament of matrimony. Go; I shall, in a few minutes, be on my way to Jean Thompson's, and shall find her, either there or wherever she is. Go; they shall not oppress you. Adieu!"

A moment or two later he was in the street himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY AN OATH.

PÈRE JEROME, pausing on a street-corner in the last hour of sunlight, had wiped his brow and taken his cane down from under his arm to start again, when somebody, coming noiselessly from he knew not where, asked, so suddenly as to startle him:

"*Miché, commin yé 'pellé la rie ici?*—how do they call this street here?"

It was by the bonnet and dress, disordered though they were, rather than by the haggard face which looked distractedly around, that he recognized the woman to whom he replied in her own *patois*:

"It is the Rue Burgundy. Where are you going, Madame Delphine?"

She almost leaped from the ground.

"Oh, Père Jerome! *mo pas conné*,—I dunno. You know w'ere's dad 'ouse of Miché Jean Tomkin? *Mo courri 'ci, mo courri là,—mo pas capabe li trouvé.* I go (run) here—there—I cannot find it." She gesticulated.

"I am going there myself," said he; "but why do you want to see Jean Thompson, Madame Delphine?"

"I *'blige'* to see 'im!" she replied, jerking herself half around, one foot planted forward with an air of excited preoccupation; "I god some' to tell 'im wad I *'blige'* to tell 'im!"

"Madame Delphine ——"

"Oh! Père Jerome, fo' de love of de good God, show me dad way to de 'ouse of Jean Tomkin!"

Her distressed smile implored pardon for the rudeness.

"What are you going to tell him?" asked the priest.

"Oh, Père Jerome,"—in the Creole *patois* again,—"I am going to put an end to all this trouble—only I pray you do not ask me about it now; every minute is precious!"

He could not withstand her look of entreaty.

"Come," he said, and they went.

Jean Thompson and Doctor Varrillat lived opposite each other on the Bayou road, a little way beyond the town limits as then prescribed. Each had his large, white-columned, four-sided house among the magnolias,—his huge live-oak overshadowing either corner of the darkly shaded garden, his broad, brick walk leading down to the tall, brick-pillared gate, his square of bright, red pavement on the turf-covered sidewalk, and his railed platform spanning the draining-ditch, with a pair of green benches, one on each edge, facing each other crosswise of the gutter. There, any sunset hour, you were sure to find the householder sitting beside his cool-robed matron, two or three

slave-nurses in white turbans standing at hand, and an excited throng of fair children, nearly all of a size.

Sometimes, at a beckon or call, the parents on one side of the way would join those on the other, and the children and nurses of both families would be given the liberty of the opposite platform and an ice-cream fund! Generally the parents chose the Thompson platform, its outlook being more toward the sunset.

Such happened to be the arrangement this afternoon. The two husbands sat on one bench and their wives on the other, both pairs very quiet, waiting respectfully for the day to die, and exchanging only occasional comments on matters of light moment as they passed through the memory. During one term of silence Madame Varrillat, a pale, thin-faced, but cheerful-looking lady, touched Madame Thompson, a person of two and a half times her weight, on her extensive and snowy, bare elbow, directing her attention obliquely up and across the road.

About a hundred yards distant, in the direction of the river, was a long, pleasantly shaded green strip of turf, destined in time for a sidewalk. It had a deep ditch on the nearer side, and a fence of rough cypress palisades on the farther, and these were overhung, on the one hand, by a row of bitter-orange trees inside the inclosure, and, on the other, by a line of slanting china-trees along the outer edge of the ditch. Down this cool avenue two figures were approaching side by side. They had first attracted Madame Varrillat's notice by the bright play of sunbeams which, as they walked, fell upon them in soft, golden flashes through the chinks between the palisades.

Madame Thompson elevated a pair of glasses which were no detraction from her very good looks, and remarked, with the serenity of a reconnoitering general:

"*Père Jerome et cette milatraise.*"

All eyes were bent toward them.

"She walks like a man," said Madame Varrillat, in the language with which the conversation had opened.

"No," said the physician, "like a woman in a state of high nervous excitement."

Jean Thompson kept his eyes on the woman, and said:

"She must not forget to walk like a woman in the State of Louisiana,"—as near as the pun can be translated. The company laughed. Jean Thompson looked at his wife, whose applause he prized, and she answered by an asseverative toss of the head, leaning back and contriving, with some effort, to get her arms folded. Her laugh was musical and low, but enough to make the folded arms shake gently up and down.

"Père Jerome is talking to her," said one. The priest was at that moment endeavoring, in the interest of peace, to say a good word for the four people who sat watching his approach. It was in the old strain:

"Blame them one part, Madame Delphine, and their fathers, mothers, brothers, and fellow-citizens the other ninety-nine."

But to everything she had the one amiable answer which Père Jerome ignored:

"I am going to arrange it to satisfy everybody, all together. *Tout à fait.*"

"They are coming here," said Madame Varrillat, half articulately.

"Well, of course," murmured another, and the four rose up, smiling courteously, the doctor and attorney advancing and shaking hands with the priest.

No—Père Jerome thanked them—he could not sit down.

"This, I believe you know, Jean, is Madame Delphine ——"

The quadroone courtesied.

"A friend of mine," he added, smiling kindly upon her, and turning, with something imperative in his eye, to the group. "She says she has an important private matter to communicate."

"To me?" asked Jean Thompson.

"To all of you; so I will —— Good-evening." He responded nothing to the expressions of regret, but turned to Madame Delphine. She murmured something.

"Ah! yes, certainly." He addressed the company: "She wishes me to speak for her veracity; it is unimpeachable. Well, good-evening." He shook hands and departed.

The four resumed their seats, and turned their eyes upon the standing figure.

"Have you something to say to us?" asked Jean Thompson, frowning at her law-defying bonnet.

"*Oui*," replied the woman, shrinking to one side, and laying hold of one of the benches, "*mo oulé di' tou' ç'ose*—I want to tell everything. *Miché Vignevielle la plis bon hòmme di moune*—the best man in the world; *mo pas capabe li fé tracas*—I cannot give him trouble. *Mo pas capabe non; m'olé di' tous ç'ose.*" She attempted to fan herself, her face turned away from the attorney, and her eyes rested on the ground.

"Take a seat," said Doctor Varrillat, with

some suddenness, starting from his place and gently guiding her sinking form into the corner of the bench. The two ladies rose up; somebody had to stand; the two races could not both sit down at once—at least not in that public manner.

"Your salts," said the physician to his wife. She handed the vial. Madame Delphine stood up again.

"We will all go inside," said Madame Thompson, and they passed through the gate and up the walk, mounted the steps, and entered the deep, cool drawing-room.

Madame Thompson herself bade the quadroone be seated.

"Well?" said Jean Thompson, as the rest took chairs.

"*C'est drole*—it's funny," said Madame Delphine, with a piteous effort to smile, "that nobody thought of it. It is so plain. You have only to look and see. I mean about Olive." She loosed a button in the front of her dress and passed her hand into her bosom. "And yet, Olive herself never thought of it. She does not know a word."

The hand came out holding a miniature. Madame Varrillat passed it to Jean Thompson.

"*Ouala so popa*," said Madame Delphine. "That is her father."

It went from one to another, exciting admiration and murmured praise.

"She is the image of him," said Madame Thompson, in an austere under-tone, returning it to her husband.

Doctor Varrillat was watching Madame Delphine. She was very pale. She had passed a trembling hand into a pocket of her skirt, and now drew out another picture, in a case the counterpart of the first. He reached out for it, and she handed it to him. He looked at it a moment, when his eyes suddenly lighted up and he passed it to the attorney.

"*Et là*"—Madame Delphine's utterance failed—"*et là, ouala sa moman.*" (That is her mother.)

The three others instantly gathered around Jean Thompson's chair. They were much impressed.

"It is true beyond a doubt!" muttered Madame Thompson.

Madame Varrillat looked at her with astonishment.

"The proof is right there in the faces," said Madame Thompson.

"Yes! yes!" said Madame Delphine, excitedly; "the proof is there! You do not want any better! I am willing to swear to it! But you want no better proof! That is all anybody could want! My God! you cannot help but see it!"

Her manner was wild.

Jean Thompson looked at her sternly.

"Nevertheless, you say you are willing to take your solemn oath to this."

"Certainly——"

"You will have to do it."

"Certainly, Miché Thompson, *of course* I shall; you will make out the paper and I will swear before God that it is true! Only"—turning to the ladies—"do not tell Olive; she will never believe it. It will break her heart! It——"

A servant came and spoke privately to Madame Thompson, who rose quickly and went to the hall. Madame Delphine continued, rising unconsciously:

"You see, I have had her with me from a baby. She knows no better. He brought her to me only two months old. Her mother had died in the ship, coming out here. He did not come straight from home here. His people never knew he was married!"

The speaker looked around suddenly with a startled glance. There was a noise of excited speaking in the hall.

"It is not true, Madame Thompson!" cried a girl's voice.

Madame Delphine's look became one of wildest distress and alarm, and she opened her lips in a vain attempt to utter some request, when Olive appeared a moment in the door, and then flew into her arms.

"My mother! my mother! my mother!"

Madame Thompson, with tears in her eyes, tenderly drew them apart and let Madame Delphine down into her chair, while Olive threw herself upon her knees, continuing to cry:

"Oh, my mother! Say you are my mother!"

Madame Delphine looked an instant into the upturned face, and then turned her own away with a long, low cry of pain, looked again, and laying both hands upon the suppliant's head, said:

"*Oh, chère piti à moin, to pa' ma fie!*" (Oh, my darling little one, you are not my daughter!) Her eyes closed, and her head sank back; the two gentlemen sprang to her assistance, and laid her upon a sofa unconscious.

When they brought her to herself, Olive was kneeling at her head, silently weeping.

"*Maman, chère maman!*" said the girl softly, kissing her lips.

"*Ma courri c'ez moin*" (I will go home), said the mother, drearily.

"You will go home with me," said Madame Varrillat, with great kindness of manner—"just across the street here; I will take care of you till you feel better. And Olive will stay here, with Madame Thompson. You will be only the width of the street apart."

But Madame Delphine would go nowhere but to her home. Olive she would not allow to go with her. Then they wanted to send a servant or two to sleep in the house with her for aid and protection; but all she would accept was the transient service of a messenger to invite two of her kinspeople—man and wife—to come and make their dwelling with her.

In the course of time these two—a poor, timid, helpless pair—fell heir to the premises. Their children had it after them; but, whether in those hands or these, the house had its habits and continued in them; and to this day the neighbors, as has already been said, rightly explain its close-sealed, uninhabited look by the all-sufficient statement that the inmates "is quadroons."

CHAPTER XV.

KYRIE ELEISON.

THE second Saturday afternoon following was hot and calm. The lamp burning before the tabernacle in Père Jerome's little church might have hung with as motionless a flame in the window behind. The lilies of St. Joseph's wand, shining in one of the half-opened panes, were not more completely at rest than the leaves on tree and vine without, suspended in the slumbering air. Almost as still, down under the organ-gallery, with a single band of light falling athwart his box from a small door which stood ajar, sat the little priest, behind the lattice of the confessional, silently wiping away the sweat that beaded on his brow and rolled down his face. At distant intervals the shadow of some one entering softly through the door would obscure, for a moment, the band of light, and an aged crone, or a little boy, or some gentle presence that the listening confessor had known only by the voice for many years, would kneel a few moments beside his waiting ear, in prayer for blessing and in review of those slips and errors which prove us all akin.

The day had been long and fatiguing. First, early mass; a hasty meal; then a business call upon the archbishop in the interest of some projected charity; then back to his cottage, and so to the banking-house of "Vignevielle," in the Rue Toulouse. There all was open, bright, and re-assured, its master virtually, though not actually, present. The search was over and the seekers gone, personally wiser than they would tell, and officially reporting that (to the best of their knowledge and belief, based on evidence, and especially on the assurances of an unexceptionable eye-witness, to wit, Monsieur Vignevielle, banker) Capitaine Lemaitre was dead and buried. At noon there had been a wedding in the little church. Its scenes lingered before Père Jerome's vision now—the kneeling pair: the bridegroom, rich in all the excellences of man, strength and kindness slumbering interlocked in every part and feature; the bride, a saintly weariness on her pale face, her awesome eyes lifted in adoration upon the image of the Saviour; the small knots of friends behind: Madame Thompson, large, fair, self-contained; Jean Thompson, with the affidavit of Madame Delphine showing through his tightly buttoned coat; the physician and his wife, sharing one expression of amiable consent; and last—yet first—one small, shrinking female figure, here at one side, in faded robes and dingy bonnet. She sat as motionless as stone, yet wore a look of apprehension, and in the small, restless black eyes which peered out from the pinched and wasted face, betrayed the peacelessness of a harrowed mind; and neither the recollection of bride, nor of groom, nor of potential friends behind, nor the occupation of the present hour, could shut out from the tired priest the image of that woman, or the sound of his own low words of invitation to her, given as the company left the church—"Come to confession this afternoon."

By and by a long time passed without the approach of any step, or any glancing of light or shadow, save for the occasional progress from station to station of some one over on the right who was noiselessly going the way of the cross. Yet Père Jerome tarried.

"She will surely come," he said to himself; "she promised she would come."

A moment later, his sense, quickened by the prolonged silence, caught a subtle evidence or two of approach, and the next moment a penitent knelt noiselessly at the window of his box, and the whisper came

tremblingly, in the voice he had waited to hear:

"*Bénissez-moiu, mo' Père, pa'ce que mo péché.*" (Bless me, father, for I have sinned.)

He gave his blessing.

"*Ainsi soit-il*—Amen," murmured the penitent, and then, in the soft accents of the Creole *patois*, continued:

"'I confess to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, *through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault.*' I confessed on Saturday, three weeks ago, and received absolution, and I have performed the penance enjoined. Since then ——" There she stopped.

There was a soft stir, as if she sank slowly down, and another as if she rose up again, and in a moment she said:

"Olive *is* my child. The picture I showed to Jean Thompson is the half-sister of my daughter's father, dead before my child was born. She is the image of her and of him; but, O God! Thou knowest! Oh Olive, my own daughter!"

She ceased, and was still. Père Jerome waited, but no sound came. He looked through the window. She was kneeling, with her forehead resting on her arms—motionless.

He repeated the words of absolution. Still she did not stir.

"My daughter," he said, "go to thy home in peace." But she did not move.

He rose hastily, stepped from the box, raised her in his arms, and called her by name:

"Madame Delphine!" Her head fell back in his elbow; for an instant there was life in the eyes—it glimmered—it vanished, and tears gushed from his own and fell upon the gentle face of the dead, as he looked up to heaven and cried:

"Lord, lay not this sin to her charge!"

THE END.

A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

(AFTERNOON.)

VI.

MR. RABBIT SECURES A MANSION.

THE rain continued to fall to such an extent that Uncle Remus's "Miss Sally" was compelled to send her little boy his dinner. Glancing at the waiter, Uncle Remus was moved to remark:

"I 'clar' ter gracious, hit look like Miss Sally done got my name in de pot dis time, sho'. I des wish you look at dat pone er co'n-bread, honey, en at dat plate er greens over dar, en see ef dey aint got Remus writ some'rs on um. Dat ar chick'n fixin's, dey look like deyer good, yet 'taint familious wid me like dat ar bile ham. Dem ar sweet-taters, dey stan's fa'r fer dividjun, but dem ar puzzuv,* I lay dey fit yo' palate mo' samer dan dey does mine. Dish yer hunk er beef, we kin talk 'bout dat w'en de time come, en dem ar biscuits, I des nat'ally knows Miss Sally put um in dar fer some little chap w'ich his name I aint gwineter call in comp'ny."

It was easy to perceive that the sight of the dinner had put Uncle Remus in rare good humor. He moved around briskly, taking the plates from the waiter and distributing them with exaggerated carefulness around upon his little pine table. Meanwhile he kept up a running fire of conversation.

"Folks w'at kin set down en have der vittles brung en put down right spang und' der nose—dem kinder folks aint got no needs er no umbrell. Night 'fo' las', w'iles I wuz settin' dar in de do', I year dem Willis-whistlers, en den I des knowed we 'uz gwineter git a season."

"The Willis-whistlers, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy; "what are they?"

"Youer too hard for me now, honey. Dat wat I knows I don't min' tellin', but w'en you ax me 'bout dat w'at I dunno, den youer too hard fer me, sho'. Deze yer Willis-whistlers, dey bangs my time, en I bin knockin' 'roun' in dish yer low-groun' now gwine on eighty year. Some folks wanter make out deyer frogs, yit I wish dey p'int out unter me how frogs kin holler so

* Preserves.

dat de nigher you come t'um, de fudder you is off; I be mighty glad ef some un um 'ud come 'long en tell me dat. Many en many's de time is I gone atter deze yer Willis-whistlers, en, no diffunce whar I goes, deyer allers off yander. You kin put de shovel in de fier en make de squinch-owl hush his fuss, en you kin go out en put yo' han' on de trees en make deze yer locus'-bugs quit der racket, but dem ar Willis-whistlers deyer allers 'way off yander." *

Suddenly Uncle Remus paused over one of the dishes, and exclaimed:

"Gracious en de goodness! W'at kinder doin's is dis Miss Sally done gone en sont us?"

"That," said the little boy, after making an investigation, "is what mamma calls a floating island."

"Well, den," Uncle Remus remarked, in a relieved tone, "dat's diffunt. I wuz 'mos' fear'd it 'uz some er dat ar sillerbug, w'ich a whole jugful aint ska'cely 'nuff fer ter make you seem like you dremp 'bout smellin' dram. Ef I'm gwineter be fed on foam," continued the old man, by way of explaining his position on the subject of syllabub, "let it be foam, en ef I'm gwineter git dram, lemme git in reach un it w'ile she got some strenk lef'. Dat's me up and down. W'en it come ter yo' floatin' ilun, des gimme a hunk er ginger-cake en a mug er 'simmon-beer, and dey wont fine no nigger w'at's got no slicker feelin's dan I is.

"Miss Sally mighty cu'us w'ite 'oman," Uncle Remus went on. "She sendin' all deze doin's en fixin's down yer, en I 'speck deyer monst'us nice, but no longer'n las' Chuseday she had all de niggers on de place, big en little, gwine squallin' 'roun' fer Remus. Hit 'uz Remus yer en Remus dar, en, lo en beholes, w'en I come ter fine out, Miss Sally want Remus fer ter whul in en cook 'er wunner deze yer ole-time ash-cakes. She bleedzd ter have it den en dar; en w'en I git it done, Miss Sally, she got a glass er buttermilk, en tuck'n' sot right flat down on de flo', des like she useter w'en she wuz little gal." The old man paused, straightened up, looked at the child over his spectacles, and continued, with emphasis: "En I be bless ef she aint eat a hunk er dat ash-cake mighty nigh ez big ez yo' head, en den she tuck'n' make out 'twa'n't cook right.

"Now, den, honey, all deze done fix. You set over dar, and I'll set over yer, en 'twix' en 'tween us we'll sample dish yer truck en see w'at is it Miss Sally done gone en sont us; en w'iles we er makin' 'way wid it, I'll sorter rustle 'roun' wid my 'membunce, en see ef I kin call ter min' de tale 'bout how ole Brer Rabbit got 'im a two-story house widout layin' out much cash."

Uncle Remus stopped talking a little while and pretended to be trying to remember something—an effort that was accompanied by a curious humming sound in his throat. Finally, he brightened up and began:

"Hit tu'n out one time dat a whole lot er de creeturs tuck a notion dat dey'd go in cohoots wid buil'n' un um a house. Ole Brer B'ar, he was 'mongs' um, en Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer 'Coon, en Brer 'Possum. I wont make sho', but it seem like ter me dat plum down ter ole Brer Mink 'uz 'mongs' um. Leas'ways, dey wuz a whole passel un um, en dey whul in, dey did, en dey buil' de house in less'n no time. Brer Rabbit, he make like it make his head swim fer ter climb up on de scaffle, en likewise he say it make 'im ketch de palsy fer ter wuk in de sun, but he got 'im a squar', en he stuck a pencil behime his year, en he went 'roun' medjun * en markin'—medjun en markin'—en he wuz dat bizzy dat de yuther creeturs say ter deyse'f he doin' monst'us sight er wuk, en folks gwine 'long de big road say Brer Rabbit doin' mo' hard wuk dan de whole kit en bilin' un um. Yit all de time Brer Rabbit aint doin' nothin', en he des well bin layin' off in de shade scratchin' de fleas off'n 'im. De yuther creeturs, dey buil' de house, en, gentermens! she 'uz a fine un, too, mon. She'd 'a' bin a fine un deze days, let 'lone dem days. She had 'er upsta'rs en down-sta'rs, en chimbleys all 'roun', en she had rooms fer all de creeturs w'at went inter cohoots en hope make it.

"Brer Rabbit, he pick out wunner de upsta'rs rooms, en he tuck'n' got 'im a gun, en wunner deze yer brass cannon, en he

* The excursions of John Burroughs are made in the day-time, and Walt Whitman is to be pardoned if he refuse to trust his sixty-odd years to the winds that rise and shake their wings after dark; but it is a pity that one of these, or some other genial explorer, has not taken the trouble to investigate this mystery of the night which Uncle Remus fantastically names the "Willis-whistlers." It is a far-away sound that might be identified with one of the various undertones of silence, but it is palpable enough (if the word may be used) to have attracted the attention of the humble philosophers of the old plantation.

* Measuring.

tuck'n' put um in dar w'en de yuther creeturs aint lookin', en den he tuck'n' got 'im a tub er nasty slop-water, w'ich likewise he put in dar w'en dey aint lookin'. So den, w'en dey git de house all fix, en w'iles dey wuz all a-settin' in de parlor atter supper, Brer Rabbit, he sorter gap en stretch hisse'f, en make his 'skuses en say he b'lieve he'll go ter his room. W'en he git dar, en w'iles all de yuther creeturs wuz a laughin' en a chattin' des ez sociable ez you please, Brer Rabbit, he stick his head out er de do' er his room en sing out:

"'W'en a big man like me wanter set down, wharbouts he gwineter set?' sezee.

"Den de yuther creeturs dey laugh, en holler back:

"'Ef big man like you can't set in a cheer, he better set down on de flo'.'

"'Watch out down dar, den,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze I'm a gwineter set down,' sezee.

"Wid dat, *bang!* went Brer Rabbit gun. Co'se, dis sorter 'stonish de creeturs, en dey look 'roun' at wunner n'er much ez ter say, W'at in de name er gracious is dat? Dey lissen en lissen, but dey don't year no mo' fuss, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey got ter chattin' en jabberin' some mo'. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit stick his head outer his room do', en sing out:

"'W'en a big man like me wanter sneeze, wharbouts he gwineter sneeze at?'

"Den de yuther creeturs, dey tuck'n' holler back:

"'Ef big man like you aint a gone gump, he kin sneeze anywhar he please.'

"'Watch out down dar, den,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze I'm gwineter tu'n loose en sneeze right yer,' sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit let off his cannon—*bulderum-m-m!* De winder-glass dey shuck en rattle, en de house shuck like she gwineter come down, en ole Brer B'ar, he fell out de rockin'-cheer—*kerblump!* W'en de creeturs git sorter settle, Brer 'Possum en Brer Mink, dey up'n' 'low dat Brer Rabbit got sech a monst'us bad cole, dey b'leeve dey'll step out and git some fresh a'r, but dem yuther creeturs, dey say dey gwineter stick it out; en atter w'ile, w'en dey git der h'ar smoove down, dey 'gun ter jower 'mongs' deysé'f. 'Bout dat time, w'en dey git in a good way, Brer Rabbit, he sing out:

"'W'en a big man like me take a chaw terbacker, wharbouts he gwine spit?'

"Den de yuther creeturs, dey holler back, dey did, sorter like deyer mad:

"'Big man er little man, spit whar you please.'

"Den Brer Rabbit, he squall out:

"'Dis de way a big man spit!' en wid dat he tilt over de tub er slop-water, en w'en de yuther creeturs year it come a sloshin' down de sta'r-steps, gentermens! dey des histed deyse'f outer dar. Some un um went out de back do', en some un um went out de front do', en some un um fell out de winders; some went one way en some went n'er way; but dey all went sailin' out."

"But what became of the Rabbit?" the little boy asked.

"Brer Rabbit, he des tuck'n' shot up de house en fassen de winders, en den he go ter bed, he did, en pull de coverlid up over his years, en he sleep like a man w'at aint owe nobody nuthin'; en needer do he owe um, kaze ef dem yuther creeturs gwine git skeer'd en run off fum der own house, w'at bizness is dat er Brer Rabbit? Dat w'at I like ter know." *

VII.

MR. LION HUNTS FOR MR. MAN AND FINDS HIM.

UNCLE REMUS sighed heavily as he lifted the trivet on the end of his walking-cane, and hung it carefully by the side of the griddle in the cavernous fire-place.

"Folks kin come 'long wid der watcher-maycollums," he said, presently, turning to the little boy, who was supplementing his dinner by biting off a chew of shoe-maker's-wax, "en likewise dey kin fetch 'roun' der watziznames. Dey kin walk biggity en dey kin talk biggity, en, mo'n dat, dey kin feel biggity, but yit all de same deyer gwineter git kotch up wid. Dey go 'long en dey go 'long, en den bimeby yer come trouble en snatch um slonchways, en de mo' bigger w'at dey is, de wusser does dey git snatched."

The little boy didn't understand this harangue at all, but he appreciated it because he recognized it as the prelude to a story.

"Dar wuz Mr. Lion," Uncle Remus went

* This story was new to me until Mr. W. P. Garrison, of New York, sent me the outlines of a version current in Demerara. It was immediately recognized by a negro in Atlanta to whom it was recited, and he repeated it in a somewhat different shape. In the Demerara version, the Rabbit arms himself with a gun, a small cannon, and a tank of vile liquids. He wants to sneeze, cough, and spit. He fires the gun and the cannon, but distributes the contents of the tank by means of a hose. As a matter of course, I have adhered to the Georgia negro's version.

on; "he tuck'n' sot hisse'f up fer ter be de boss er all de yuther creeturs, en he feel so biggity dat he go ro'in' en rampin' 'roun' de neighborhoods wuss'n dat ar speckle bull w'at you see down at yo' Unk' Jeems Abercrombie place las' year. He went ro'in' 'roun', he did, en eve'ywhar he go he year talk er Mr. Man. Right in de middle er his braggin', some un 'ud up'n' tell 'im 'bout w'at Mr. Man done done. Mr. Lion, he say he done dis, en den he year 'bout how Mr. Man done dat. Hit went on dis way twel bimeby Mr. Lion shake his mane, he did, en he up'n' say dat he gwineter s'arch 'roun' en 'roun', en high en low, fer ter see ef he can't fine Mr. Man, en he 'low, Mr. Lion did, dat w'en he do fine 'im, he gwineter tu'n in en gin Mr. Man sech n'er larrupin' w'at nobody aint never had yit. Dem yuther creeturs, dey tuck'n' tell Mr. Lion dat he better let Mr. Man 'lone, but Mr. Lion say he gwineter hunt 'im down spite er all dey kin do.

"Sho' nuff, atter he done tuck some res', Mr. Lion, he put out down de big road. Sun, she rise up en shine hot, but Mr. Lion, he keep on; win', hit come up en blow, en fill de elements full er dust; rain, hit drif' up en drizzle down; but Mr. Lion, he keep on. Bimeby, w'iles he gwine on dis away, wid his tongue hangin' out, he come up wid Mr. Steer, grazin' 'long on de side er de road. Mr. Lion, he up'n' ax 'im howdy, he did, monst'us perlite, en Mr. Steer likewise he bow en scrape en show his manners. Den Mr. Lion, he do like he wanter have some confab wid im, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"'Is dey anybody 'roun' in deze parts name Mr. Man?' sezee.

"'Tooby sho' dey is,' sez Mr. Steer, sezee; 'anybody kin tell you dat. I knows 'im mighty well,' sezee.

"'Well, den, he de ve'y chap I'm atter,' sezee.

"'W'at mout be yo' bizness wid Mr. Man?' sez Mr. Steer, sezee.

"'I done come dis long ways fer ter gin 'im a larrupin,' sez Mr. Lion, sezee. 'I'm gwineter show 'im who de boss er deze neighborhoods,' sezee, en wid dat Mr. Lion, he shake his mane, en switch his tail, en strut up en down wuss'n wunner deze yer town niggers.

"'Well, den, ef dat w'at you come atter,' sez Mr. Steer, sezee, 'you des better slew yo'se'f 'roun' en pint yo' nose todes home, kaze you fixin' fer ter git in sho' 'nuff trouble,' sezee.

"'I'm gwineter larrup dat same Mr. Man,' sez Mr. Lion, sezee; 'I done come fer dat, en dat w'at I'm gwine ter do,' sezee.

"Mr. Steer, he draw long breff, he did, en chaw his cud slow, en atter w'ile he say, sezee:

"'You see me stannin' yer front er yo' eyes, en how big I is, en w'at long, sharp hawns I got. Well, big ez my heft is, en sharp dough my hawns be, yit Mr. Man, he come out yer en he ketch me, en he put me und' a yoke, en he hitch me up in a kyart, en he make me haul his wood, en he drive me anywhar he min' ter. He do dat. Better let Mr. Man 'lone,' sezee. 'Ef you fool 'long wid 'im, watch out dat he don't hitch you up en have you prancin' 'roun' yer pullin' his kyart,' sezee.

"Mr. Lion, he fotch a ro', en put out down de road, en 'twa'n't so mighty long fo' he come up wid Mr. Hoss, w'ich he wuz a-nibblin' en a-croppin' de grass. Mr. Lion make hisse'f know'd, en den he tuck'n' ax Mr. Hoss do he know Mr. Man.

"'Mighty well,' sez Mr. Hoss, sezee, 'en mo'n dat, I bin a-knowin' 'im a long time. W'at you want wid Mr. Man?' sezee.

"'I'm a-huntin' 'im up fer ter larrup 'im,' sez Mr. Lion, sezee. 'Dey tells me he mighty stuck up,' sezee, 'en I gwine take 'im down a peg,' sezee.

"Mr. Hoss look at Mr. Lion like he sorry, en bimeby he up'n' say, sezee:

"'I 'speck you better let Mr. Man 'lone,' sezee. 'You see how big I is, en how much strenk w'at I got, en how tough my foots is,' sezee; 'well, dish yer Mr. Man, he kin take'n' take me en hitch me up in his buggy, en make me haul 'im all 'roun', en den he kin take'n' fassen me ter de plow en make me break up all his new groun',' sezee. 'You better go 'long back home. Fus' news you know, Mr. Man'll have you breakin' up his new groun',' sezee.

"Spite er all dis, Mr. Lion, he shake his mane en say he gwineter larrup Mr. Man anyhow. He went on down de big road, he did, en bimeby he come up wid Mr. Jack Sparrer, settin' up in de top er de tree. Mr. Jack Sparrer, he whul 'roun' en chirp, en flutter 'bout up dar, en 'pariently make a great 'miration.

"'Heyo yer!' sezee; 'who'd er 'speckted fer ter see Mr. Lion 'way down yer in dis neighborhoods?' sezee. 'Whar you gwine, Mr. Lion?' sezee.

"Den Mr. Lion ax ef Mr. Jack Sparrer know Mr. Man, en Mr. Jack Sparrer say he know Mr. Man mighty well. Den Mr. Lion, he ax ef Mr. Jack Sparrer know whar he

stay, w'ich Mr. Jack Sparrer say dat he do. Mr. Lion ax wharbouts is Mr. Man, en Mr. Jack Sparrer say he right over dar in de new groun', en he up'n' ax Mr. Lion w'at he want wid 'im, w'ich Mr. Lion 'spon' dat he gwine larrup Mr. Man, en wid dat, Mr. Jack Sparrer, he up'n' say, sezee:

"'You better let Mr. Man 'lone. You see how little I is, en likewise how high I kin fly; yit, spite er dat, Mr. Man, he kin fetch me down w'en he git good en ready,' sezee. 'You better tuck yo' tail en put out home,' sez Mr. Jack Sparrer, sezee, 'kaze bimeby Mr. Man'll fetch you down,' sezee.

"But Mr. Lion des vow he gwine atter Mr. Man, en go he would, en go he did. He aint never see Mr. Man, Mr. Lion aint, en he dunner w'at he look like, but he go on todes de new groun'. Sho' 'nuff, dar wuz Mr. Man, out dar maulin' rails fer ter make 'im a fence. He 'uz rippin' up de butt cut, Mr. Man wuz, en he druv in his wedge en den he stuck in de glut. He 'uz splittin' 'way, w'en bimeby he year rustlin' out dar in de bushes, en he look up, en dar wuz Mr. Lion. Mr. Lion ax 'im do he know Mr. Man, en Mr. Man 'low dat he know 'im mo' samer dan ef he wer' his twin brer. Den Mr. Lion 'low dat he wanter see 'im, en den Mr. Man say, sezee, dat ef Mr. Lion will come stick his paw in de split fer ter hol' de log open twel he git back, he go fetch Mr. Man. Mr. Lion he march up en slap his paw in de place, en den Mr. Man, he tuck'n' knock de glut out, en de split close up, en dar Mr. Lion wuz. Mr. Man, he stan' off en say, sezee:

"'Ef you'd 'a' bin a steer er hoss, you mout er run, en ef you'd 'a' bin a sparrer, you mout er flew, but yer you is, en you kotch yo'se'f,' sezee.

"Wid dat, Mr. Man s'unter out in de bushes en cut 'im a hickory, en he let in on Mr. Lion, en he frail en frail 'im twel frailin' un 'im wuz a sin. En down ter dis day," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone calculated to destroy all doubt, "you can't git no Lion ter come up whar dey's a Man a-maulin' rails en put his paw in de split. Dat you can't!"

VIII.

THE STORY OF THE PIGS.

UNCLE REMUS relapsed into silence again, and the little boy, with nothing better to do, turned his attention to the bench upon which the old man kept his shoe-maker's-tools. Prosecuting his investigations in this direction, the youngster finally suggested that the supply of bristles was about exhausted.

"I dunner w'at Miss Sally wanter be sendin' un you down yer fer, ef you gwine-ter be stirr'n' en bodderin' 'longer dem ar things," exclaimed Uncle Remus, indignantly. "Now don't you scatter dem hog-bristle! De time wuz w'en folks had a mighty slim chance fer ter git bristle, en dey aint no tellin' w'en dat time gwine come ag'in. Let 'lone dat, de time wuz w'en de breed er hogs wuz done run down ter one po' little pig, en it look like mighty sorry chance fer dem w'at was 'bleeged ter have bristle."

By this time, Uncle Remus's indignation had vanished, disappearing as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it came. The little boy was curious to know when and where and how the bristle famine occurred.

"I done tole you 'bout dat too 'long 'go ter talk 'bout," the old man declared, but the little boy insisted that he had never heard about it before, and he was so persistent that at last Uncle Remus, in self-defense, consented to tell the story of the Pigs.

"One time, 'way back yander, de ole Sow en 'er chilluns wuz all livin' longer de yuther creeturs. Hit seem like ter me dat de ole Sow wuz a widder 'oman, en ef I don't run inter no mistakes, hit look like ter me dat she got five chilluns. Lemme see," continued Uncle Remus, with the air of one determined to justify his memory by a reference to the record, and enumerating with great deliberation,—"dar wuz Big Pig, en dar wuz Little Pig, en dar wuz Speckle Pig, en dar wuz Blunt, en, las' en lonesomes', dar wuz Runt.

"One day, dese yer Pig ma she know she gwine kick de bucket, en she tuck'n' call up all 'er chilluns en tell um dat de time done come w'en dey gotter look out for deyse'f, en den she up'n' tell um good ez she kin, dough 'er breff mighty short, 'bout w'at a bad man is ole Brer Wolf. She say, sez she, dat ef dey kin make der 'scape from ole Brer Wolf, dey'll be doin' monst'us well. Big Pig 'low he aint skeer'd, Little Pig low she aint skeer'd, Speckle Pig 'low she aint skeer'd, Blunt, he say he mos' big a man ez Brer Wolf hisse'f, en Runt, she des tuck'n' root 'roun' in de straw en grunt. But ole Widder Sow, she lay dar, she did, en keep on tellin' un um dat dey better keep der eye on Brer Wolf, kaze he mighty mean en 'seetful man.

"Not long atter dat, sho' 'nuff ole Miss

Sow lay down en die, en all dem ar chilluns er hern wuz flung back on deyse'f, en dey whul in, dey did, en dey buil' um all a house fer ter live in. Big Pig, he tuck'n' buil' 'im a house outer bresh; Little Pig, she tuck'n' buil' a stick house; Speckle Pig, she tuck'n' buil' a mud house; Blunt, he tuck'n' buil' a plank house; en Runt, she don't make no great ter-do, en no great brags, but she went ter wuk, she did, en buil' a rock house.

"Bimeby, w'en dey done got all fix, en marters wuz sorter settle, soon one mawnin' yer come ole Brer Wolf, a-lickin' un his chops en a-shakin' un his tail. Fus' house he come ter wuz Big Pig house. Brer Wolf walk up ter de do', he did, en he knock sorter saf'—*blim-blim-blim!* Nobody aint answer. Den he knock loud—*blam! blam! blam!* Dis wake up Big Pig, en he come ter de do', en he ax who dat. Brer Wolf 'low it's a fr'en', en den he sing out:

"'Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"Still Big Pig ax who dat, en den Brer Wolf, he up'n' say, sezee:

"'How yo' ma?' sezee.

"'My ma done dead,' sez Big Pig, sezee, 'en 'fo' she die she tell me fer ter keep my eye on Brer Wolf. I sees you thoo de crack er de do', en you look mighty like Brer Wolf,' sezee.

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he draw long breff like he feel mighty bad, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"'I dunner w'at change yo' ma so bad, less'n she 'uz out'n 'er head. I year tell dat ole Miss Sow wuz sick, en I say ter myse'f dat I'd kinder drap 'roun' un see how de old lady is, en fetch 'er dish yer bag er roas'n'-years. Mighty well does I know dat ef yo' ma wuz yer right now, en in 'er min', she'd take de roas'n'-years en be glad ter git um, en mo'n dat, she'd take'n' ax me in by de fire for ter wom my han's,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee.

"De talk 'bout de roas'n'-years make Big Pig mouf water, en bimeby, atter some mo' palaver, he open de do' en let Brer Wolf in, en bless yo' soul, honey! dat uz de las' er Big Pig. He aint had time fer ter squeal en needer fer ter grunt 'fo' Brer Wolf gobble 'im up.

"Nex' day, ole Brer Wolf put up de same game on Little Pig; he go en he sing his song, en Little Pig, she tuck'n' let 'im in, en den Brer Wolf he tuck'n' 'turn de compelerments* en let Little Pig in."

* Compliments.

Here Uncle Remus laughed long and loud at his conceit, and he took occasion to repeat it several times.

"Little Pig, she let Brer Wolf in, en Brer Wolf, he let Little Pig in, en w'at mo' kin yo' ax dan dat? Nex' time Brer Wolf pay a call, he drop in on Speckle Pig, en rap at de do' en sing his song:

"'Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"But Speckle Pig, she kinder 'spicion sump'n', en she 'fuse ter open de do'. Yit Brer Wolf mighty 'seetful man, en he talk mighty saf' en he talk mighty sweet. Bimeby, he git his nose in de crack er de do' en he say ter Speckle Pig, sezee, fer ter des let 'im git one paw in, en den he wont go no fudder. He git de paw in, en den he beg fer ter git de yuther paw in, en den w'en he git dat in, den he beg fer ter git his head in, en den w'en he git his head in, en his paws in, co'se all he got ter do is ter shove de do' open en walk right in; en w'en marters stan' dat away, 'twa'n't long 'fo' he done make fresh meat er Speckle Pig.

"Nex' day, he make 'way wid Blunt, en de day atter, he 'low dat he make a pass at Runt. Now, den, right dar whar ole Brer Wolf slip up at. He like some folks w'at I knows. He'd 'a' bin mighty smart, ef he hadn't er bin too smart. Runt was de littles' one er de whole gang, yit all de same news done got out dat she 'uz pestered wid sense like grown folks.

"Brer Wolf, he crope up ter Runt house, en he got un'need de winder, he did, en he sing out:

"'Ef you'll open de do' en let me in,
I'll wom my han's en go home ag'in.'

"But all de same, Brer Wolf can't coax Runt fer ter open de do', en needer kin he break in, kaze de house done made outer rock. Bimeby Brer Wolf make out he done gone off, en den atter while he come back en knock at de do'—*blam, blam, blam!*

"Runt, she sot by de fier, she did, en sorter scratch 'er year, en holler out:

"'Who dat?' sez she.

"'Hit's Speckle Pig,' sez ole Brer Wolf, sezee, 'twix' a snort en a grunt. 'I fotch some peas fer yo' dinner!'

"Runt, she tuck'n' laugh, she did, en holler back:

"'Sis' Speckle Pig aint never talk thoo dat many toofies.'

"Brer Wolf go off 'g'in, en bimeby he

come back en knock. Runt, she sot en rock, en holler out:

"'Who dat?'

"'Big Pig,' sez Brer Wolf. 'I fotch some sweet-co'n fer yo' supper.'

"Runt, she look thoo de crack un'need de do', en laugh en say, sez she:

"'Brer Big Pig aint had no ha'r on his huff.'

"Den ole Brer Wolf, he git mad, he did, en say he gwine come down de chimbley, en Runt, she say, sez she, dat de onliest way w'at he kin git in; en den, w'en she year Brer Wolf climbin' up on de outside er de chimbley, she tuck'n' pile up a whole lot er broom-sage front er de h'a'th, en w'en she year 'im climbin' down on de inside, she tuck de tongs en shove de straw on de fier, en de smoke make Brer Wolf head swim, en he drap down, en 'fo' he know it, he 'uz done bu'nt ter a cracklin'; en dat wuz de las' er ole Brer Wolf. Leas'ways," added Uncle Remus, putting in a cautious proviso to fall back upon in case of an emergency, "leas'ways, hit 'uz de las' er dat Brer Wolf."

IX.

MR. BENJAMIN RAM AND HIS WONDERFUL FIDDLE.

"I 'SPECK you done year tell er ole man Benjermun Ram," said Uncle Remus, with a great affectation of indifference, after a pause.

"Old man who?" asked the little boy.

"Old man Benjermun Ram. I 'speck you done year tell er him too long 'go ter talk 'bout."

"Why, no, I haven't, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy, protesting and laughing. "He must have been a mighty funny old man."

"Dat's ez may be," responded Uncle Remus, sententiously. "Fun deze days wouldn't er counted fer fun in dem days; en many's de time w'at I see folks laughin'," continued the old man, with such withering sarcasm that the little boy immediately became serious,—"many's de time w'at I sees um laughin' en laughin', w'en I lay dey aint kin tell w'at deyer laughin' at deyse'f. En 'taint der laughin' w'at pesters me, nudder," —relenting a little,—"hit's dish yer ev'lastin' snickle en giggle, giggle en snickle."

Having thus mapped out, in a dim and uncertain way, what older people than the little boy might have been excused for accepting as a sort of moral basis, Uncle Remus proceeded:

"Dish yer Mr. Benjermun Ram, w'ich he done come up inter my min', wuz wunner deze yer ole-timers. Dey tells me dat he 'uz a fiddler fum away back yander—wunner dem ar kinder fiddlers w'at can't git de chune down fine 'less dey pats der foot. He stay all by his own-alone se'f 'way out in de middle un a big new-groun', en he sech a handy man fer ter have at a frolic dat de yuther creeturs like 'im mighty well, en w'en dey tuck a notion fer ter shake der foot, w'ich de notion tuck'n' struck um eve'y once in a w'ile, nuthin' 'ud do but dey mus' sen' fer ole man Benjermun Ram en his fiddle; en dey do say," continued Uncle Remus, closing his eyes in a sort of ecstasy, "dat w'en he squar' hisse'f back in a cheer, en git in a weavin' way, he kin des snatch dem ole-time chunes fum who lay de rail.* En den, w'en de frolic wuz done, dey'd all fling in, dem yuther creeturs would, en fill up a bag er peas fer ole Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter kyar home wid 'im.

"One time, des 'bout Christmas, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey up'n' say dat dey'd sorter gin a blow-out, en dey got wud ter ole man Benjermun Ram w'ich dey 'speckted 'im fer ter be on han'. W'en de time done come fer Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter start, de win' blow cole en de cloud 'gun ter spread out 'cross de elements—but no marter fer dat; ole man Benjermun Ram tuck down his walkin'-cane, he did, en tie up his fiddle in a bag, en sot out fer Miss Meadows. He thunk he know de way, but hit keep on gittin' col'er en col'er, en mo' cloudy, twel bimeby, fus' news you know, ole Mr. Benjermun Ram done lose de way. Ef he'd er kep' on down de big road fum de start, it mouter bin diffunt, but he tuck a nigh-cut, en he aint git fur 'fo' he done los' sho' 'nuff. He go dis away, en he go dat away, en he go de yuther way, yit all de same he wuz done los'. Some folks would er sot right flat down whar dey wuz en study out de way, but ole man Benjermun Ram aint got wrinkle on his hawn fer nothin', kaze he done got de name er ole Billy Hardhead long 'fo' dat. Den a'g'in, some folks would er stop right still in der tracks en holler en bawl fer ter see ef dey can't rouse up some er de neighbors, but ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he des stick his jowl in de win', he did, en he march right on des 'zackly like he know he aint gwine de wrong way. He keep on, but 'twa'n't long 'fo' he 'gun ter feel right lonesome, mo' speshually

* That is, from the foundation, or beginning.

w'en hit come up in his min' how Miss Meadows en de gals en all de comp'ny be 'bleeged fer ter do de bes' dey kin widout any fiddlin'; en hit kinder make his marrer git cole w'en he study 'bout how he gotter sleep out dar in de woods by hisse'f.

"Yit, all de same, he keep on twel de dark 'gun ter drap down, en den he keep on still, en bimeby he come ter a little rise whar dey wuz a clay-gall. W'en he git dar he stop en look 'roun', he did, en 'way off down in de holler, dar he see a light shinin', en w'en he see dis, ole man Benjermun Ram tuck his foot in his han', en make his way todes it des like it de ve'y place w'at he bin huntin'. 'Twa'n't long 'fo' he come ter de house whar de light is, en, bless you soul, he don't make no bones er knockin'. Den somebody holler out:

"'Who dat?'

"'I'm Mr. Benjermun Ram, en I done lose de way, en I come fer ter ax you ef you can't take me in fer de night,' sezee.

"In common," continued Uncle Remus, "ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz a mighty rough-en-spoken somebody, but you better b'leeve he talk monst'us perlite dis time.

"Den some un on t'er side er de do' ax Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter walk right in, en wid dat he open de do' en walk in, en make a bow like fiddlin' folks does w'en dey goes in comp'ny; but he aint no sooner make his bow en look 'roun' twel he 'gun ter shake en shiver like he done bin strucken wid de swamp-ager, 'kaze, settin' right dar 'fo' de fier wuz ole Brer Wolf, wid his toofies showin' up all w'ite en shiny like dey wuz bran new. Ef ole Mr. Benjermun Ram aint bin so ole en stiff I boun' you he'd er broke en run, but 'mos' 'fo' he had time fer ter study 'bout gittin' 'way, ole Brer Wolf done bin jump up en shet de do' en fassen 'er wid a great big chain. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he know he in fer't, en he tuck'n' put on a bol' face ez he kin, but he des nat'ally hone* fer ter be los' in de woods some mo'. Den he make 'n'er low bow, en he hope Brer Wolf en all his folks is well, en den he say, sezee, dat he des drap in fer ter wom hisse'f, en 'quire uv de way ter Miss Meadows', en ef Brer Wolf be so good ez ter set 'im in de road ag'in, he be off putty soon en be much 'blige in de bargains.

"'Tooby sho', Mr. Ram,' sez Brer Wolf, sezee, w'iles he lick his chops en grin; 'des put yo' walkin'-cane in de cornder over dar, en set yo' bag down on de flo', en make yo'se'f at home,' sezee. 'We aint got much,' sezee, 'but w'at we is got is yone w'iles you stays, en I boun' we'll take good keer un you,' sezee; en wid dat Brer Wolf laugh en show his toofies so bad dat ole man Benjermun Ram come mighty nigh havin' 'n'er ager.

"Den Brer Wolf tuck'n' flung 'n'er lighter'd-knot on de fier, en den he slip inter de back room, en, present'y, w'iles ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz settin' dar shakin' in his shoes, he year Brer Wolf whispun' ter his ole 'oman:

"'Ole 'oman! ole 'oman! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat—fresh meat fer supper! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat—fresh meat fer supper!'

"Den ole Miss Wolf, she talk out loud, so Mr. Benjermun Ram kin year:

"'Tooby sho' I'll fix 'im some supper. We er 'way off yer in de woods, so fur fum comp'ny dat goodness knows I'm mighty glad fer ter see Mr. Benjermun Ram.'

"Den Mr. Benjermun Ram year ole Miss Wolf whettin' 'er knife on a rock—*shirrah! shirrah! shirrah!*—en eve'y time he year de knife say *shirrah!* he know he dat much nigher de dinner-pot. He know he can't git way, en w'iles he settin' dar studyin', hit come 'cross his min' dat he des mout ez well play one mo' chune on his fiddle 'fo' de wuss come ter de wuss. Wid dat he ontie de bag en take out de fiddle, en 'gun ter chune 'er up—*plink, plank, plunk, plink! plunk, plank, plink, plunk!*"

Uncle Remus's imitation of the tuning of a fiddle was marvelous enough to produce a startling effect upon a much less enthusiastic listener than the little boy. It was given in perfect good faith, but the serious expression on the old man's countenance was so irresistibly comic that the child laughed until the tears ran down his face. Uncle Remus very properly accepted this as a tribute to his wonderful resources as a story-teller, and continued, in great good humor:

"W'en ole Miss Wolf year dat kinder fuss, co'se she dunner w'at is it, en she drap 'er knife en lissen. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram aint know dis, en he keep on chunin' up—*plank, plink, plunk, plank!* Den ole Miss Wolf, she tuck'n' hunch Brer Wolf wid 'er elbow, en she say, sez she:

"'Hey, ole man! w'at dat?'

"Den bofe un um cock up der years en lissen, en des 'bout dat time, ole Mr. Ben-

* To pine or long for anything. This is a good old English word, which has been retained in the plantation vocabulary.

jermun Ram, he sling de butt er de fiddle up under his chin, en struck up wunner dem ole-time chunes."

"Well, what tune was it, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, with some display of impatience.

"Ef I aint done gone en fergit dat chune off'n my min'," continued Uncle Remus, "hit sorter went like dat ar song 'bout 'Sheep shell co'n wid de rattle er his ho'n,' en yit hit mout er been dat ar yuther one 'bout 'Hol' de key, ladies, hol' dem keys.' Brer Wolf en ole Miss Wolf, dey lissen en lissen, en de mo' w'at dey lissen de skeerder dey git, twel bimeby dey tuck ter der heels en make a break fer de swamp at de back er de house like de patter-rollers wuz atter um.

"W'en ole man Benjermun Ram sorter let up wid his fiddlin', he don't see no Brer Wolf, en he don't year no ole Miss Wolf. Den he look in de back room; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de back po'ch; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de closet en in de cubberd; no Wolf aint dar yit. Den ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he tuck'n' shot all de do's en lock um, en he s'arch 'roun' en he fine some peas en fodder in de lof', w'ich he et um fer his supper, en den he lie down front er de fier en sleep soun' ez a log.

"Nex' mawnin' he 'uz up en stirrin' monst'us soon, en he put out fum dar, en he fine de way ter Miss Meadows', time 'nuff fer ter play at de frolic. W'en he git dar, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey run ter de gate fer ter meet 'im, en dis un tuck his hat, en dat un tuck his cane, en t'er'n tuck his fiddle, en den dey up'n' say:

"'Lor', Mr. Ram! whar de name er goodness is you bin? We so glad you come. Stir 'roun' yer, folks, en git Mr. Ram a cup er hot coffee.'

"Dey make a mighty big ter-do 'bout Mr. Benjermun Ram, Miss Meadows and de gals did, but 'twix' you en me en de bed-pos', honey, dey'd er had der frolic wh'er de ole chap 'uz dar er not, kaze de gals done make 'rangements wid Brer Rabbit fer ter pat fer'm, en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a patter, mon. He mos' sho'ly wuz."

X.

MR. RABBIT'S RIDDLE.

"COULD the Rabbit pat a tune, sure enough, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, his thoughts apparently dwelling upon the new accomplishment of Brother Rabbit at which the old man had hinted in his story of Mr. Benjamin Ram. Uncle Remus pretended to be greatly surprised that any one could be so unfamiliar with the accomplishments of Brother Rabbit as to venture to ask such a question. His response was in the nature of a comment:

"Name er goodness! w'at kinder pass dis yer we comin' ter w'en a great big grow'd up young un axin' 'bout Brer Rabbit? Bless yo' soul, honey! dey wa'n't no chune gwine dat Brer Rabbit can't pat. Let 'lone dat, w'en dey wuz some un else fer ter do de pattin', Brer Rabbit kin jump out inter de middle er de flo' en des nat'ally shake de eyeleds offen dem yuther creeturs. En 'twa'n't none er dish yer bowin' en scrapin', en slippin' en slidin', en han's all 'roun' w'at folks does deze days. Hit uz dish yer up en down kinder dancin', whar dey des lips up in de a'r fer ter cut de pidjin-wing, en lights on de flo' right in de middle er de double-shuffle. *Shoo!* Dey aint no dancin' deze days; folks' shoes too tight, en dey aint got dat limbersomeness in de hips w'at dey useter is. Dat dey aint.

"En yit," Uncle Remus continued, in a tone which seemed to imply that he deemed it necessary to apologize for the apparent frivolity of Brother Rabbit,—"en yit de time come w'en ole Brer Rabbit 'gun ter put dis en dat tergedder, en de notion strike 'im dat he better be home lookin' atter de intruss er his fambly, 'stidder trapesin' en trollopin' 'roun' ter all de frolics in de settlement. He tuck'n' study dis in his min', twel bimeby he sot out 'termin' fer ter 'arn his own livelihoods, en den he up'n' lay off a piece er groun' en plant 'im a tater-patch.

"Brer Fox, he see all dis yer gwine on, he did, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he speck Brer Rabbit rashfulness done bin supjued kaze he skeerd, en den Brer Fox make up his min' dat he gwineter pay Brer Rabbit back fer all er his 'seetfulness. He start in, Brer Fox did, en fum dat time forrerd he aggervate Brer Rabbit 'bout his tater-patch. One night, he leave de draw-bars down, 'n'er night he fling off de top rails, en nex' night, he t'ar down a whole panel er fence, en he keep on dis away twel 'pariently Brer Rabbit dunner w'at ter do. All dis time Brer Fox keep on foolin' wid de tater-patch, en w'en he see w'ich Brer Rabbit aint makin' no motion, Brer Fox 'low dat he dun skeer'd sho' 'nuff, en dat de time done come fer ter gobble 'im up widout lief er license. So he call on Brer Rabbit, Brer

Fox did, en he ax 'im will he take a walk. Brer Rabbit, he ax wharbouts. Brer Fox say right out yander. Brer Rabbit, he ax w'at is dey right out yander. Brer Fox say he know w'ar dey some mighty fine peaches, en he want Brer Rabbit fer ter go 'long en climb de tree en fling um down. Brer Rabbit say he don't keer ef he do, mo' speshually fer ter 'blige Brer Fox.

"Dey sot out, dey did, en atter w'ile, sho' 'nuff, dey come ter de peach-orchud, en Brer Rabbit, w'at do he do but pick out a good tree, en up he clum. Brer Fox, he sot hisse'f at de root er de tree, kaze he 'low dat w'en Brer Rabbit come down he hatter come down backerds, en den dat 'ud be de time fer ter nab 'im. But, bless yo' soul, Brer Rabbit dun see w'at Brer Fox atter 'fo' he clum up. W'en he pull de peaches, Brer Fox say, sezee:

"'Fling um down yer, Brer Rabbit—fling um right down yer so I kin ketch um,' sezee.

"Brer Rabbit, he sorter wunk de furdest eye fum Brer Fox, en he holler back, he did:

"'Ef I fling um down dar whar you is, Brer Fox, en you misses um, dey'll git squshed,' sezee, 'so I'll des sorter pitch um out yander in de grass whar dey wont git bus',' sezee.

"Den he tuck'n' fling de peaches out in de grass, en w'iles Brer Fox went atter um, Brer Rabbit, he skint down outer de tree, en hustle hisse'f twel he git elbow-room. W'en he git off little ways, he up'n' holler back ter Brer Fox dat he got a riddle he want 'im ter read. Brer Fox, he ax w'at is it. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit, he gun it out ter Brer Fox like a man sayin' a speech:

"'Big bird rob en little bird sing,
De big bee zoon en little bee sting,
De little man lead en big hoss foller—
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?'

"Ole Brer Fox scratch his head en study, en study en scratch his head, but de mo' he study de wuss he git mix up wid de riddle, en atter w'ile he tuck'n' tell Brer Rabbit dat he dunno how in de name er goodness ter onriddle dat riddle.

"'Come en go 'longer me,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I boun' you I show you how ter read dat same riddle. Hit's wunner dem ar kinder riddle,' sez ole man Rabbit, sezee, 'w'ich 'fo' you read 'er, you gotter eat a bait er honey, en I done got my eye sot on de place whar we kin git de honey at,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he ax wharbouts is it, en Brer Rabbit, he say up dar in ole Brer B'ar cotton-patch, whar he gotter whole passel er bee-gums. Brer Fox, he 'low, he did, dat he aint got no sweet-toof much, yit he wanter git at de innerds er dat ar riddle, en he don't keer ef he do go 'long.

"Dey put out, dey did, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey come ter ole Brer B'ar bee-gums, en ole Brer Rabbit, he up'n' gun um a rap wid his walkin'-cane, des like folks thumps watermillions fer ter see ef dey er ripe. He tap en he rap, en bimeby he come ter one un um w'ich she soun' like she plum full, en den he go 'roun' behime it, ole Brer Rabbit did, en he up'n' say, sezee:

"'I'll des sorter tilt 'er up, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'en you kin put yo' head und' dar en git some er de drippin's,' sezee.

"Brer Rabbit, he tilt 'er up, en, sho' 'nuff, Brer Fox, he jam his head un'need de gum. Hit make me laugh," Uncle Remus continued, with a chuckle, "fer ter see w'at a fresh man is Brer Fox, kaze he aint no sooner stuck his head un'need dat ar bee-gum, dan Brer Rabbit turnt 'er aloose, en down she come—*ker-swosh!*—right on Brer Fox neck, en dar he wuz. Brer Fox, he kick; he squeal; he jump; he squall; he dance; he prance; he beg; he pray; yit dar he wuz, en w'en Brer Rabbit git 'way off, en tu'n 'roun' fer ter look back, he see Brer Fox des a wigglin' en a squ'min', en right den en dar Brer Rabbit gun one ole-time whoop, en des put out fer home.

"W'en he git dar, de fus' man he see wuz Brer Fox gran'daddy, w'ich folks all call 'im Gran'sir' Gray Fox. W'en Brer Rabbit see 'im, he say, sezee:

"'How you come on, Gran'sir' Gray Fox?'

"I still keeps po'ly, I'm 'blige ter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Gran'sir' Gray Fox, sezee. 'Is you seed any sign er my gran'son dis mawnin'?' sezee.

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit laugh en say w'ich him en Brer Fox bin a ramblin' 'roun' wid wunner 'n'er havin' mo' fun dan w'at a man kin shake a stick at.

"'We bin a riggin' up riddles en a readin' un um,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Brer Fox is settin' off some'rs in de bushes right now, aimin' fer ter read one w'at I gun 'im. I'll des drap you one,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'w'ich ef you kin read it, hit'll take you right spang ter whar yo' gran'son is, en you can't git dar none too soon,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Den ole Gran'sir' Gray Fox, he up'n' ax w'at is it, en Brer Rabbit, he sing out, he did:

"'De big bird rob en little bird sing,
De big bee zoon en little bee sting,
De little man lead en big hoss foller—
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?'

"Gran'sir' Gray Fox, he tuck a pinch er snuff en cough easy ter hisse'f, en study en study, but he aint make it out, en Brer Rabbit, he laugh en sing:

"'Bee-gum mighty big fer ter make Fox collar,
Kin you tell w'at's good fer a head in a holler?'

"Atter so long a time, Gran'sir' Gray Fox sorter ketch a glimpse er w'at Brer Rabbit tryin' ter gin* 'im, en he tip Brer Rabbit good-day, en shuffle off fer ter hunt up his gran'son."

"And did he find him, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Tooby sho', honey. Brer B'ar year de racket w'at Brer Fox kickin' up, en he go down dar fer ter see w'at de marter is. Soon ez he see how de lan' lay, co'se he tuck a notion dat Brer Fox bin robbin' his bee-gums, en he got 'im a han'ful er hick'ries, Brer B'ar did, en he let 'in on Brer Fox en he wom his jacket scannerlous, en den he tuck'n' tu'n 'im loose; but 'twa'n't long 'fo' all de neighbors git wud dat Brer Fox bin robbin' Brer B'ar bee-gums."

*Give. The *g* is pronounced hard, like the last syllable of *begin*.

OWL AGAINST ROBIN.

FROWNING, the owl in the oak complained him
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.
"From the north, from the east, from the south and the west,
Woodland, wheat-field, corn-field, clover,
Over and over and over and over,
Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,
Nothing but robin-songs heard under heaven:
How can we sleep?

"*Peep!* you whistle, and *cheep! cheep! cheep!*
Oh, peep, if you will, and buy, if 'tis cheap,
And have done; for an owl must sleep.
Are ye singing for fame, and who shall be first?
Each day's the same, yet the last is worst,
And the summer is cursed with the silly outburst
Of idiot red-breasts peeping and cheeping
By day, when all honest birds ought to be sleeping.
Lord, what a din! And so out of all reason.
Have ye not heard that each thing hath its season?
Night is to work in, night is for play-time;
Good heavens, not day-time!

"A vulgar flaunt is the flaring day,
The impudent, hot, unsparing day,
That leaves not a stain nor a secret untold,—
Day the reporter,—the gossip of old,—
Deformity's tease,—man's common scold—
Poh! Shut the eyes, let the sense go numb
When day down the eastern way has come.
'Tis clear as the moon (by the argument drawn
From Design) that the world should retire at dawn.

Day kills. The leaf and the laborer breathe
Death in the sun, the cities seethe,
The mortal black marshes bubble with heat
And puff up pestilence; nothing is sweet
Has to do with the sun: even virtue will taint
(Philosophers say) and manhood grow faint
In the lands where the villainous sun has sway
Through the livelong drag of the dreadful day.
What Eden but noon-light stares it tame,
Shadowless, brazen, forsaken of shame?
For the sun tells lies on the landscape,—now
Reports me the *what*, unrelieved with the *how*,—
As messengers lie, with the facts alone,
Delivering the word and withholding the tone.

"But oh, the sweetness, and oh, the light
Of the high-fastidious night!
Oh, to awake with the wise old stars—
The cultured, the careful, the Chesterfield stars,
That wink at the work-a-day fact of crime
And shine so rich through the ruins of time
That Baalbec is finer than London; oh,
To sit on the bough that zigzags low
By the woodland pool,
And loudly laugh at man, the fool
That vows to the vulgar sun; oh, rare,
To wheel from the wood to the window where
A day-worn sleeper is dreaming of care,
And perch on the sill and straightly stare
Through his visions; rare, to sail
Aslant with the hill and a-curve with the vale,—
To flit down the shadow-shot-with-gleam
Betwixt hanging leaves and starlit stream,
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Silent, aimless, dayless, slow
(*Aimless? Field-mice?* True, they're slain,
But the night-philosophy hoots at pain,
Grips, eats quick, and drops the bones
In the water beneath the bough, nor moans
At the death life feeds on). Robin, pray
Come away, come away
To the cultus of night. Abandon the day.
Have more to think and have less to say.
And *cannot* you walk now? Bah, don't hop!
Stop!
Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our Charming Politics.

THE people of the United States, at the time of this present writing, are having an exhibition of party politics of the most suggestive and instructive character. About how many exhibitions of this kind they must have before they will demand a reform in the civil service we cannot tell, because they have learned so slowly hitherto; but, if downright insult can possibly stir their blood—if being slapped in the face and spit upon can waken them to a sense of their degradation—it would seem as if reform could not long be delayed. Never within our memory have we seen a more insolent outrage upon the executive of the Government and upon the popular forbearance than has been perpetrated by a United States Senator from New York, in his attempt to dictate an appointment to the President. The latter, in the exercise of his prerogative, nominated to the collectorship of New York a well-known and highly esteemed gentleman—so well known and so highly esteemed that the Legislature of the State, acting honestly and freely, most promptly and heartily indorsed the nomination. The nomination was made in accordance with the President's policy to recognize all the elements of the Republican party which had assisted in his election. It was a nomination most fit to be made, but it did not suit the Senator. This gentleman assumes to be the "boss" of his party in this State, and Judge Robertson, the President's nominee, refuses to recognize him in this exalted capacity. He has not been "bossed" by him, and does not propose to be. "Hence the trade-winds." The collectorship of New York is so influential an office in party politics that the "boss" does not like to have it pass beyond his manipulations; so he relies first upon the "courtesy of the Senate" to defeat Judge Robertson's confirmation, and second upon the reversal of the indorsement of the Legislature. "The courtesy of the Senate," be it remembered, is the tacit agreement supposed to prevail in that body of legislators to give to one another the practical control of the Federal appointments in their respective States. That is, if Mr. Conkling does not approve of an appointment in his own State, he relies upon his fellow-senators to defeat it, on the consideration that he will do them a similar good turn on occasion. In other words, "the courtesy of the Senate" is a little machine for robbing the President of his power of appointing his own agents, and for passing it over to the hands of individual senators. Mr. Conkling wants one of his men in the collector's office, and does not want the President's man. What is more, he intends, apparently, to have his man there, or not to have any, if he can help it. If it were not pitiful, it would be ludicrous to see the effort that was made to reverse the verdict of the Legislature. There were a few poor fellows who were sorry they had not consulted the boss before speaking their honest minds, and who signed a paper acknowledging as much, but the vote could not be reversed; so we have been saved from such a show of truckling servility as that would have given us.

Mr. Conkling was handsomely whipped at Chicago, but he does not seem to have learned that his old office of "boss" is not perpetual. If he is not handsomely whipped in this new matter, the President ought never to be forgiven. His position is an insult equally to the President, the Legislature of New York, and the people of the United States, who, a hundred to one, refuse to regard him as a boss at all. The presumption of his attitude and action should be met with indignant rebuke from every press and every platform, and should do much to hasten the day when such overbearing insolence will be impossible. Our hope, and, indeed, our opinion, is that the Senate will make quick work with his pretensions if they ever get to a vote, for we cannot conceive what object it can have in gratifying Mr. Conkling, to the embarrassment and defeat of the President. He is not so popular a man with his *confrères* that they will make haste to gratify his ambition or his spleen.

Another exhibition of our charming politics we have had in the treatment of our Street-cleaning Bill. New York found itself, as the winter drew to a close, literally floundering in the mud. With the consciousness that money enough was paid, and had for years been paid, to keep the streets clean, they saw them in such a condition that the public health was not only menaced,—it had already been seriously damaged. Hot weather was approaching, and a pestilence was not only possible—it was probable. Under the circumstances the citizens, without regard to party, held a meeting and appointed a large committee to give shape to a scheme for cleaning the streets and keeping them clean. This committee, composed of some of our best and most intelligent citizens, devised their scheme and went to the Legislature with it to get it enacted as a law. They brought to bear upon that body all the influence in their power, but party politics were immediately roused into opposition. What national politics have to do with the condition of the streets of New York, it would trouble any but a party politician to tell. They are made to have a great deal to do, however, and all the considerations of the health of a great city are of no moment compared with the party interests of a lot of hacks sent to Albany to do the people's business, but only careful to attend to their own and that of their political bosses. The city of New York, carrying a large portion of the taxes of the State, becomes frightened and disgusted with the results of party politics in taking care of its sanitary interests, and goes to the Legislature for assistance. Instead of getting it, it seems likely to get its old curse confirmed upon it, and receive an insult for all its painstaking.

The outcome of both of these matters will probably be manifest before this article can see the light, but at this present writing it is altogether uncertain. We wish the President could know how entirely the people are with him in this struggle with the boss of the machine, and how much obliged they would be to him for killing him off as a power in the State of New York. Bosses and machine politics are constantly in the way. They are not only in the President's way; they are in the people's way. The President cannot get the men he wants to execute his will, and the people are denied their most earnest wishes, all out of deference to the supposed interests of the machine. If President Garfield wishes to make himself unmistakably and undeniably the most popular man in America, he will make short work with every political boss who lays his insolent hands on him and his prerogatives. There is no mistaking the temper of the people in this matter. They are tired of the dictation of the machine, and they resent its interference with the legitimate sphere of power upon which the man of their choice has entered. Men may hereafter try to ruin where they cannot rule, from revenge, but the edifice which they may succeed in pulling down is sure to crush them in its fall, and so accomplish one great public good, much needed and warmly desired.

P. S.—Since the above was placed in type, Mr. Conkling has resigned his place as Senator, and in his absence from the Senate Chamber, Judge Robertson has been confirmed by acclamation; and, at this writing, the question whether Mr. Conkling is to be returned to the Senate, "vindicated" by a legislature that took early occasion to indorse the nomination of Robertson, is undecided. We devoutly trust that he will receive liberty to remain at home. He has been a hindrance, a burden, a political nuisance, ever since the inauguration of Mr. Garfield's administration, and in his voluntary withdrawal from a fight in which he foresaw that he would be worsted, he has given a fearful blow to the machine of which he was the "boss." The talk that some of even Mr. Garfield's friends have indulged in, in regard to the anti-civil-service reform attitude of the President as illustrated in the dismissal of Gen. Merritt, does not seem forcible to us. Anything that mends the machine is in favor of reform. Anything that cripples Conkling is in favor of reform. Gen. Merritt's services in public life have been retained in another field, and a man fully his equal has been appointed as collector. The President, for reasons sufficient for himself, preferred Judge Robertson to Gen. Merritt for this office, and there is no good reason why, preferring him, he should not appoint him. We cannot see how the good of the public service has in any way been compromised by this change.

The Comstock Laws.

We publish in this number of the magazine an article from the pen of Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, on what are called "The Comstock Laws." He writes in opposition to those laws, in the interest of "Liberalism," and we publish his article, not because we are convinced by his arguments, but in the interest of fair play; and because the article is, on the whole, the best we have seen on that side of the question. Of the argument on the unconstitutionality of the laws we have nothing to say. There are tribunals where that matter can be settled. It can hardly be settled between Mr. Palmer and the editor; but there are other points that call for comment. The plea that it is difficult to define obscenity is, it seems to us, quite frivolous. Laws against obscenity have long existed. The test of obscenity was long ago established by the highest court in England, and the decision has been sustained in America in all the cases tried under our laws. Mr. Palmer's illustration of the prudish maiden and the traveled dame proves, if it prove anything, that one may get so used to dirt that he will not recognize it when he sees it. Mr. Palmer is a man of pure instincts, and there could hardly be a difference of opinion between him and any sensible Christian on any given case involving a charge of obscenity. Practically it is not at all a hard crime to define, and the danger that any one would ever suffer from a loose definition of the word is not worth considering. The difference between a sound apple and a rotten one is too great to permit mistakes to be made.

It is frequently the case that the reasoning of the *doctrinaire* seems plausible and even sound when facts are kept out of view. If the readers of Mr. Palmer's article will notice the omission, they will see that not one of the evils which, in his view, are involved in the Comstock laws, has been realized. Mr. Comstock, as special agent of the Post-Office, has never profaned a seal in the prosecution of his work, and, so far as individuals or the public are concerned, nobody has been unjustly dealt by. No innocent man has suffered through the Comstock laws, but it is quite demonstrable that great good has come to the great public through them. Schemes of fraud that were cruelly preying upon the community have been broken up and banished, in repeated instances. Villains who were robbing their dupes far and wide have been detected through the mails, and the mails themselves have been purged of their lies and their wares, by the aid of these laws. Theoretically, we do not doubt that Mr. Palmer sees great danger in these laws; practically, there is none. Practically, they have demonstrably done great good. If Mr. Palmer will look through Mr. Comstock's recent book, he will find that by the aid of the laws which he condemns great evils have been remedied.

There should something be said, too, in regard to the matter of decoy, of which Mr. Palmer says so much. It so happens that the decoy business is all on the other side. When a man sends a missive through the mails, offering to the simpleton who reads it something very valuable or very desirable for quite an inadequate consideration, his offer is a decoy, as much as the wooden duck which the hunter places in the water to attract the silly flock. When a man accepts his offer, he is befooled by the

decoy. If Mr. Comstock, mistrusting the decoy, tests it by the means which the advertiser himself establishes, it is ridiculous to call him a "decoy" and a tempter. Nothing, in our judgment, can be more legitimate than to catch a rogue in his own trap; and to speak of the performance as mean or immoral is to trifle with the facts. The iniquities that have been stopped by this means—the floods of fraud and impurity that have been turned back on their inventors through this machinery—are sufficiently notable to earn the gratitude of the public, and vindicate the right of the Comstock laws to remain upon the statute-book.

It is through the means of these laws that Mr. Comstock has been enabled to do his beneficent work in this community. There has been a great reform in the matter of obscene publications,—in their production and their dissemination,—and this reform has been wrought almost entirely by Mr. Comstock and the society which he represents, through the instrumentality of the laws with which Congress and the State legislature have armed them. We are sorry that Rev. Dr. Potter should sneer at the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and furnish thus an argument against the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is all very well to pass the maintenance of the laws over to the officers of the law, but suppose the officers of the law do not care, and will not, or do not, do their duty? How important an office did the Committee of Seventy perform in ridding this city of "the Ring"! Why should such a committee have been formed? The laws against peculation and bribery were all in existence, and all the necessary machinery of justice was established. What an impertinence the Committee of Seventy must have been! There is, while we write, a committee of twenty-one in existence, who have undertaken to get the streets cleaned. But there are laws relating to this business, and there are men already whose duty it is to have the streets cleaned. Why not put the work where it belongs? We cannot, for the life of us, see why citizens may not associate themselves for special purposes in securing good laws and looking after their enforcement by the appointed officers. Mr. Wakeman's proposed bill against obscenity does not improve the laws already in existence, but shows its purpose in the fourth clause, which wipes out the legal functions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Mr. Palmer is displeased with our identification of "liberalism" with the love of moral dirt. Will he pardon us if we call his attention to what one of his brethren has been careful to speak upon the subject, as a man inside of the liberal host, knowing the element intimately that was engaged in the movement for the repeal of the Comstock laws? In speaking of the efforts of those advocating the repeal, President Abbott said in 1879:

"For some time they [the repealers] had looked with longing eyes at the National Liberal League, whose growing size and importance began to make it a prize in their estimation. The cunning demand for 'repeal of the postal-law,' originally inspired by Wakeman, and industriously echoed by Bennett, and his free-love associates, was exactly what they needed to carry their point. By a year of such unscrupulous falsification as we never saw equaled, and such as can be appreciated only by those who have waded through it, the vicious and sensual type of liberalism contrived most absurdly to identify itself in myriad credulous minds with the love of liberty; the higher type of liberalism remained apathetic and indifferent to clear and repeated warnings; and the consequence was that the National Liberal League, with all its splendid possibilities of service to the liberal cause, was suffered to fall into the hands of the free-love ring by the mere abstention of those who ought to have been present. From that day, it sank lower, until now it threatens to render its name of 'liberal' a hissing and a by-word for years."

Has anybody among Christian people said anything harder than this? Has anybody more thoroughly identified the majority of liberals with the love of obscenity than the old president of the liberals themselves? "The vicious and sensual type of liberalism" went against the Comstock laws. Repeal was the rallying cry by which they carried their victory. Their prominent organ announced "Our platform" to be "Immediate, unconditional, and permanent repeal of all laws against obscenity, whether municipal, State, or national." Pure and honest as Mr. Palmer undoubtedly is, we quote Mr. Abbott's authority for the statement that he is in bad company—in the company of those who have no sympathy with his pure aims, and who scorn his careful argument in their behalf in the support of a position which they take through natural taste and vicious inclination.

The Rich and the Poor.

THERE are many and various indications, in the state of affairs all over the civilized world, that a struggle has been initiated, on the part of the poor, for a better chance to win competence or wealth. The trades unions and their influence form one of these indications. We have no faith in them whatever. They have been in the main mischievous. They are wrong in principle, and particularly wrong in method and operation. They have been led by demagogues, and led more frequently to disaster than to any other issue. They have been short-sighted, despotic, illiberal, and inconsiderate. Their tendency has always been to make a breach between labor and capital, and destroy the sympathy between employers and employed; and there is no question that any agency is bad and impolitic that tends to alienate the sympathy of these two classes from each other. Still, it is a notable indication of the deep discontent of the laborer with his lot, and, as such, deserves the serious attention of all political economists and all patriots.

The granger movement in the West was, in its very recent day, a significant indication in the same direction. The producers of grain saw the profits of their labor melt away under the grasping demands of great corporations—corporations which enriched their stockholders and left the farming and produc-

ing interest insufficiently rewarded. It is true that demagogues seized upon this movement, as they do upon all movements of the kind, for the furthering of their own selfish purposes, but, after all, the indication of discontent was genuine, however much of injustice may have been involved in the considerations on which it was based. The farmers worked hard and did not get rich—did not get the mortgages off their farms—while railroad men grew into railroad kings, with millions at their command, and with the power, by the writing of their names, or by breathing a word, or by making a combination with other kings, to squeeze every bushel that passed through their hands still tighter in their exactions of toll.

A few weeks or months ago, a large meeting was held in this city in the interest of an "anti-monopoly" movement. No matter how unwise its declarations may have been, it was an indication of the same discontent in which the granger movement originated. It was the protest of private persons, helpless against the exactions and despotisms of monopolies and combinations of monopolies. They had seen great corporations doubling their capital-stock, and insisting on filching dividends out of the people for that which cost them absolutely nothing. They had seen this again and again. They had seen men made superfluously rich at their expense. They had felt the exercise of the power of monopolies upon their prosperity, and they protested against this power. They felt that they had no chance against these gigantic combinations, which not only had the power at any moment to deprive them of the profits of their industry, but also to purchase or dictate the laws necessary to keep them secure in their enormous privileges.

A more notable indication of popular discontent is the present position of what is known as the Irish Land Question. Not that the Irish land question is very different from the land question in any country, for the Irish are not sinned against more than others—more, indeed, than the English and the Welsh. The Irish laborer finds that he cannot possibly get a living out of the land of Ireland in the way in which he is obliged to manage and work it; and, with plenty all around him, he starves because he has absolutely nothing to buy food with. That is what makes the Irish land question, and that is what is destined to keep it a question until it is settled in such a way that Pat and Bridget can get a living off the land. No temporizing measure can settle this question. Not even good harvests can settle it for long, for a people living on the frightful edge of starvation cannot possibly be quiet, particularly if they live out-of-doors. Mr. Henry George has a prescription for this evil, but it is quite too radical for this generation, and it is doubtful whether the world will ever be ready for it, namely, the relegation of all landlord rights to the state, and making Ireland and all lands public property, with the absolute destruction of all private property in land. We have no space here to give a sketch of the reasoning by which he arrives at this startling conclusion, but his pamphlet on "The Irish Land Question" is worth any man's reading. One thing is certain: this question will never be settled until it is settled right. It may take many years for the British Government to find out what the right mode of settlement is, but it may be certain that there is constant trouble before it until the right mode shall be found.

Coöperation is another indication of the popular discontent. This indication is one of an encouraging, rather than a menacing, character. In Great Britain, coöperation in production and commerce has made great headway, and is now recognized as an important feature of the national life. The people saw that manufacturers and merchants became rich on the profits of goods sold to them, while they remained poor and helpless. So they set their brains to work to secure for themselves the fruit of their own labor, and the coöperative stores and factories are the healthful and fruitful result. The day for the exercise of irresponsible power over the souls, bodies, and material interests of men has passed by. The body of the dead Tsar bears witness to this, and the protests that come to us from the various movements to which we have called attention are a warning to governments and monopolies that henceforward the people are to be considered; that universal human right to the products of the soil must be recognized, and that every man must have a fair chance to win for himself and his family a competent portion of the world's goods.

We believe the winning of wealth to be a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Wealth has great and beneficent uses, and the world would go very slowly if money could not be accumulated in wise and enterprising hands; but wealth may be used to make all men near it prosperous and happy, or it may be used to make them poor and miserable. When a rich man is only excited by his wealth with the desire to be richer, and goes on to exact larger profits and to grind the faces of the poor, in order that he may be superfluously rich, he becomes inhuman and unchristian. The Christian use of wealth is what we need in this country and in all countries. It is not that wealth does not give in charity. It is not that wealth is not sufficiently taxed for the support of those who are wrecked in health or fortune, but it is that wealth does not give the people a chance to escape from poverty; that it does not share its chances with the poor, and point the pathway for the poor toward prosperity. As a rule, wealth is only brotherly toward wealth, and the poor man feels himself cut off from sympathy with those who have the power of winning money. We may rest assured of one thing, namely, that the poor in the future will insist on being recognized. If they are not recognized—if they are ignored in the mad greed for wealth at any cost to them—they will make the future a troubled and terrible one for our children and our children's children.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Comstock Postal-Laws.

A REPLY.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April, page 950, in a notice of Mr. Anthony Comstock's book, "Frauds Exposed," occurs the following passage:

"He [Mr. Comstock] has done these things [*i. e.* suppress obscenity] with great faithfulness, and deserves the thanks of all good people for his beneficent work. For this he has been persecuted, not only by the men and women whose business he has disturbed or destroyed, but by a large class of people who call themselves 'liberals.' 'Liberalism,' as the word is used by those who profess it, is another name for infidelity, and if infidelity naturally sympathizes with dirt, it is well that we all know it. At any rate, 'liberals' are the only professed and open defenders of dirt, as it is represented by the men who are interested in pushing impure literature through the mails and distributing the means of debauching the children of the country through the same channels. They are the only people who have labored for the repeal of what are called 'the Comstock laws'—laws which form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land. No class in society defends the swindler; a large class defends the dispenser of moral filth, and raves about his right to make of the United States mails a gutter through which to pour his abominations upon the youth of the country. They are all as bad as the man they defend. They are not only sympathetic with his foul spirit, but they do their best to defend and help him. Christianity can afford this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of infidelity; can 'liberalism'? If giving up Christianity means taking on dirt, among 'long-haired men and short-haired women,' then it strikes us that 'liberalism' has not a very brilliant prospect in America."

This extract is of the same character as a longer article published in a previous issue of SCRIBNER, entitled "The Apotheosis of Dirt," and both are a fair exemplification of the general and complete misunderstanding concerning the position of the liberals on this subject—a misunderstanding which is natural enough on the mere superficial presumption that the Comstock postal-laws "form the only barriers between a set of unclean scoundrels and the youthful innocence of the land."

The writer for two years was the treasurer of the National Liberal League, which is the special liberal organization referred to in the above quotation. He is so reported in Mr. Comstock's book, and he feels that it is due to the public and to himself that the motives, aims, and objects of the liberals in this matter should be correctly represented; so in default of an abler champion, he proposes herewith, as best he can, and in as an impersonal and dispassionate a manner as possible, to state the liberals' side of the question.

The writer will take it for granted, in common with the panegyrist of Mr. Comstock and his book, that Christianity indorses the Comstock postal-laws and that liberalism opposes them.

That the liberals are, from the stand-point of Christian orthodoxy, "infidels," they do not hesitate to acknowledge, but they maintain that they, therefore, no more sympathize with "dirt" than do the great masters they variously learn of, such as Herbert Spencer, Auguste Comte, Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Profs. Draper, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and the immortal poet, Goethe, not to mention others of the greatest souls of our times, whose minds and hearts are, and have been, given to mankind. All true liberals are quite willing to be stigmatized as "infidels" in such companionship, but in none less noteworthy.

Let me now, in a categorical manner, state some of the reasons why liberals and infidels oppose Mr. Comstock's methods. I say his methods, for they do not oppose his aims and objects. In no announcement or official publication of the National Liberal League can any indorsement or support of indecency or obscenity be found. On the contrary, in every resolution that bears upon this subject, the utmost detestation of all such nastiness is expressed in the strongest terms. I proceed, then, to state, one by one, the objections which liberals entertain toward these so-called Comstock postal-laws.

First. Liberals believe them to be unconstitutional. In spite of the general belief to the contrary, these laws have not yet been authoritatively pronounced constitutional by the Supreme Court sitting in full bench. They have only been sustained by what lawyers call an *obiter dictum*, delivered in another, and we think irrelative, case, on the subject of lotteries. We feel convinced that, when they come to be fairly argued, this *obiter dictum* will be reversed, or, in default of that, that the people themselves will reverse it as they did the Dred Scott decision.

And liberals believe this because our great charter of American liberty simply confers on Congress in this connection the power "to establish post-offices and post-roads," and no more. Of course, the duty to do this carries with it every incidental and necessary power to conduct that department, but gives no authority beyond. For postal reasons, that is, for the "convenience" of the service, the Government may properly discriminate concerning mailable matter. "Dynamite may be excluded; liquors may be excluded, because they endanger the fulfillment of the contract with all other senders of mail matter. But the Government is not called upon to sit in judgment upon the moral character or intellectual quality of the parcels intrusted to it." The efficiency and not the morality of the post-office is what the Government has alone to consider. If these words are insufficient on this point, let me cite in their support the authority of some of America's most notable men.

Judge Story says in his work on the Constitu-

tion that "Congress cannot use this power [viz., "to establish post-offices and post-roads"] for any other ulterior purpose." In 1836, the principle involved in this exclusion of obscene matter from the mails was brought up in Congress when alleged attempts to circulate insurrectionary matter among the slaves was charged. "Mr. John C. Calhoun, though he evidently wished for power to exclude such publications and supervise the mails in the interest of slavery, still felt that the most that he could ask was that, by 'the comity of nations,' the United States should restrain the postmasters from delivering such matter in the States which had made its circulation illegal. The question was fully discussed in a Senate of unequaled ability, and even this limited restraint, as proposed by Mr. Calhoun, was held by a vote of twenty-five to nineteen to be impossible under the Constitution. ('Con. Globe,' 1836, pp. 36, 150, 237, 239, 288, etc.) In the debate, Henry Clay said:

"'When I saw that the exercise of a most extraordinary and dangerous power had been announced by the head of the post-office, and that it had been sustained by the President's message, I turned my attention to the subject and inquired whether it was necessary that the General Government should, under any circumstances, exercise such a power, and whether they possessed it. After much reflection, I have come to the conclusion that they could not pass any law interfering with the subject in any shape or form whatever. The evil complained of was the circulation of papers having a certain tendency. The papers, unless circulated, and while in the post-office, could do no harm; it is the circulation solely—the taking out of the mail and the use to be made of them—that constitutes the evil. Then it is perfectly competent to the State authorities to apply the remedy. The instant that a prohibited paper is handed out, whether to a citizen or to a sojourner, he is subject to the laws which compel him either to surrender or burn it.'"

To the question of Senator Buchanan of Pennsylvania, to the effect that the post-office did give Congress the right to regulate morally what shall be carried in the mails, he replied in the negative, saying if such doctrine prevailed, the Government may designate the persons or parties or classes who shall have the benefit of the mails, excluding all others. "Honest John" Davis said, during this debate:

"It would be claiming, on the part of the Government, a monopoly and exclusive right either to send such papers as it pleased or to deny the privilege of sending them through the mail. Once establish the precedent and where will it lead to? The Government may take it into its head to prohibit the transmission of political, religious, or even moral or philosophical publications, in which it might fancy there was something offensive; and under this reserved right, contended for in this report, it would be the duty of the Government to carry it into effect."

Daniel Webster expressed himself as "shocked" at the unconstitutional character of the whole proceeding, and said:

"Any law distinguishing what shall or shall not go into the mails, founded on the sentiments of the paper, and making the deputy-postmaster a judge, he should say was expressly unconstitutional."*

Second. Because, even were the Comstock postal-laws constitutional, their operation and enforcement involve the methods of all others most hateful to freemen—I mean a system of decoy and espionage such as the "Sun" newspaper, in its issue of March 22, 1881, in a leading article entitled "The Espionage of the Mails," said "the British people would not quietly submit to for a single week." By these obnoxious methods the special agent of the post-office (Mr. Comstock), "or any other officer of the postal service," instead of being limited in his postal duty to seeing that the weight and postage are correct, etc., etc., has also imposed upon him the moral duty of censor of the press; that is, he or the deputy-postmaster is, "upon his own inspection,"—so says the dictum of the Supreme Court in the Jackson case,—to see that the printed matter "is not objectionable." If this is not an inquisition, by what name can it be called?

Third. These laws are useless. The forbidden articles can be sent everywhere by express, by railroad, by mercantile agencies, by commercial travelers, and even by the mails themselves when sent as first-class matter, that is, in sealed envelopes; though some contend that the Government, in certain instances, invades and disregards even the sanctity of a seal.

Fourth. Because these laws involve the inherent difficulty of reaching any proper definition of what obscenity is.

Chancellor Livingston, one of the greatest of American jurists, in his task of codifying the laws of Louisiana, confessed, on this very point, that one of his embarrassments arose from "the difficulty of defining the offense." It is certain that the prim and prudent village maiden will blush in shame at a group like the Laocoön or a statue like the Venus of Melos, before which the traveled metropolitan dame would stand enraptured. Mr. James Parton aptly says in this regard that "it is not possible to put into human language a definition of the word obscene which shall let the Song of Solomon, Rabelais, Juvenal, and Tom Jones pass, and keep out works intended and calculated to corrupt."

Fifth. Because these laws confer upon the United States courts a dangerous, because indefinite, enlargement of their criminal jurisdiction.

The criminal jurisdiction of the United States courts is very strictly defined, and it is only intended that such jurisdiction shall apply under the most exact constructions; but now comes in a law, hurriedly passed, I am told, at the close of an exciting session of Congress, which, among other clauses, prohibits from the mails "anything intended or adapted for any indecent or immoral use." Think of it! What vast indefiniteness! what ample opportunity for persecution! If the views of the village

* I have quoted all of the above commanding authorities from the Faneuil Hall speech of Mr. T. B. Wakeman, who has made an exhaustive examination of the whole subject. And I shall have occasion on other points to rely on his learning.

maiden before referred to on "indecency" and "immorality" should happen to prevail with judge and jury, the opinions of the cultured city woman would be banned. Chancellor Livingston, before referred to, in commenting on the English law against obscenity (a law much more strictly defined), feared it as "putting too much power in the hands of a fanatic judge with a like-minded jury."

I again quote from Mr. Wakeman:

"Our fathers feared nothing more than this—that is, the enlargement of criminal jurisdiction in the United States courts. The United States courts were regarded by them as in fact, what they are, namely, foreign tribunals to the mass of the people. The judges sit for life, without responsibility to the people; few lawyers know the practice; the juries are so selected that they are 'packed' in effect, if not by design. The districts are so large that even in the same State the accused has rarely 'a jury of his peers and of his vicinage'; and, most surprising of all, in this criminal class of cases there is practically, owing to their method of procedure, nothing more than the semblance of an appeal. Think of one fallible man, under the most indefinite of laws, with the absolute power of fine and imprisonment, and even, in some cases, of life and death in his hands, and no practical appeal! As Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Luther Martin said, 'The United States will be constantly gaining power by construction and the people constantly losing; judge you in which way the balance will run; where an inch is given an ell will be taken.' The lesson is that if you would not have Liberty leave you she must be guarded in her home among the States and people, and not be trusted out to United States judges and officials."

Sixth. Because these laws are impolitic with regard to the very purpose they have in view, and tend to defeat themselves. As an example of this, I believe that no one influence has been one-hundredth part so great in advertising the impugned pamphlet around which this controversy has specially centered, as the prosecutions that have taken place in connection with it. But for the publicity thus given it would doubtless have fallen still-born. As it is, I am told that edition after edition is disposed of.

Seventh. Because these laws are unnecessary. "The State laws and municipal laws, previously and now existing, are sufficient for the detection and punishment of all real offenders against decency and good morals"—nay, not only sufficient, but, I am informed, on competent legal authority, much superior to the United States law. For one hundred years we did without the latter, and it is said that most of what Mr. Comstock has usefully effected has been done under the State laws. As Henry Clay said, "It is the circulation out of the post-office that makes the offense." The fact is that all the obscenity there was was suppressed, and can only be effectually suppressed, by State laws. Only the State laws that strike at the root and reach the printing, manufacture, and circulation in every form, including expresses and mercantile agencies as well as the mails, can be efficient. Postal-laws cannot prevent the circulation of obscenity, for it has a hundred means beyond them. There must be State laws anyhow; they always were efficient—why not continue to use them until they fail? All these postal-laws have done is to introduce "espionage" and "decoy," which have outraged justice, liberty, and morality.

To show how very far liberals are from favoring obscenity, I herewith present the draft of a bill drawn by Mr. T. B. Wakeman and submitted by him to the New York Legislature through Assemblyman Andrews. Mr. Wakeman, be it understood, is the one liberal who, above all others, has been the head and front of Anti-Comstockism; yet here we find him proposing a law which, while it will not endanger American liberty, outdoes the Society for the Prevention of Vice in promoting purity through methods that are at once safer, more impartial and more effective:

"*An Act to provide for the punishment of certain offenses therein named, and to amend chapter 527 of the laws of 1873, entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice," passed May 16th, 1873.*

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"Section 1. The district attorneys of the several counties of this State shall hereafter have exclusive charge, control, and management of all informations, accusations, indictments, and prosecutions of or in regard to all offenses described in the Act to incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice, passed May 16th, 1873, and also of and in regard to all offenses under the laws of this State now passed, or which may be hereafter passed, in relation to raffling, lotteries, gaming, gambling schemes, and devices to deceive and defraud the public, or to obtain money by false pretenses, and obscene and indecent exhibitions and plays.

"§2. It shall be the duty of said district attorneys as prosecuting officers to make the enforcement of said laws effective, and of all citizens to aid them in so doing. The police force of the city of New York, as well as of all other places where police organizations exist within this State, and all sheriffs, constables, and citizens of this State who may hold the office of postmaster, shall, wherever required, to the extent of their power, aid the district attorney of their respective counties, or any deputy, officer, or detective appointed by him, in procuring evidence of violations of said laws, and in prosecuting the same.

"§3. Any district attorney who shall fail faithfully to prosecute a person charged with the violation in his county of any of the laws described in this Act, or who shall fail to faithfully prosecute any offense thereunder which may come or be brought to his knowledge, shall be removed from office by the Governor of the State after due notice, and an opportunity of being heard in his defense. As to the sufficiency of such notice and hearing, the Governor shall determine. Charges before the Governor under this section may be preferred by any citizen of the State, but each charge shall contain a particular statement of the facts complained of under the oath of the complainant.

"§4. Section 7 of chapter 527 of said Act, entitled 'An Act to Incorporate the Society for the Suppression of Vice,' is hereby repealed, and the objects and duties of that society shall hereafter be limited to the suppression of vice and the prevention of crime by the use of such persuasive, advisory, chari-

table, educational, missionary, and religious means as it may deem useful for those purposes.

"§5. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

"§6. This Act shall take effect immediately."

But, over and above any laws, either State or national, it seems to the writer that the really effectual remedy is in a higher education and a deeper moral enthusiasm. Let children be taught anatomy and physiology, let them know how "fearfully and wonderfully they are made," let them be impressed with the dignity of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and even if they receive clandestinely the nasty literature to which we are referring they will turn from the vile trash as they would from the plague. For by keeping children healthily occupied with their studies at school and their art and pleasures at home, tastes antagonistic to all obscenity are engendered. Moreover, as the principal danger feared seems to be with the immature, it can be readily met and avoided by parents and school-teachers who, through proper arrangements with the postmasters where they reside, can readily exert a complete oversight in regard to mail matter directed to the young people.

Of the two sorts of offenses Government punishes, viz.: first, crimes against persons and property, and, second, against sentiment and opinion, it is curious to observe how the latter are passing away. They become dead letters, either because the people outgrow them or because they will not tolerate them. Such laws are those against sacrilege, blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, taking the name of God in vain, etc., etc. Will not laws against obscenity and indecency be apt gradually to fall into the same category? Will they not die because they will be needless? But, as far as laws still remain necessary in this direction, State laws are all that are required. The citadel of liberty need not be invaded through espionage over the mails, for the sake of curing what State laws and the natural tendency of things will themselves correct.

Eighth. Because these laws tend toward the union of church and state, thus opposing the fundamental safeguard of American liberty, which is the separation of church and state. The function of the church is, or should be, moral, advisory, and educative. It is designed to act on the conscience, and on that only. To the state alone belongs force and compulsion. The question is one between the secular administration of the law—as established after centuries of travail both in England and America—and the tendency of ecclesiasticism to interfere and intermeddle with the same. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization," speaks as follows:

"In the present day, when the idea of government presents itself to our mind, we know, of whatever kind it may be, that it will scarcely pretend to any authority beyond the outward actions of men, beyond the civil relations between man and man. Governments do not profess to carry their rule further than this. With regard to human thought, to the human conscience, to the intellectual powers of man, with regard to individual opinions, to private morals—with these they do not interfere; this would be to invade the domain of liberty. The Christian Church did, and was bent upon doing, exactly the contrary. What she undertook to govern was the human thought, human liberty, private morals, individual opinions."

Now, how are these thoughts applicable to the direct question under review? I think their application will be readily seen.

The Society for the Prevention of Vice and the Society for the Suppression of Crime—and, in fact, all similar institutions—are endeavors to supplement and supplant the regular processes of law by confiding the machinery of justice to special classes, under the influence of a special theological bias. Bad enough is it for the State to be obliged to resort to the club of the policeman and the arts of the detective, but for a religious society to undertake such tasks is simply monstrous. Yet here we have the lamentable spectacle of Mr. Comstock as agent at once of the Society for the Prevention of Vice and also special agent of the United States Post-office. Thus, under the cloak and with the sanction of religion, he is encouraged to invade private correspondence, and that, too, when it can only be unearthed by a system of espionage, which is the method of the sneak, and by a system of decoy, which is only another name for lying.

Such societies amount to a practical confession that republican administration of law is a failure and that nothing can be made to go right unless the church takes hold of it; and so the mere existence of such associations is a practical affirmation that a government of the people, for the people, and by the people must give way to a government over the people by these amateur theological organizations. It is Calvinism in politics, and the entering wedge to the destruction of our own hard-won American liberty.

And that liberals are not the only ones who thus judge, I here quote an extract from Dr. Henry C. Potter's sermon denunciatory of the sins of our metropolis, delivered at Grace Church in this city, Sunday, March 13th, as reported in the "New York Herald." He alludes particularly to the Society for the Suppression of Crime, but his words are as applicable to the Society for the Prevention of Vice. He says: "A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is a startling commentary on our sham civilization, since it has been forced into existence to do the work which the law and its executors are both sworn and paid to do,—a voluntary association like this, created for the suppression of crime, endeavors," etc., etc. And a sentence or two further on he remarks: "A quixotic divine [Dr. Crosby] strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed thieving, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that he had better go back to his preaching. I think so, too, for surely the people, to awaken whom this John the Baptist cries so vainly in the wilderness of New York," etc., etc. If any church may claim to be the leading one of New York, Grace Church is that one, yet it

is the pastor of that congregation who thus expresses his criticism of the present confusion which exists between the administration of the spiritual and temporal powers; and the "Herald," commenting editorially on this discourse, thus speaks:

"Dr. Potter's sermon on 'The Perils of New York' calls attention to the fact, astounding to all who do not inhabit this city, that societies are organized to do the work that the law requires our officials to perform, and that the people do not seem to be indignant about it."

Ninth. Because these postal-laws are rife with tyranny. This is largely an inference, and a most unwelcome one, from the last point. Says the Constitution of the United States: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." We cannot have a free country where freedom of thought is denied; and as a condition to freedom of thought, not only freedom of speech and of the press, but also freedom of the mails is essential. A censorship over our mails and a system of espionage and decoy in our post-office, therefore, seems to me utterly hateful to republicanism and consistent only with despotism. Some one condensed the whole subject in the curt inquiry, "Free mails or moral mails, which?" If moral mails, whose morals? This year Mr. Comstock's; at the next Congress, Cardinal McClosky's, if a Catholic majority controls, and after that, perhaps, the morals of Ah Sin, if within a few decades the yellow flood from the Celestial empire should overwhelm us. And suppose, as is by no means improbable, that at no distant day the liberals become supreme. Would the Christians then be quite willing to abide by the precedent of their own postal-laws? Would they be willing to have meted unto them the measure that they mete? Would they be willing to subject their own literature to the test of their own making? It seems to me the only safe course for each side is to adopt the good old Christian rule of doing as they would be done by. Equal rights for all, unequal privileges for none.

Tenth. Because this method of legislation is an irresponsible method. These amateur societies have the power of prosecution and arrest, but in no secular or republican sense are they or their agents directly amenable to the people; yet they form an indefinite nondescript governmental power. Our laws are supposed only to have their origin and source in the consent of the governed. To what general and public authority of this kind can these organizations point? A society or agent representing a special church or sect is certainly not a society or agent representing the people.

Eleventh. Because these laws, through their method of decoy, tempt men into the commission of the very crimes they seek to suppress. How many are the men who, under the fearful stress of competition and having a family to feed, can resist an order for an indecent publication, even if it be one of which they themselves may strongly disapprove? I do not, of course, justify such men, but affirm that these laws have this unhappy tendency.

A quotation from the Rev. Sydney Smith, of the Established Church of England and editor of the "Edinburgh Review," comes in very appropriately under this head. The London Society for the Suppression of Vice was founded three-fourths of a century earlier than its namesake of New York, and was conducted by the same system of espionage, decoying, and informing that has characterized its modern successor. The authority referred to said:

"Men whose trade is rat-catching love to catch rats; the bug-destroyer seizes on his bug with delight; and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice. The last soon becomes a mere tradesman like the others; none of them moralizes or laments that their respective evils should exist in the world. The public feeling is swallowed up in the pursuit of a daily occupation and in the display of a technical skill. An informer, whether paid by the week, like the agents of this society, or by the crime, as in common cases, is in general a man of very indifferent character. So much fraud and deception are necessary for carrying on his trade—it is so odious to his fellow-subjects that no man of respectability will ever undertake it. A man who receives pay for prying into the transgressions of mankind will always be hated by mankind, and the office must fall to the lot of some man of desperate fortunes and ambiguous character. If it be lawful for *respectable* men to combine for the purpose of turning informers, it is lawful for the lowest and most despicable race to do the same thing; and then it is quite clear that every species of wickedness and extortion would be the consequence."

Thus, self-interest both for decoyer and decoyed leads to the production and multiplication of these offenses.

It would be easy to show that in their practical outcome these laws have actually resulted in the unjust conviction and imprisonment of certain American citizens, but I have already consumed too much space and therefore desist.

Finally, and to sum up: Christianity it is which stands as sponsor to these postal-laws, in regard to which I have shown that they are useless, that they tend to create the offenses they would suppress, that they are impolitic, that they are unnecessary, that they are rife with tyranny, that they lean toward the union of church and state, that they confer on United States courts a dangerous power, that, in the opinion of some of America's ablest statesmen, expressed in an analogous case, they are unconstitutional, that they involve irresponsibility, and that decoy, espionage, lying, and deceit are interwoven with their very nature. To purchase deliverance from obscenity at such a cost, it seems to the writer, is straining at one gnat and swallowing half a dozen camels. It is selling our American birthright for a mess of pottage.

Not in the spirit of captious retort, but in all seriousness, nay, in sadness, I conclude my plea by thus reversing the words of the writer of the editorial with which I began my article: Liberalism can stand this exhibition of the spirit and tendency of orthodoxy; can Christianity?

COURTLANDT PALMER.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Mrs. Harrison's "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes." *

THIS attractive and useful volume is the natural outgrowth of the author's practical experience and her wide acquaintance with the æsthetic difficulties and desires of housewives as revealed in the work of the Society of Decorative Art, with which she has been associated. It has a most comprehensive scope, dealing with aspects of the subject as diverse as The Union League Club Portières (the workmanship of Mrs. Wheeler), Pottery Underglaze, and Bandanna Waste-Baskets. In a volume covering so much ground it would be unreasonable to expect the author's opinion to have equal weight all through, and she has evidently cared more to make clear to the very large audience which the book will reach the practical details of approved methods in the use of needle and brush, than to pass judgment upon the proportionate value and adaptability to American life of the different new ideas now in vogue or likely to be so. In the endeavor to be historically comprehensive and up with the times she has, therefore, included some whimsicalities of fashion, such as painting on mirrors, which are not to be recommended for general use, but are likely to be prominent agents in the reaction against decoration which will presently set in. The book is altogether a very stimulating one, and we do not know of anything else that could have been treated of with advantage—unless in her catholicity the author could have added, as a brake upon the momentum which readers will receive from her suggestions, a short but much needed essay on "The Dangers to National Character in the Growth of Decorative Ideas."

The very practical aspect of the book may be seen in the following extracts:

"DOORS, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

"Shut them, is no doubt the first method suggesting itself to the thoughtful head of a family! But this heroic treatment is not always imperative in the present reign of *portières*. Sometimes a door opening inward displays a surface totally inharmonious with the decoration of the interior; and many people submit to the annoyance with helpless resignation, seeking no remedy for what is really not a difficult matter.

"If the style of the room permit, a Japanese kakemono, or picture on silk, may be hung upon the frame. A fine Eastern rug—say a prayer-carpet, with a pattern usually so arranged long ago by the pilgrim who owned it as to point in the direction of Mecca—or any other quaint product of an oriental loom in your possession, might be hung on the offending door, and would transform it into a most inviting point of observation. A plaque of Benares brass could be secured on this.

"An embroidered door-hanging has been of late a popular bit of needlework. One of these, in width corresponding with the door, is made of Venetian yellow raw silk, crossed by brown velvet bands connected by an arabesque of blue silk and gold thread. Loose peacock's feathers are worked on the body of the stuff.

"The same idea carried out in olive momie-cloth, with plush to match, is extremely good. The *entredeux* of silk and gold thread may be worked in hap-hazard stitches, without regularity or purpose other than keeping in view the color to be displayed.

"Where you desire to paint upon your panels designs in oil or water-colors, with tinted or gilded background, always consider first the relation in color between wood-work and walls. The skirting-board, window-frames, and doors should be darker than the walls, and the walls in turn darker than the ceiling. If your papering, for example, be a decided birds'-egg blue, a rich effect in color may be gained by painting doors and wood-work with dull Indian red. If yellow prevails on the walls, a dark, low-toned Antwerp blue may be used on the wood-work; if Pompeian red, try dark bronze-green doors and skirting. With sage-green on the paper, tint your wood-work with two shades of gray-green, and outline it with red. Black, maroon, chocolate-brown, orange-green are all used, as the papering demands them. You need not fear these contrasts, knowing that decorative effect depends quite as much on contrast as on similarity of tint.

"Upon wood-work thus painted in somber flat color, the amateur may find pleasure in herself applying a new form of decoration, resembling the one still used for mural adornment in Italy. This consists of gilding through stencil-plates improvised by the operator, using a brush charged with liquid gold, which can be bought by the bottle of any dealer in artists' supplies. A variety of figures may be drawn upon card-board, then cut out with sharp scissors, leaving spaces and perforations through which to apply the gold over-sizing. Round, square, quatre-foil, lozenge-shaped, or crescent patterns may be used, which, when dotted irregularly over the door-frame and panels, not too close to each other, make a charming decoration.

"Oblongs of gray linen have been embroidered in crewel to insert in door-panels; and gold paper, painted over a ground of Chinese white with sketchy wild-flowers in water-color, is also used for this purpose.

"Painting with oils is a more durable style of decoration, to be executed in the ordinary way. The wood may be plain or gilded, the design either flowers, foliage, birds and butterflies, heraldic ornaments, or monograms. The design here taken for illustration from that fertile source of suggestion in household decorative art, the 'Art Amateur,' represents a tree with graceful branches of foliage-bearing, odd, Japanese-looking flowers, seen through the frame of the door. The stem of this slender tree, rising from the base of the left-hand lower panel, describes a curved line passing beneath the frame-work into the right-hand middle panel, and back to the left, where it tapers into feathery foliage. Grasses spring from below, while a bird or two and a few butterflies afford points of decided color. The tones of this decoration should be kept low,—the background green-gray, the foliage gray-green,—the flowers grayish-white and pale yellow. In all cases the frame of the door should be deeper in tint than the

* Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes. By Constance Cary Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

panel. The suggestion conveyed by this design may be varied with pleasing effect. Ascending from living-room to nursery, the doors offer a delightful opportunity to give pleasure to our little ones. The figures of Punch and Judy, with their well-known train of attendants, may be painted upon the panels, or a series of designs taken from the beloved "St. Nicholas." By those amateurs unable to trust themselves in sketching the design, it may be transferred to the panel by means of the ordinary red paper. The Marcus Ward or Walter Crane toy-books, with gilded background, are good models in color. This should be laid on flat, without shading, stippling, or cross-hatching.

"The same pictures are often used to paste upon nursery door-panels; or a grotesque mosaic of odds and ends of birds and beasts and figures—rescued from the wreck of children's books and cut out from their surroundings, to apply with paste just where the combination promises most amusement to the infant spectator—has proved a great success.

"OIL-COLORS UPON SILK OR SATIN.

"In using oil paints with silk or satin, begin by squeezing out the tube colors on blotting-paper, which will absorb the oil in the paint and prevent a stain upon the material. Lay ox-gall over the design you have drawn or transferred, before applying the paint. Then charge your brush with the highest general tone of color, and accomplish what you can with a single sweep, taken, if possible, parallel to the rib of the silk, not across the woof. A second application of color should supply the shading; a third, the deepest shadows. For blending colors use only the palette-knife upon the palette. Do not attempt this with your brush upon the silk or satin. Cake-magnesia, rubbed on the wrong side of the material, is said to be useful in absorbing oil. It can easily be brushed off when the paint is dry.

"OIL-COLORS UPON PLUSH.

"Charming effects are produced by the use of oil-colors upon plush. This can only be done by employing a stiff bristle-brush to stamp the color well in upon the body of the plush. A fire-screen of garnet plush, painted with a stalk of sunflowers, and another of dark-blue stamped plush with a luxuriant bough of dogwood in blossom, have been much admired.

"WATER-COLOR PAINTING ON SATEEN.

"This material is very satisfactory as a background for figures, painted in water-color. No contributions to the rooms of the Society of Decorative Art have been more generally admired than the screen illustrating this method painted by Miss Kellogg. The color chosen in sateen is usually an old-gold or golden fawn; the designs, landscapes, and figures are tinted after the Watteau fashion. A screen in three panels has woodland scenes, where the sunshine streams through boughs of over-arching green. The first panel displays a dear little old-time damsel with poke-bonnet, mittens, and kerchief, straying through the woods, idly trailing a sunflower behind her—the impersonation of careless maidenhood for whom time stands still! On the next panel, two pretty gossips are twining each an arm around the other's waist; and on the third, a saucy, pink-ribboned girl with dimples and cherry cheeks stands waiting her lover in a forest glade.

"A banner screen, with the same background, represents Marguerite picking her daisy to pieces, while supposed to be murmuring, 'He loves me—he loves me not.'

"The peculiar softness of this style of work makes it deservedly a favorite among skillful colorists.

"CASHMERE SHAWLS IN DECORATION.

"Although it is popularly said that 'a cashmere shawl never goes out of fashion,' it has been a long time since those who pretend to lead in matters of dress have allowed them to appear unless in some costly wrap for which one of these lovely oriental webs has been ruthlesly cut up. The head-quarters of cashmere shawls at Bombay continues to send them out, however, in all grades and qualities; and the striped ones, in price from ten dollars to one hundred dollars, have been extensively used as curtains and *portières*. Firms in New York, and others in Boston, have sold large numbers of the cheaper kind for this purpose; and assuredly no one can go wrong in taste in employing them. Brass rings are sewn upon one end; and the drapery is suspended upon a rod of brass to flow free, or else to be looped back by cords made to match. Should the shawl be too long for door or window, one end can be turned over to form a sort of heading; and the rings can be sewn to a tape stitched on the shawl to prevent tearing.

"We suppose there are few enthusiastic amateurs in house-decoration who have not at some time been conscious of a mad ambition to employ some treasured round-center heirloom of a shawl in the guise of a table-cover, and have been reluctantly deterred from the project by qualms of conscientious reverence! Costly shawls have been utilized in this way more than once in New York, and in Paris they have served to upholster chairs and couches."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Barnard's "Coöperation."*

It is much to be desired that we might have a book on coöperation by some economist who is competent to analyze and interpret the phenomena, and to criticise the various schemes. All the books and pamphlets on the subject which exist are written by enthusiasts; that is to say, either by persons who are directly engaged in the coöperative system, or by those who have been captivated by it, and have given it a cursory examination from the outside. Coöperation undoubtedly has a sphere of great utility. It is capable of very many phases. What we want is such an analysis of the various projects as will set forth why, and by what forces, coöperation wins anything over competition. If this can be established, we can find the limits of the advantage of coöperation, and can get a criterion for judging

* Coöperation as a Business. By Charles Barnard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the various schemes proposed. It is certain that, at the present time, exaggerated hopes are built upon coöperation, and projects which are radically unsound and mischievous win confidence because they are, in name and appearance, coöperative.

Much of the book before us was published first in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. It contains a very interesting description of various coöperative projects, but no criticism. It is written from the stand-point of a sympathizing and enthusiastic observer, but it does not discriminate between forms and modes of coöperation, and it makes no attempt at financial or economic analysis.

It opens with a description of building societies of a type which has been especially developed in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is, in the first place, obviously fitted to be the arena of such an experiment. It is not a metropolis, but an enormous manufacturing town. Each new group of factories with its attendant dwellings is a town by itself. There is no high organization of the whole toward and around a center. The city has room to spread indefinitely on three sides. The often vaunted roominess of the city is a very simple consequence. The financial elements of the building-society scheme, however, are not quite clear on the surface. It is only when we note, on page 28, in the statement there quoted, that one-seventh of all the loans are forfeited, and when we learn, on page 52, that this means total loss by the forfeiters of all they have paid in, that we get a glimpse of the facts which it is essential to know. We then see that the extraordinary gains of some come from the extraordinary losses of others. There is a great readiness in the public mind to believe that some financial "scheme" is possible by which one dollar can be made equal to one dollar and ten cents, or by which double the current rate per cent. can be made without extra risk, or by which a man who has no capital can be made to be like unto the man who has capital in respect to the burdens and hardships of life. These are delusions, and what we want to know about any financial scheme is: by what economy of energy or of loss does it win a gain over older systems? The building associations group together a number of persons who are willing to work and save. Some of them lend to others. They have discovered the secret of credit. The scheme assumes entire freedom from accident, illness, dull times, or other drawbacks. Those who have such luck that the assumption proves true for them, gain. Those who have any drawback to contend with, lose and throw all their savings into the hands of the lucky ones. The average is not above that of the general market, or what might be won by depositing in a savings-bank, and borrowing of a savings-bank, under competition, freedom, and individuality. But it is made up of wide extremes. We had knowledge some thirty years ago of a building association on the plan which is described in this book. It was there proved that mechanics and laborers, being eager, hopeful, but unused to investment, would bid far higher premiums than the transaction would justify, and would thus engage themselves in contracts which ruined them. We believe that every scheme of this sort which involves any element of association will prove delusive, and will ultimately be found to be a cloak for inequitable money-getting. The English plan of joint-stock companies for real estate improvement, which sell houses for a monthly rent which is reckoned to cover the purchase money within a period, which plans are avowedly for making profit on capital and call for nothing but free contract, will be found far more sound, just, and satisfactory. In America,—at least in all country towns,—savings-banks take savings and make loans, and are thus accomplishing all the time, on simple business principles, all there is which is sound and desirable in building societies, and they do it under freedom and independence as between all the parties. The building associations have no advantage save the attraction of newness. In England, savings-banks are far less developed than here, and they invest in consols. There is a field for building associations there which does not exist in this country.

When we come to other forms of coöperation, it is necessary to distinguish very carefully between three different things: (1) Industrial Copartnership; (2) Coöperative Store-keeping; (3) Coöperative Industry. Mr. Barnard describes cases of each of these, but without discrimination. In this he follows all the writers on the subject, for, if the different names are used by some, the proper distinctions are not drawn by any. In economic value the three differ greatly. An industrial copartnership is an industrial monarchy. There is no assumption in it that one man is as likely to make a good "boss" as another. The capitalist employer retains unlimited control (so far as his employés are concerned) of the business. He offers to his work-people contract wages and a share in all profits beyond an established rate. That is to say, he invites his men to coöperate with him, by zeal, painstaking, and care to prevent waste to make the establishment especially successful, and as an inducement he makes them participators in the extra profit which can be thus obtained. Here we see economic forces brought into play by a genuine stimulus, but we see also the reason for the gain and the limit of it. The gain of an industrial copartnership, as such, comes from the fact that the men are raised by it to a grade of diligence and economy above the existing average in the trade. Hence the rates of allowance for loss and waste prove, in the industrial copartnership, to be too high. Also the current calculations as to the product which will be produced in proportion to wages paid prove too small in the industrial copartnership. Here is where the gain comes from. Furthermore, it is evident that, if industrial copartnerships became the rule, the standards of product expected for wages paid would be raised, the allowances for waste, loss, and negligence would be lowered throughout the industry, the standards of diligence and care among the men would be raised, and the net gain would, by competition, be given over to the public. Hence the final result would be simply an elevation in the standards of industrial virtue, and consequent increase of wealth and general well-

being. The system of industrial copartnerships would thus be a practical means of bringing about that moral elevation which we preach about and hope for, as the only real spring of higher social well-being, but which it is so hard to bring about as a practical fact. This is enough to expect from any sound and genuine scheme of improvement. It is the most that we ever have any right to expect. If any one thinks that industrial copartnership is more than this—say, for instance, a permanent solution of the discords of employers and employés by the elimination of the struggle of interests—he is preparing for himself and those whom he leads a very great disappointment.

Coöperative store-keeping is an arrangement for the distribution of products which eliminates credit and bad debts. Strange as it may sound to the sentimental admirers of the Rochdale Pioneers, coöperative store-keeping is aristocratic. In a community where the usages of trade were all bad, and where the honest and prompt payers could get no advantage of their higher virtue because they were lost in the mass of dishonest and bad payers, the good and strong separated themselves from the bad and weak, and by as much as the former profited by the new system, the latter were worse off for it. The grocers and other shop-keepers who have lost all their good customers are obliged to raise the insurance rate against long credit and bad debts for the customers whom they retain. Instead of smoothing the competition of life, the coöperative stores have intensified it. They have taught all those who could understand the instruction to accumulate capital. They have freed the industrious and economical from part of the burden they used to bear when they paid the store-bills of the idle and wasteful. Hence the gulf between the two classes grows wider all the time, and the coöperative stores are operating toward the survival of the fittest.

Our author gives us the latest and best account of the Rochdale Pioneers and some of the other cooperative stores in England. The history of coöperative stores in England is a romantic and pathetic story. It is not strange that every one who reads it should ask, Why do we not have such stores in America? Very many attempts have been made since 1850, when the Rochdale Pioneers first began to attract world-wide notice, to establish such stores here. They have all failed, because the field for them does not exist here. Retail trade in England has been, and yet is, subject to very many abuses. There is too much capital in it. It has to support too many people. Credit is employed in it to a most extravagant degree — bills running for indefinite periods. The result is that the profits exacted are great, the goods are adulterated, and the shop-keepers have tacit combinations. Here was offered, undoubtedly, a grand arena for coöperation. Those who could pay and would pay cash, by uniting, and separating themselves from those who wanted long credit or did not pay at all, could cut off the margin of payment for interest and bad debts. This is the gain of coöperative store-keeping, added to which, however, it does away with adulteration and raises the quality of supplies. In America, competition is generally active over retail trade. It is so in and near large cities. In country towns, at a distance from large cities, there might be a chance for coöperation, but then it would have to contend with the trouble and expense of management on a small scale. Credit, with us, is not excessive. The fluctuations of the war currency brought about a great reform in that respect, and now, as the currency gets better, competition will work more and more freely on retail trade. There is great reason to believe that coöperative stores in England will bring about a great reform in the modes of retail trade, but that, when the reform is accomplished, the private trader, using his own capital under individual risk and with individual energy, will beat the coöperative store.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, many experiments in coöperative stores were made in this country. It is not known that any of them were successful. From time to time since then, other attempts have been made. Some are in progress now, and the experiment is by no means closed. It is to be noticed, first, that, especially in our large cities, retail trade is conducted on very active competition, and is assimilated to wholesale trade, so that the margin of profit is very narrow; and, second, that coöperative stores have one constant difficulty to surmount, viz.: the difficulty of finding, at a moderate salary, the requisite skill, zeal, and integrity in management.

Coöperation in production is republicanism or democracy applied to industry. It is a question which some will answer one way and some another, whether a democratic-republic is a good organization for industry or not. Experience, up to this time, bears with a heavy preponderance in favor of the negative. The economic elements of gain in coöperative workshops have never been defined by anybody, and are not apparent. There are even great difficulties in the definition, so soon as anything more is intended than a joint-stock company, in which the capital is largely held by the workmen employed by it. If one hundred men want to start a workshop, there is some suitable amount of capital, say ten thousand dollars, which one hundred men at that business need to keep them employed. These one hundred men can, only in the single and most exceptional case, have just that amount. If they have more, they must hire some men, who may not be coöperators, to work up that capital. If they have less than that amount of capital, they must sell shares to some who are not workmen. Therefore, in all but the most exceptional cases, the establishment is simply like one of our Eastern cotton mills, in which the *élite* of the workpeople are often stockholders—*i. e.*, simply a joint-stock company. The constant difficulty of coöperative production arises, of course, from the need of very complete concord and accord among a large number of persons, and that is the hardest thing on earth to bring about.

We must give a paragraph also to a warning against the delusions of coöperative insurance. This

has become very popular in this country, and exists far more widely than any other application of coöperation. Some of the States have recently been legislating about it. Why is it believed that the great insurance companies keep large reserves? Why is it supposed that stringent laws have been passed and close inspection has been established for those companies? Obviously it is because life insurance is not true or sound except under strict conditions which are capable of mathematical computation. The coöperative-insurance societies are cheaper, because they are outside of legal restraint, and are violating all the necessary limitations and burdens of sound business. There is heavy loss and bitter disappointment in store for many people who are putting their savings and their faith into these schemes.

We have used our space for the briefest possible statement of the principles which serve for the criticism of Mr. Barnard's book. The reader will find in it a great deal of the specific information which most people want when they ask what coöperation is. We can recommend it as offering this information in simple form, but we desire to point out to the reader that he must think for himself, and yield nothing to unfounded enthusiasm in reading up this subject. It seems a great deal more important that people should learn to discriminate between what is sound and what is unsound, than that they should be stimulated to an unformed enthusiasm and an impossible hope.

Dr. Schliemann's "Ilios."*

SINCE the publication, in "Troy and its Remains," of the diary of his explorations at Hissarlik in 1871 and the two following years, with the full description of the remarkable discoveries then made, Dr. Schliemann has spent parts of two summers in further excavations of the site and of mounds in its vicinity. The direct results of these supplementary researches have not been of great importance, but the opportunity they afford to the explorer of revising his first impressions and of casting his mature conclusions into a systematic form has been eagerly improved. He has also called to his aid a number of eminent scholars, who have contributed, each in his own department, something to the value of the work. Thus the present account of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries must be accepted by students of archæology as presenting the author's final views, and as offering a more consistent and bolder front to criticism than the earlier book. But the gossipy candor, the garrulous unreserve, the impetuous enthusiasm for every new and romantic guess, reckless of logic or consistency, which characterized the investigator's former writings, had their own charm; and we miss them here all the more that, in imitating the caution of a scientific observer, he seems all the time to be laboring under an unnatural constraint. There is little of his old exultation in identifying his buried treasures with those of the Homeric heroes; but he seems well content with Professor Virchow's plea, that, though Troy, Priam, and Achilles may have existed only in the imagination of the bards, yet, for the sake of romantic animation, and in order to make vivid the impressions of the Homeric poetry, we may well connect these names with the wonderful objects unearthed at the traditional site of Ilium. On this ground, the scholars who have most seriously resisted Dr. Schliemann's efforts to find history in Homer will gladly meet him, provided that poetical fancies be not intruded upon historical truth and made to pervert our views of the early steps in civilization.

Dr. Schliemann now finds at Hissarlik seven layers or strata of *débris*, each of them containing remains characteristic of a distinct age or community. The seventh or latest of these layers contains pottery, coins, and inscriptions, which seem to have accumulated during a period of several hundred years, beginning, perhaps, as early as the time of Herodotus. This layer may safely be referred to the city of "Ilium," celebrated in antiquity for the visit of Alexander the Great and the favor shown it by Julius Cæsar, and for the belief that it occupied the site of ancient Troy. Next below this layer is a stratum containing pottery, which Dr. Schliemann ascribes to a Lydian settlement, perhaps of the seventh or eighth century B. C. The next two of the layers, referred by him to a "fifth" and a "fourth prehistoric city on the site of Troy," contain a variety of interesting objects, made of stone, lead, bronze, bone, and ivory, as well as numerous products of the potter's wheel; but his reasons for regarding them as distinct cities are not given clearly enough to be convincing. The same remark may be made as to the division between the relics of "the first" and "the second prehistoric cities," to which the two layers of remains which lie the lowest of the seven are ascribed. But it is "the third, the burnt city," in which Dr. Schliemann's interest is deepest, for this it is which he identifies with the city of Priam, the Homeric Troy. Undaunted by the fact that the entire site covered by this village must have been less than an acre of ground, he sees no difficulty in believing that it is the great Troy sung by Homer, for and around which the forces of many nations contended for ten years. "My excavations," he says, "have reduced the Homeric Ilium to its real proportions"! But the reduction is too great; it is impossible to conceive the Iliad as the story of a predatory band striving to sack a petty hamlet.

As in his "Mycenæ," so in his "Ilios," Dr. Schliemann gives the reader every opportunity to study the objects recovered by an accurate and beautiful cut of every one which can gratify curiosity or excite it. These illustrations are, indeed, by far the most valuable part of the book, and not only explain

* Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans. The results of researches and discoveries on the site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871–72–73–78–79, including an autobiography of the author. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, F. S. A., author of "Troy and its Remains," "Mycenæ," etc. With a preface, appendices, and notes, by Professors Rudolph Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, J. P. Mahaffy, H. Brugsch-Bey, P. Ascherson, M. A. Postolaccas, M. E. Burnouf, Mr. F. Calvert, and Mr. A. J. Duffield. With maps, plans, and about eighteen hundred illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

and enforce the text, but often correct it. Apart from the extraordinary and romantic interest which the discoveries here described borrow from their association, in the minds of author and readers, with the Homeric poems,—an association which scientific skepticism will at last probably regard as accidental,—they have a more substantial, and perhaps more fascinating, interest to the student as the principal source now known from which an important chapter in the history of civilization is to be restored. Dr. Schliemann's success will doubtless lead to the excavation of other buried cities in Asia Minor, and it is not extravagant to hope that the next generation will be able to trace, in the remains of ancient art, the early stages in the growth of that civilization of the coasts and islands which had already advanced, at least in all that gives promise of a great future, far beyond its contemporary and rival civilizations of Assyria and Egypt, long before it acquired a written language. However this may be, Dr. Schliemann's wonderful discoveries solve none of the old problems which have vexed the students of antiquity, but present new ones still more perplexing. Nothing in his book was looked for more eagerly than the promised essay by Professor Sayce on "The Inscriptions Found at Hissarlik," but, with all the Professor's learning and sagacity, he has been able to give no satisfactory explanation of any word or syllable from the ancient strata of ruin; and the only new contribution to this subject in the entire volume is the simple fact stated in his first sentence—the discovery that writing was known in the north-western corner of Asia Minor long before the introduction of the Phenician or Greek alphabet.

Three New York Poets.*

It is, of course, the critic's duty to consider the poem, without thought of the poet. Yet it is difficult to look at these three volumes, brought out in the same season, two of them under the editorial supervision of the author of the third, without thinking of the youthful friendship of the three authors, and the circumstances under which they met. A whole generation ago, a number of young men began, in New York, a movement that promised to have a notable influence on American literature. It did have a certain influence; but not in the way they sought. They founded a little kingdom of Bohemia, with a little court that migrated, bag and baggage, from one beer-saloon to another. The cleverest was the king; they had, too, their queen, chosen after a like fashion. King and courtiers all wrote for a living, and eked out certain deficiencies by their wits—to use a delicate euphemism. Their kingdom was an outlawry. They were aggressive, bold, unconventional. They called all the rest of the world Philistia, and waged war against it. The journals which bought their work were their official organs; and they made themselves admired and feared, in some sort. It was all a cisatlantic imitation of Béranger's or Mürger's *Bohème;* and not a bad one, so far as the Bohemianism went. They cultivated, some of them, the same eccentricities of dress and manner; they lived on the same principle, namely, that life in a garret is pleasant at twenty; and they clean out-drank the Frenchmen, having a strain of Berserker blood in their Anglo-Saxon constitutions. Only they had no Béranger, and they had no Mürger.

This was a hindrance. Yet they had their success, while they held together. They came in a fortunate time, closely following the dainty dilettanteism of the Willis-Hoffman dispensation. They gave a positive character to what may be called literary journalism. They paved the way for those who came after them,—those who had no need of long hair and deep potations to make their profession prominent among the others.

The kingdom is but a tradition now. The "literary journalists" of to-day are trim young men, who dress well, who carry no signs of their profession about them, who cultivate conventional manners, who use more cold water than hot whisky, and who are none the less useful, and none the less clever.

Some of the royalists drank themselves to death—the more foolish among them; the wiser renounced their allegiance, and became sober citizens of the republic of letters; the mediocrities were blotted out in a natural oblivion. Poor George Arnold crowded his life-time into the little span of the Bohemian sovereignty; Fitz-James O'Brien died a soldier in a more earnest cause; Mr. Winter went seriously and earnestly to work; most of the others the world has forgotten. The old king of Bohemia died a pauper, a half-dozen years ago, and some of his old subjects passed the hat around among the trim young journalists, who had never known him, and collected enough to put a head-stone over his grave.

These three volumes may fairly be taken as the summing-up of three literary careers that met for a brief space and parted forever. George Arnold's poems are over a hundred in number, put forth without revision, in all their original crudity, and comprising nearly all that he did that was worthy of preservation between the covers of a book. Mr. Winter offers less than half this number of poems. They are the winnowings of his work; the best of what he wrote in the fresh force of youth; the best of what he has written in his chastened maturity. Fitz-James O'Brien, with his prose and his poetry, makes the largest and least symmetrical book of the three.

It was well, perhaps, for George Arnold's fame that he died young. The kindly memory in which he is held has thrown a mellow light over his work, and has softened, to the critic's eye, many rough and careless touches. He wrote good newspaper poetry at a time when most newspaper poetry was bad. In his day, a man of his talents generally waited—and waited a long time—for a book-publisher to introduce him to the world. Now, a man of such parts finds many good newspapers and magazines ready to bring his writings before the public; and finds them, too, worthy ve-

*The Poems of William Winter.
The Poems of George Arnold. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch of the Poet, by William Winter.
Fitz-James O'Brien. Poems and Stories. Collected and arranged, with a Sketch of the Author, by William Winter.
Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

hicles, although his most approved productions win no better than the meager immortality of the poetry-lover's scrap-book.

Though Arnold's poems were in advance of the "fugitive verse" of the period, the man who judges them in cold blood must own that the weekly papers to-day overflow with material as good, or better. He had, after all, not the genius that rises over all influence of circumstance,—only the talent that develops itself according to the taste and knowledge of its generation. Were he writing to-day, he would write a little better than his colleagues,—not so well as poets of the same class will twenty-five years hence.

Not that Arnold did nothing that deserves to live. He is best known as the author of "Beer"—partly because the poem has a pathetic personal significance, partly because it has also a quaint individuality that gives it a firm hold on the reader's remembrance. But this is not all that is creditable out of his one hundred and seventeen poems. Shallow and artificial as are "Introspection" and "Recrimination," there are fine lines in them here and there, and touches of genuine sentiment. In his many songs of autumn days, there is a faint and melancholy sweetness, and a notable truth to nature in general tone, as well as in occasional passages of effective description. "The Jolly Old Pedagogue" has something of the spirit of Praed, something of the "lyric gush" of Moore, and a tenderness that is Arnold's own:

> "Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
> Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
> He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
> Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
> Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles:
> 'I'm a pretty old man,' he gently said;
> 'I have lingered a long while, here below;
> But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!'
> Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago."

A score of years ago, *vers de société* had scarcely assumed the distinct form it has since taken at the hands of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Locker, and others of their school, and its strain of subdued, often semi-cynical, feeling too often sought expression in measures that better served a more serious and candid thought. It is for this reason that Arnold's society-verse has a certain air of consciousness and affectation. "*Farceur de Poëte*" is an instance of this:

> "So, fare you well, true love, farewell!
> Did you think you saw an earnest woe
> In the tear that just now flashed and fell?
> It was not so * * *
> I am a mere farceur, you know!"

The verses written on his twenty-fifth birthday are thoroughly characteristic of Arnold's more serious vein. They are gentle, graceful, and sad. They may be slightly suggestive of Hood's "I Remember, I Remember"—but Arnold is nowhere strikingly original; and few will quarrel with him if there is an echo of an older song in his closing lines:

> "But, looking back, I fear my soul
> Is more than twenty-five."

The humorous performances included in the volume are only poor to middling specimens of comic rhyming. "Facilis Descensus Avenue," a wail over the advent of the first shop-keeper in Fifth Avenue, then a *via sacra*, has a careless cleverness about it; but "The Drinking of the Apple-Jack" is the one piece in the collection that is of real and enduring humor. It is, besides, an ingenious parody on Bryant's famous poem.

It is a book, altogether, that one may take up for a pensive moment, as a man, passing along the street, stops to hear a faintly tinkling old piano stir the air with "Il Bacio" or "La Mandolinata"—stops and smiles, perhaps, at the hackneyed tunes, and wonders vaguely and half-pitying about the player, and the player's past, and what memories may move the hands on the unseen key-board—what memories of the days when those airs were new and catching, and life danced on merrily to their measure, or found a voice for its pain and passion in their sympathetic melody. These are not of the poems that have eternal youth; the children of poor George Arnold's dreams have had time to grow old in the years between 1865 and 1881.

In that Bohemia, which was also an Alsatia, where Mr. Winter left his dead friend, sixteen years ago, he left much of his own strength of inspiration. There was a time when he wrote with his compeers. Mr. Aldrich's dainty love-songs caught the popular ear before the sadder sighing of Mr. Winter's muse; Mr. Stedman's "Ballad of Lager Beer" was a better piece of work than Arnold's "Beer"; but the world expected as much of one poet as it did of the others. Now, George Arnold has retired forever from the contest, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich have made their running, and Mr. Winter is little further on the road to Parnassus than when he set out. He has certainly written nothing of late years so good as the sketch of George Arnold and preface to his poems, in 1866 and 1867. They express a manly sympathy in clear and simple language.

Mr. Winter's talent has always been for melodies in a minor key, and he has never gained enough mastery of his art to hide a lack of invention. He says that, with him, poetry "has been experienced as a feeling, and not pursued as a design"—which is not so good as Poe's remark about making poetry a passion, not a purpose. This is a bad motto for a poet; Poe's work was none the better for it while he took this attitude; and he soon found it out.

Most of the poems in Mr. Winter's book consist of neatly turned stanzas, setting forth a gloomy view of life. Their tone is occasionally reckless and skeptical, in a mild way. None of them have the ring of real grief or passion about them. They are dismal; they are such verses as a man might write in the early morning, on waking up to the unpleasant realities of life; but it is hard to associate a more dignified emotion with such lines as these:

> "And I think, as I sit alone,
> While the night is falling around,
> Of a cold, white, gleaming stone,
> And a long, lone, grassy mound"—

or:

> "But for me there is no morrow,
> Crown of love nor crown of fame:
> I must tread a mighty sorrow
> In the mire of sensual shame.
> Down I grovel on the earth,
> Wasting toward a brutish birth."

Mr. Winter is at his best when he sings of love unmixed with tears. Then he is occasionally pathetic, without knowing it. There is a fine idea that finds honest and unforced expression in "My Queen":

> "He loves not well whose love is bold!
> I would not have thee come too nigh:
> The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
> Unless the sun were in the sky.
> * * * *
> He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
> And shine upon me from afar!
> So shall I bask in light divine,
> That falls from love's own guiding star;
> So shall thy eminence be high,
> And so my passion shall not die."

Then there are some "occasional verses," good of their kind,—verses read at public dinners, that no doubt sounded apt and bright when the champagne went round the second time: verses in memory of the dead, that will always have a hallowed sweetness in mourner's ears. But why should such things be reprinted? The world was not invited to the banquet: these dead are not the world's dead.

The strong poem of the collection, and one that might readily plead as excuse for a book of more positive faults, is the bit of blank verse which serves at once for epilogue and apology. Tender, graceful, and earnest, it shows what Mr. Winter is able to do when he takes the cypress from his brows and quits writing of pale, proud beauties, and heartless charmers, and angelic demons, to sing in pure, plain English the holiness and power of a modern and actual love:

> "True heart! upon the current of whose love
> My days, like roses in a summer brook,
> Float by, in fragrance and in melody,
> Take these—unworthy symbols of my soul,
> Made precious by the heavenly faith of thine!
> Take them: and, though a face of pain looks through
> The marble veil of words, thy heart will know
> That what was shadow once is sunshine now,
> And life all peace, and beauty, and content,
> Redeemed and hallowed by thy sacred grace.
> Thrice happy he, who—favored child of fate!—
> Finds his Egeria in a mortal guise,
> And, hearing all the discords of the world
> Blend into music 'round his haunted way,
> Knows hope fulfilled and bliss already won!"

It was well for Fitz-James O'Brien, one of the cleverest of all the Bohemians, that he died a brave death in the second year of our civil war. A rebel shot ended an unhappy and ill-ordered life; and the world was willing to look generously on the brilliant promise of his early career as a writer—a promise which his riper years might not have been able to redeem with adequate performance. This is the impression left after a careful study of "The Life, Poems, and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien, edited by William Winter." The startling cleverness of his work at its best, taken in connection with its commonplace feebleness at its worst, at first bewilders the reader, and then invites him to critical analysis. And when O'Brien's literary art is reduced to its primary elements, we cannot but be convinced of its unsoundness and—in a fair sense of the word—of its insincerity. Here is a man who, at times, has written so well that his achievements seem, at first sight, to surpass the models of their class; and who, on other occasions, has shown absolute shallowness of thought and poverty of expression. This cannot be called simply "unequal" work—that is, work of one kind, varying in degree of excellence. It is not homogeneous; it is of two kinds; and by the utmost stretch of courtesy or amiability in criticism, we cannot accept the inferior kind as the false product, because a man with a mind fine enough to appreciate a higher type of literature would never seek to do less worthy work. If he did it, it must have been because he could not help himself. Therefore, we suspect O'Brien's strong literary effects, and when we get behind their dazzle and brilliancy, we soon find the secret—which was once another man's.

It is not that O'Brien was in any way a plagiarist. He was not. But he had a strange power of absorption,—or rather of assimilation, to express an elusive idea in a slovenly manner. He saw what some earlier author had done; saw it was good; and at once set about doing better in the same line. When the moment of factitious inspiration was over, he dropped to the level of an honest mediocrity. This peculiarity is to be seen in all his charming yet disappointing short stories. He probably begins a tale as well as any master of the art; but the tale always ends, like a burnt-out Catharine-wheel, in a weak whirl and sputter that destroy the illusion and make us forget the fire. "The Diamond Lens" is his only story where the strength is sustained throughout, and this is largely because the construction is dramatic—in that the movement is steadily toward the final climax. When we read the opening pages of "The Lost Room," we say: Poe never had a weirder dream, nor told one in language so rich and graceful. "Tommatoo" and "The Wondersmith" commence with descriptive passages that suggest a new Dickens, with a chastened English style. The first part of "My Wife's Tempter" is scarcely unworthy of Hawthorne. Yet before the end of any one of these stories we come to the real author, Fitz-James O'Brien, a good writer, who gives us fair weight of fiction for our money; but upon whom we look with some ill-will because we thought him a great genius, and he was not.

This faculty of making whatever he admired a part of himself, or of making himself a part of it, seems also to have been a characteristic of O'Brien the man. It is shown in the way he caught the spirit of American life and scenery, and in his genuine love for his adopted country.

In his poems we see most of O'Brien himself. "The Sewing-Bird" and "The Finishing School" are, perhaps, echoes of William Allen Butler's now almost forgotten success, "Nothing to Wear," or of some earlier prototype; but in his shorter lyrics we recognize the Celtic poet, simple, enthusiastic, healthily sentimental, writing verse of real singing quality, with odd Irish rhymes, technically false, true in assonance. The three stanzas of "The Wharf-Rat" make a wildly colored picture, hint at a story, and the one line that rings in the memory—

> "And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song"—

has something of the sea-swing in it that vibrates through Longfellow's poem of which the refrain is:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The whole poem is worth quoting, and no other in the book gives a fairer idea of what O'Brien could do—at times.

Whittier's "King's Missive."

THIS volume does not differ from the average of Mr. Whittier's verse except that it contains no conspicuous example of either of the two styles of poetic composition in which his reputation is likely to be most enduring. There is no ringing, heroic ballad or narrative, such as "The Angels of Buena Vista," "Barbara Frietchie," or "John Brown of Ossawatomie," and no fervid blast of moral exhortation, such as the lament over Webster, entitled "Ichabod," or "John Randolph of Roanoke," in which his usual mood of poetic eloquence is melted into a long-cooling, white-hot glow of imagination. Mr. Whittier is above all a poet of moral occasion, and any falling off in the quality of his occasional poems—of which this volume presents several—must be attributed, not to the aging of the muse or the man, but to the lesser inspiration of events in the "piping times of peace." The nearest approach to such a theme is in "The Lost Occasion," a poem which we have seen mentioned most unwarrantably as in some sort a retraction of the lines on Webster. However unjust may have been Mr. Whittier's polemical view of Webster's course on the question of slavery, there has been since "Ichabod" nothing to compare with it in scorching pity and tender lament; it was at once an elegy and an indictment. The later poem does not match it for strong emotion tersely expressed, though few can read "The Lost Occasion" without sharing its motive, viz., the regret that Webster could not have lived to see the terrible sequences of the Compromise Measures, upon which he staked so much. There is, however, another side to the question, and one less prosaic—that Webster were better dead while his confidence was high in the security of the Union. Very likely Mr. Whittier himself might have urged this view as poetically as the other had it come to him with as sincere an inspiration; at all events, the suspicion that this may be true operates here, as in much else of Mr. Whittier's argumentative verse, as an impeachment, so far, of its poetic character.

It is a good proof of the power that is acquired by continuing to do one thing over and over that, while Mr. Whittier is not an original poet and never gives us the lightning flash of revelation which makes the reading of any one of Mr. Emerson's best poems an epoch in the mental life of a not unsympathetic mind, he is still able to clothe with his gentle mood the most commonplace and hackneyed thoughts, until we have to put aside their first effect of moral radiance before we are ready to affirm that they are neither great nor new.

The titular poem, "The King's Missive," though thin in substance, is told with the usual quiet force and broad religious bent. Mr. Whittier strikes a deep, a rare, and for him a new chord in "The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk." We quote one stanza:

"We have opened the door
For the feast of souls,
We have kindled the coals
We may kindle no more!
Snakes, fever, and famine,
The curse of the Brahmin,
The sun and the dew,
They burn us, they bite us,
They waste us and smite us;
Our days are but few!
In strange lands far yonder
To wander and wander
We hasten to you.
List then to our sighing
While yet we are here:
Nor seeing, nor hearing,
We wait without fearing
To feel you draw near.
O dead, to the dying
Come home!"

The condensed force of this poem is what is most needed in Mr. Whittier's sonnets, which lack not thought so much as *essence* and the appropriate mood. Evidently the sonnet is not a natural means of expression to him: more than any other verse it should possess technical beauty, and especially a certain dramatic interplay of parts, and both seem to be foreign to his nature. As a whole, the volume shows no falling off in the gentle expression of the homely sentiment and natural piety which have hallowed the Quaker poet in many homes. In fact, it may be said in general that while the chief attraction of the most inevitable poets—such as Shakspere, Shelley, Emerson, and Keats—is their poetry, the chief attraction of Mr. Whittier's poetry is still Mr. Whittier.

The Metternich Memoirs.*

OWING to their regularity and method, the memoirs of a prince of bureaucrats like Metternich form an excellent book of reference for diplomates or for the historian. To the general reader they are more interesting as exhibits of the character of the man. The additional volumes offer little or no further light upon Metternich's character that could not have been caught from the first volume. He himself speaks of the unchangeableness of his nature, and represents his own character at the age of forty-seven as identical with that of his youth. He remains between the years 1815 and 1829 the same preternaturally wise person, engaged in foretelling the dangers into which Europe would plunge unless the baleful effects of the French Revolution and of Bonapartism—such, for instance, as the weak vaporizing of *doctrinaires*, the perilous agitation of secret societies, the ambitious schemes of half-educated men who do not see whither their plans lead, the crack-brained reformers of the English type, the unlicensed freedom of the press—be sternly reproved in all the nations of the civilized world. He shows

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. 1815–1829. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

his old fondness for the word "moral," chiefly in connection with the policy of Austria and Metternich, as opposed to the naughty plots of Russia, France, and England, and at the same time evinces much of that sagacity which made him and kept him the first counselor of the Austrian throne for a length of time which falls to the lot of very few of his tribe. But along with much that recalls his traditionary reputation for hypocrisy, there are traces of real feeling and kindliness in the man that tend to soften one's verdict against him and to qualify that ugly word as hypocrisy of the unconscious type.

Such are the natural outbursts of grief over the loss of a young daughter, and of his second wife, Antoinette, who died within a few days of giving birth to Richard Metternich, and, still more, the quieter but even more touching sorrow of the father at the death of his son, Victor. In many passages, moreover, there is testimony to the fact that he was beloved by his dependents as well as by the immediate family circle. One can reconstruct him as a man whose eminent services to Austria and Europe had invested with an outward air of importance that made strangers overlook the fact of a warmer nature underneath, which nevertheless continued to exist and occasionally made itself felt through the bonds of red tape by which most of his correspondence was hampered. His horror of secret societies leads him into odd vagaries. The progress of Methodism in Europe alarms him strangely, and he notes that "the *maladie biblique* extends through both hemispheres." The Bibles on board an American frigate lying at Naples (July 17, 1817) and distributed to the sailors by the Bible Society of Boston, move him to this sage remark; but elsewhere, also, he goes more thoroughly into the matter, siding with the Catholics in their objections to putting the unexpurgated Bible into the hands of young people, and plainly considering the Methodists as little better than the Anabaptists of the Münster variety, who, if not checked in time, would put Europe to sack and institute community of wealth and wives. Of this same frigate he wrote:

"The flag-ship has eighty-four guns and is one of the most beautiful vessels I have ever seen. The Americans, who have a great rivalry with the English, owed their success in the last war to a new construction of their ships of the line, some of which carry as many as ninety guns. They are constructed like frigates, but without quarter-decks, and are fast sailors like frigates, and can, consequently, overtake these vessels, which in England never carry more than eighty guns. They can also avoid with the same facility vessels of the line of greater tonnage. The commodore received us with much distinction; he immediately placed the whole crew under arms, and showed me over every part of his ship. Its whole appearance and neatness are admirable. I do not know if, in those respects, it does not even surpass the English ships; on the other hand, the style of the crew does not equal that of the latter. The commodore is a great amateur of the fine arts and fine animals."

Metternich expresses in one letter the deepest love and sentiment for water; but cannon-smoke was not to his taste, or possibly the noise of guns. For he deferred his visit till nightfall, to escape the salute of cannon. The *maladie biblique*, according to him, is one phase of a greater disease which in 1817 infested Europe, for he wrote in the same year to Nesselrode: "The world just now is sick of a peculiar malady which will pass away like all other epidemics; this malady is called mysticism." A reference is given to a long article to Lebzeltern at Petersburg on the existence of sects in Central Europe. In this he ventilates his ideas of Methodism, notes the ascetic movements in Swabia, and the sects of self-torturers in Upper Austria. Probably no one piece of writing is quite so self-sufficient and autocratic in tone as this; singular and amusing is its perusal at the present day. In another letter he notes the tendency of France, even at that day, to pick a quarrel in the East with ultimate designs upon Italy. A state paper has a summary of the position of the Jews in Austria, in which he notes that Jews are staff-officers in the army and have gained distinctions of every kind, excepting where a Christian oath was demanded of them. But he adds:

"Nevertheless, in many places it has been necessary to take measures of precaution in carrying out the edict of the Emperor Joseph, even after it has been in force many years, because of the abuse by Jews of the concessions granted them. Devoted to business, from father to son, assisting each other with large capitals, they prefer to gain by either lawful or unlawful trade what would cost both care and trouble to attain by other means."

Nor is Metternich destitute of humor. He tells a story of a magistrate of Judenburg who, like all of his class, must have a grievance, and could find nothing better to complain of than the field-mice, stating that they had ravaged the district ever since the French were there.

"'What! did the French bring mice in their train?'

"'No, but those devils of men encamped near the town; they ate so much bread that they filled the fields with crumbs, and we have had all the mice of Styria since.'"

In 1820, he writes an amusing account of the Fürstenburg Palace at Prague, which had been decorated and furnished throughout by its steward in the absence of the owner, as a surprise to that prince. Shell-work, rock-work, gilt animals in wood, lamps in the shape of owls, curious contrivances that set bells a-chiming, or flutes playing, had been prepared by this "horrible steward." The night table of the princess had a musical box and that of the prince a trumpet. The next day Metternich forms one of the imposing marriage ceremony of an Archduke, and on the following he pens this notable passage:

"May 31, 1820. PRAGUE.

"The memorable epochs at which I visited this town followed quickly upon one another. In the year 1812 I spent two months here with the Empress of the French, and in 1813 gave her husband his death-blow. Yet, what to me is all that has rushed through my head and flowed from my pen during my public life? My life may be unpleasant

for me to experience, but my biography will certainly not be tedious. Especially interesting must be the years which I have passed with Napoleon as if we were playing a game of chess, and during which the object of both was—I to checkmate him, and he to surround me with all his pieces. These fifteen years seem to me to have passed like a moment of time."

The fable of the dead lion comes to mind with unreasonable quickness on reading such passages. And yet the achievements of Napoleon ought not to belittle the honest overcoming of difficulties in the way of Metternich. If any opponent of Napoleon deserves credit, it is he. Still, are we to take for strictly true the following, written in 1821, as he was reading O'Meara's account of the life on St. Helena?—

"God in heaven! how the poor devil [O'Meara] has been imposed upon. The account of the agreement between Napoleon and the Emperor Francis about the flight from Elba is good. It is to me as if I, too, were listening to Napoleon; he has often tried to make me believe the same. I let him talk till he had done, and then I only said to him, 'That is false.' Then he looked at me, smiled, and said, as he turned away, '*Sono bugie per i Parigini.*'"

So we find Metternich to the end fighting over again the battles of his youth and perhaps improving his own undeniable merits in the process. We have again a pretty thorough summary of the character of Napoleon, according to his judgment, and again that summary corroborates the Rémusat account only in its most general outlines. We find none of that scandalous excess charged to Napoleon which in the other memoirs places him on the level of the moral monsters of the world. On the other hand, his papers have been edited by several hands, and it is always possible that the most injurious accusations have been weeded out. Metternich in 1822 considered him a small man "of imposing character." He was as ignorant as most sub-lieutenants, but a remarkable instinct supplied the place of knowledge. Having the meanest opinion of men, he never had any anxiety lest he should go wrong. He made himself master of the world, "while others cannot even get so far as being masters of their own hearth." As a legitimate ruler of a small state he would never have been heard of except as an arbitrary monarch. He would always have made a mark as a military commander in any country whatever, or as an administrator wherever the storm of revolution raged.

Guizot in Private Life.*

In all probability this book would never have been written, had it not been for a certain tendency among French writers and orators to exaggerate qualities in the persons of whom they treat. Guizot was something of a precisian; he was something of a Puritan; belonged by character, descent on both sides, and by tradition to that Protestantism which showed its least amiable phase in Calvin. That is not saying, however, that Guizot was hard and formal in his daily life,—a rigid and methodical person, who, in his family, substituted decorum for love. Yet many of his fellow-countrymen have chosen so to describe him, or, by brilliant antithesis, to give people that impression of him without stating it in so many words. His children are naturally unwilling that their father and father-in-law should remain before the world and posterity a figure so forbidding, and this volume is the result.

To see how, with all his learning and love of exactness, he was not only a devoted but a fond father, all that one needs is the letters to his children, which one of them, Pauline de Witt, has incorporated in the well-written private biography of her illustrious parent. When he is embassador to England, he sends them descriptions of scenes and persons which would be apt to amuse them. He writes from London:

"My dear little Pauline, your picture has come, and I write to you to tell you what pleasure it gave me. I shall not write to Henriette till to-morrow; I am sure that she will not mind. The picture is excellent and the likeness perfect. It gives me a double pleasure. It is very like you, and it looks in good health. You have recovered, therefore, very quickly. Here is a kiss for you, my dear child. I am sure that when we meet I shall find you all very much grown. Keep well in the meantime. Your portrait is in my room, close to my writing-table. I wish you had all been hidden in some corner to see my dinner at the Lord Mayor's. You would have been greatly amused for at least a quarter of an hour. It was in a very large and beautiful room, called, I know not why, the Egyptian Hall, supported by enormous pillars, and ornamented with all sorts of banners and symbols belonging to the city. When I entered, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and with the Lady Mayoress on my arm, there were already three hundred and fifty people at the table. It was very dimly lighted. The moment we sat down, the gas was turned on and the hall was flooded with light. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were seated on two raised chairs of state, under a red canopy. I was next to the Lady Mayoress. A magnificent service of plate, belonging to the city, was distributed over all the tables. The dinner was long, and music, which was not bad, went on all the time. Toward the end, two enormous goblets, filled with wine, were brought in; the trumpet sounded, and the City Herald proclaimed that the Lord and Lady Mayoress drank to the health of the French embassador, the Bishop of London, and all the present company. The Lady Mayoress rose, took one of the cups, and turned toward me; I rose at the same time. She drank, bowed, and passed the cup on to me. I bowed in return, turned to my left-hand neighbor, drank and bowed, and presented her with the cup. The Lord Mayor was performing the same ceremony on his side, and the two cups, in this way, went all round the three hundred and fifty guests. This is called the Loving-Cup. The Lord Mayor's name is Sir Chapman Marshall, and he looks a very good sort of man."

In a letter to Madame Guizot he enters into details about the children, warning her against forcing them in their studies, urging plenty of outdoor exercise, and that they should be left a good deal to themselves when at play, or superintended at a dis-

*Monsieur Guizot in Private Life. 1787–1874. By his daughter, Madame de Witt. Authorized Edition. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1881.

tance only. "There is no freedom for children if they are not sometimes alone, left entirely to themselves." Americans may not appreciate how much wisdom that remark contained, because children here, if anything, are left too much to themselves; but in France the surveillance exercised over the young is carried to an absurd and hurtful length.

"Do not let Henriette read Michelet's 'History of the Roman Republic.' It is not fit for her. Not one of M. Michelet's works is fit for children—not even for very advanced children—either as regards instruction or morality. The fact is, these works are very inaccurate, and the deductions they draw are those of an ill-regulated, though honest mind."

Here is a very interesting letter of the year 1840, which gives details of the family of his deceased wife, the brilliant writer who was no longer young when, as Mademoiselle de Meulan, she had married the sober young Protestant who was to play such an important rôle in France as historian and maker of history:

"I went yesterday evening to the House of Commons and came back at one in the morning. There was a very interesting debate on the Irish election. You must always take an interest in Ireland, my child. Your mother always did; it was the cradle of her family. I met a great many relations of yours here. One hundred and fifty years ago, your grandfather's family quitted England in the suite of James II., and took refuge in France, Spain, and Italy. They ran away from England because they were Catholics. Almost at the same time, the Protestants were running away from France. A Protestant now represents France at the Court of St. James, and he finds a great many Catholics in the very House of Commons which turned them out one hundred and fifty years ago. All this, my child, is the result of intellectual progress and a better appreciation of religious truth. If we were suddenly taken back to the state in which Europe was two centuries ago, we could not even endure the sight of so much misery and injustice. This is a reason for deep gratitude to God."

In another letter of about the same period, from Paris, he speaks of a secretary of legation who has just arrived from Texas. He asks his children:

"Do you know what Texas is, and where it is? It is a new nation which is rising up in America, between Mexico and the United States. Its capital is a town which, as yet, has no existence, on the borders of Colorado, and its president, who is like a king, set off with his ministers a few weeks ago, carrying his tent and provisions, to live on the banks of the river and build his own house. A great many years and many events must pass before he will be as well lodged as the king of France at Fontainebleau."

When one reflects upon the variety of ways by which Guizot made an impression on his fellowmen, it is doubly interesting to see him in his private life. We study his works at college, read his "History of France," and other volumes in the historical field; our girls still often read his first wife's books, produced under his immediate influence. He and Thiers occupied in France positions somewhat analogous to those of Gladstone and Disraeli; when one was in, the other was out. He believed in constitutional monarchy for France, and events justified his belief. The daughter who now shows him equally great on the side of the affections does a good deed, not only for the family, but for France and the world. We see a man who lived while Napoleon and Talleyrand were strong, who could be powerful in his action upon the outer world and lovable in his home circle. He had a mother who was great in her own restricted sphere. His second wife writes to him:

"Your mother and I went yesterday to the Tuileries Gardens, and we talked a great deal about her sorrow, of the effect it produced on her, of her fidelity to your father's opinions, of your education. Your poor mother burst into tears. She said: 'My grief is only a matter of history to my children; they were too young to feel it. For twenty years I spent every night sitting on my bed, bathed in tears. I controlled myself in order not to sadden them. Your husband had an extraordinary instinctive tenderness. He saw my sorrow and the struggle it cost me to live. Without my children I could not have existed, but I had the conviction of a double task laid upon me. My poor darling had trusted me, and I may say that I fulfilled all his wishes. I brought up my children entirely myself. I spared myself neither in mind nor in body. The only thing I cannot correct in myself is my tendency to exact too much from them, but I think God will forgive me this fault.' Dearest, my eyes filled with tears while I listened to her. She told me she had lived three lives: a somewhat careless youth, eight years of happiness, and all the rest sorrow. She has passed thirty-five years in tears, and she has never found a heart that sympathized entirely with her own."

We must find room for one more anecdote of Guizot. At the Rothschilds', the talk came upon table and hat turning, and the Princess de Beauvau asked Guizot for his hat. Three persons put their hands on it in order to magnetize it. It would not budge.

"'It will never turn,' said Guizot.

"'And why?'

"'Because it spent its life on my head.'"

Boyesen's "Ilka on the Hill-top."*

THESE short stories, with which our readers are already familiar, have much the same characteristics as the author's first collection, "Tales from Two Hemispheres." To match "The Man who Lost his Name" in that volume, we have "Ilka on the Hill-top" in this—these two romances being, in our opinion, Mr. Boyesen's nearest approaches to the bracing quality of his first success, "Gunnar." In individuality he has made considerable advance upon that delightful book, but his literary excellences and faults remain the same. The buoyancy of the romantic themes he deals with is not the less that he is writing at a time when much of English fiction has taken on a false-realistic tone of reportorial

* Ilka on the Hill-top, and Other Stories. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

method, the imagination playing a subordinate part to the note-book. Mr. Boyesen succeeds in making his characters interesting, not by a volley of detail so familiar to readers by actual experience that they exclaim at its likeness to life,—the most commonplace incident being therefore regarded as the most typical,—but rather by making their metaphysical relations engaging. Indeed, where some authors suffer from a surplus of superficial life-likeness which is not organic life, Mr. Boyesen goes to the other extreme, and misses the vividness of complete characterization by too little attention to externals and trifles. His fancy has plenty of sail but not enough ballast. The reader is apt to be less interested in his people as human beings than in their dramatic embodiment of an idea. The personalities are distinct as far as they go, but it is a difference in dramatic attitude rather than of mental constitution. There are single exceptions to this in the two stories above named, and in "Annunciata," but it is rare that a good story is made up of but one good character without loss of dramatic force—flint must have flint to strike—and next to poetic quality, dramatic force is what Mr. Boyesen chiefly has. Characters like these it would seem that he has a thorough conception of: others he has only met. When he only intends to set forth a principle, this slightness of treatment is not an objection, for the sense of proportion is at the heart of all good constructive work. Moreover, it is easier to supply deficiencies of description than to forgive the overweighting of trivial things, a fault so obtrusive in much of Dickens's work. Still, the demands of the age for substantiality and for perfection in detail can be met without going to either extreme.

Once having granted the author's starting-point, and yielding oneself a little to the illusion, Mr. Boyesen's narrative is spirited and well wrought. He is especially happy in a shrewd use of symbolism to heighten a situation. Cranbrook, about to make love to his friend's sweetheart, finds her copying the group of Briseis led away from Achilles by the messengers of Agamemnon. Even this would have been stronger if Cranbrook had known the relations between the others: Hawthorne would have made this intellectual device a pervading and brooding dread in Cranbrook's mind. The same is true of both authors as to the statue of the Roman senator who reflects the moods of Cranbrook. The passiveness of the Italian girl is skillfully portrayed, and the grapple of the two friends in the dark is told with a quick, flashing, stiletto-like sentence. The most human character in the book is Ilka. She stands for an element in life of which we never tire—the attractiveness of a simple, unreasoning love; but it is a question whether the reader would not prefer to take this element unmixed with so much dross as the author thinks needful to give contrast to Ilka. The vulgar Hahns, for instance, though vigorously drawn, are uninteresting and, since Ilka is never really in any danger from either, are hardly worth elaboration.

As a whole, even when least life-like, Mr. Boyesen's stories are always vital—as one might infer from the strong hold they take on the affections of many readers. They are never written aimlessly or for the sake of an ingenious plot, and those which deal with Norwegian-American life have opened a new field for the sympathies of readers, and have done a valuable service to the cause of political liberty in the next republic of Europe.

Storrs's Oration on Wycliffe.*

If any English orations of the present time are to become classic, those of Dr. Storrs may well be included among them. To whom else should we look for examples of this kind of literature fitter to survive? Gladstone is a wonderful orator, but although we may despise the sneer of his great rival at the literary quality of his work, it is evident that a style so involved and reverberant needs the interpreting cadences of the author's voice: his orations are never altogether pleasant reading. John Bright is a famous tribune of the people; but his themes have been local, while his culture is provincial. Mr. George William Curtis has spoken some admirable orations, but his busy life affords too little opportunity for the cultivation of an art in which he excels. The erratic Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, has uttered occasional speeches of remarkable penetration and force. But Dr. Storrs has delivered several orations which, for the nobleness of their themes, the thoroughness of their treatment, and the beauty and propriety of their diction, may be ranked among the masterpieces of the oratorical art of our day. The last, and in some respects the best, of these is his oration on Wycliffe. More than half the oration is devoted to the development of the Protestant principle in English history; but this is necessary to a comprehension of Wycliffe's work. The picture of the man and the story of his life are sketched with a bold but careful hand; the ample learning of the orator is felicitously used: and although the style is rather more restrained and less rhetorical than is his wont, there are occasional passages—notably the exordium, in which the completion of the Cologne cathedral and of the English Bible are beautifully associated, the picture of the imperialism of the mediæval church, and the account of the effect of Wycliffe's Bible upon English life—that are touched with the light of imagination.

The Correspondence of Goethe's Mother.†

"Frau Aja," whom all literary and many political celebrities of the last century delighted to honor, and whose friendship was courted even by princes, would have had a claim to distinction as a most

* John Wycliffe and the first English Bible. An Oration, by Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.

† Goethe's Mother. Correspondence of Catharine Elizabeth Goethe with Goethe, Lavater, Wieland, Duchess Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar, Friedrich von Stein, and Others. Translated from the German, with the Addition of Biographical Sketches and Notes. By Alfred S. Gibbs. With an Introductory Note by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880.

charming type of a German woman, even if she had not been the mother of Germany's greatest poet. Fragments of her correspondence have hitherto been published in English, but, so far as we know, a complete collection, embracing her letters to all her numerous friends and admirers, has not until now been presented to the English-speaking public.

Even in Germany these quaint letters, abounding in terse descriptions and mother wit, are only to be found in half a dozen volumes of different size and type; and a collection like the present, giving a complete characterization of Frau Aja, as far as it can be gathered from her own utterances, will therefore be very welcome both to students of Goethe and to that part of the public who seek merely entertainment in the record of a past historic period. For, after all, the importance of the book as an historic document is hardly secondary to its interest as a mere personal recital of small events, connected more or less remotely with the life around which all the minor satellites of German literature for more than half a century revolved. It is the way men thought and spoke a hundred years ago which is here recorded, and it is in their typical capacity that such queer mixtures of religion and charlatanism as Lavater, intellectual epicureans like Wieland, and sweet, healthy, and realistic natures, like Frau Aja, primarily enchain our interest.

Barnard's "Knights of To-day."*

Of these seven short romances, at least three are likely to have a wide popularity among readers who do not care so much for serious subject-matter or substantial character-drawing as for an amusing and ingenious plot. They are of the Jules Verne order of writing, which seeks to make probable the most incongruous connections of romance and modern science, and would turn to account in a fictitious narrative the very figures in the census. The agencies employed by Mr. Barnard to give zest and progress to his love-stories are such trifles as the electric telegraph, the heliograph and air-locks, and yet not one of these stories is dull, though "Put Yourself in Her Place" is every way inferior to the others. In "Kate" (—·— ·— — ·), the pioneer and the best of the seven, first published in this magazine, and in "A Sanitary Measure," the plots are interesting and not overlaid with the mechanical lore which in places gives a little look of threadbareness to the others. "Kate" was a "hit," and is of itself worth preservation in book-covers. Mr. Barnard writes out of full knowledge, and in a simple, rapid style, adapted to a story of action, but not otherwise making pretensions to literary effect.

*Knights of To-day, or, Love and Science. By Charles Barnard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved System of Ventilation.

It is now recognized that all household waste is more or less harmful, and that the pipes in which it escapes must be continually flushed with air or water, or our "modern improvements" will be only clever devices for digging early graves. Soil-pipes are ventilated by being carried to the roof and left open at the top. This is very well, as the injurious products of decomposition do escape that way, yet sometimes, in calm weather, they fall like so much invisible water on the roof and over the eaves into the street or windows below. Better results have been obtained by placing the ventilating pipe within the chimney, and thus gaining the power to throw the escaping gas high out the chimney. This works well as long as the fire burns. When it is out, the current in the pipe may, in certain states of the weather, be inverted and overflow into the chimney, and thence into the house. A more recent and radical change is to make the kitchen fire do the work of ventilation. By placing a common "water-back" in a stove or range and using it as an air-heater, a system of drain ventilation has been devised that appears, from experiment and reliable testimony, to be both safe and useful. In an old and familiar system of mine ventilation, there are two shafts leading from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the mine. One of these is called the "upcast" and the other the "downcast." A fire is kept burning at the foot of the upcast, and the heat and smoke rise through it to the surface. This creates a vacuum below, and to replace this, fresh air continually flows down the downcast and through the mine to the fire, thus securing a fair degree of ventilation. The new system of drain ventilation employs this idea by making the soil-pipe reaching to the roof the downcast, and a second pipe in the kitchen chimney the upcast. In the stove is placed a common cast-iron water-back or other simple casting, arranged on the same "flow and return" principle. The return, or lower side of the casting, is connected by a wrought-iron pipe with the house-drain, just above the trap. The flow, or escape-pipe, passes out of the stove into the chimney, and then upward to the open air. When the fire is started, the air in the casting is expanded and driven upward through the pipe, and thence out at the top of the house. The expansion of the air at once causes a flow of air from the interior of the drain and downward through the soil-pipe from every opening in sinks or closets, and all the air-spaces that may exist. Were the pipe, which is now the downcast of the ventilating system, closed at the top, the suction of the air would unseal all the traps, but this is prevented by always leaving the pipe open at the top, and thus securing a constant flushing of fresh air through the entire drainage

system of the house. As soon as the fire obtains a good start, the temperature of the iron box rises to 400° Fahrenheit, or even more, and as all the air must pass through the highly heated box, all organic life and germs of disease are burned to ash and rendered harmless. The air, after passing through the hot box, is reported to be completely purified, as far as germs of life are concerned, only a fine ash escaping from the top of the chimney. Anything more that might be unchanged by the high temperature is simply thrown out in a highly heated and expanded condition at the chimney-top. The objection may suggest itself that this passing the ventilating pipe through the kitchen fire might be dangerous, on account of leaks in the apparatus. From experiments with an apparatus purposely cracked or perforated, it was found that the flow of air was from the fire into the pipe or casting. When the fire is out the apparatus is equally safe, because both the upcast and downcast are open at the top, and there is no chance for pressure to force the air out of any leaks that might exist. A better plan, it is found, is to have a small gas-burner attached to some part of the upcast pipe, and to thus keep the system in constant operation. The apparatus examined seemed to be placed under very trying circumstances and to be working with entire success. Reliable testimony would also appear to warrant the belief that this idea of causing the air of the drains to pass through a suitable casting, bedded in a hot and constant fire, works successfully.

New Copying Processes.

A GREAT number of experiments have been made to find a simple and inexpensive actinic method of copying plans, drawings, and diagrams, but only one of these has proved of any particular value in actual business. Two new formulas are now announced that have the merit of being comparatively simple and of giving positive reproductions in black on a white ground. A solution is prepared by dissolving twenty-five parts of gum arabic in one hundred parts of water, and then adding seven parts of bichromate of potash and one part of alcohol. Good, well sized drawing-paper is then coated with a film of the solution laid on evenly with a flat brush, and is then dried in the dark, and, if kept in the dark, will retain its sensitiveness indefinitely. The drawing to be copied (on thin paper) is laid over the sensitive paper and exposed to diffused light for from five to ten minutes. It is then placed in water, in a dark room, for twenty minutes, to wash out the chromated gum that has not hardened under the action of the light. After drying with blotting-paper the drawing will be found developed in dull lines on a bright or shining ground. To intensify the effect, the drawing is then inked. The ink to be used is made by dissolving five parts of shellac in one hundred parts of alcohol and adding fifteen parts of "vine black" (carbon black would probably do as well). This ink is spread over the paper with a sponge, and the print is then placed in a two per cent. bath of sulphuric acid till the color can be rubbed off with a stiff brush, when the print will appear in black on a white ground. The only objection raised to this process is that it does not copy fine shadings or the half-tones of the original.

Another formula employs well sized drawing-paper floated in a solution of one part of gelatine in thirty parts of water. To sensitize the paper, it is dipped in a solution (one in twenty-five) of bichromate of potash, and dried in the dark. After exposure, as before, the sheet is laid in cold water to remove the excess of gelatine, when the print is found to be developed by the swollen gelatine rising in relief. The paper is then laid in a water bath of about 87 Fahr. (30°C.), when the gelatine becomes sticky. It is then dried on a smooth surface with blotting-paper, and carbon black is spread over the print with a dry brush. It may then be dried before a fire and, when completely dry, the excess of carbon black may be washed off by gentle rubbing in water, leaving the print in black on a white ground. Colors may be used, if desired. Highly artistic effects have been obtained by this process, but the first is the more simple and likely to be more generally useful.

Photographic Enlargements.

By a recent improvement in enlarging and copying photographs, the scope of solar printing has been greatly extended, and photographs can be produced on fabrics 4.57 meters (15 feet) square. Instead of putting the sensitized sheet (whatever its material) into a camera, as in solar printing, and exposing it to the sun, a large room is prepared by dividing it by wooden partitions into closets, or dark rooms, each in the shape of a segment of a circle. Each closet thus becomes a camera, in which the operator carries on his work. In the studio examined, a part of one floor was divided by matched board partitions into two segments, each about five meters deep. The points of the two segments met, and were cut off just enough to admit a large lens. Doors were provided for each room, closed by heavy drapery curtains to exclude the light. Outside, in the larger room, and just at the meeting of the two closets, was placed an electric light. In each closet was laid a track, and on this moved a car carrying an easel. By this arrangement the sensitized canvas, stretched on a frame, can be easily rolled forward or backward to get the right focus. The operator thus stands within the camera and uses electric light to obtain his prints. This makes it possible to make enlargements from even very small negatives up to prints as large as a drop scene in a theater. The prints taken in this manner are on muslin, the fabric itself being sensitized. The advantage claimed for this new style of photographic material is that there is no film, or skin, to peel off or crack, and that the print is indelibly fixed in the muslin, and will neither fade nor wash out.

Gas Fuel.

THE manufacture of coke, which is carried on in this country, outside of ordinary city gas-works, upon an enormous scale, appears to be accompanied by a

waste of good fuel that would be criminal were not the coal so cheap and abundant. It is reported, on good authority, that in one Pennsylvania coke-making center not less than twenty-four million feet of good gas is daily thrown away into the air and disappears in smoke that becomes a nuisance to all the country round about. To save this waste of fuel, a new form of coke oven has been devised that enables the coke-burner to make from the bi-products of his ovens a good heating gas of about eight candle power. It is useless for lighting, but for fuel it is invaluable, as it is clean, lights instantly, requires no stoking, and leaves no ash behind. Experiments appear to show that the gas can be made (or saved) on a commercial scale, and may be sold for about ten cents a thousand feet. For a puddling furnace using the gas as a fuel, the cost would be about three dollars a day, for a battery of steam boilers about one dollar, and for an ordinary dwelling about ten cents a day. The use of gas fuel is steadily growing in this country, and if, as is claimed, it can be produced at this low price, it will prove of the greatest possible advantage in all cities, particularly in the West, where the smoke question is so troublesome. Gas is, undoubtedly, the fuel of the future, and it is only a matter of surprise that the gas companies do not make some effort to produce a cheap gas. Perhaps the rapid spread of the electric light will force them out of the rut of conservatism into which they appear to have fallen.

Combined Plow and Harrow.

HITHERTO the two processes of turning over the soil in plowing and breaking it up into suitable condition to form a seed-bed for the future crop have been performed by two separate processes and old and familiar types of machines. In a new implement that appears to be finding much favor in the Middle States, plowing and harrowing may be done by one man and team at the same time. The apparatus consists essentially of a double plow and a scarifier, for tearing the clods turned over by the plow and breaking them up into a loose powder. The plow consists of an iron beam carrying two shares. The first one is the smaller of the two, and moves in advance, its duty being to cut off a thin slice of the sod and to invert it in the usual manner. The depth of cut of this share is regulated by a wheel in front. Behind this comes the larger share, following in the same line, and turning a deeper furrow. Beside this share is a large iron wheel, running freely on an axle at the end of the plow beam. This wheel is of wrought iron, and armed on the inside with numerous sharp-edged, pointed teeth. As the plow advances the wheel revolves, and as it is directly opposite the rear share, the soil raised by the share is turned directly into the wheel and over the teeth. The result is, the clod is torn to pieces and thrown behind the wheel in a shower of powder and broken lumps, completely breaking it up and leaving a fine, smooth surface, in good condition for immediate seeding. The machine requires two or three horses and can be managed by one man. The scarifying wheel is balanced by a loose wheel at the opposite side of the plow, to sustain the weight of the machine and cause it to run steadily. It will be observed that the first share inverts the sod while the second covers it, and the toothed wheel beats it down and breaks up the covering soil ready for seeding.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Observations of Rev. Gabe Tucker.

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

Mike's Confession.

Now Mike was an ostler of very good parts,
  Yet sly as a church-mouse was he;
And he came to confess to the new parish priest,
  Like a pious and true devotee.

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found,
  Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told all?
Have the mouths of the horses never been greased,
  So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?"

"With rispect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with a grin,
  "Sure for that ye may lave me alone;
I've scraped till there's niver a sin left behoind—
  Me conscience is clane to the bone!"

So absolved, happy Mike went away for more sins,
  Till the day came around to tell all;
And the very first thing he confessed:—He had greased
  The mouth of each horse in the stall!

"How is this?" said the priest. "When here, but last week,
  You never had done this, you swore?"
"Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," said Mike, "sich a thing
  I niver had heerd of before!"

Sonnets from the Afghanese.

IN venturing to publish a few specimens of the literature of a remote race, who have lately attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, I deem it necessary to offer a word of explanation, lest the reader should conclude that the colloquialisms of Cabool are too suspiciously like the slang of our own metropolis. Sir William Leslie, in his admirable work on the "Social Life and Manners of the Afghans," says: "Their poetry is rude and simple, full of colloquial phrases, and celebrates only the primitive passions and most familiar surroundings of their daily life." It will be observed that this remark is eminently true, if the following sonnets are faithfully typical of Pushtaneh literature. In translating, I have been at some pains to preserve a natural atmosphere by substituting for the idioms of the Pushtu language such of our own colloquialisms as most nearly correspond. In no other way could I preserve the *viva voce* tone of the originals.

No. 1.—TO A MULE.

A WEIRD phenomenon, O mule, art thou!
  One pensive ear inclined toward the west,
The other sou'-sou'-east by a little sou',
  The acme explicate of peace and rest.
But who can tell at what untoward hour
  Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,
With fervid eloquence and awakening power,
  Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction?
War, Havoc, and Destruction envy thee!
  Go! kick the stuffing out of Time and Space!
Assert thyself, thou Child of Destiny,
  Till nature stands aghast with frightened face!
A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder!

No. 2.—TO A GOAT.

THOU hast a serious aspect, but methinks
  Beneath the surface, Billy, I discern
A thoughtful tendency to play high-jinks,
  A solemn, waiting wickedness supern.
Within the amber circle of thine eye
  There lurketh mischief of exsuccous kind,—
A humor grim, mechanical, and dry;
  Evasive, subdolous, and undefined.
I would I understood thee better, Bill.
  Beseech thee of thy courtesy explain:
Now, doth the flavor of a poster fill
  Thy utmost need? Of old hats art thou fain?
I pr'ythee, goat, vouchsafe some information;
Oh, say! come now! Get out! Oh, thunderation!

No. 3.—TO TAFFY.

HAIL, Taffy, new-born goddess! Thou art come
  Into the world emollient and serene,
With liberal hands dispensing balmy gum,
  A sirup-mouthed, molasses-visaged queen!
What art thou giving us, O gracious one?
  Thou dost assuage our daily cares and toils.
'Tis thine to mollify the rasping dun,
  Thine to alleviate domestic broils;
The lover seeks thy aid to win his joy,
  The statesman looketh toward thee, and the preacher,
The interviewer, and the drummer-boy,
  Who drummeth wisely owning thee for teacher.
The clam-dispenser toots thy tuneful praise,
The lightning-roddist knoweth all thy ways.

The Middy of 1881.

I'M the dearest, I'm the sweetest little mid,
  To be found in journeying from here to Hades.
I am also, nat-u-rally, a pro*did*-
  Gious favorite with all the pretty ladies.
I *know* nothing, but say a mighty deal;
  My elevated nose, likewise, comes handy;
I stalk around, my great importance feel—
  In short, I am a brainless little dandy.

My hair is light, and waves above my brow,
  My mustache can just be seen through opera-glasses;
I originate, but flee from every row,
  And no one knows as well as I what "sass" is!
The officers look down on me with scorn,
  The sailors jeer at me—behind my jacket,
But still my heart is not "with anguish torn,"
  And life with me is one continued racket.

Whene'er the captain sends me with a boat,
  The seamen know an idiot has got 'em;
They make their wills and are prepared to die,
  Quite certain they are going to the bottom.
But what care I? For, when I go ashore,
  In uniform, with buttons bright and shining,
The girls all cluster 'round me to adore,
  And lots of 'em for love of me are pining.

I strut, and dance, and fool my life away;
  I'm nautical—in past and future tenses!
Long as I know an ocean from a bay,
  I'll shy the rest, and take the consequences.
I'm the dearest, I'm the sweetest little mid,
  That ever graced the tail-end of his classes,
And through a four-years' course of study slid.
  First am I in the list of Nature's—donkeys!

THE SAILOR'S WIFE. [Ulysse Butin.]

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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THE ISLE OF PEACE.

THE Isle of Peace lies cradled in the wide arms of a noble bay. Fifteen miles long and from four to five miles in width, its shape is not unlike that of an heraldic dragon, laid at ease in the blue waters, with head pointed to the south-west. From this head to the jutting cape which does duty as the left claw of the beast, the shore is a succession of bold cliffs, broken by coves and stretches of rocky shingle, and in two places by magnificent curving beaches, upon which a perpetual surf foams and thunders. Parallel ridges or low hills run back from the sea. Between these lie ferny valleys, where wild roses grow in thickets, and such shy flowers as love solitude and a sheltered situation spread a carpet for the spring and early summer. On the farther uplands are thrifty farms, set amid orchards of wind-blown trees. Ravines, each with its thread of brook, cut their way from these higher levels to the water-line. Fleets of lilies whiten the ponds, of which there are many on the island; and over all the scene, softening every outline, tinging and changing the sunlight, and creating a thousand beautiful effects forever unexpected and forever renewed, hangs a thin veil of shifting mist. This the sea-wind, as it journeys to and fro, lifts and drops, and lifts again, as one raises a curtain to look in at the slumber of a child, and, having looked, noiselessly lets it fall.

The Indians, with that fine occasional instinct which is in such odd contrast to other of their characteristics, gave the place its pretty name. Aquidneck, the Isle of Peace, they called it. To modern men it is known as the Island of Rhode Island, made famous the land over by the town built on its seaward extremity—the town of Newport.

It is an old town, and its history dates back to the early days of the New England colony. City it calls itself, but one loves better to think of it as a town, just as the word "avenue," now so popular, is in some minds forever translated into the simpler equivalent, "street." As the veiling mists gather and shift, and then, caught by the outgoing breeze, float seaward again, we catch glimpses, framed, as it were, between the centuries, quaint, oddly differing from each other, but full of interest. The earliest of these glimpses dates back to an April morning in 1524. There is the cliff line, the surf, the grassy capes tinged with sun, and in the sheltered bay, a strange little vessel is dropping her anchor. It is the caravel of Vezzerano, pioneer of French explorers in these northern waters, and first of that great tide of "summer visitors," which has since followed in his wake. How he was received and by whom, Mr. Parkman tells us:

> "Following the shores of Long Island, they came first to Block Island, and thence to the harbor of Newport. Here they staid fifteen days, most courteously received by the inhabitants. Among others, appeared two chiefs, gorgeously arrayed in painted deer-skins; kings, as Vezzerano calls them, with attendant gentlemen; while a party of squaws in a canoe, kept by their jealous lords at a safe distance, figure in the narrative as the queen and her maids. The Indian wardrobe had been taxed to its utmost to do the strangers honor,—coffee bracelets and wampum collars, lynx-skins, raccoon-skins, and faces bedaubed with gaudy colors.
>
> "Again they spread their sails, and on the fifth of May bade farewell to the primitive hospitalities of Newport." *

Wampum and coffee bracelets are gone out of fashion since then, the application

* "Pioneers of France in the New World."

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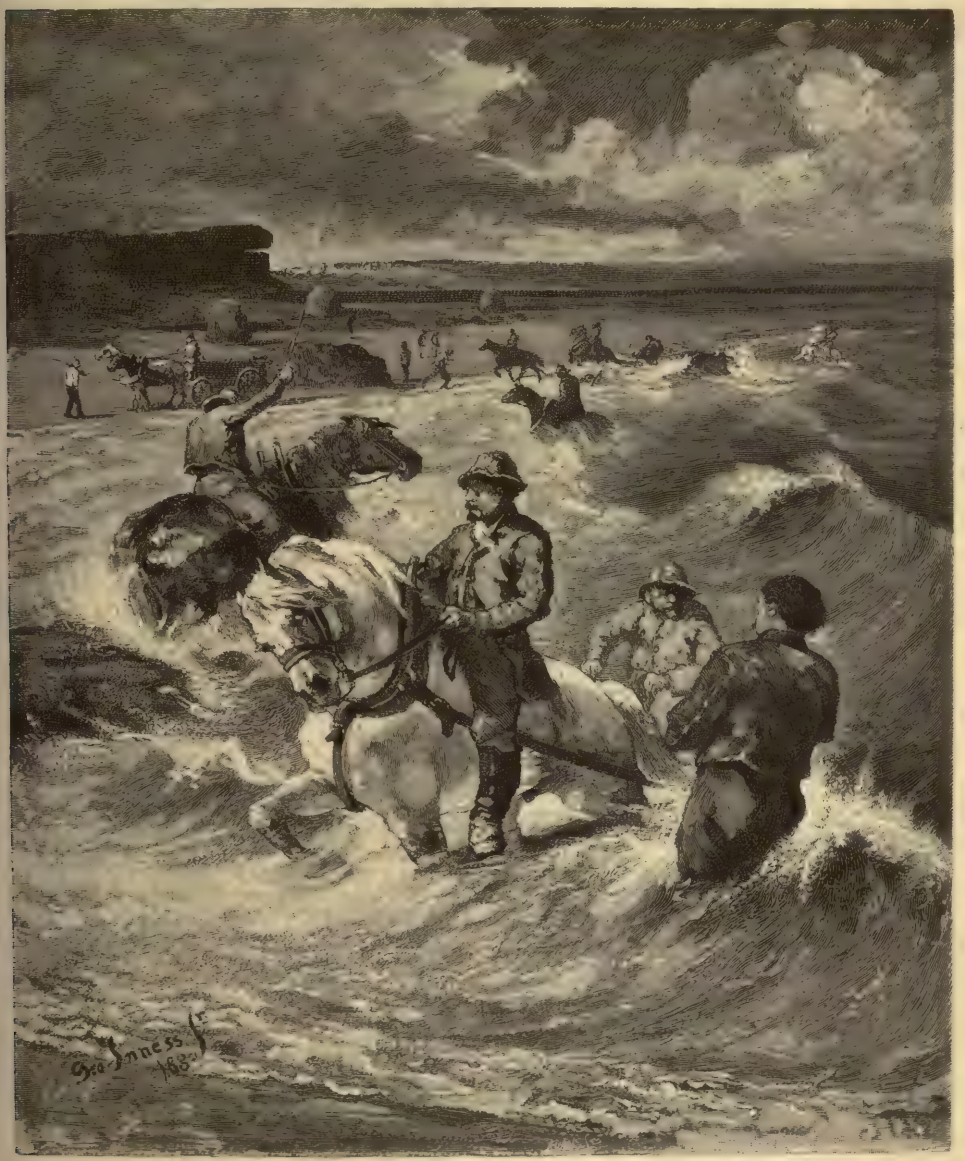
PURGATORY.

ter of Dean Berkeley, *obiit* the fifth of September, 1731."

The traveler who to-day is desirous of visiting Whitehall may reach it by the delightful way of the beaches. Rounding the long curve of the First Beach, with its dressing-houses and tents, its crowd of carriages and swarms of gayly clad bathers, and climbing the hill at the far end, he will find himself directly above the lonely but far more beautiful Second Beach. Immediately before him, to the left, he will see Bishop Berkeley's Rock, with its cliff-hung shelf, and beyond, the soft outlines of Sachuest Point, the narrow blue of the East Passage, and a strip of sunlit main-land. The breezy perch where "Alciphron" was written is on the sea-face of one of the parallel rock-formations which, with their intervening valleys, make up the region known as "Paradise Rocks." Near by, in the line of low cliffs which bounds the beach to the southward, is the chasm called "Purgatory," a vertical fissure some fifty feet in depth, into which, under certain conditions of wind and tide, the water rushes with great force and is sucked out with a hollow boom, which is sufficiently frightful to explain the name selected for the spot. The rocks which make up the cliffs are in great part conglomerate of soft shades of purple and reddish gray. Beyond, the white beach glistens in the sun. The sand-dunes which bound it are yellow, the salt marshes behind them stretch in fields of umber and vivid glances of green. The stillness of utter peace seems to rest over the spot, broken only by the dash of surf and the calling

sea-birds; it is difficult to realize that only a mile or two distant is one of the gayest watering-places in America, and a throng of pleasure-seekers to whom quiet is a distasteful and undesired thing.

sea-weed, that harvest which, ripening without labor, is neither bought nor sold, is setting inshore under the urgings of wind and tide, and scores of farmers have crowded to the spot to gather it. An artist could



GATHERING SEA-WEED.

But the Second Beach is not always so quiet. It may easily happen that the pilgrim to Whitehall, topping the hill on a brilliant autumn morning, shall come upon a scene in which quiet plays no part. The

hardly wish a better subject for his pencil than one of these wild harvestings. The plunging horses, forced far out into the surf, their slow return, half swimming, half wading, dragging the heavily loaded rakes

AN ISLAND WINDMILL.

which leave behind them a long furrow of foam, the heaped-up kelp glistening in the sunshine, the oxen, yoked by fours, waiting for their load, the shouts of the men, the dash, the excitement, and beyond and above all, the wonderful blues and iridescent greens which are the peculiar property of Newport waters and the Newport sky. To the left, the white road curves on past farm-houses and "cottages of gentility." Farther away on the valley slope, the slow sails of a windmill revolve and flash, casting a flying shadow over the grass. A mile farther, and the road, making a turn, is joined to the right by what seems to be a farm-lane shut off by gates. This is the entrance to Whitehall. The house can be dimly made out from the road—a low, square building with a lean-to and a long steep-pitch of roof, fronting on a small garden overgrown with fruit-trees. The present owner holds it from the college under what may truly be called a long lease, as it has still some eight hundred and odd years to run. He has built a house near by, for his own occupation, and alas! has removed thither the last bit that remained of the decorative art of the old Whitehall, namely, the band of quaint Dutch tiles which once surrounded the chimney-piece of the parlor. But the parlor remains unchanged, with its low ceiling and uneven floor; the old staircase is there, the old trees, and, spite of the tooth of time and the worse spoliation of man, enough is left to hint at the days of its early repute and to make the place worth a visit.

One more glimpse through the mist before we come to the new times of this our Isle of Peace. It is just half a century since Berkeley, his baffled scheme heavy at his heart, set sail for Ireland. The fog is unusually thick, and lies like a fleece of wool over the sea. Absolutely nothing can be seen, but strange sounds come borne on the wind from the direction of Block Island—dull reports as of cannon signals; and the inhabitants of Newport prick up their ears and strain their eyes with a mixture of hope and terror; for the French fleet is looked for; English cruisers have been seen or suspected hovering round the coast, and who knows but a naval engagement is taking place at that very moment. By and by the fog lifts, with that fantastic deliberation which distinguishes its movements, and presently stately shapes whiten the blue, and, gradually nearing, reveal themselves as the frigates *Surveillante*, *Amazone*, and *Guêpe*, *The Duke of Burgundy*, and *The Neptune*, "doubly sheathed with copper"; *The Conquerant*, *The Provence*, *The Eveillé*, also

"doubly sheathed with copper"; *The Lazon* and *The Ardent*, convoying a host of transports and store-ships; with General Rochambeau and his officers on board, besides the regiments of Bourbonnais, Soissonais, Saintonge, and Royal Deux Ponts, five hundred artillerists and six hundred of Lauzan's Legion, all come to aid the infant United States, then in the fourth year of their struggle for independence. Never was reënforcement more timely or more ardently desired. We may be sure that all Newport ran out to greet the new arrivals. Among the other officers who landed on that eventful eleventh of July, was Claude Blanchard, commissary-in-chief of the French forces—an important man enough to the expedition, but very little important now, except for the lucky fact that he kept a journal,—which journal, recently published, gives a better and more detailed account of affairs at that time and place than any one else has afforded us.

It is from Blanchard that we learn of the three months' voyage: of sighting now and again the vessels of the English squadron; of the Chevalier de Fernay's refusal to engage them, he being intent on the safe conduct of his convoy; of the consequent heart-burnings and reproaches of his captains, which, together with the stings of his own wounded pride, resulted in a fever, and subsequently in his death, recorded on the tablet which now adorns the vestibule of Trinity Church. The town was illuminated in honor of the fleet. "A small but handsome town," says Blanchard, "and the houses, though mostly of wood, are of an agreeable shape."

The first work of the newly arrived allies was to restore the redoubts which the English had dismantled and in great part destroyed. It was at this time that the first fort on the Dumplings, and the original Fort Adams, on Brenton's Reef, were built. The excellent Blanchard meanwhile continues his observations on climate, society, and local customs.

One of his criticisms on the national characteristics strikes us oddly now, yet has its interest as denoting the natural drift and result of the employment of a debased currency.

"The Americans are slow, and do not decide promptly in matters of business," he observes. "It is not easy for us to rely upon their promises. They love money, and *hard* money; it is thus they designate specie to distinguish it from paper money, which loses prodigiously. This loss varies according to circumstances and according to the provinces."

Later, we hear of dinners and diners:

"They do not eat soups, and do not serve up ragouts at their dinners, but boiled and roast, and much vegetables. They drink nothing but cider and Madeira wine with water. The dessert is composed of preserved quinces and pickled sorrel. The Americans eat the latter with the meat. They do not take coffee immediately after dinner, but it is served three or four hours afterward with tea; this coffee is weak, and four or five cups are not equal to one of ours; so that they take many of them. The tea, on the contrary, is very strong. Breakfast is an important affair with them. Besides tea and coffee, they put on table roasted meats, with butter, pies and ham; nevertheless they sup, and in the afternoon they again take tea. Thus the Americans are almost always at table; and as they have little to occupy them, as they go out little in winter, and spend whole days alongside their fires and their wives, without reading and without doing anything, going to table is a relief and a preventive of *ennui*. Yet they are not great eaters."

On the 5th of March, 1781, General Washington arrived in Newport. Blanchard

FORT DUMPLING.

thus records his first impressions of the commander-in-chief:

"His face is handsome, noble, and mild. He is tall—at the least, five feet eight inches (French measure). In the evening, I was at supper with him. I mark, as a fortunate day, that in which I have been able to behold a man so truly great."

OLD FARM-HOUSE, NEWPORT ISLAND.

Following the close of the war came a period of great business depression, in which Newport heavily shared. The British, during their occupation of the town, had done much to injure it. Nearly a thousand buildings were destroyed by them on the island; fruit and shade trees were cut down, the churches were used as barracks, and the Redwood Library was despoiled of its more valuable books. Commerce was dead; the suppression of the slave-trade reduced many to poverty, and the curse of paper money—to which Rhode Island clung after other States had abandoned it—poisoned the very springs of public credit. Brissot de Warville, in the record of his journey "performed" through the United States in 1788, draws this melancholy picture of Newport at that time:

"Since the peace, everything is changed. The reign of solitude is only interrupted by groups of idle men standing, with folded arms, at the corners of the streets: houses falling to ruin; miserable shops, which present nothing but a few coarse stuffs, or baskets of apples, and other articles of little value; grass growing in the public square, in front of the court of justice; rags stuffed in the windows, or hung upon hideous women and lean, unquiet children.

Count Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, writing ten years later, calls the place "*cette ville triste et basse*," and further ventures on this remarkable criticism of its salubrity:

"The healthfulness of the city of Newport and its environs is doubtless the result of the brilliancy and coolness of its climate, but this coolness proves fatal to its younger inhabitants, and the number of young men, and, above all, of young women, who die yearly of consumption is considerable. It is noteworthy that the inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemetery indicate in almost all cases that the person interred is either very young or very old—either less than twenty years of age or more than seventy."

Whether this statement of Count Rochefoucauld's bears the test of examination would be impossible now to determine, for the century since his visit has made changes in the city of the dead as marked as those effected in the city of the living. But the "cool and brilliant air" with which he finds fault has since been proved by many invalids to be full of health-giving properties. Consumptives are more often sent to Newport for cure, nowadays, than away from it. Asthma, diseases of the chest and throat, nervous disorders, insomnia, excitability of brain, are in many cases sensibly benefited by the island climate, which, however, is less "brilliant" than

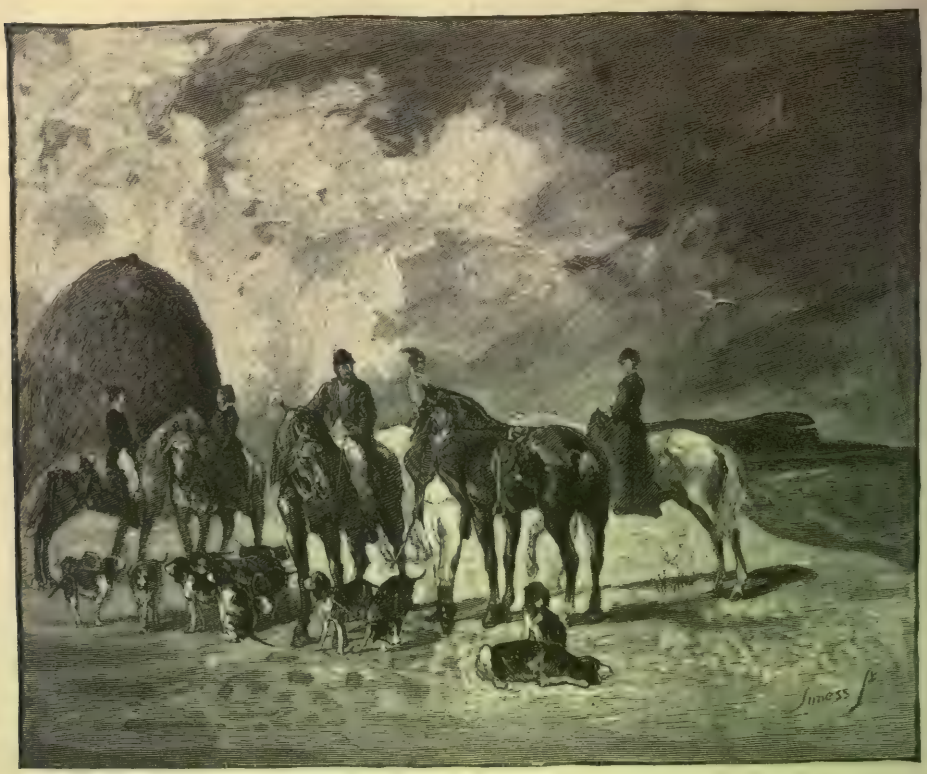
sedative. This is attributed to the relaxing effects of the Gulf Stream, which is popularly supposed to make an opportune bend toward the shore and to produce a quality of air quite different from that of other New England sea-side climates. Whatever may be the truth as to the bend of this obliging current, it is certain that something has given to the place an exceptional climate, pure, free from malaria, and exempt equally from the fiercer heats of summer and the severer colds of winter. Much has been done during the past twenty years to counterbalance these great advantages. The drainage of the place is in an inchoate and primitive condition, population has increased with no adequate increase of sanitary provision, and there is an almost amusingly strong distaste and disbelief in the necessity of improvement. But, spite of these drawbacks, the town is so happy in its situation and in the torrent of splendid sea-wind which blows continually over it, that it still retains and deserves its reputation as a healthful place, and the next decade will doubtless see it put beyond danger or suspicion of danger.

It was not till about the year 1830 that the true source of Newport's prosperity was realized to be her climate. Since then she has become more and more the Mecca of pilgrims from all parts of the country. Year by year, the town has spread and broadened, stretching out wide arms to include distant coigns of vantage, until now the summer city covers some miles in extent, and land, unsalable in the early part of the century, and but twenty years ago commanding little more than the price of a Western farmstead, is now valued at from ten to fourteen thousand dollars an acre! Every year adds to the number of cottages and villas and to the provision made for the accommodation of strangers. The census, which in winter counts up to less than seventeen thousand, is, during the four months of "the season," swelled by the addition of thousands of strangers, many of whom are, in a manner, residents of the place, owning property and paying taxes. A large number of these partial residents make their season a long one, giving nearly or quite half the year to their sea-side homes, and every winter brings an increasingly greater number of new-comers to replace the summer absentees; so that, taking the year through, society in Newport possesses an unique variety and charm. With much of the freedom and simplicity of the country in its out-of-season habits, there is nothing of the narrow dullness inevitable to most small communities, and the fact that its members, in great part, belong to and are in alliance with the larger cities, gives a vivacity and range of interest to their occupations and amusements which it would be hard to match in any other American town of the same size.

Newport, as it appears to its crowd of

CLOCK-TOWER OF THE CASINO.

summer visitors, is so well known as hardly to require description. The most famous, perhaps, of American watering-places, it is distinctly the most elegant. There is very little of the hotel life which is so prominent a feature of Saratoga, and our other springs and spas. It was tried, but it failed. One by one, the big caravansaries, with their piazzas and bands, their "hops" and crowds of dressy idlers, have been taken down piecemeal, to make part and parcel of smaller houses, or, in some cases, ignomin-



THE MEET.

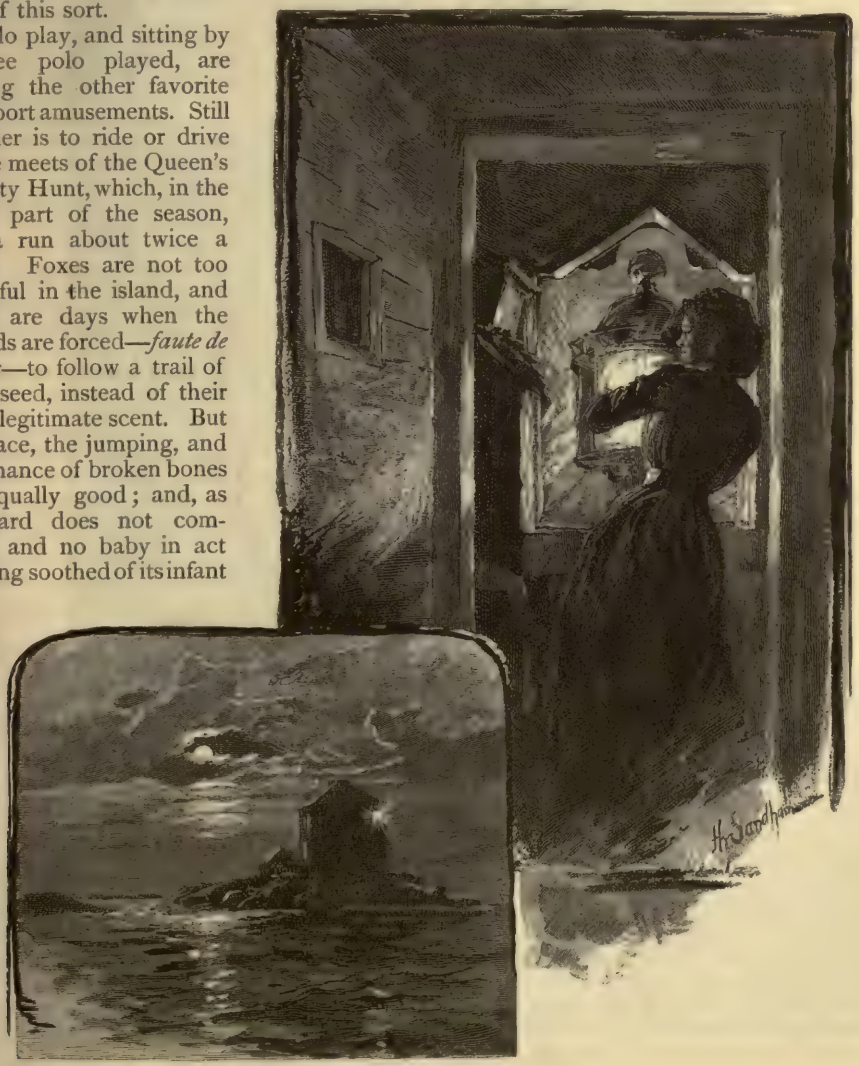
iously sold for fire-wood. The Ocean House alone remains to represent this phase of accommodation. For differing tastes, there are lodgings of every grade of comfort and elegance—apartments, houses, half-houses—to be had on the terms of home-like seclusion, with everything from cook to candles furnished from the outside, besides scores of cottages and villas of all sizes, situations, and prices to be let furnished. In this way, Newport, even in the height of the season, is a congregation of homes, and a large proportion of visitors preserve their domestic privacy, living in their own hired houses, dispensing and receiving hospitalities. It is this fact, perhaps, more than any other, which makes her personality so distinct and so unlike that of the customary "resort," with its crowd, and noise, and glare, its impossibility of separateness, its unrefined display, and absolute discomfort.

The amusements of Newport, in the season, are many and various. First and foremost should be named the Casino, a new feature, but already a most important one. This charming place, which is both like and unlike the conversation halls which, in Europe, bear the same name, is built on the Avenue not far from the Ocean House. Its aspect from the street is that of a low, picturesque façade, two stories in height, in the old English style, of brick and olive-painted wood, quaintly shingled and oddly carved, with wide casement windows, and here and there a touch of gilding. A single year has toned its color down to a delightful oldness, which would do no discredit to a street in Chester or Coventry. A broad entrance-hall in the middle of the building leads to an inner quadrangle, turfed and set with flower-beds, in the midst of which rises a splashing fountain. Above and below, on the street side of this quadrangle, are club-rooms and offices, broken by a picturesque clock-tower. To right and left are more club-rooms, a restaurant, reading, dining, and smoking rooms; dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; smaller saloons, where entertainments may be given; and kitchens, wisely ordered on the second floors, where their noises and smells can annoy no one.

The fourth side of the quadrangle is filled with a double curve of roofed galleries, two stories in height, where ladies sit the morning long, work in hand, chatting with their friends, enjoying the smell of the spray-freshened flowers, and listening to the music of the band. Beyond this first quadrangle lies another and wider one, edged with trees and shrubberies, past which winds the carriage-drive from an entrance at the back. This lawn is devoted to open-air tennis. At its far end is another long building, in which are racket-courts, bowling-alleys, and a beautiful ball-room, fitted up with a stage and all appurtenances for private theatricals. It will be seen how many and how various tastes may be served by a building of this sort.

Polo play, and sitting by to see polo played, are among the other favorite Newport amusements. Still another is to ride or drive to the meets of the Queen's County Hunt, which, in the latter part of the season, has a run about twice a week. Foxes are not too plentiful in the island, and there are days when the hounds are forced—*faute de mieux*—to follow a trail of anise-seed, instead of their more legitimate scent. But the pace, the jumping, and the chance of broken bones are equally good; and, as Reynard does not complain, and no baby in act of being soothed of its infant ailment by the mild infusion which does duty as scent, has as yet fallen a prey to the mistaken ferocity of the pack, there seems no reason to cavil. Ladies often join in the sport.

The Fort music is another bi-weekly pleasure, involving as it does the pretty drive round the southernmost curve of the bay, with the villa-crowned slopes of Halidon Hill on one hand, and on the other the wide outlook of blue water, broken by many islands. Close by is the tiny rock with its time-washed light-house, where dwells the brave Ida Lewis, heroine of so much daring adventure, and beyond stretches the long point of Brenton's Reef, surmounted by the



LIME-ROCK LIGHT—THE HOME OF IDA LEWIS.

casemates and smooth glacis of Fort Adams. In the deep point of the inner cove lie the wrecks of two ships, one of them an abandoned slaver, drifted many years since into this quiet harbor, and gradually breaking to

and the celebrated ocean drive, which for nine miles follows the sinuosities of the shore from Bailey's Beach to Brenton's Cove, there are others less famous, but no less enjoyable: the drive over the two

WRECK OF A SLAVER.

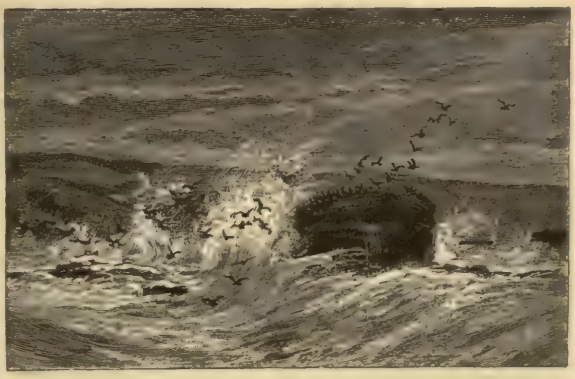
pieces under the slow, untiring touches of wind and tide. Only the ribs now remain; they lie, black, skeleton-like shapes, reflected in the tranquil waters of the cove—a perpetual pleasure to such artist eyes as take pleasure in contrast and happy accidents.

Besides the fashionable Bellevue Avenue, beaches, for example, and out to the long end of Sachuest Point, through gaps in stone-walls and across fields of grain, by overgrown tracks, where wild flowers and tall, nodding grass half bury the wheels; or the drives to Coddington's Cove, to the Glen, to Lawton's Valley, or along the shore

OLD ORCHARD.

of the eastern passage. These inland drives afford constant characteristic glimpses. Many of the farms are old. Now and again you come upon country-seats dating back to the last century, and embowered amid historic elms or lindens. There is always good chance of catching glimpses of a windmill, that inevitably picturesque shape, and the certainty of old apple-orchards. The apple-orchards of the Isle of Peace have an unusual character of their own. Low, thickly growing, with densely interlaced branches and gnarled trunks, twisted into strange shapes by the scourging winds, they are as solemn of aspect, as full of intense and passionate expression, as groves of olive. Contrast is one of the charms of Newport Island, and every turn affords it: on one side the repose and the quaint peace of old stability and habitual simplicity; on the other the whirl and dazzle and directed movement of modern life and modern luxury in its most splendid and pronounced development.

For those who prefer sailing to driving, the beautiful harbor of Newport affords a daily delight. At the close of a summer's day, when sky and water and shore are bathed in a soft mist of radiance, which is more like magic than reality, nothing can be more charming than to flit with a favoring wind past the shores of Canonicut, and so out to Beaver Tail. The water in the little inlets and fiords of the rocky coast lies still and blue—blue as ultramarine; but farther out in the glancing tideway, all other jewels, opal and tourmaline, and sapphire and diamond, seem melted and fusing, and running a race together. Above, on the rocky headland, is the ruin of the Dumplings' Fort. Yachts come sailing in from the sea—proud, beautiful shapes, their sails shining against the sunset. As the dusk deepens, light-houses flash into view



THE KETTLE BOTTOM.

on distant points, their revolving lamps throwing a beam, now red, now gold,—

> "Petal by petal each fiery rose,
> Out of the darkness buds and grows,"—

while, noiseless as white-winged moths, the fishing-boats flit in for the night. And, perhaps, just where the sunset lies on the water with loveliest pink, you may come upon a huge rock-table, set in a wild confusion of waves and spray, on and about which innumerable black forms of sea-birds perch and flap, flecking the surf with their wings, and filling the air with strange, wild cries. "Cormorants," the old fishermen call these birds, and their favorite rock, the "Kettle Bottom" by name, is rarely found without them.

The Cliff-walk, with its four miles right of way through carefully kept private grounds, and its fine effects of rocks, and surf, and precipice, is another of the pleasures of Newport. It ends at the boat-house close to Bailey's Beach, and opposite the point on which lies the Spouting Rock, whose chief attraction seems to be a certain coy indisposition to spout.

A walk in the older and more thickly settled parts of the town is not without its rewards. There are to be found well-known objects of interest,—the Jewish burial-ground, with its luxurious screen of carefully tended flowers; the Redwood Library, rich in old books and the possession of the finest cut-leaved beech on the island; and the old Stone Mill, on which so much speculative reasoning in prose and verse has been lavished. Those ruthless civic hands which know nor taste nor mercy, have, within a year or two, despoiled the mill of the vines which made it picturesque, but even thus denuded it is an interesting object. There is old Trinity, with its square pews and burial tablets, and a last-century "three-decker" pulpit, with clerk's desk, reading-desk, and preaching-desk, all overhung by a conical sounding-board of extinguisher pattern—a sounding-board on which whole generations of little boys have fixed fascinated eyes, wondering in case of fall what would become of the clergyman underneath it. And, besides these, each westward-leading street gives pretty glimpses of bay and islands and shipping, and there is always the chance of lighting on a bit of the past,—some quaint roof or wall or door-way, left over from Revolutionary times and holding up a protesting face from among more modern buildings.

Newport is famous for its lawns, which rival those of England in freshness and verdure, being fed by a like perennial humidity. Nowhere are geraniums so splendid a red, roses so fair and sweet, or foliage-beds so magnificent, as here. There is a universal love and culture of flowers. The smallest house has its strip of garden, its window boxes, or basket-hung piazza.

Very little can be said in praise of the architecture of modern Newport. There are many costly houses, but few whose exteriors are beautiful. Of tasteful interiors there are many, and in many varieties of style, from the grand château to the Queen Anne cottage. Among the more lately built houses are some pretty examples of Jacobean and seventeenth-century styles, and two or three really old houses have been restored with admirable effect.

Many hundreds of people can be found to testify to the charms of the Newport summer, but only a chosen few know how delightful are its winters. After the crowd takes its flight; after four-in-hands have ceased to roll and key-bugles to sound in the streets, and one by one the big houses on the cliffs and along the Avenue have certified their emptiness by shuttered windows and nailed-up doors; and the bric-à-brac dealers have folded their rugs like the Arabs and silently stolen away,—the real Newport comes out of the corner where all summer long she has lain hidden, and stands on the shore to watch the flight of her gay-plumed birds of passage. Presently a sense of peace begins to fill the place. Roses go on blossoming, the geranium-beds grow redder and more riotous, frosts delay; day after day brings such noonshine, such sun-settings, and such sweet air as August never dreams of. People return from their summerings, scattered circles are reunited, winter plans are made and carried out with that zest and enjoyment which only small and intimate communities can know. Autumn lingers on till Christmas, and, when winter comes, he seems like autumn's twin-brother, only to be distinguished from him by an occasional burst of temper, soon repented of;—or if, as may chance once in six or seven years, the winter prove a severe one, with weeks of ice and snow, even then, Newport, sharing the common fate of New England, contrives to temper and modify the harshness of it by her own friendliness, so that cold seems less cruel and less hurtful than it is anywhere else. Nothing in the way of air can be imagined more delicious than the wind

which sometimes breathes in from the ocean on a bright winter's noon. It has positive fragrance, as if blown from invisible spice-islands immeasurably distant, and winnowed from all suspicion of impurities by its passage over a thousand leagues of salt sea. The days go by happily and swiftly. There are pleasant things to do, and leisure in which to do them—leisure to study, to enjoy, to be lazy, to form friendships. There are music, acting, gay little reunions, and entertainments with bright, novel features to quicken them; people have time to be original. And suddenly, one day, spring peeps in at the window, not unwelcome exactly,—for how should spring lack welcome?—but unexpected and disturbing. The best, the choicest of the year is over, and Newport, with a furtive sigh, girds herself afresh for the agreeable toils of the near summer.

But, winter or summer, the charm which most endears Newport to the imaginative mind is, and must continue to be, the odd mingling of old and new which meets you on every hand. A large portion of the place belongs and can belong to no other day but our own, but touching it everywhere, apart from it but of it, is the past. It meets you at every turn, in legend or relic or quaint traditionary custom still kept up and observed.

SPOUTING ROCK.

Many farm-hands and servants on the island still date and renew their contracts of service from "Lady-Day." The "nine-o'clock bell," which seems derived in some dim way from the ancient curfew, is regularly rung. The election parade, dear to little boys and pea-nut venders, continues to be a chief event every spring, with its procession, its drums, its crowd of country visitors, and small booths for the sale of edibles and non-edibles pitched on either side the State-house Square, which, in honor of this yearly observance, is called familiarly, "The Parade." One of the oldest militia companies in New England is the Newport Artillery, and "The Mercury,"

established in 1758 by a brother of Benjamin Franklin, is the oldest surviving newspaper in the United States. Newport also possesses a town-crier. He may be met with any day, tinkling his bell at street corners and rehearsing, in a loud, melancholy chant, facts regarding auction-sales, or town-meetings, or lost property. And, turning aside from the polo-play or the change of the day, you may chance on an old salt spinning yarns of pirates and privateers, phantom ships, or buried treasure, or an antiquary full of well-remembered stories whose actors belong to the far-gone past, —stories of the extinct glories of the place, of family romance and family tragedy, or tragedy just escaped. What could be finer contrast than tales like these, told on a street-

VIEW IN THAMES STREET.

Avenue crowded with brilliant equipages, a few rods carries you to the quiet loneliness of a secluded burial-place, with the name of an ancient family carved on its locked gate, in which, beneath gray head-stones and long, flowering grasses, repose the hushed secrets of a century ago. Or, fresh from the buzz and chatter, the gay intercorner where, just before, perhaps, the question had been about Wall street or the Casino, if the French frigate were still in the bay, or when would be the next meeting of the Town and County Club! Indeed, it is not so many years since visitors to Newport might have held speech with a dear old lady whose memory carried her

back clearly and distinctly to the day when, a child six years old, she sat on Washington's knee. The little girl had a sweet voice. She sang a song to the great man, in recompense for which he honored her with a salute. "It was here, my dear, and here, that General Washington kissed me," she would say to her grandchildren, touching first one and then the other wrinkled cheek; and to the end of her life, no other lips were suffered to profane with a touch the spots thus made sacred.

In a country whose charm and whose reproach alike is its newness, and to a society whose roots are forever being uprooted and freshly planted to be again uprooted, there is real education and advantage in the tangible neighborhood of the past; and the Newport past is neither an unlovely nor a reproachful shape. There is dignity in her calm mien; she looks on stately and untroubled, and compares and measures. The dazzle and glitter of modern luxury do not daunt her: she has seen splendor before in a different generation and different forms, she has shared it, she has watched it fade and fail. Out of her mute, critical regard, a voice seems to sound in tones like the rustle of falling leaves in an autumn day, and to utter that ancient and melancholy truth, *Vanitas, vanitorum!* "The fashion of this world passeth away." We listen, awed for a moment, and then we smile again,—for brightness near at hand has a more potent spell than melancholy gone by,—and turning to our modern lives with their movement and sunshine, their hope and growth, we are content to accept and enjoy such brief day as is granted us, nor "prate nor hint of change till change shall come."

DOOR-WAY OF HOUSE ON THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT.

SUMMER.

MYSTERIOUS greens and vivid opal tints,
And rosy dawns, and softest noon-day blues
Blend in the sea-line, clasp and interfuse
With unimaginable charms and hints
Of color, seen in shifting gleams and glints.
Gay laughter mingles with the lapsing deep,
Gay voices mock the booming of the swell,
Like wedding music mixed with funeral knell,
Or children sporting by a giant's sleep.
The sails of Fate drift past, unseen, unguessed,
Swift speed the days on wings of rainbow hues,
Joy seems a daily comer, met and kissed,
And for a season life seems but a jest,
A game, bright, aimless, watched through fairy mist.

WINTER.

THE sun has cast aside his veils of mist,
And full and golden smiles upon the sea
Which foams and sparkles, touched to life and glee,
And every day by eve and dawning kissed,
Flushes to deeper rose and amethyst:
Strange spice is in the air, the far-blown breath
Of ocean purity, its heart of heart:
Under the brief drifts hidden and apart
The early tulip sharpens its green sheath,
The sleepy, blue-eyed violets rouse and start;
Keen blows the wind and loud the breakers rave,
Far flung upon the cliffs the frozen-foam;
But friendly voices sound beside the wave,
Lights flash, there is the happy sense of home.

THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY SAGE RITTENHOUSE.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE, the daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse, retarded her steps for a moment to look at some sand-birds that were nimbly tripping and wearily piping upon the shore; then, as if they lacked the engaging qualities for which her glance searched, she started on. The sand-pipers rose at her approach, and, after a short, low flight along the beach, again alighted, and resumed their tripping and their piping, while the salt water crept over their feet, and the sound of the surf drowned their small complaint. Again she overtook them, and again they lightly flew; and, for the greater part of a mile, both followed the margin of the thundering sea with a lightness of movement and of aspect at variance with the tune their spirits seemed to carry, which, aiming at cheerfulness, fell short in dreariness.

Miss Rittenhouse was somewhat incongruously clad in a thin white muslin, through which the sea-breeze blew. Plumes, still in curl, adorned her hat, and a white lace fichu was quaintly crossed over what should have been her young and ardent bosom. In her very simplicity she had achieved high fashion,—high fashion at that time approving the costumes most in harmony with her quaint and dainty person. Not to be too quaint, she wore diamond studs in the lobes of her ears; and, not to be too simple, took care that the quality of her lace should excite admiration.

She was not quite alone in her walk. She was accompanied by a little Philadelphian,—she, too, being a native of that city, whose capacity for producing unobjectionable children is unsurpassed.

They were twenty-two, or thereabouts, and were wandering, with the consent of the young lady's mother, along a Rhode Island beach,—a beach used in winter for wrecks to ground upon, and in summer for the milder purpose to which these descendants of the Quakers were at present putting it.

It was the unfashionable hour of five o'clock, and they had gone to an unfashionable distance, with a vague intention of enjoying that freedom from conventionalities which was represented as a large and attractive feature of the place. But the enjoyment which often fails to accompany freedom was wanting here. The evening was gray; the ocean turbulent; and the narrow beach, bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by huge sand-dunes, had, at that hour, no other promenaders. Anne was almost afraid, and the soul she had brought out for an airing seemed to shrink within the fichu which bound its residence.

It was, in fact, a large landscape for small city younglings to fill; but the young man did his best to fill it with his unimposing presence and with the sort of conversation that he poured into reception-rooms in the city of Brotherly Love. He was wholly unaffected by the gray desolation, and absorbed in the improvement of his present opportunities.

He was a son of Ex-Senator Corbin, and much impressed by the fitness of his attentions to a lady also distinguished by parental eminence. Wide white cuffs were a prominent adjunct of his toilet, and on the lapel of his coat was a diamond-shaped pin, inscribed with three letters in Greek.

"This is my third year here," he informed her. "I come early and stay late. There are a number of places I should like to show you before the crowd gets here. About the first of August they begin to pour in,—about next week. We're early. The ladies are here, and the college fellows, but I think I've noticed that the men who are in business don't run down till August. That is the advantage of not being in business."

But with all his advantages, he plainly, in her eyes, relieved but partially the barren waste, and he was frequently reduced to swinging his cane and wondering that the daughter of her father should be so little stimulated by the son of his.

With all her style and her prettiness there was a shadow under her eyelashes which looked like dullness, and it was not without a sense of relief that he relaxed his efforts to drive it away, as they approached the hull of the half-buried schooner which was the object and the end of their prolonged excursion.

From the ocean side it looked intact, and its masts rose tall and straight, as if it had

outridden the storm and sailed into the sand as into a safe and permanent harbor.

"Perhaps you'd like to go aboard," Corbin suggested, tapping with his cane its blackened sides; and he started to the right in search of an entrance.

Finding herself alone, Anne shrank away toward the left, where the sea was less aggressive. It was there that the hull had struck and broken, and she walked in alone over the sands that filled the hold, lifting her skirts and looking athwart her plumes at the timbers that remained of the deck. A few iron bolts and bars were scattered about, together with some mussel-shells, white and broken, but Anne disturbed none of these things. The waves roared without. The bow was full of shadows. She even began to hear steps and a stirring of the dry, dead crew. These signs were not encouraging, and remarking that there was nothing there to see, she turned back.

The figure, however, that she addressed was not Corbin's. It was that of an older and much less exquisite man who barricaded her exit, and who, with the brim of his hat turned back, observed her with a momentary freedom bordering upon impertinence. He had evidently looked long enough to have passed from the whole to the details,—to the lace on her fichu, the diamonds encamped on the lobes of her ears. He had a gun in one hand, and with the other he arrested his progress through the aperture in the wreck, as if he had surprised unexpected game. His florid features were fixed in speculation, and his attitude and dress were not the result of a study to please the fastidious. Small brown feathers clung to his clothes, and around his neck was knotted a blue-and-white silk handkerchief. His flannel coat, buttoned tight about his body, was much wrinkled in the back across his waist, and a tendency to overdo the perpendicular in his carriage gave a further suggestion of rotundity to a figure which was still unencumbered. Anne paused and changed color, hesitating whether to go back among the shadows or forward toward the more doubtful corporeal presence; when, undeterred from his purpose, he, too, entered. For a moment, the weather-beaten hull harbored the slight young girl and the ambiguous prowler; but as Corbin approached, he moved on toward the bow, picked up some articles which he had there secreted, then lifted himself by the timbers overhead, and disappeared.

A moment later, he joined a larger and still looser-looking comrade, and the two proceeded down the beach together in the direction whence the eminent Philadelphians had come.

"They look pretty rough," observed Corbin, following their movements. "They have been after sand-birds,—probably they came through the dunes."

"I don't know," said Anne, watching their swinging strides with more interest than she had yet evinced. "We visitors are all too fine."

"Oh, they are visitors, too," he rejoined. "All sorts come, you'll find. These are the sporting kind. They look capable of selling their game to the eating-houses."

"They wont do that," said the girl, with conviction.

"Then they'll have a little supper and eat it themselves, with plenty of beer."

As the children of their parents advanced on their return, the beach became diversified by long rows of bathing-houses, on whose roofs an army of dark-blue suits were flapping themselves dry. Beyond were bowling-alleys, junk-shops, clam-houses, laundries, shooting-galleries, fish-markets; and still beyond, on higher ground, rose a score of large frame structures, which vied with one another in that spacious and joyous appearance aimed at by all hotels contrived for the deception of summer guests. The entertainment of these guests was obviously the sole, brief business of the place—a business neither so old nor so lucrative as to have called for buildings of a substantial order.

In one of the first of this assortment of cheerful haunts the sportsmen disappeared; and when Anne and her escort went by, they were seated on the veranda of a shabby edifice belonging, as it told the public, to A. Riggoletti. The veranda was surrounded by a railing and cornice of lattice-work, while between these partial screens was a horizontal opening commanding a view of the beach and the sea, and admitting the gaze of passers-by. Its present occupants, besides accepting the view of the beach and the sea, were enjoying some slight refreshment; and its present passers-by did not altogether withhold their observation.

"They are talking about you," conjectured Corbin, after a short survey. "Probably they are drinking your health." And, looking up, she once more briefly encountered the unreserved glance of the smaller man. "I shouldn't wonder if they stopped on pur-

pose," Corbin went on. "That is a favorite place for the men to sit to observe the women. It calls itself a clam-house. After all, they don't take beer. Their glasses are too small."

"There seems to be a number of clam-houses," the girl observed.

"There needs to be," he declared. "Everybody goes to them. Many a thing is the thing here which is not the thing at home. If you want to have a good time, you have to pitch in."

"How does one do that?" she idly asked.

And, as they wended their way through the shabby quarter, he gave her certain liberal instructions. They were the result of observation on the part of a little man who desired to get on in a social way, and were administered to a young lady devoid of that youthful rapture—that zest and spirit which makes one socially attractive and renders such instruction unnecessary.

What she needed to do, in Corbin's opinion, was to go everywhere, do everything, know everybody.

"The trouble here," he said, "is that one is apt to know only those at one's own hotel. The gay people are scattered about, and early in the season don't know each other well enough to combine. Just now, nobody knows anybody else. It's uphill work. We're early. The hotels are not half full yet. They open their windows and hang out their flags, but it is all a pretense, as their registers show."

"Our house is full," said Anne.

But her companion intimated that, however replete its estimable numbers, it might not add materially to the general hilarity.

The hotel in question was the smallest and oldest of the group. It presented a wide, white sea-front, with seams in the lines of its weather-boards telling of periodical additions; with long verandas, and with many little windows shaded by blinds. Within, there was a collection of musty parlors and a dancing-hall, over whose floor small boys shied the sacred-song books from the piano; while, above, innumerable little chambers opened into dark halls, lined with trunks and intersected by occasional unseen steps corresponding with the seams in the weather-boards.

The rooms for Mrs. Henry Sage Rittenhouse and her daughter had been engaged from hearsay, and it had been represented to them that the slight inelegances of the resort were compensated by its views, its simplicities, the tonic of its air, and the charms of the society which these attractions drew. This promised balance, however, had not appeared to the mind of the elder lady, in which the delights of nature had to contend with a highly cultivated critical faculty. The hotels, the shabby shops, the muddy streets, the ruined pier, the public conveyances, and even the comfortless sea itself—all wore alike in her eyes an air of cheapness and crudity for which nothing in her late surroundings or in her unfertile imagination had prepared her. Even the charm of the light, the promiscuous, and capering society, she thought more than obscure.

This society she had an opportunity of observing in full play soon after the walk taken by Anne and young Corbin. It was at a "hop" given at one of the larger hotels, whither, in accordance with the prevailing custom, the ladies had walked in their slippers, accompanied by a party from their own house.

Around three sides of the ball-room were ranged two rows of seats, occupied chiefly by chaperons and their charges, while in the central area tall, slim girls with tall, slim youths lightly careered through the racquet, and here and there men beginning to grow stout engineered with less swiftness women whose steps were of an earlier date. Some of the dancers wore their hats and morning costumes, some were in full dress; all flitted in and out the low windows, and evinced great constancy to very few partners. Within their own circles, such parties as were attended by plenty of gentlemen appeared to enjoy the liveliest spirits.

Mrs. Rittenhouse and her daughter were seated with disparaging elegance in the rows of those persons whose spirits were not the liveliest. Here Corbin joined them, and proceeded to point out the persons whose names he knew.

"People don't always seem so nice till you know who they are," he said. "That makes a great difference—knowing who people are. Occasionally, of course, some one gets in that you don't care to know, but not often. There was a rumor the other day that there was a person of that sort about, from St. Louis, but it proved to be a mistake. I have scarcely ever heard of any one figuring here who was not a desirable acquaintance. People don't come here to make a show; they come to have a good time. For my part, I think they would have a better time if they showed

off more—if they brought their horses, for instance."

Toward the close of the evening, two gentlemen, stanch and well dressed, sauntered in through a window, and after looking about with the observant eyes of outsiders, exchanged a few words and crossed the room toward the corner where the family of Henry Sage Rittenhouse sat. Before they reached it, however, they stopped in front of a young lady brilliantly blooming in rose-colored satin, not quite new, who addressed them respectively by the names of Mr. Barney and Mr. Slade; and the three stood for a little while engaged in conversation, of which the owner of the latter name bore rather the larger share.

"Who is that?" inquired Mrs. Rittenhouse, centering her disaffection.

But Corbin's ignorance was profound.

The three Philadelphians observed him narrowly; distinguished yet vulgar, agreeable yet unprepossessing, self-assured yet soliciting nothing of public opinion, not even the attention he received—overreaching respectability, overdoing virtuous mediocrity; easy, shrewd, hybrid; they hesitated to express their puzzled opinions, and Mrs. Rittenhouse resumed once more her soft interchange of thought with some friends of whose standing she felt sure.

He was a man who might have come from any rank in life; from the lowest, through natural evolution, or from the highest, through those froward dispensations which sometimes leave unfavored sons in fastidious households. His nose was large and long, of a shape that in later years would approximate his chin, and of a hue not looked for, though sometimes found, in the noses of the great. His cloudy complexion had not the tint of refinement; his forehead had not the expanse of scholarship; his dignity was not cumbersome; his manner had not the languor of one wearied of society, nor the awkwardness of one too modest before it; his compact frame was well covered with muscles and unfretted by nerves, and his dress told nothing of his degree; his thin, sandy mustache did not disclose the expression of his lips, which in their turn refrained from personalities, and his eyes, of no discernible color, shed little light upon the inner man.

"That is the fellow we saw on the beach," Corbin asserted.

"It can't be," said Anne, who had known from the first that it was.

"It is the one who drank your health."

"It can't be," she repeated.

"He is probably stopping at this house. It is the largest one here, and the most expensive. It has a bar in the basement, and other rooms beyond, which those who wish can find easily enough. Most of the gentlemen stay here."

And as he enlarged upon this topic, she followed the movements of the stranger.

A moment later, she found him standing near and bending toward her. He inquired if the chair next hers were taken, and with a flicker in her glance she told him she thought not.

"He wanted to see if you recognized him," said Corbin, as he carried it away. "I think he found you did."

"He did not seem to recognize me," she returned.

"Don't you believe it. He knows you as far as he can see you."

As they left the house, they saw him again, making his way toward a small smoking and card room near the entrance. A group about the door parted to make way for him, then closed again.

"His back," said Anne, catching once more that commanding outline, "is better than his face."

"Whose?" asked Mrs. Rittenhouse.

Corbin continued at intervals to assist his young townswomen in forming correct and liberal impressions of the vivacious society about them, and a few days later undertook to retouch some of his former work.

"I'm afraid I was mistaken," he began, "about that man we saw hunting. I have met him since. His name is Slade. He was with some young ladies, who introduced me. They had just met him, too, and seemed to want to make it pleasant for him. I spoke of seeing him on the beach, and he said the hunting was very poor. I told him you were rather startled at meeting him in the schooner, and he finally observed that he would like to meet you; he had great respect for your father. I told him I would ask you, but, of course, if you think best, we need never find it convenient. He is from—I don't believe I heard where he was from, but he is here with some New-Yorkers or some Western people. He smokes excellent cigars. He asked who you were, though I think he already knew."

"What did you tell him?"

"That you were Henry Sage Rittenhouse's daughter. It is easy to tell the truth about a thing like that."

"I almost wish it wasn't," she replied, with a slight laugh.

"What would you have me say?"

"You might say, 'Oh, you ought to know her; she's quite—quite ——'"

"All right," said Corbin, as she hesitated, "I'll tell him that."

"It would be as much as I know of him," she declared.

"I'll find out more, if you mean it," he offered, with some disappointment at her want of fastidiousness. "The young lady we saw him with is a Miss Markham; she is from New York. I don't think he is a college man, but he seems to have knocked about. There he comes, now."

They were walking on the planks of a cross-street toward some little inland spires, and Slade, coming from that direction, made Corbin a bow, including also his companion. He was taking his morning walk under a sun umbrella made of buff cotton, and Corbin declared that he was only deterred by a still lacking form from bestowing upon Anne the wealth of companionship of which he was seeking to dispose.

They saw him again on their return from the spires.

"He is bound to remind me," said Corbin; and Anne smiled a little at a persecution so amiable and intelligent.

She seemed to stand out for the first time in the light of a certain publicity which gave unheralded strangers a right to desire her acquaintance. In the limited circle at home which she was in the habit of regarding as the solar system, she was no shining star, and she had reason to be gratified by her apparent value in these larger heavens. It was a value upon which, in her heart of hearts, she stoutly insisted, though one which, in the face of certain disadvantages, she could not openly claim.

She was fair and small. Her manner lacked confidence and cordiality, and there was a suggestion of primness in her general appearance which the most expensive modistes were unable to dispel. Like most persons troubled by silence and stiffness, she was self-conscious — self-depreciative. She was conscious of being the daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse, of being the prospective owner of many paying stocks, and of knowing more languages than she would require for use in centuries. There was something almost painful in the number of tongues she had studied compared with the few English words that sufficed for her needs; and indeed the general sum of her unavailable resources made all her uses seem pathetic. She had been nominally out two winters, and still as in the beginning seemed far within. She was known to be rich; she was passably pretty; she was invited everywhere; she had smatterings of accomplishments which were the counterfeits of genius; and a number of young men like Corbin sought her favor; yet she failed to extract from all her supplies that deep and fervent delight which is properly each young girl's portion. She was not always even passive and comfortable. She seemed to have a scrap of brain somewhere above her other brains, some little lofty rag-tag of cerebrum which scorned the other stuff within her cranium and compelled her to see herself very much as others saw her—with the exception apparently of this interesting new-comer.

II.

THEY had returned to the hotel, where Corbin had accepted an invitation to dine. The dinner was over, and the diners were seeking their rooms. Corbin himself had gone for a last glance at the hotel register, when he again saw Slade in the door-way, coming toward the office at whose desk he stood. That gentleman's purpose seemed also to glance at the register, and he accomplished it before recognizing the presence of Corbin, which he did with a disinterested air.

The little fellow, however, took nothing for granted.

"Well," he said, "I asked her."

"Asked her?" repeated Slade.

"Miss Rittenhouse."

"Well, what did she say?"

"It will be all right," he answered, waving it into the future.

"We might call for her now," the other suggested, still with disinterestedness, and drawing from his pocket a gold hunting-watch, he seemed to discover that he had an abundance of spare time.

"Now!" cried Corbin, and he too drew out a watch, which he studied at length. There was a clock ticking close at hand, and all three time-pieces said a quarter past four.

It was Sunday afternoon.

"Perhaps you have an engagement," said Slade, observing his hesitation.

"No, oh no!" returned Corbin, hastily; "that is, perhaps she has. I asked her to

go out this afternoon, and she said she couldn't."

"Then we can leave our cards;" and it seemed as if a man so ready with that happy expedient might have enjoyed even a superfluity of social privileges.

"She can't be far away," Corbin presently said, affected by that view; "you must have passed her as you came in."

And putting his cane behind his back, where he held it locked in his elbows, he urged himself forward to complete the mission already begun.

Anne was still upon the piazza, where she had been sitting with her hands upon her lap, looking blankly out over the waters. If she saw anything, which is doubtful, it was the air of bleakness with the sun upon it, of which even in summer the shore was not divested, and if anything affected her senses it was the odor of the sea-weed exposed to the afternoon rays. But the monotony which was an element of almost every scene from her point of view, was suddenly rent by the appearance of Corbin, followed by Slade.

The stranger was formally presented, but the name of his residence was not added.

"Where shall we sit?" he inquired, and the place being designated, he moved two chairs nearer the railing; while Corbin, with a sense of outstaying his usefulness, drew up one for himself.

When the bustle of taking their seats could not be further prolonged, Anne's hands wandered among the ribbons at her belt. The man of the beach and the ballroom, and the man whose desire to meet her had been so pronounced, had accomplished his purpose, and the responsibility then resting upon her of feeding his interest brought her a realizing sense of how empty were her granaries. He made her think of a man of large appetite sitting down to a small repast, and the meagerness of her provision added to her embarrassment. Everything about him seemed too pronounced,—the owl upon his neck-tie, the intelligence in his eye, the smoothness of his address, the ease of his attitude, his expectation of entertainment, and even his desire to make her acquaintance,—but before she had time to note, as well as to feel, these features, he asked after her mother, as if his desire extended also to other members of the Rittenhouse family.

Anne replied that she had gone upstairs, and added that almost every one slept at that hour; then, fearing this hinted that their visit was untimely, she hastened to say that she never slept when she could help it.

"I hope this is one of those times," returned Slade; and Miss Rittenhouse soon realized more and more that it was.

He told her how fond he was of the salt air, and that he ran up to breathe,—"up in de cool," as the darkies said. He persuaded himself that recreation should become a man's business about once a year—a business whose success was the surer the less one's experience. In that regard gentlemen, he thought, had the advantage of young ladies, who were rarely relieved from amusement.

Anne did not feel that she was by any means too accustomed to the sort of amusement she was then undergoing, and signified that her capacity for enjoyment had not been impaired by use.

There was nothing, Slade went on, like a couple of weeks' vacation in midsummer. He had brought some malaria (pronounced with the broadest of a's) with him in his system, but was fast throwing it off; it was the sailing. He had been sailing a good deal since he arrived—the fact proclaimed itself in his appearance. And, taking off his hat, he looked into it as if he expected to find his appearance there. It was a gray felt hat, rough and wrinkled; and, before he replaced it, he caressed the folds designed in its manufacture, adding new curves to its brim. It gave him an errant look which his countenance was far from needing, but it gave him, also, the look of a man who accepted his homeliness with artistic understanding.

His manner was quiet and maintained without effort. It was even subdued, as if beneath it there was an unemployed force whose outlay he had checked to suit the requirements of an occasion unexpectedly simple. Even so much of it as he brought into play seemed, at first, almost too liberal an allowance; but in a few moments, as on the former times she had seen him, Anne found her impressions rapidly changing. Instead of deeming his qualities too pronounced, she found them so nicely adjusted that, under their influence, her self-distrust was removed, her thoughts diverted; her stagnant cerebrum became lightly excited; her circulation, though rapid, went on with marvelous smoothness; even her back grew gracefully flexible, and she no longer cared for the texture of her ribbons. She felt like a cold, thin person put in a velvet dress with a soft, thick pile.

He inquired, simply enough, into the merits of the house at which she was staying, and she informed him that it was a small one, that its guests were chiefly Philadelphians, some of them old friends of her mother's, and, as they did not mix much with the guests of the other hotels, it was rather more quiet than she could wish, in which Corbin concurred.

"I know this house," the little fellow put in, looking at it as if it were at a far-vanishing point of perspective. "I know it of old. The same persons have been here for forty years, and it stands to reason they are no longer young. It is awfully respectable, but you don't want to come here to have a good time. As you say, they don't mix. They are too exclusive to mix. They are afraid they will meet some undesirable person; they are afraid they will enjoy something. They didn't get me here. When I go away from Philadelphia, I go away. I don't take it with me, either. This is a gay beach, but you have to go to the right hotel to find it out. You have to pitch in. I tell Miss Rittenhouse she ought to make a change."

"Mother likes it here best," said Anne, and her hearers at once understood that the preferences of that lady were decisive.

"She is too exclusive, too," Corbin frankly avowed, and, for a few moments, while Slade listened, her social habits were discussed.

"She likes people well enough if she knows them," the daughter maintained.

"Or their parents," amended Corbin, "which is better yet."

When this interchange had come to an end, Slade expressed a wish that they had chosen the hotel he had selected for its broader basis.

"Most of the hotels here," he observed, "are like large boarding-houses, and those who have suffered cannot always control their prejudices. They are like so many side-shows without any big tent."

He admitted that he liked to get under a big tent himself, and that he had chosen his hotel only for its promising size.

"At the beaches, however," he said, "one can imagine the canopy of heaven which covers some interesting sights."

"I'd like to know what they are," said Miss Rittenhouse, with slight skepticism.

It was interesting, for one thing, he thought, to see society bringing its baggage and coming down to the sea, where, in the rather grim atmosphere, it resembled the bathing-suits catching at the air on top of the bath-houses. He was not at that epoch a society man himself, so, like all outsiders, felt called upon to make a few strictures. Miss Rittenhouse, he understood, also made a few, and they might compare deductions. It was pleasant occasionally, of course, for varieties of people to come together on common ground where artificial barriers were more or less leveled; it answered a useful purpose; but society, which, in a fashionable sense, was rather thin in spots, was nowhere thinner than at the summer resorts—which did not prevent the fishing from being pleasanter there than elsewhere. He didn't know but a man preferred his society to be a little thin in warm weather, like his coats; perhaps as good a way as any was to take a quantity of it very thin in summer, and almost none at all in winter: which had been his custom. He had not, however, been so situated of late years that he could have much of it in winter if he had chosen. He had not been in its vicinity. Another thing which he thought interesting was the throng of young people such as was then sauntering along the sidewalk. Where were they all going?

"They are on their way to the rocks," said Corbin. "It is the thing to do on Sunday afternoons. Everybody goes."

"It is the view," said Anne.

"Then suppose we go," Slade proposed; "if you have nothing better to do."

"What, now?" the girl asked, as Corbin had done.

The rocks were a point a half-mile distant, approached by a path leading over a high, bleak portion of the shore; and Anne glanced off in that cool and inviting direction. Two forms, no bigger than nine-pins, were just disappearing over the bluff, and from that distance seemed to be stepping from the horizon plump into the sea; but even with that destiny in view there was a suggestion of content in the diminution of their figures and their final loss to the world.

The daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse had found herself assenting almost with feeling to Slade's love for the salt air, for sailing, for big tents, and the canopy of heaven, and she was conscious of a continued unanimity when he proposed to add a stroll to the present entertainment. In some confusion she put up her hands to her braids, her Paris hat, her turquoise locket, and finding nothing at these points to detain her, she looked for objection to Corbin.

Corbin, however, stared at the light-ship, and with the end of his cane corrected the downward tendency of his mustache. Then she glanced at the more homely but sturdier gentleman who had taken her wrap, and the loss in declining seemed greater than the imprudence of accepting.

As they crossed the withered lawn, and while still in the shadow of the house, Slade raised his buff umbrella and holding it over her completed his appropriation of her company; and, thus bereft, the ex-senator's son declined to be of the party, and left them at the entrance to his own hotel. He was a trifle bewildered as he gazed from the steps at the lessening shapes of his former companions. From the moment of the introduction his connection with the affair had plainly ceased, and he had felt himself dropping away till he became the stranger and Slade the friend and guardian of Miss Rittenhouse. He watched that transferred young lady, who, in pursuance of his advice, was pitching in so headlong, till she and the person with whom she had taken up, to his own displacement, were lost from the horizon; then, murmuring something to himself, he went over to Slade's hotel.

Returning an hour later, he repeated an obscure imprecation with a still more obscure smile, and, assuming the air of a saunterer, started off in the direction his former charge had taken; but for all he discovered she might indeed have lain many fathoms deep.

In the meantime, Slade proved himself abundantly able to fill the part he had assumed. In those manifold ways by which men in the early stages of an acquaintance signify their appreciation of what is precious, he conveyed to her a sense of his respectful care, of his social adaptability, of his varied information on subjects suggested by their immediate surroundings, and even of a personal affinity which precluded her usual constraint. Never had a sense of so many agreeable things been awakened in her at once, and she felt that the elements of his life and character were gradually finding their subtle way into her knowledge—elements more important than the barren facts which she assumed had been deposited with Corbin, and which Slade himself apparently assumed were in her possession. Inquiry on those points would have betrayed the indiscretion of her conduct, and she waited for them to develop with a calm suspense that added to the interest of the hour.

Slade reserved most of them with equal calmness, but in the natural course of things allowed a few of them to escape him. He told her, for one thing, that he had a sister of whom, in a general way, she reminded him.

"Where is she now?" Anne inquired.

"At home," he said; "in Baltimore. It was very warm in Baltimore when I left."

And Anne's mind closed over this treasure.

She was shortly diverted from his sister, however, by striking another vein in his history. Her mother, she informed him, objected to the small rooms into which infinite space was cut at the sea-shore, and, more than all, to the hooks on the sides of the walls, which, she declared, made it like sleeping in one's closet.

"She likes rooms to be very large," said Anne. "Her own room is immense. But I tell her it is warmer now than her small one here."

And in the discussion of summer quarters, Slade mentioned that the room he had gladly left had been furnished in red: which deep and satisfactory insight into his private life gave her a certain surety for all the rest. Her mind closed over it, as it had closed over his place of residence. Once, in her younger years, when feeling considerably older than at present, she had spent the early part of a winter evening in the apartments of an indulgent Scotch gentleman. These apartments had walls in Indian red, and many luxurious chairs upholstered in leather of the same hue. A wood fire blazed among curious tiles, and fur rugs slept upon the floor. Strange pictures stood out upon the dark background of the walls, together with some outlandish weapons that had long survived the destruction they had wrought among Scottish clans. In curtained recesses were crowded book-shelves, and on a center-table were pieces of grotesque bric-à-brac. Anne was always spoken of at that time as a quiet little thing; and, sitting bolt upright in one of the luxurious chairs, moving not a finger save to adjust the petticoats which stood out about her like the petals of a many-doubled petunia, she had looked about her with a faithfulness which fixed upon her mind forever the picture of a bachelor's apartments furnished in red. This picture instantly came up at his suggestion, and instead of the Scotchman, who was also plain-featured, she saw Slade, self-possessed and slippered, scribbling at the table among the bric-à-brac.

Having thus, in a barely perceptible point of duration, located him, she gave herself no further anxiety about his home surroundings; and as her suspense was removed, her spirits involuntarily lifted. Walking along the top of the bluff, with the salt breeze blowing her skirts; with a white hand, adorned with a seal ring, turning for her the occasional stiles; with currents of thought and airs of deference playing about her, she felt strangely exhilarated and conspicuous.

Slade at one time feared she might be tired, but she was not at all tired, she thanked him, and it was far beyond the resting-places of strollers whose sentiments were of older growth that they descended from their high pathway and seated themselves upon a lower ledge. Strange craft went by. Sea-gulls dipped their wings. Long waves broke in spray. Off to the right stood a light-house, which Anne said she had not seen before.

"We might go over some time," said Slade; and the young girl expressed rare delight at the prospect, provided her mother did not object.

"Of course," he replied; "we can't do what your mother disapproves."

Anne sat bent forward; the new harmony she had established with nature appearing in a half smile about her lips, and as Slade talked on indifferent matters, she wondered she could ever have thought his appearance harsh. His face made her think of the faces of gentlemen who had reached that point of value that leads them to employ fine artists to paint their life-sized and florid portraits for a grateful posterity. She remembered some such portrait upon the red walls of the Scotch gentleman. It was one of the Scotchman's relatives, and though this relative had left behind him no posterity which he acknowledged, he had at least left his portrait and a glowing reputation, whose warm details had never been poured into Anne's ears. She asked Slade presently if he had ever had his portrait painted, stating the resemblance which she saw, and when he said he had not as yet, recommended an artist then engaged upon her father's.

Of the artists of New York he seemed to know something, at least by name.

"I spent a winter there once," he informed her, "but it was some time ago. I haven't been there much of late years."

"What were you doing there?" she asked, charmed with his knowledge of the artists.

"As near as I can remember, I spent it chiefly as a diner-out, and as a *claquer* at the Union Square," and the recollection caused him quietly to smile.

"We don't often go to New York," said Anne, gravely.

"You ought to. It is a great town."

"Where did you dine?" she inquired, upon further thought.

"At the clubs, and with my friends. Then there was a little down-town place, I remember, full of dinginess and soupy smells. I am not sure but there was sawdust on the floor;—there was always a good dinner and better company."

Anne shrank a little from the soupy smells, though she took kindly to the clubs and to his friends, accepting the whole as the experience of a man who neither displayed his great friends nor shunned his humble ones.

"Some of the most interesting people I have ever met," he went on, "I have met in New York,—as also some of the least interesting. A great city either sharpens one's wits or blunts them. It was those with sharpened wits who used to go to that little down-town place. It has moved up-town since. I confess to a liking for people who have been ground pretty close, and whose blades have got a little worn and thin. I don't know that you have ever met any one who has seen a grindstone, but they are the ones after all who generally cut their way through and come out at the top."

"There are other things beside being sharp," insisted the girl, as in mild self-defense.

"Particularly in a woman,—yes!" he argued. And she fancied that, though he had already observed in her the absence of that quality, he might have recognized others of a compensatory nature. "Indeed," he said, with further modification, "however effective as a feature of wit, sharpness is a bad element of character, only desirable when confined to the head and restricted in its action by warmth of heart."

Anne assented to the beauties of that combination, her interest in him lost for the moment in her interest in the effect she might be producing; but said that of the two she preferred the latter should predominate.

Again he agreed with her—for domestic purposes, though not perhaps for worldly advancement, nor yet for social events, like suppers at the Café Moretti, which was all he had had in his mind. And having divested his proposition of personal bearing, he spoke in hopeful admiration of men

whose advantages were slight, whose struggles were continuous, but whose grit was supreme, illustrating his views with the lives of several prominent gentlemen, whose success had already obscured their connection with the grindstone class. The chances of such men he thought at least equal to the chances of those born to fortune, and, in the light of the brilliant examples he cited, she thought them better.

They were men of whom she had heard, though not such as she had familiarly met; but their acquaintance harmonized well with the color of Slade's walls, with the liberality of his views, and the ease of his bearing, and through him she enjoyed for the time their society. She enjoyed it, perhaps, the more in that way, as in their actual presence she would have suffered from diffidence.

It was not till half an hour later, as they again approached the hotels, that Anne wished the grounds for her impressions of her companion were themselves a little more distinct. They had passed by that time the bluff, the turnstiles, the rough places where assistance was necessary and small talk easy, and were traveling the beaten road more suggestive of pure reason. Slade, whose eyes wandered over the fronts of the hotels, had less to say; and Anne, whose ears were red with a color that radiated toward her cheek, was slightly tired. Corbin sat watching them from one of the verandas; and upon entering her own gate, she found herself again watched. Then, "If you will come," she said, "I will introduce you to my mother. She is on the piazza."

The gentleman indicated his readiness by resuming the interested manner, which had partially fallen off, and ascending the steps.

The introduction this time was a trifle less brief.

"From Baltimore," Anne added; but even this clue did not greatly enlighten Mrs. Rittenhouse, who with raised hand and parted lips had awaited the delayed ceremony, and who looked from one to the other as if a mystery whose solution she postponed were involved in their comradeship.

"I have spent a pleasant hour with your daughter," said Slade, "which I shall hope to repeat, with your permission;" and his bow was beyond criticism.

The hope was politely received, but the permission by no means given; and when he took his departure there was a momentary pause. Anne looked off at the sudden, accusing twilight, feeling upon her face and thinly clad shoulders the polar waves which came from the Philadelphians in the vicinity. She was like a person who had returned from the South early in March, and whose relaxed system shrank from the severity of her native climate. Down on the rocks, where the tide was out, there lumbered a cart drawn by oxen, and two men in smocks were filling it with sea-weed. Anne watched them a moment, then, remembering her supper, hurried away to the deserted dining-room.

But Mrs. Rittenhouse was by no means willing to let this association pass as one of the many incidental to a shore where the relations of individuals were light and transient, and failed to excite the comments bestowed upon them in more organized circles.

"Who is he?" she began, coming softly into Anne's room later in the evening. "Who is he—that horrid man with so many good manners?"

And her own, which were also excellent, indicated small hope that the answer would modify the opinion she reserved.

"He is brand new," replied Anne, conscious of its weakness. "Mr. Corbin brought him over. He is from Baltimore."

The lady, who never long remained standing, seated herself with her arms resting in the short, deep space secured by the darts in her dresses, and by a few skillful questions elicited the meager facts in Anne's possession,—the accident of her ignorance and the circumstances leading to her walk; then lost no time in returning to her own point of view.

"Mr. Corbin would be easily deceived," she said, "by a man who was shrewd."

"Mr. Slade is very shrewd," Anne declared, wishing to defend him.

Two short candles burned in low china candlesticks upon the bureau, shading upward to the face of the girl, who steadily persevered in her minute preparation for the night, conscious of her mother's scrutiny.

"And was that all you knew before starting off with him?" the latter inquired, from the deeper shadows.

"It is pleasant not to know,—to find out," the daughter affirmed.

"The way to find out is to ask somebody. I have already inquired, but there is no one from Baltimore at this hotel. You don't know what you may be doing. He looks to me like a person who wants to get on; probably he has already come a long way."

"This isn't much of a hotel, anyway," observed Anne, and looking in the glass she

added, with half a smile: "The way to do is to get under the biggest tent there is."

"The biggest tent!"

"Where there are the most people,—where there is the most going on," she explained. "We might almost as well be at home as to be here."

"Better, perhaps. At home one may at least know whom one meets."

"He knows some people that we do," said Anne, rallying once more in his defense, and she mentioned the names of one or two of those contemporaries whose characters Slade had analyzed.

"Did he say that he knew them?"

"He spoke of them."

"We don't know them, either," Mrs. Rittenhouse returned.

"One might almost think it something serious," cried the girl. "He has only been here once. He may not come back again."

"He will, if he is what I think he is," the lady concluded.

But to Anne's chagrin, the next day almost passed without his proving the correctness of her mother's judgment, or giving her an opportunity to corroborate her own.

A wavering system of rotation existed at the pier with regard to the hops, and the one that night was given at the hotel of the Philadelphians. It was almost over. A number of the young guests of other houses had come out of the darkness and passed into it again at an early hour. Mrs. Rittenhouse and her coterie had already retired to rest, and the band was blowing its last bars above the roll of the serious sea, when Anne reluctantly rose. Just how far she would have gone was not determined. In a general way, she had her home in Arch street in view; but, looking again along the piazza, where a few of her robust townswomen still sat, she saw Mr. Slade and his friend, who, as before, seemed inclined to include these festivities among the mild recreations of the day. As they approached, they glanced in the successive windows at the few flitting forms. She had not recovered from the shock the sight gave her, or decided whether to resume her seat or go to her room, when she became aware that she interrupted Slade's path, and that he was bowing before her, hat in hand. His friend passed on, apparently not finding what he sought.

"Is it over?" Slade asked—"the hop?"

"I am afraid it is," she answered; "you are late." And something exquisite in this chiding made her repeat: "You are late."

Slade looked once more into the half-deserted room; then bowed again.

"I am not too late," he said, "unless you are going;" and he arranged two chairs, as on his former visit, and again inquired where her mother was.

"She retires very early when she can," Anne informed him, as she seated herself.

"And sleeps in the afternoon?"

"She isn't very strong, and almost everything tires her. She rarely leaves the hotel. She thinks it very restful here,—too restful, I should say."

Slade thought he could understand how she might find the place a trifle heavy; and the glance he permitted to wander to some groups near by seemed to regard them as bodies which might permeate with that essence a large reach of space. The intimation that she was not of that number, but rather a person of lively and original impulses, under temporary suppression, was a compliment which she resolved to deserve as their acquaintance went on. She told him the names of some of the ladies, their standing at home, and the result of a comparison made among them that day as to the relative sizes of their arms above the elbows,—which Slade seemed to find more amusing than she expected.

She then asked if there was any one besides himself at the pier from Baltimore; but there was no one whom he knew.

"I know very little about Baltimore," said Anne. "I know very little of any one there except the Bonapartes."

"Do you know the Bonapartes?" he inquired.

"Not personally," she replied. "It has always seemed like a foreign city," she reflected.

"You should come abroad and see us."

"Somehow the South seems farther off than any other point of the compass," the girl went on. She fancied, however, that Baltimore was a romantic place,—perhaps on account of the Bonaparte family.

"They are certainly in one sense romantic," he returned; and he touched upon some of the facts of their later lives with a hand which gently rubbed the tarnish from their glory, then rubbed it back again. He spoke of old Jeromes and young Jeromes, and of the ups and downs of their fortunes;—most of which had passed into newspaper literature, and some of which was embalmed in obituaries. He described their houses, their appearances on the street, their unoccupations, the hours they kept, the horses they

drove, their appearance at the theaters. "It is certainly romantic," he concluded.

"Then there was Lord Baltimore," Anne suggested, "and those sisters who made a sensation in London,—one married Lord Wellesley."

And Slade, it seemed, though apparently still a young man, was also a friend of these. He called them by name and described them in a way that agreed with the account Anne's governess had given. He mentioned also a few other names which she respectfully recognized as historic; and after spending half an hour in these circles, she unconsciously assumed a slight elaboration of manner, such as those ladies might have worn, and such as Slade himself seemed to have caught from the lords.

"There are some of those old people still left," he said. "They have white hair and wear velvet coats, and cut their finger-nails in points. They are very ornamental in their way." There was something in his tone which jarred upon Anne, and she closed the fan she had been aristocratically waving.

"They are the foreign ones," she maintained. And though Slade had not the benefit of her line of thought, she next asked, somewhat irrelevantly, if his family were Scotch.

It seemed she was not far wrong geographically; and without hesitation, which might have implied a lack of any great number of ladies and gentlemen in his known ancestry, he mentioned Wales as their original seat.

"So far as I am concerned, however," he added, "I think we are tolerably Americanized. I am afraid that knowing me will detract somewhat from your opinion of our city. I am neither foreign nor romantic. I am a struggling American."

"But I don't know you very well. I know comparatively little about you," she insisted.

"Then I should leave myself to your imagination."

"Struggling for what?" she asked.

"For the good things of this world. They seem to me to be worth having, and worth having in considerable quantities."

"I don't know," reflected the girl. "What are the good things?"

"You certainly would not think of relinquishing them."

"I don't know," she repeated. "I might."

"What would you consider their equivalents?" he asked.

But she refrained from fixing their values, as he had done from mentioning their denominations.

At that moment young Corbin went by, coming for that purpose across the side-yard from the piazza of a neighboring hotel. Slade's back was toward him, and Anne was too absorbed to see him till he was close to the spot where they were sitting, and, finding her still under the tutelage she had preferred the day before, he again smiled as in illness and passed on.

"Speaking of people who are foreign and romantic," said Slade, taking no notice of him, "I have a friend here whom you ought to meet. He is an Englishman, which doesn't say much for his romantic qualifications. But he is here for romantic purposes. His name is Barney."

"I have seen him."

"He isn't yet Americanized; I am doing what I can for him. The only trouble with him is that he is the victim of his excellent circumstances. He is too rich and indolent to take proper care of himself."

"Why do you think I would like a man who was rich and indolent?" she inquired.

"I didn't say you would like him. I said you ought to meet him."

"I shouldn't like him. I shouldn't get on with him. He is too much like me."

"Ah!" said Slade, "you have but two faults."

"I hope," returned Anne,—and here the activity of her cerebrum culminated,—"I hope that your charity is large."

"I think it will cover you," he answered, cheerfully.

Meanwhile the music had ceased; the lights in the ball-room had been put out; one by one the ladies in Chuddah shawls had borne themselves away, and the clerk had more than once appeared in the doorway. These signs were lost upon Miss Rittenhouse, but not upon her visitor, who acknowledged them by taking his leave.

It was marvelous to Anne how many things happened while she talked with Slade—how tides came in, and tides went out; how people scudded away, and ate and slept; how proprieties changed to improprieties, and the future supplanted the present; how thousands of things, like sands in an hour-glass, slipped silently through, leaving her still stationary!

Once within her little chamber, she locked the door and stood for a moment by the window, musing in the dark.

One of the peculiar features of her new

acquaintance was that it was so entirely her own. It was as if she had stepped accidentally out of the circle to which she belonged, and suddenly, in the great, motley throng of outsiders, had discovered, unaided, a remarkable person. The exact qualities that made him worthy of remark were not easy to define, but she contrasted the feeling he awakened with the dozing induced by the many counterparts of young Corbin who had formed the mass of her associates. This feeling made her akin to the brilliant and dashing young ladies at whose feet society kneeled, and gave her a taste of the wicked pleasures of encouragement and fascination to which those charming creatures were addicted. There had long existed an impression, even in her own mind, that her conduct in these matters was hampered by principles such as rarely restrain the more socially gifted; but, as she looked out upon the distant light-ships throwing their beacons far and wide, no thought of prudence, principles, or consequences marred her delicious agitation or interfered with her plans for its progress. He would be at the beach in the mornings, at the hops in the evenings, and between these distant periods there might be times when he would seek her at her hotel and draw her farther toward the vortex in which he seemed to live. It was, in effect, the social vortex to which she had looked forward in coming to the sea-shore, though in anticipation it had been formed by a large, gay company, circulating in couples by day, and waltzing in couples by night. The large, gay company, however, did not include her in its giddy whirl, but left her standing on a far and quiet circumference. Neither did it seem to include this intelligent stranger, this struggling American from Baltimore—a fact which to her sense left it poor and weak and slow, and which transferred the real center of interest to that quiet rim where she and Slade hovered.

She lighted her candle, and the young girl shadowed in her glass like a Hallowe'en specter had a smiling mouth, dark, tumbled hair, and eyes without a shadow. The transformation was almost too sudden, and dropping her eyelashes she thoughtfully stuck her pins in her cushion in rows.

She was quite correct in her surmise that he would appear at the beach the next morning at the hour when the summer visitor refreshed its worn body in the surf. She went early and took her seat in front of that section of the bathing-houses set apart to her hotel, from which post she could review the light procession streaming along the rude, continuous piazza.

The day was clear and fair, with a breeze which seemed to be bringing something. Soon after eleven o'clock it brought Mr. Slade and his inseparable companion, and their light umbrellas seemed to serve as sails urging their deliberate steps. They were concerning themselves with the crowd in the surf and the crowd on the strip of beach rather than with those on the piazza, and they passed the deal chair on which Anne Rittenhouse sat in commotion without seeing her.

They had reached that stage of manhood which frequents least the fashionable shore, and which made them conspicuous among the striplings whose powers were still enveloped in adolescence, and among the fathers of families who had crossed the meridian. As they moved on down the piazza, a little whisper rose from some quarter and followed them, and several heads nodded in their direction.

The strip of beach was dotted with gay awnings, with children digging wells, with nurses in white caps, with pretty women in brilliant toilets, with exquisite youths in white flannel, with bathers in fantastic attire, both dry and wet, crossing and recrossing from the shelter of their rooms to the shelter of the waves; and after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, Anne left her companions and strolled down to the margin where the sand was damp.

Pursuing her slightly conspicuous way with meandering steps, the white fringe of her parasol waving above her, she showed herself a person of original impulses by extending her walk to the stretch of beach beyond the line of bathers. It was the beach which she knew to be full of the song of sandpipers and of ample opportunities of a sentimental nature. It was also full, on this occasion, of a circumambient sunshine and of the soft lapping of spent breakers. Here and there were a few promenaders and persons in bathing costumes who were correcting the chill of the water by running upon the sand; and here and there a pony phaeton trundled along the edge of the foam. It was one of the latter that finally checked Anne's impulse, by trundling up and insisting that she should enter. Its occupants were Philadelphians whom it was impossible to gainsay; and they rolled on between the sand dunes which obscured the beach from view; so

that Anne never knew whether or not Slade's genius had led him at the same time toward the circumambient sunshine and the air that was plaintive with the song of sandpipers.

She learned that night, however, that he had been at her hotel in the afternoon, and that his visit had been rewarded by a conversation with her mother.

"He came at the same hour he found so favorable on Sunday," the lady remarked, "but he said nothing about contemplating a call upon you. He desired to create the impression that his card was meant for somebody else. He said he was expecting friends who would stop here. He will expect them all summer, but you will find they wont come. I tremble to think of the accidents by land and sea which will detain them."

But she did not tremble; she smiled instead.

Anne smiled more deeply still, turning her face away for that purpose.

"I guess not," she replied.

They were in a small reception-room furnished with a brilliant carpet and chandelier, to which a sofa and a few chairs had been added. Mrs. Rittenhouse was far from comfortable in one of these, but her disaffection toward the furniture was for the time being lost in the striking correspondence she discovered between their surroundings and the new acquaintance thrust upon them.

"He is what one might expect," she went on, addressing the back of her daughter, who stood at the window. "He is in very bad taste."

And she glanced at the American Brussels of large pattern, and at the green chandelier, as if she recognized him in these similar products.

"He is not so very homely," observed the daughter, who, in her turn, seemed to see him in the broad face of nature.

"Don't be deceived. He acts as if he were particularly handsome, but he is dreadful. He mingles the manners of a gentleman of ease with those of an enterprising commercial traveler. He isn't a person whom it is safe to take at his own valuation, and he is plainly indisposed to give us the benefit of any other. He should have known better than to get a little fellow like Corbin to introduce him. He is too old for that. He told me this afternoon that Corbin had gone off on a yachting excursion up the coast. I am afraid there were explanations which he hesitated to make. He has gone, it seems, without coming to say good-bye to us."

"He is offended with me," declared Anne, still preserving a remnant of her confident smile. "He is offended with me on account of Mr. Slade. He had asked me to go out with him that afternoon, and I forgot it."

"There were a number of things which you forgot. If he was offended, he is taking a fine revenge."

Mrs. Rittenhouse was a still handsome woman, who never, by any chance, failed to present to view a careful and elaborate coiffure. She had a soft voice, soft hands, soft lips, and soft skin; and it was the care of her life to preserve the general soft texture of herself and her daughter from all possible rude contact..

"I don't know how I happened to miss my nap this afternoon," she went on, "and I fancy he didn't know, either; but he made the best of it. He seated himself without waiting to be asked, and proceeded to make himself as agreeable as he knew how. His knowledge of that art is very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough,—or rather, it goes too far; he overdoes it. He is a man who wants to get on, and he goes too fast."

"If that is all he wants, I don't even see why we might not help him."

"We don't know anything about him,—about his standing."

"We might give him one, if necessary, and not miss it," observed the daughter, again addressing the broad face of nature.

"My dear," expostulated Mrs. Rittenhouse, from the region of the carpets and chandelier, "you would soon find that his scheme for attaining it was comprehensive enough. The progress of those schemes at these places is very rapid."

The young girl said nothing; but the elder did not agree with her that it was a pleasant place for the conversation to end.

"It seems," she continued, "that there is a large family of Slades, who are excellent people, but they live in Chicago. Didn't he tell you he was from Baltimore?"

"Yes," assented Anne, glad of something positive.

"I happened to mention Miss McDermott, who visited Philadelphia from Baltimore, you remember, and he said he thought he had met her. Wasn't she tall? No, I told him, she was short. Well, he said, perhaps she was rather short,—and

fair. Wasn't she quite fair? You know she is dark,—short and dark. He had never even seen her. Then he asked if there weren't two of them, but unfortunately there is only one. He couldn't get a foot-hold, and was obliged to admit that, if he had met her, he didn't remember her. He didn't go much in society. I couldn't find any one that he knew, except by hearsay, and he finally explained that he hadn't been in Baltimore much of late years,—that he didn't live there, in fact, but only near there; and he gave the name of a very small place. I had never heard of it. He couldn't be the man from St. Louis?"

"That is it!" cried Anne. "That is why you don't like him! It is on account of what Mr. Corbin said. He said there was nothing in it; but you wont believe him. You wont let him take it back. He can't get it back. You wont let go of it. It is that story. What offends you is the cheapness of things, the dampness, the briny smells. It is these barns of hotels; it isn't Mr. Slade."

"You are sorry you were not here," pursued the lady, struck by her subdued excitement. "You forget how new you are in judging men. This Mr. Slade is a man; he is not a boy. He must be over thirty. He spoke of things before the war. He seemed to prefer talking on general topics rather than about himself or his friends. It is possible that he thought my knowledge of how to make one's self agreeable as deficient as his was redundant. He didn't stay long. I certainly did not ask him to repeat his visit."

"What did you ask him to do?" demanded the girl.

"I was perfectly polite, but I trust I wasn't cordial."

"He wont come back," Anne said, in the same unusual tone.

(To be continued.)

"NO MAN'S LAND."

WHO called it so? What accident
The wary phrase devised?
What wandering fancy thither went,
And lingered there surprised?

Ah, no man's land! oh, sweet estate,
Illimitably fair.
No measure, wall, or bar or gate,
Secure as sky or air!

No greed, no gain; not sold or bought,
Unmarred by name or brand:
Not dreamed of, nor desired, nor sought,
Nor visioned, "no man's land."

Suns set and rise, and rise and set,
Whole summers come and go:
And winters pay the summer's debt,
And years of west wind blow:

And harvests of wild seed-times fill,
And seed and fill again:
And blossoms bloom at blossoms' will,
By blossoms overlain:

And day and night, and night and day,
Uncounted suns and moons,
By silent shadows mark and stay
Unreckoned nights and noons:

Ah, "no man's land," hast thou a lover,
Thy wild sweet charm who sees?
The stars look down: the birds fly over,
Art thou alone with these?

Ah, "no man's land," when died thy lover,
Who left no trace to tell?
Thy secret we shall not discover,
The centuries keep it well!

NORMANDY FARM-HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

BOTH Americans and English, I think, apply the term "watering-place" to resorts on the sea-shore as well as to the springs of the interior; but the French discriminate: those who go seaward go to "*les Bains*," those who seek the springs, whether for drinking or bathing, go "*aux Eaux*." So, though we do not bathe, it was to the baths at Etretat that we went in June,—a party of three, a brother, sister, and little yellow dog,—to recover health and spirits after eight sunless months spent in Paris and its neighborhood.

We found at Etretat scenery and air of the best, ease of life, good company, all one could ask for summer pleasure—at least, for those who rebel against the demands and restrictions of fashionable society. As yet it is far from being fashionable; few titles, I think, and those chiefly masculine,

were inscribed on the casino list in the big black book which the old women and the extremely young men were incessantly studying.

When I learned at the end of our stay that the place had been full of Roumanians and Wallachs, chased from their homes by the unpleasant ways of Russia and Turkey, I regretted that I, too, had not studied it, that I might have been aware of and have more scientifically observed such curious neighbors. We had been told the place was the resort of the theatrical world,—Faure and Offenbach had villas there,—and the inference was that manners might be somewhat startling; but we found that, to the unsophisticated foreign observer, this world in its summer guise does not differ from the ordinary world, and one confounded it with the well-to-do middle class from Paris, Rouen, and Havre, who appeared to make the principal part of the company. There were English, Americans, and Russians, as a matter of course, for they are everywhere; Germans and Spaniards, too, and Creoles—even a family of unmistakable negro type. If one could have known them all! But perhaps they would not have seemed so queer as one would wish.

The town itself is an ugly little place, built of dark flints and dingy bricks. The roofs are of slate, and the whole coloring so dull one would think it at the mouth of a coal-pit. But its situation is lovely. It lies at the mouth of a small valley, full of groves and gardens, which is cut sharply in the high table-land that forms this part of Normandy. This high land meets the sea in bold white cliffs, sisters in beauty to the opal cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and stretches inland in level lines, broken only by the curious dark groves of the Norman farm-yards. Inclosing the little bay and beach, these cliffs reach out in headlands to protect the town from wind, and so take the force of the winter storms that they are worn into arches and pinnacles of fantastic form, of which numberless pictures are always in progress by artists of all ages and all degrees of merit, from Boldini and Landelle down to little girls in embroidered hats and boys in blue sashes.

The beach is of shingle and falls away rapidly, the tides in their coming and going constantly changing its incline—now sweeping it down into one smooth basin, now building it up into a sharp-cut shelf, on the edge of which you stand and look down into the clear waves breaking just under your feet. I have never seen this charming effect of the "brimming sea" before; the bay the cup, the shelf the edge of it, and the living green beauty of the water sparkling and foaming within. Each quarter of the beach has its own peculiar life. The washerwomen have possession of the western end; next come the fishing-boats, and then the bathing-ground, with casino and terrace at the top of the beach, and rows of "cabines," out of which come at the bathing hours the oddest figures you can find in broad daylight anywhere. Still farther to the east, beyond the bathing-place, there stretches a long way under the cliffs the only quiet part of the beach. Sometimes they take the unwilling horses there to plunge and dance in the waves; sometimes the boys make unconventional water-parties there; but usually it is quite deserted, and in the fresh early day it is delicious in its still remoteness.

The town is ugly, as I have said, but the outskirts are full of gay gardens, and villas, and trees. Most of the villas are to be hired, and all are named: Villa Georgette, La Chauffrelle, Villa Orphée (Offenbach's), La Sonnette du Diable, Val Fleuri, etc. Others are startling in their broad English—Tiny Cottage, Sphinx's Cottage, Betsey's Villa! Bad taste is cosmopolitan, and makes the two worlds kin. Turrets rest on verandas, and terraces on ridge-poles, here, as they might in America; and here was built on a rock, in 1865, the towered castle with a cannon-ball deeply bedded in its great gate.

The town proper is cut by dirty lanes, one or two wider ones, and one "Grande Rue," perhaps twenty-five feet wide, named Alphonse Karr, in honor of the discoverer of Etretat. Almost every house has lodgings to let, empty shops are fitted up as "*apartements*," and I noticed two thatched boats, papered and carpeted, ready for the unwary citizen of John Gilpin's turn of mind. Looking into the rooms in passing, one was surprised to see how attractive they appeared, even in most unpromising neighborhoods. The universal white muslin curtains give an air of taste to the poorest dwelling, and I can understand what a long-time resident in Paris meant when she said windows without these curtains gave her the same impression as a woman without a collar. The French apparently have no objection to bad smells and no fears of bad drainage. Nice brick houses, with every appearance of luxurious arrange-

ments, stand side by side with the original thatched cottages, sharing the odors of the black gutters and the surrounding back-yards.

The place and people, of course, have lost nearly all their individuality since they were discovered, twenty years or so ago, but they still retain the common Norman love of fine cupboards full of china. The old quaint ones of oak have long been sold, and they have brand-new ones now. The china is of the gaudiest, and, curiously enough, always belonged to the grandmother of the present owner. We never had any direct offer of selling made to us, but they had a knowing way of ringing the plates as they expatiated on their age which seemed to imply a habit of discussing prices. One of the fine villas has a noted collection of *Vieux Rouen*, and one soft summer evening we watched through the vine-draped window of *La Chaumière* two old ladies gossiping over their dessert by candle-light, in a room whose walls were covered solid with plates.

Etretat is comparatively cheap, though, as its charms become more known, it will soon change. Its distance from the railroad has preserved to it, until now, something of simplicity. The hotels are comfortable, but in nowise elegant. Many people find their lodgings in the village and take their meals at the *tables d'hôte*. On a sunny morning the court-yard where we lived was a cheerful sight, the little tables occupied by coffee-drinkers, waited on by a dozen or so of white-capped young women with flying strings, whose names sounded wonderfully romantic: "*Celestine!*" "*Ermance!*" "*Aglaé!*"

There are many pretty walks and drives over the downs and through the cart-roads which connect the farms, but we liked best those which kept near shore, where we could see, on one hand, the green turf and yellow earth of the cliff edges against the sky or sea, and, on the other, the level lines of tawny grain and greener crops stretching into the distant softness of the interior. We were surprised to see what good walkers many French people are. The excellence of English habits of walking in all weathers has been so preached to American women that they have come to have an idea that the feet of all other nations are nearly useless. One of our neighbors at table was a huge Parisian, Chevalier of the Legion, husband of a portly lady, and owner of the smallest dog I ever saw, which appeared daily in a fresh toilet of blue or pink or red ribbon-bow on the top of his fluffy head. They used to walk their three leagues before breakfast every day, little dog and all, "playing with the wind," they said. France is the paradise for small dogs. What we are kindly accustomed to call the frivolity of the French makes them gentle and thoughtful masters to small creatures. One day, I heard a heavy sigh under my window and the tinkling of a little bell, then a deep voice, saying: "Well! Thou hast had thy promenade, my cherished one!" Of course I looked, and saw, shining red under his umbrella, a short, fat man, preceded by a shaved poodle. They were on their warm way down from the cliffs, where he had been toiling for the creature's benefit. I thought it very charming, as well as funny. The French are fond of calling poodles "mees" or "meesy."

The small church at Etretat is extremely interesting,—even beautiful. Most of the nave is old, even for Normandy; the arches round and low, resting on simple pillars of great size, some of the capitals still showing the early basket-work. The side aisles are extremely low; the narrow windows are set in deep embrasures, and heavily barred and grated. This part of the church looks very stern, though the yellow stone of which it is built gives it a soft and cheerful light. The nave has been lengthened, and a lantern tower added in pointed Gothic, whose sharp upspringing arches contrast curiously with their older companions. There are various interesting "bits,"—a tiny niche, some odd capitals here and there, the somewhat rare arrangement of the clustered columns, and so on,—but it was best as a whole, full of the solemn strength and uplifting beauty one asks for in a church. The *curé's* house and garden lie at the portal, and there was a cheery going in and out of himself and the sacristan and various dependents, giving to the soft quiet of the place a home-like aspect, which was good to note. It was good to sit there in the sunny mornings, to watch the poor old women, bent with age, who sat so long and still, and to ponder on the past history of the place and its still living intricacy of beauty. One morning, as I sat in the shadow, a tall gentleman and a tall lady entered the church for about ten steps, looked about for a minute or two, and then turned and went out; and as they went, with that intonation which our brethren of the island use when they wish to intimate

THE BEACH AT ETRETAT. (WILLIAM P. W. DANA.)

that something, not being English, is, therefore, of little worth, I heard him say, "Very small"; and the tall lady answered, "Very." But I got sympathy from the little old woman in a white night-cap, who swept the church out one morning when I was drawing there, and took much pains to spare me the dust. At first she pretended to be modest, and spoke of the church as good enough for the country, but not to compare with the fine city ones, "where the altars are all glowing with flowers, and the Madonnas have such splendid clothes!" But when she found I really thought it beautiful, she grew quite confidential, put her rosy, wizened face close to mine, and told me how very old it was, how they were not rich enough to do all that is needed, at once, but each year they do something to repair it, "and it goes on growing nobler." Such a phrase for her to use! I think I must have been in a clairvoyant state, since I understood her, speaking her strange patois, without any teeth. She was a dear little thing—a picture, in her cap and blue dress, with her pink cheeks, and her broom. I have not ceased to regret that I did not have a sou or two to give her a little pleasure; for they are all ready to accept sous, whether they ask for them or not. Signs by the road-side say that "Begging is forbidden in this department"; but they get the better of that—they "distinguish." One old man wanders up and down, stopping before every woman he meets, exclaiming: "Beautiful lady! eighty-six years!" Boys, in a friendly tone of equality, suggest that it would be well for them to have a little cake, and the man who officially gathers up the ill-smelling things from off the beach will stop beside you and recount that fact, and show you his unsavory trophies, and wait. I never heard a more expressive sound than his grunt, when he saw we should give him nothing; it expressed all his detestation of foreign avarice.

When we first arrived we were much impressed with the politeness of the children; all the little blue blouses wished us good-day in such pretty ways; but the "one sou!" which often jumped out with its little cloven foot, in spite of fear of the law, spoiled the pleasure. I was actually startled by the fierce demand for sous made by boys running after the diligence; they were communists in small, already.

It is hard to describe the attractiveness of the bathing scene, so much of it lies in the beauty of the little bay. The beach is very clean, no ugly, ill-smelling rolls of sea-weed about; the green water comes softly in—pure and sparkling. The beach shelves very rapidly, and the spectators sit as if at a show, one above another, comfortably stretched on the clean pebbles, seeing all without trouble. Here, shaded under para-

sols of every hue from white to red, many spend hours watching their fellow-creatures splashing in the water, commenting on their neighbors, and examining new-comers. There are the mingled pleasures of beautiful scenery, delicious air, personal ease, the satisfaction of seeing others appear ridiculous while you are quietly respectable, and full store of material for gossip, which, of course, was freely used, though what we heard was of the mildest and most Christian kind.

Through this chattering crowd, white-robed figures with hideous head-dresses come stealing down, absolutely delightful in oddities of figure and movement, especially when the wind seizes them. The bathing-men wait for them at the water's edge, take off these white wrappers, and henceforth manage them like dolls or babies, only practiced swimmers being allowed to go outside the two boats anchored thirty or forty feet from shore. One has a curious interest in recognizing, in his striped red-and-white tights, the man who lives over the haberdasher's shop, opposite the hotel, and feels pleased to see how well he dives. Then how surprising to see what an excellent swimmer is the fat woman with a hooked nose, who ordinarily walks so heavily on *terra firma*, clad in a red dress and red-soled shoes, and bearing a red parasol in her pudgy, white-gloved hand. But most confounding sight to Saxon eyes is the heavy black mustache, who owns the smallest poodle in the town and leads him by a red ribbon, and is now to be seen clinging convulsively to the bathing-man, whose hand is under his chin, as he patiently tries to teach him to swim. The contortions of those unwise enough to try the torture of walking barefoot on the shingle are irresistible. I defy the best heart not to laugh when a bearded young Englishman gives in, and creeps up on hands and feet; or a dignified gentleman, of mature age, submits to be brought up pickaback by one of the bathing-men. These men live in the water the summer through, yet one has survived to reach his seventieth year, and be gay still. They keep up a constant chatter, and feel they fill a place in the world's eye. So they shout to the far-off swimmers, and clap for a good dive, and encourage all without ceasing.

Their health is carefully looked after by the inspector of the baths; they are not allowed to go in for two hours after eating, and drink no *eau de vie*, but "cosy" themselves with warm milk before going to bed. Two of them bear the singular name of *Zéphire*, and one wonders how such a bit of classicality drifted up to this northern

A BATHING SCENE.

WATCHING FOR THE RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS.

shore. When the waves are high, the few bathers are forced to have a rope around their waists, or be held by their hands in the surf; and we saw a most amusing struggle between a resentful Englishman and the bathing-men asserting their authority. They conquered, and he walked like a criminal into the water. I have no doubt he swears, to this day, whenever he thinks of it.

Among the pleasures of the beach, and one not to be despised, is that of throwing stones. It was droll to see that it had its hours, as well as the bathing—after breakfast and after dinner every one on the beach threw stones. Some filled holes, some tried with a second to hit a first before it fell, some contented themselves with hitting the sea, but the same devotion moved them all; and soon the hidden necessity seized you, too, and you became one of the band.

Next to this quarter of bathing, and chatting, and leisure comes that of the fishing-boats, with all their attendant quaintnesses. Here it is all work, but what you may call gentle work, with plenty of talk and rest between whiles. No one hurries. There is no anchorage, and each time the boats return they are pulled up the beach by means of whining capstans, there to lie safely till they are slid down again with much commotion for the next day's trip. The pulling up is always an affair worth watching. The spokes of the capstan are pushed slowly around by men and women. The thing creaks and moans, and the boat creeps up the beach to the dry line. It must be very hard work, and some enlightened destroyer of the picturesque will, no doubt, soon teach them better ways.

In the spring the fleet sails to the North Sea for herring, and in the winter all the men go off to the great ports, even as far as Hamburg, to ship for the cod fisheries. These are times of dismal anxiety for the women. The Society for Mutual Aid has a thatched boat on the beach, nicely fitted up with seats inside, and here the wives of the captains sit waiting when the fleet is reported near, to give warning to the other women. Many a tale of loss do they have to hear. Even in midsummer, we saw before us a scene of watching indicative of distress. What were they waiting for? Was the boat to bring in food to hungry children, or what had happened? But before we could reach them they were gone.

The summer is the men's holiday season. Then they make but short trips each day, and spend the rest of the time in weaving

THE RETURN FROM FISHING—LOW TIDE. (FROM PAINTING BY A. FEYEN-PERRIN, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

and repairing nets and mending their boats and tackle. Each boat has one hundred and twenty nets. One hunchbacked old man was always at work on them on the beach, and there he had done the same for thirty years. Behind this lively scene, next to the road, was an irregular line of old boats, which are one of the marked characteristics of the place. They are patched and weather-stained, and, from their shape, may have been the craft of the immediate descendants of the vikings, when they gave up the griffins' heads at their prows and took to fishing instead of harrying the

coasts. They are roofed with mossy thatch, out of which grow grass and flowers in which there was always busy life of birds, even grass sparrows' nests, I think. These boats are used as store-houses for nets and tackle. St. Sauveur is the patron of fishermen, and on his *fête* there was a grand service in the church, music by the dreadful village band, and a *quête* by the demoiselles Offenbach. It was curious to see such a name posted on the church door as taking a part. Perhaps they kept off, by such pious offices, the danger from their father's evil eye. Every one in Etretat believed he had it, on account of the cold and sinister expression of his large blue eyes. After the service, the sailors carried to every house the cakes which had been blessed by the priests. These were dressed with sugar lambs and birds, and there was a tall canopy of flowers over them. I think the sailors got a good deal of money, at least from foreigners. The French are decidedly careful of their small change. The men grew very cheerful with the healths they drank, and became quite intimate and complimentary. After this, there was an inspection of the custom-house corps, consisting of six men, and a procession of everybody, preceded by the town band, each instrument of which went independently through the music. We had still greater gayeties when Monsieur Casimir Perier was made deputy, and there were illuminations, and the band from Fécamp came over to assist Etretat's in playing the Marseillaise in his garden. It seemed a very innocent thing to do, yet how little while ago it would have been sedition! We were at Etretat ten weeks, and during that time there were six gay holidays when nobody would do any work. One of them was the day of "La Première Communion," when the procession of boys and girls in white went singing up the hill at the edge of the sea to the chapel at the top, there to receive their special blessing.

In the summer the women appear to be harder worked than the men; they not only wash, but they help pull up the boats and mend the nets. They have possession of one end of the beach, not only to cover great spaces with white things drying, but, curious to see, to wash there. As the tide falls they appear from the town, carrying huge bundles on their shoulders and spades in their hands. They go to the very edge of the sea and there dig their impromptu wash-tubs, which fill at once with sweet water—the last trickling, possibly, of the stream which long ago flowed out of the valley. One would say the natives of the place never sleep at all in summer. Both fishermen and washerwomen keep the hours of the tide, and one can hear the squeaking of the capstans, and see the glimmer of lanterns, at any time of night the sea demands. One of the women told me they were often too tired to eat, but would fall asleep for two or three hours till they woke with a start to be off to the beach again. The weights of wet linen they carry are enormous.

It is a pity they have given up their old costume; a primitive white night-cap is the nearest approach they have. About mourning they are very punctilious. I met a funeral procession one day which exceeded in gloom anything I had ever seen. The women were shrouded in long black cloaks with hoods, and walked in close lines; they seemed to darken every face as they passed. I wondered if, in Japan (is it?), a procession clothed in green would have the same effect, or one in white in China. The women here grow old early, for their hard work tells, but some of the faces were very attractive with good-nature and intelligence. The artist of our party, painting among the drying fields of the beach, had a talk with one of them about the education of her son, who wished to learn Greek and Latin, and her statement of reasons why English or German would be better for him was entirely to the point. What a place in which to hear the pros and cons of the new education!

In contrast to the beach, the *falaise* is very solitary, at least to some people. But those who enjoy sea and sky, and wild flowers nestling in the grass, and sweeping gulls, and soft, distant sounds of country life, find the high cliff-edges full of companionship. Those who have the key, who believe there is some kinship in all life, and some purpose, too, can recall many an hour whose sweet serenity came from a sense of finest sympathy with dumb and what we call inanimate nature. The fine air of the downs is absolutely indescribable.

I use the word downs, yet I think that word is properly applied only to large tracts of high, uncultivated, turfy ground; whereas here such ground is limited to a strip sometimes a quarter of a mile wide, sometimes much less, along the cliffs, and to patches on the valley-sides where the gorse and broom and scrub-oak have too strong a hold to be rooted out. The rest of the

THE FIRST COMMUNION. (FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN LEPAGE, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

land, as far as the eye can see, lies ripening in the summer sun, one wide sweep of green and yellow and olive and tawny. Does my reader know Normandy? The farm-houses and buildings are inclosed together by lines of trees, in spaces varying according to the wealth and extent of the owner's possessions. These spaces have no walls or fences, or rarely so, and these only in parts, but trees grow on high, mossy banks, making a defense both from intrusion and the weather. Sometimes there are several rows, and among them valuable timber is cut and replaced, as carefully as in a German forest. Within the inclosures the farm-yard scenes are admirable—everywhere the most artistic coloring and disorder, which first delights your eye and then throws you into a sort of sympathetic despair at the misery of living in it, which would of course much puzzle the owners. There is no end to the pictures that may be made in such a place. Long yellow barns with mossy roofs lie here and there, and piles of straw, and duck-ponds. Women draw water at stone wells with arched iron-work over them; the grandmother spins in the sun; many-colored cocks and hens are pecking under a bright blue wagon, and little pink pigs nose jerkily in the grass. Calves are tethered under the apple-trees, loaded wagons are coming in from the harvest through the gate-way, and there is a view of the sea. It was in that one that we made the friendly acquaintance of an old woman as picturesque as her surroundings. She was bent as nearly double as an old fairy,—with rheumatism, I suppose, and no wonder, considering the dampness of all about her,—but she was very lively and intelligent, and we were struck by the aptness of her remarks about the picture in progress. She appreciated its good points with evident pleasure. She was much interested when we told her we were Americans:

"That country is pretty far off, isn't it?"

We told her how many days we were on the sea, and for the first time in our lives we heard it satisfactorily commented on:

"*Bon Dieu!* how long!"

She wanted to know if we had trees and corn, and groaned over our long winters of snow. The dignity and sweetness with which she bade us good-bye was delightful.

The farms near the sea are less flourishing than those a mile or so inland, and the inclosures are smaller. The tree-tops are swept by the winds into long slants, which often make an outline, as of some huge, dark monster resting on the warm fields. The trees look very old and mossy; many are almost bare of leaves. What will they do when these really die? Will they plant new ones, and wait long years while they grow in the sea-wind? Or will the spirit of change lead them to try something new, and probably ugly? Meanwhile, they stop the gaps with sheaves of the colza plant, after the seeds have been beaten out in the fields, and these gray masses among the trees are in themselves beautiful patches of color.

One longs to take one of these farm-yards in hand, and, with taste and neatness, make it into a little paradise, with all the beasts around. The farm we most liked to visit lies on the heights to the east. Near it is the ugly chapel, which so cruelly fails to be the pretty Norman structure it ought to be, in such a situation. Though very old, it might, belfry and all, have come out of any New England builder's brain, and—so far as one's eyes allow—one leaves it out of the view. It seemed to be especially the haunt of sailors, as such high chapels looking over the sea usually are; and it is fitting that the first sight they have of home should be the church where candles are burning and prayers being said for their safety. There were always these little lights twinkling on the altar-railing, and many offerings at the feet of the statues, and one or two pictures of ships in the last stages of storm, which yet, no doubt, did come to shore, and men who were in them, and knew what they had been through, drew these, which told the story in a way not to be scorned, though everything in form and color was wrong.

The farm belonged to a rich lady of Rouen, and the tall farmer hired and enriched it at his own expense. His wife told me that it had been much run down, and I spoke of the pleasure of making things better. "Yes, we were put into the world for that," was her answer. She always had something good to say, though she had no teeth to say it with. She was, perhaps, not more than thirty-five. This was one of the most thrifty farms of the neighborhood, and the interior of the cottage looked really clean, which is rare here. The arrangement of the kitchen recalled what I had read of those in the East. A low platform, covered with blue-and-white tiles, ran the length of the room, and the pots and pans rested on the coals in a hollow in the middle. All the

rest of the space seemed to be useless. It was pleasant to sit in the shade and see the farm-work going on in such a picturesque place, to watch the calves browsing under the apple-trees, and the ducks careering over their pond. Though it gave a startling turn to one's thoughts to see a farm-boy come in, and first wash his face in this green-and-brown puddle, and then proceed to fill his jug for luncheon with the same! They often suffer much, on these downs, for want of water to drink, even out of duck-ponds.

Best of all was to lie on the grass in the fields, or on the edges of the cliffs, and listen to the larks and the rustling grain—no other sounds near. There are but few of those dark, rapid creatures which crowd our grass and absorb one's thoughts. Here one can lie in it in peace—even sleep there; and there was nothing two of us liked better than this form of doing nothing. Etretat is certainly a lovely place; but perhaps its greatest merit is the air, fresh and full of life, yet so fine and soft. To New-Englanders, accustomed to shrivel up when the wind comes from the east, it was a constant surprise to feel the north-west wind come in from the broad ocean as a soft, attractive guest, that added a pleasure to life.

Those unwise enough to be energetic in summer can find numerous expeditions. People were always going off on long tramps, and coming back quite red. There is the *Fontaine de Mousse*, where a stream trickling out of the face of the cliff covers it green with pendent moss, in lovely contrast to the yellows and creamy tints of the stone. Then there are two *chaudrons*, where the waves boil into superb spray; and Yport, a little fishing-village, worse than Cologne with the smell of dead fish at low tide, yet wonderfully pretty. Most famous of all is the trip to San Juan, to see "La Belle Ernestine," now an old woman, keeping a restaurant whose walls are covered with verses and sketches by famous people. There are villages with pretty church-towers everywhere among the fields, but none in ruins, and no abbeys nor castles. Only the gables of a fort built by Napoleon when he was threatening England, and now used as a coast-guard station, I believe. These coast-guards, who have their places as a reward for merit, are a very fine set of men. Their faces were keen and intelligent, and singularly pleasant. I liked to meet them dropping down the hill, heavily armed, their guns slung ready at their shoulders; they were a most attractive representation of the power of the law. We were told there was very little smuggling, and again, that there was a great deal; so perhaps they might have some exciting stories to tell. Their lairs on the cliff-edges do not seem to imply a perfectly quiet life. It is a curious fact about these cliffs that, when the sun shines long on them, they crack with the sound of musketry.

The manners of the people among themselves are very polite. No matter how poor, how ragged, or dirty, they are always "Monsieur" and "Madame." They seem very kind to the children, using the prettiest names, "*Ma belle*," "*Ma bonne*," "*Ma petite fille*." They use the second person singular to them, and to animals, too, and it had a very gentle sound. Even the rough boys were capable of politeness, though they consider artists fair game, and would crowd and gaze with an intimate persistency which made a sensitive nose a burden. A joke was the best weapon of defense. The beach is the play-ground of the town; the children wandered about and played their games in the midst of the fine company. The artist of the party had some political talks with the farmers and fishermen, some of whom commented shrewdly on men and affairs; but in general they seemed quite indifferent as to the form of government—they wanted stability. He was much impressed by the constant reference to the value of work. "*Bon courage!*" was often their greeting, as they passed him at early hours under his umbrella; "all the world must toil."

The casino is like all other casinos, I suppose. To us, it seemed the abode of chattering dullness, in spite of plays and concerts and "*petits chevaux*." To one thing—fresh air—every one there, except English and Americans, had great objection. Leaving the door open on a crack as you entered was a trick that was vain; some one immediately shut it, and darted a look of defiance at the barbarian who had put them in such danger. The dressing was extremely simple; gowns were short, and hardly a silk one was seen. Fragile elegancies trailing in the dust were unknown. But all wore heels of the highest; even the excessively fat women—of whom there were more than I ever before encountered—tottered about on these heels. Perhaps they were Wallachs. Sometimes they seemed to be in the majority, so much was one occupied in considering their vastness. I was told that, at some of the watering-places on the sandy shores, it had become the fashion to go barefoot. Human nature

had rebelled against slavery, I suppose; and then how piquant to see a pretty pink foot peering in and out under a soft summer dress!

We found several parties—French, English, German, and American—with whom we had delightful intercourse; but, as a whole, the company seemed commonplace, without even external elegance. There were some exceptions, of course; one a thin, dark woman, without any beauty of figure or face other than her smile, and that it would need a poet to justly describe. It made her instantly beautiful; and, strange to say, the pleasure was not lessened by the conviction that it was an art she possessed, and that the bright, sweet light which filled her face was a matter of intention. There was another woman, looking extremely like her, who tried the smile, too—but! as a Frenchman would say. We noticed much charming family-life led, in all simplicity, before the world; the parents were proud, the children loving, there were mutual confidence and reasonable ideas. As everywhere in France, the connection of the stupid face with the red ribbon in the button-hole made one ponder as to why they should so often go together; politics explains it, I suppose. One of the *décorés*, a polite old invalid, bewailing himself that he was forbidden to smoke and did not care for eating, appeared not to think of any other way of filling the hours. Seeing the artist going out to his work, he exclaimed: "What, you paint? Would to God I did!"

Etretat is much the haunt of French artists; some prominent ones have *ateliers* there, and there, as elsewhere, they show that lively interest in all serious effort, and that encouraging spirit of comradeship, which marks the French artist.

They say the English come over in greater and greater numbers each year. They have an unerring instinct for natural beauty and comfort. They have made ease of living into an art, and know the proportionate value of each item of it. Who other than an Englishman, for instance, would have decided to come to Etretat because it faces just to the point where you have beautiful effects of light on the sea, but no glare? As usual, we found among them some of the most delightful possible companions, though here, as always, one has to distinguish between Britons and English. Of the first, one wishes to see as little as possible; among the second, one can find everything that is worthy of admiration. English women always make me envious of their practical scientific knowledge. They know the flowers and fishes and birds and butterflies. Even the children have little hammers, and knock knowingly at the rocks. Almost without exception they have pleasant voices; even those who otherwise were not attractive spoke in sweet and interesting intonations. I was sorry to find that they did not seem as strong as we thin and nervous American women have been taught to think. They all walked, to be sure, and seemed to have a sense of merit in going on long expeditions, from which they would come back red in the face, with draggled flounces. They have their own fashions of dress, and one could tell them at a glance by their hats, or, if without them, by their noses. I do not know what it is which makes an English woman's nose so distinctive. They are usually handsome ones, and full of character. It was delightful to see how afraid they are of each other. One stormy day, when the artist was making a sketch of the waves, an English girl came near and politely asked, in British French, permission to look. When answered in her native tongue, she cried, aghast: "What! are you English?" and ran away! The third member of our party found great favor among them, even to the point of being occasionally picked up and carried over places hard for his short legs. They fully appreciated his dignity and sweetness, and the admirable blackness of the inside of his mouth. A nice boy of sixteen considered me a kindred spirit, and poured out long eulogies on the charms of a hideous bull-dog he had left howling for him at home in England.

Some of the Americans—there were but few—were handsome and intelligent people, and danced better than any one else. But there was one American such as Europeans sometimes think typical—rich, boastful, ill-bred, self-satisfied, ignorant, and presuming. He wished to be universally intimate, and "treated" constantly. He appeared to know nothing of French, but talked loudly of its absurdities, and declared that the "American language" was the only one fit to speak. He had traveled much, apparently. "Oh, yes," he said, "he knew all about Hungary,—he had been three days in Prague"!

September, they say, is usually a month of clear, delicious weather, but August is apt to be cold, even to the wearing of seal-skin coats and the warming of dinner-

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN. (FROM A PAINTING BY EUG. FEYEN, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.

plates. When at last, on the 12th of September, we thundered away along the fine roads, the poppies were gone and yellow flowers had taken their places. French women do not wear yellow till they have left forty behind them. Do they take the idea from Mother Nature's treatment of the years as they grow old? The fields were dark; the farmers were plowing for their autumn crops with very clumsy machines. Everywhere were grouped fine stacks of grain with crosses on the peaks, for this part of Normandy is very clerical.

The working horses are usually white, large, heavy, and round; they looked in good condition and content, whereas the few dark ones were wretchedly thin and weary-looking. The cows are enormous square-framed creatures, which seemed kind, but not as interesting as are their pretty sisters not so far off in Jersey, or those most attractive dark bits of cows in Brit-

tany. They are always tethered in these unfenced fields, and their aspect, when fortune puts them into a clover patch, is something good to see. They told us Normandy is exquisite in spring-time, quite covered with apple-blossoms. The fruit is not handsome, and is used chiefly to make the famous Norman cider, which there is sometimes called beer. In the warm weather we found it a most healthful and pleasant drink, but so soon as the days grew cool it began to set our teeth on edge. Normandy is a poor country for fruit, but along the Loire and the southern bank of the Seine it is delicious. I am not quite sure it would not be a summer well spent to haunt those regions while the fruits were ripening, one after another, and culminate in a feast of *Reine Claudes*, bursting with golden juice. On this last drive we passed the one costume we saw in all those weeks, and sighed to think how all the world is dressed in the same gowns. If those Wallachians and Roumanians had but worn their extraordinarily complicated costumes, and the washerwomen, and the Spaniards, and the Dutch maids theirs, what a scene would Etretat have been!

There are not many fine chateaux in this part of France, and we noticed a curious point of difference between the few there are and the country-houses of England, which are placed as far from the public road and hidden from the world's eye as much as possible. Here, on the contrary, the house was always near the boundary, and openings were left in walls and hedges through which to see the world go by. The French cannot be tormented by coveting their neighbors' land, since they are so willing to keep the dividing line in sight.

TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well,

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!

STEAM AGAINST THE WIND.

An ice-yacht flits about like a swallow, skimming over the river with the speed and grace of a bird. She is better than a bird, for she takes you along in her flight and gives you the triumph of the wing, as she sweeps, and swings, and trembles on through space. Mount this wayward flyer as she is launched upon the wind. Your course is down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, and, as your sail begins at a moderate speed, you can observe the scene.

The old river is not now in its human, sympathetic mood, when it hums with talk and song, and its banks are bright with lawns and flowers. It is a long, narrow, level valley of ice, all gray between its dark brown headlands. The hills are sober in a fur of bare trees, and the fields are bald and white with snow. As you look eighteen miles down the narrow valley, it seems walled in by high headlands marking a long perspective, down to where the Highlands close about it with a wall of hoary mountains. The pure, keen air gives even the distant scenes the clearness of a miniature. Here at the start are the shores of Poughkeepsie, with smoking furnaces, deserted docks, and sloops bound in the ice. Two miles below, on the right, is Blue Point—a high head of rock frowzy with bare trees. On the left are the cuts and tunnels of the railroad and the high cliffs, hung with gleaming icicles; and a train comes thundering into the wintry silence and veils the bluffs with steam and smoke. Farther on are the docks and houses at Milton nestled under the bank, and the Barnegat hills opposite covered with an olive-black forest of arbor-vitæ. On the right, the deep gorge of Marlborough veils its winter sculpture with golden willows, and the bold headlands of Hampton roll along the shore. Opposite these is the village of New Hamburgh. The valley expands still farther on into the broad bay of Newburgh, lying at the base of the Highlands. It is a long, narrow stretch of cold and desolation. And yet, in gliding about, you get glimpses here and there of cheerful, active life. You may peep into fishermen's huts on the shore, where men are netting; or at a deserted mill tottering back under the rocks, while its perennial brook still sings and sparkles down the cliffs, now white with icicles and beds of frost-flowers. Your mind may linger about the farm-houses on the hills, where warmth and cheer fight off the winter cold and the biting breeze. It begins to blow more, and

you find yourself flitting about from village to village with a quick and pleasant motion. Teams crossing at the ferries shy at you and hasten their pace. Gangs of men are working at the ice-harvest; fishermen are hauling their nets up through the ice or skating hastily toward little signals that respond to a "bite"; foot-passengers are gingerly picking their way on the slippery surface; groups of men and boys dot the ice with their black figures and reflect the sunbeams from their skates, and more retiring couples swing along, hand in hand, in the little bays and coves. These bits of life and color are doubly welcome in the desert of winter, cold, clear, and stern. The stillness of death is broken only by the loud cracking of the ice—mutterings of the old river making a continual roar. You hear many sudden snaps, and the clear ring of thin sheets of ice falling in the "windrows"; then an angry crash from ice along the shore. The deepest tones are the loud, musical notes of a great crack that starts under your very feet and runs off to the bluffs.

All the large cracks run across the river. The lateral expansion finds room by crowding the ice upon the shores; but as the expansion up and down the river is prevented by bays and points, the ice buckles up in ridges across the river. Sometimes the bend goes downward and forms a hollow filled with water, until one side of the ice, dropping below the other, is caught by the tide, and broken off, and carried away. Such cracks often remain open all winter, for the water, boiling up from under the ice, is not easily frozen. In other cases, the bend goes upward and raises a ridge or bridge, sometimes several feet high; this does not interfere with travel until one-half drops down and makes a step or fault. The river is divided into long lanes and fields of smooth ice by windrows crossing in every direction. In some regions the windrows are so numerous as to prevent sailing; in others, large expanses offer good ice for long distances. When the first ice formed, it was so thin that it broke loose from the shores in large cakes or "fields"; these, in floating against one another, fractured the edges, turned them upward, and made ridges of broken ice, some of which are thin, clear sheets standing at every angle and flashing like mirrors. The yacht glides about in these fields and lanes, avoids the old mounds and windrows of snow-ice, and now and then dashes through a thin windrow, while the scales rattle and gleam like crashing glass.

All at once, you seem to be running straight into a hole of still, open water; in an instant you are skimming over the glassy surface of new ice. As you look down, you see muddy water floating under you in small, boiling currents like little clouds. The ice in places is quite full of bubbles; those near the surface are all white with delicate frost-work such as you have

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

seen on window-panes: those farther below, being protected from the cold, are as clear as cut-glass. Here and there is a catacomb filled with the skeletons of grass and ferns torn from the mountain brooks. The ice is all faintly veined and marbled, and tinted with reflections of the heavens. It seems like a picture of a dim twilight sky, with crystals for the stars. In other places it is a record of Nature in a warm and lenient hour, when she modeled in the ice little landscapes with gorge, rivulet, and bluff, and decked them with white flowers; but Old Winter caught the ripples playing with the wind and petrified them. There are great lumps of light, as it were, where blocks of ice lie in the sun; mosaics of frost-flowers, and Nature's geometry of crystals; and beautiful fractures, some of them composed of flat spiral strands like the threads of a screw, which gleam in the sunshine like a rope of rainbows. Thus the scene and the experience of ice-yachting are full of the weird and the magical. The gray desert of winter gleams with vivid colors; the silence of death is broken by roars as of sharp agony; you move airily over the surface of the deep; you lie still as the dead, and yet you glide about with the unearthly ease and freedom of a spirit. And your eagerness of expectation matches the keenness of the air and the brightness of the sunbeams on the winter scene.

You go on down the river now with a good wind on the beam. The playful breeze freshens in flaws, as if trying to escape you; but still you follow its wayward motions: you start when it starts, flit over the ice with its own speed, turn and glide with the lightness and the grace of its own whirling dance. The ice-yachts darting about look like white-winged swallows skimming over the ice: as they cross and recross your course, you hope that every captain knows his business and will avoid collisions. The ice-yachts have anticipated your wish, and flown away to various points of the horizon while your thought drew its slow length along. The ice seems to be running under you with great speed, and you sometimes feel that you might easily drop off the open, spider-like frame of the yacht. By such rapid motion, the bubbles, crystals, and lines of the ice are all woven into a silky web of prismatic hues. You distinguish only the cracks that run with the course; and, when they deviate from it, they seem to jump from side to side without connecting angles or curves. The mounds and the windrows seem to come up at you suddenly, and dodge past. You begin to hold on to the hand-rail, and lie close down in the box. If you are steering, you feel that your hand is the hand of fate; and the keen excitement nerves you to extraordinary alertness. The breeze sings in the rigging; the runners hum on the ice with a crunching sound, and a slight ringing and crackling; and a little spurt of crushed ice flies up behind each runner and flashes like a spray of gems. The yacht seems more and more a thing of the air,—her motions are so fitful, wayward, and sudden. The speed with which you approach a distant scene makes it grow distinct while you wink with wonder. Things grow larger, as if under the illusions of magic; you feel the perspective almost as a sensation. You turn toward a brown patch of woods; it quickly assumes the form of headlands; these are pushed apart, and a gorge appears between them; while you stare, a stream starts down the rocks, behind the trees; a mill suddenly grows up; the rocks are now all coated with ice; statues of winter's sculpture are modeled before your eyes, and decked with flashing crystals, just as you turn away to some other point of the horizon. So you seem to be continually arriving at distant places.

A regatta is to be sailed over this course, and you arrive in time to see the start. The yachts all stand in a row, head to the wind. At the word, the first in the line swings stern around till her sails fill; she moves off at once, and the crew jump aboard,—one man standing or lying on the windward runner-plank and holding on to the shrouds, and the helmsman and another man lying in the box. Then the other yachts successively swing around; and, in a moment, the whole fleet is under way, gliding in zigzag courses among the windrows and mounds. They all diminish in apparent size with astonishing rapidity; they seem actually to contract in a moment to a mere white speck, skimming about the river miles away. You join the crowd of men and boys stamping and slapping to keep warm; you exchange a few words with a friend, and when you turn around again, behold the yachts sweeping down upon you! They grow as they come, flying at you with a wayward, erratic course, and you feel the wonder of embodied speed. The ten-mile race of the ice-yachts is lost and won in as many minutes. But for those who sailed it, these minutes were filled with more excitement than is found in many a long life-time.

Embark again and return up the river.

The wind, freshening all this time, now pours down over the banks of the Hudson in strong gusts. The sky is partly covered with clouds; the gray desert of winter has lost its gleams of color; snow-squalls enshroud the dark headlands, and the grim face of Nature frowns with stormy gloom. It is a time to draw up to the fire and talk of storms, while one is basking in luxury and warmth. But you are launched upon the wind; the light snow whirls upward in the lee of the mainsail, and she seems a spirit of the air in a cloud, sweeping onward like a whirlwind. The wind howls in the rigging, the ice crashes, the runners ring, and you hold on to the shrouds in a nervous frenzy of excitement. As she turns in her sudden motions, you feel as if your body were trying to fly on in some swift tangential course, even though your hands and feet remain. Space opens freshly before you every moment as a strange, devouring void, and you fly into it with a wild, erratic motion, seemingly beyond the rule of human will or natural law. You are not shut up in a ponderous train—a whole world of material, roaring, jolting matter. Here you fly alone through the keen air and the flashing sunshine, with the speed of a bird soaring in the sky. But your eyes are not those of an eagle, and they see things changed by the rapid passage. Objects seem melted down and drawn out into blurred, elongated forms; shapes and colors are lost, and things look blue. Now the wind lulls again; you listen to the roaring of the gust sweeping up the bluff and through the bare forest; then a louder roar comes on, as an express train thunders out of the tunnel. The windows are filled with eager faces, and waving handkerchiefs stream in the wind; the engine blows a shrill challenge, and you wave an acceptance. But the wind plays you false, and the train passes in triumph. Then all at once you get the breeze and move up; you skim along with ease compared to the thundering tread of the iron horse, and you gain on him. As you come abreast, the windows and platforms are crowded with excited people; you hold on your course and, with the next gust, pass them as though they were slowing up, while they cordially salute your victory with more waving and whistling. You soon lose sight and sound of them; the wind roars in the rigging; as the yacht sways in her course, her extreme speed makes her divergences appear like leaps from side to side—a mad, reeling motion. As she "rears," or heels over, she seems to rise for an actual flight into the heavens; she slides a little sidewise with a wild, tremulous motion, and you wonder where she will alight. Now she rears again, and at that moment you have to wear away to avoid some rough ice. The descent and the swing combined seemed to have destroyed the force of gravity; your body seems to have lost all material existence, and you swing through space with a rush that makes you shiver. You have been in the shadow of the clouds, but now, in a single instant, you fly into a sunny world, gleaming sharply, faintly, with prismatic hues: you are dashing through a windrow, the ice flies and the air seems filled with a shower of diamonds. Even while they fall you have crossed the sunny world and entered another of storms. The whole face of nature is animated; the hills grow up while you stare, and come rushing at you with a new and awful grandeur—a feeling of omnipotence. But they pass by, and subside again, as if by a magic spell. Suddenly something has happened; your feet have flown out from the plank and your body swings out by the arms as if whirling on a trapeze; the yacht has run over a mound of ice and snow a foot or more high; as this tossed her into the air, the wind on the quarter swung her stern around and headed her across the wind, straight for a high mass of broken ice. And she keeps right on, through all these gyrations, with such speed that you have to cling with all your might to prevent her from flying from under you. The captain, however, keeps his head, and in a moment wears her away again, with another of those inconceivable swings and sweeps of a bird. Her sudden starts and turns make her a living thing of the air, full of wild, swift, and graceful motions, and a wayward willfulness that is startling. Now she dodges a mound with the clear determination of certainty; then, in the midst of barriers that would crush us all, she sways and reels and roars as if in the confusion of inevitable destruction. But the spell of magic is upon her, and guides even her wildest flights. The horizontal or the upward tendency of every atom destroys again and again your sense of weight; your body seems the subject of unseen, unknown powers; and a keen, shivering glee flashes through your soul. Such a flight over the earth is among heroic feats, and it kindles your nature with the fire of valor. But the flight is done, and you must stop the triumph of the wing; you descend from

WAITING FOR THE START.

the clouds of snow and the roaring storm on which you flew as an eagle on a whirlwind; you return to the common earth, to the long, narrow valley of ice, dull and gray between its headlands, now flaming out in the cold, clear, silent evening.

Ice-yachting seems to be the acme of recklessness. In its early days, when the men were less skillful, and the yachts, being ill-balanced, were less manageable, accidents sometimes occurred. But now that experience has improved the methods of handling and building, ice-yachting may be called a safe sport. Serious accidents are almost unknown, and yachtsmen do not hesitate to sail with their families under reasonable conditions of ice and weather. The ice-yacht is the fastest object moving on the earth; but if any one find her motions too slow, let him put on skates, and holding one end of a long rope made fast to the boom, take a tow behind her on smooth ice; when she is under full speed put her about sharply, and give him a swing before he lets go the rope, as if from a sling. He will compare himself to a bullet.

The handling of an ice-yacht differs from the sailing of other crafts in many particulars. Her sails are always trimmed flat aft; but if a wind on the beam is so strong as to make her either slide or "rear up" too much, the boom is sometimes let off a foot. The steering of an ice-yacht is very surprising to a water sailor. The tiller generally moves as easily as a straw, unless the rudder catches in a crack or runs through snow or rough ice. Her extreme quickness and delicacy in obeying the helm is one of her chief attractions; but the helmsman must have a cool head, a quick eye, and a steady hand. Otherwise she may whisk about with such sudden and erratic motions as to throw all hands into eternity. Nevertheless, she may be turned about with extraordinary quickness if she is brought gradually to the shortest part of the curve,—somewhat as a whip-lash may turn very sharply without snapping. This gradual turning is very necessary in a stiff breeze; for if she be put about too suddenly her momentum causes her to slide sidewise, and to lose almost all her headway.

Pushing the yacht is the most prosaic experience. But it is often required in light, flawy wind and on a snowy surface where the friction is great, to prevent her from stopping and her runners from settling in the ice. Steering among obstructions and over rough ice or cracks requires much ex-

perience, coolness, and promptness. In going over a rough place, she is first headed so as to spill the wind and relieve her of strain; she is then headed as straight across a crack as possible, that the runners may not slip into it, and that they may both cross it at once. In going over broken ice where the cakes overlie one another, one or both runners must be run on the highest places to raise the plank above the obstructions. It is better to jump down from such high mounds or cakes than to attempt to run up their steepest side; for, if the points of the runners catch on the edge of a cake or in a snow-bank, the yacht will be brought up so suddenly that her rigging may all go by the board, or the whole craft may be wrecked. In approaching dangerous places, it is sometimes necessary to stop very quickly. The usual mode of stopping is to luff her up and run her into the "wind's eye" till all her headway is lost. There are two modes of stopping quickly. When sailing close to the wind, luff her till her headway is diminished somewhat, and then turn the rudder quickly square across. This acts then as a brake, scraping sidewise on the ice. The strain on the boat, of course, is very great, and necessity alone justifies this maneuver. When sailing free, stopping suddenly is more difficult. Pay her off to jibe, and as the boom, in swinging over, gives her a jerk, at exactly the same instant turn the helm quickly square across, pointing, of course, to leeward. This jerk hauls her stern suddenly around and she turns about into the wind, while the rudder is kept square across to act as a brake. If the speed be not very high, the yacht may be stopped in the space of two lengths by this maneuver. An ice-yacht is temporarily anchored by turning her head to the wind, lighting up the jib-sheet, and turning the rudder straight across. The jib-sheet should always be cast off, to prevent her from getting away alone. On one occasion, when the fleet had come to anchor in a cove and the men were loitering about the yachts, one yacht ran away. The jib-sheet was not cast off, and a gust of wind had started her alone on a wild and dangerous course. She first stood off from shore, but suddenly put about. She came straight in, and in a moment struck another yacht and made two complete wrecks, but fortunately did no other harm.

An ice-yacht is got under way by trimming the jib-sheet and then swinging her stern around and pushing ahead till her sails fill. When she is temporarily laid up, all her run-

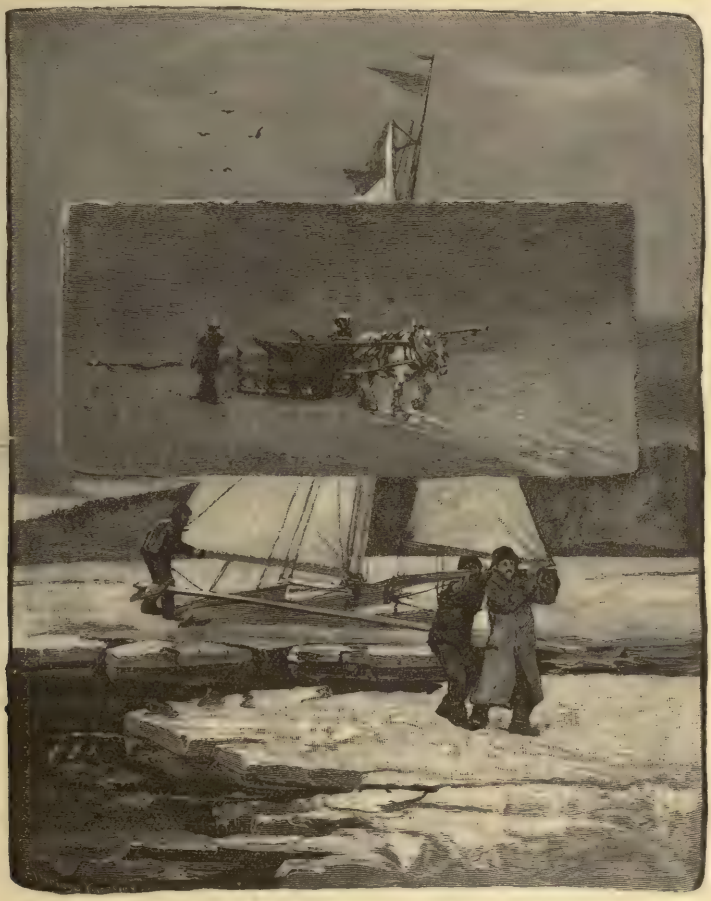
TAKING A TOW.

THE WRECK.

ners are placed on pieces of board, the tiller is removed from the rudder-post, and her sails are protected by canvas covers.

The crew stand on the windward runner and hold on to the shrouds. This is the only proper position for them; for there they not only give their weight as ballast on the windward side, but also relieve the leeward runner of extra weight added to the pressure given by the sail. And, moreover, it is the safer side, since the spars, if carried away, cannot fall on them, and if she capsize, they are not under the sails. In a light wind, only the helmsman lies in the box; but when a stiff breeze makes her slide around, more weight is required on the rudder to make it take hold of the ice. The best management of an ice-yacht can scarcely be described; it varies with different courses and must be learned by intelligent practice. In general terms, of course, her actions are like those of other sail-boats; but, in some particulars, her special features necessitate a different handling. She sails closer to the wind than any other craft; a good ice-yacht stands up within four points, and she goes about so quickly that she loses but little of her headway. In beating to leeward,—the ice-yachting expression for sailing with a free wind,—when she has her full speed, pay her off nearly on her true course for a little way; then should she begin to lose much of her headway, luff, or come up a little more to get up headway again. She is thus kept always at high speed, yet makes many short runs nearly on her true course. The higher the wind, the more she can run free. She always jibes on this course, and, if the wind favors, makes a long turn. To "bring her to" at a given point while running free, reach a point many lengths directly to windward of it; then head her directly with the wind till she slows up to the same speed as the wind, turn her suddenly into the wind till she is nearly stopped, and then turn the rudder across as a brake. A sharp lookout must be kept for cracks and rough places in the ice, for an ice-yacht cannot go safely at full speed over obstructions more than a very few inches high. When sailing over such places, she slows up and picks her way

among impassable mounds and windrows. But it sometimes occurs that a yacht flies over dangerous spots without either care or misfortune, and often in these fool-hardy or unavoidable feats she is brought up all standing against some obstacle, the rigging parts, the spars go by the board, and she looks in an instant like a hopeless wreck. The crew meanwhile continue the course alone, each according to his own personal capacity for sliding on ice. "Jumping" a crack is one of the liveliest maneuvers in ice-yachting. If the crack in the old ice be an actual, open crevice, she can jump but a few feet, even with the help of a brisk wind. For, if either runner catches on the farther edge of the crack, everything will come down. But if the crack be covered with even thin ice, or if the farther edge be lower than the edge she leaves, she may cross more safely. She dashes square across the crack, the water flies, but if the forward ends of the runners rise over the farther edge, she will plow through it all. A yacht and her crew may pass over a wide crack by backing her into it till the boom hangs over the farther edge of the ice; one or two men cross, by holding to the boom for safety, and lift the stern up on the ice. She is then backed still farther, till the runners also are raised on the farther edge of the ice; then the rest of the crew cross over on the bowsprit.



TOWING A WRECK. JUMPING A CRACK.

The rules of sailing adopted for regattas are the same as those of the New York Yacht Club, varied slightly to suit the requirements of ice-yachting, and extended to include a provision for pushing the boat under certain circumstances. In a puffy, flawy wind, of course a yacht may stop; and, if she is allowed to remain stationary the runners settle into the ice so

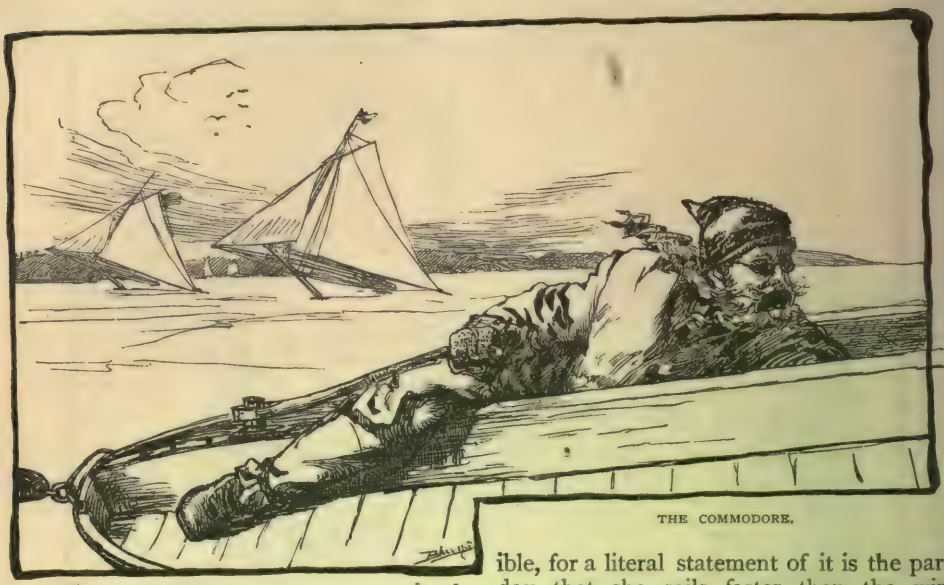
AN ICE-BOAT IN A SNOW SQUALL.

that she would not start again in a light wind. Hence it is necessary to allow a limited amount of pushing.

When an ice-yacht capsizes, which very rarely occurs, the movement is quite unlike her usual motions in being very gradual. As she "lifts" or "rears" and eases the sail, she slows up and heels over more and more, while the stern remains on the ice, and she quietly spills the crew out of the box, or lets them hang by the shrouds till they drop on to the ice. An ice-yacht often runs many rods on the leeward runner and the rudder, while the skillful captain keeps her poised in the wind. This "rearing" is an exciting maneuver. Sometimes the boom dragging on the ice steadies her a little. If she be beating up, she may at once be eased by luffing; if she be running free, she may be eased by paying off, and the man who then stands for the first time on the windward plank when it is up in the air and descends as she wears away at that lightning speed, feels a new sensation,—a chill creeping over him, and his breath stopping; and, indeed, it seems as if one might be flying off to another world. This movement of wearing away before a strong wind tests the balance of an ice-yacht's sails and the helmsman's judgment and nerve. As she beats up to round a stake and turns it, she loses headway; then, when she wears away, the wind lifts her before she can get under way, and the question always is whether she shall be saved from capsizing by bearing off or by luffing. Then when the windward runner comes down on the ice, the rudder must be straightened just in the

CROSSING AT THE FERRIES.

nick of time, to save her from spinning around. Even good helmsmen are sometimes flung out of the box by this maneuver. In wearing away, or in sailing free, a strong wind bears on the after half of the mainsail very strongly, and sometimes slues the stern around and heads her into the wind in the twinkling of an eye. When she runs through windrows, broken loose ice, or snow, the skates do not get solid bearings, and her motions are often very unexpected. Almost all ice-yachts carry a weather-helm, and no two have exactly the same balance. Breaking in is not a very serious matter. As the lee runner makes a long gash or crack in the ice, she slows up and capsizes before she runs the stern off the sound ice. The crew, if on the windward plank, are not slid into the water under the sails, but go aft, and get off at the stern with the captain. The sails are lowered, if practicable, and one of the halyards is unreeved from its thimble at the mast-step. The stern is swung around till the upper runner, when lowered, will rest on good ice. The halyard—fast at the mast-head—is passed over the upper runner, and then she is righted by hauling down this upper runner. If the ice be weak, it is well to place a board or a ladder on it, to prevent the runner from breaking in. When the lower runner has been raised above the ice, it is held up while she is run off on to good ice. She is righted after a capsize by the same use of the halyard; the stern is swung around till the wind is spilt from the sail; if she be a small boat, she may be swung around till the wind helps to lift her, but if she gets too much wind, she will come down so forcibly as to break the runner-plank. It is dangerous for yachts to follow one another closely on the same track, or run in high winds very near together, for a captain may not foresee the movements of another, or a yacht may slide a little and become unmanageable for a moment, and thus produce collisions. The only fatal accident recorded from ice-yachting on the Hudson occurred several years ago, when the handling of ice-yachts was less systematic. One yacht followed another pretty closely; the head one, instead of crossing a small crack in the ice, ran parallel with it, and caught her rudder in it so firmly that she almost stopped, while the second yacht came on too suddenly to avoid running her bowsprit against the man in the box of the head yacht. The by-stander on the ice is in more danger than the crew, unless he understand his rôle. When ice-yachts are darting about him, he should not lose his wits



THE COMMODORE.

and attempt to dodge the fleetest thing that moves on the earth; he should stand still, that the yachtsmen may know where he is, and may avoid mowing off his legs with the runner-plank. One man, however, who found that the captain did not see him, had the presence of mind and agility to jump up at the critical moment and let the plank pass under him.

Ice-yachting, of course, has the disadvantage of a very short and uncertain season. The past winter afforded an unusual amount of sport,—about thirty-six days; but usually we enjoy perfect conditions of wind and ice on not more than sixteen days per year. We have, however, many other days of passable sport, when the enthusiastic sail, as well as they can, in spite of a few inches of light snow, rough ice, or light winds. The weather is never too cold for the ice-yachtsman, for the excitement and the motion help circulation. His suit includes arctics, a fur skull-cap covering the ears, linen drawers over woolen ones, a calf-skin coat, or else cardigans, under a warm pea-jacket. The trowsers are tied about the ankle or tucked into the legs of woolen hose. When sailing in a driving storm, fine wire goggles are sometimes worn, or a wire covering for the mouth. But after securing even the best protection, you may some time have to study the best treatment of frosted parts.

The speed of an ice-yacht seems incredible, for a literal statement of it is the paradox that she sails faster than the wind driving her. This interesting problem lately brought to print many letters from diverse sources. The people inquired about the facts and their explanation. Some professors of science explained why the speed of a yacht could not equal the velocity of the wind. Ice-yachtsmen replied by giving the recorded speed of their yachts as a mile a minute in a stiff breeze blowing at about twenty miles an hour. Then the professors reconsidered the problem, and sought for an explanation of the fact. Some of the contributors give long equations to demonstrate the relations between the rate of the wind, the amount of friction, and the speed of the yacht. One of the most elaborate studies—in Van Nostrand's "Engineering Monthly" of December, 1879, and January, 1880—shows that the yacht tacking before the wind goes a little more than twice as fast as the wind. This estimate seems, however, below the facts. But as the average reader prefers a more popular explanation than $x = y$, it is better to present here some of the most evident facts and principles connected with an ice-yacht's motion.

First. An ice-yacht meets with very little friction in moving on ice—less than that met in the very best mechanical appliances. The runners move on the ice with such ease that a yacht weighing eight hundred and sixty pounds can be kept moving with two strands of common cotton wrapping-cord. Moreover, in even the greatest velocity, the

little heat generated by the friction is absorbed at once by the ice. Hence, so far as the running friction is concerned, she might run, perhaps, a thousand miles an hour, without much increase in the force of the driving power. *Second.* She never loses any of the effective power of the wind, or the sail-push, by making leeway. For the runners hold her from any side-motion, and allow her to move only forward or backward—unless, of course, when the wind is so strong as to heel her over or make her slide. *Third.* She meets the most resistance in the air-friction; that is, when beating to windward, or sailing in such a direction that the sails and other surfaces receive the wind from ahead. *Fourth.* Her great speed changes the effective direction of the wind or the sail-push; for, if the wind blow twenty miles an hour from the north, and if the yacht sail twenty miles an hour to the west, the wind will strike her on the starboard bow, as if it came from the north-west. *Fifth.* Hence she cannot sail with the wind without running ahead of it during the lulls, and thus not only meeting air-friction from a wind apparently ahead, but also losing the force of the wind on her sails. In this direction, she cannot go much faster than the wind; it is her worst course. A wind on the beam is much better, for in this course, in going at right angles to the wind, she loses none of its force by her own speed; she cuts across it, but does not go with it. However, she meets some air-friction, which diminishes her velocity.

The practical results of these peculiarities are, that she never swings off the boom, but always trims her sails flat aft, and always beats to leeward, as well as to windward. It is easily foreseen that she will make the greatest speed on that course in which she meets with the least air-friction, receives the strongest push of the wind in a forward direction, and yet does not lose the wind too much by her own speed. This course is running free, with the wind on the quarter, or about one hundred and thirty-five degrees off her course. Suppose the boat heads north-east, while the wind blows from the west. Now, her speed diagonally across the wind causes her to receive the wind on the beam, as if it blew from the north-west. She practically has a wind on the beam; this offers but little air-friction against her forward motion. The running-friction is so slight that the boat keeps her way; the direction of the sail-push is sufficiently forward to be advantageous; and, lastly, her diagonal course, partly with and partly across the wind, saves her from losing too much of the wind's force by her own speed. Suppose that a twenty-knot breeze blows from B to C, and that she heads toward D; while the wind, represented by the arrow A, blows in a given time to C, it carries the boat with it, in nearly the same time. But, as she heads diagonally across the wind, she is obliged to run the long distance from B to D, while the wind blows only from B to C. She therefore beats the wind. Her wonderful freedom from running-friction is the important element in the problem. Her speed is limited only by the loss or change of the wind through the effects of her own velocity. The greatest velocity of an ice-yacht is not recorded, because her finest runs occur either at unexpected moments, or when she sails over unmeasured distances. But the time over short and long courses has often been taken. The distance from New Hamburgh to Poughkeepsie is over seven miles. The *Snow-Flake* ran this course in seven minutes. This is the quickest time on record; but many winters the trip has been made in from nine to ten minutes. This speed is attained with a stiff breeze on the beam or on the quarter, and when the ice is tolerably smooth and clear of impassable cracks. But an ice-yacht very seldom runs a straight course for even a mile. Various obstructions have to be avoided; the wind changes direction very often, and also comes and goes in fitful puffs over the hills. The consequence is that she makes a very crooked course at very uneven speed; she goes more than seven miles, and sails at her full speed during much less than seven minutes. Probably she flies at times from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. The speed of an ice-yacht, in working to windward, which is her poorest course, is from ten to fifteen miles an hour, against an eight to ten knot breeze.

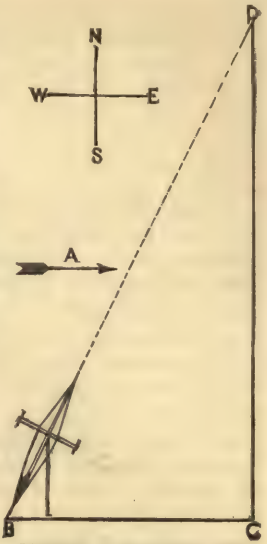


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE SPEED OF AN ICE-YACHT.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

FIRST ARTICLE.

I.

To TRACE the current of poesy, deepening and widening in common with our streams of riches, knowledge, and power; to show an influence upon the national sentiment no less potent, if less obvious, than that derived from the historic records of our past; to watch the first dawning upon an eager people of "the happy, heavenly vision men call Art"; to observe closely and to set down with an honest hand our foremost illustrations of the rise of Poetry in America,—this is my purpose, and I deem it not a mean one. We think of power and wealth as things in themselves, but they are strong and rich only in their relations to the life of man. The essential part of that life is in his spirit, of which imagination is the king,—and the sister arts, with poetry at their front, are to be accounted its highest forms of expression.

The song of a nation is accepted as an ultimate test of the popular spirit; as the earliest form of speech and the ripest,—whether the utterance of feelings common to all, or of the fine and daring speculations of the noblest minds. Examine it, and form opinions of the country's general literature, of the hold upon art and action and scientific achievement. If we have seen a true poetic movement in America, we may be sure that we have had marches in other fields of progress. The inquiry concerning the genuineness and value of such a movement affords a title to these essays, and a review of the conditions that have helped or hindered it must be included. Upon the method chosen for a study of the recent period in England, my present researches are devoted chiefly to the careers and productions of leading poets whose reputations are long-established, and who, upon the whole, fairly represent the various tendencies of American song. And thus, incidentally and with fresh opportunities, we may extend our knowledge of "the aim and province of the art of Poetry," and obtain under a new atmosphere further illustrations of the poetic temperament and life.

The subject cannot be lightly entered upon, and as if for entertainment merely. Properly considered, there is no more suggestive undertaking than to review the first displays of lyrical genius in a land as notable as any upon earth. These may seem crude and familiar to ourselves, and possibly are not fully estimated by older nations whose very age and glory make them self-contained. But, if the future is to have a greatness of its own, a study of new-world poetry is of equal importance with that devoted to the earlier or contemporary verse of the mother-land. The reader, then, will do well to bear with the details of a prefatory analysis, though they lack that interest which adheres to the lives and works of the various poets to whom his attention has been and will be invited. The points which I shall make will not be wholly novel, but by grouping them newly, and in a logical manner, we may get some notion of the real quality of the first genuine awakening of our home song.

For that there has been such an awakening is the very cause and foundation of these essays, and if I did not perceive this fact I should have no excuse for their general endeavor. It is true that a nation's literature will not appear out of season. Poetry, its most spontaneous form, is a growth rather than an artifice, or it does not come to strengthen and to stay. Let me acknowledge, as heretofore, the bearing of the conditions under which it is produced, and that a poet must be viewed in the light and shadow of his environment; furthermore, that when a time is ripe there are found both idealists and men of action to represent it,—springing up as when, in the physical world, the pines and fir-trees of a virgin forest have been cleared away, and a novel flora suddenly appears, whose germs have been hidden in the under-mold, awaiting their own season of room and light and air. But let me also, and at present no less than in our foreign excursions, include a factor which the new criticism often overlooks. Too little allowance is made for the surprises of genius. We forget that now and then some personage comes without a summons, like a stray leader from the skies; that works appear under adverse circumstances, so new, so strong, so revolutionary, as to seem inspired creations,—men and works that overleap the stages of develop-

ment, that demand the spiritual factor, the personal equation, the allowance for exception, in the problem of national growth. In the absence of a sunlit atmosphere, they shine by inward light, and communicate heat and luster to their surroundings. When a link in the chain of evolution is missing, such are the forces that make up for it. But there are other forces, and certain modes of intellectual effort, which assist growth and somewhat forestall the ordinary process. Even criticism may do a share, and often by penetrative study of the leaders that reflect or stimulate the various tendencies of a people's ideality. Of course a poet must represent his age and habitat; a Grecian temple beside an Alleghanian trout-brook might be lovely, but surely would be out of place and date. It is now my province to discover what special aids the poets of America have experienced, and what hindrances. In no modern country has ideality been more retarded than in our own; and I think that certain restrictions have peculiarly limited production in the field of Poetry—the chief of imaginative arts. Yet I see that, in spite of these, the ultimate rise of an American school of poetry was swift and strong, and that its chiefs have had their aids no less than their obstacles, and have bravely confronted the latter. And thus we are brought directly to the preliminary issue.

II.

Much has been written of late upon the topic of our native literature. Is there a distinctly American school? If not, when and where shall we look for one? What are, or should be, its special characteristics? These and similar questions are frequently and somewhat vaguely discussed.

Now, it is first to be observed that the radical quality of any national school, in any country or period, does not wholly depend upon the types, personages, localities, and other materials utilized by its artists and men of letters; and this is especially true with regard to the work of a poet, in distinction from that of a painter. The specific tone of the former artist is not derived from the images which his genius informs with life, and from the plots that serve his expression of the thought, passion, imagination, of his people and time. Mere reliance upon these will not suffice. Even a painter might devote his life to copying the groups he finds in his own streets, the streets themselves, and the fields and woods beyond them, yet not produce an original art, nor execute it in a fresh and native way. The mere dialect and legends of a province or section are powerless to convey their essential quality to the song of a poet who calls them to his aid. Mr. Grant White, therefore, is perfectly right when he suggests, for these and other reasons, that it is the spirit, not the letter, which giveth life; that we must pay regard to the flavor, rather than to the form and color, of the fruit—to the distinctive character, not the speech and aspect, of the personage. Unless the feeling of our home-poet be novel, his vision a fresh and distinctive vision,—unless these are radically different from the French, or German, or even the English, feeling and vision,—they are not American, and our time has not yet come.

But I am not with this distinguished and thoroughly American writer in his further claim that we still are essentially English, and shall be so for a long series of years to come; that our literature, like the language we inherit, is wholly English, and must remain so for centuries, until "Anglo-Saxon and Hollander and German and Irishman and negro and Chinese shall have so blended their blood * * * that from the fusion a new race shall have sprung." What I first call to mind is that there are few Americans, even those of but one remove, who are not instantly recognized abroad as being very different from Englishmen, not only with respect to feature, mold, and speech,—which vary according to the sections from which they come,—but in their sentiment, modes of thought and feeling, and way of looking at things. In both outward and inward traits they are pronounced distinctively un-English and "American," however divided among themselves. Again, by so much as the style is the man, I believe that the literary product of this new people differs from the literary product of the English, or any other people of the Old World, and I hope to make that difference clear in the course of these essays. And I will remark, in passing, that "The Scarlet Letter," a romance which Mr. White cites in illustration, to me appears thoroughly un-English in its mystical temper, and its undertone and atmosphere; if not broadly American, it is locally so—the very fruit and out-giving of the New England sentiment that brooded in its author's spirit, and of which it is a soul-wrought witness and dramatic chronicle.

In fine, recognizing the error of those

who, by a forced effort, would anticipate creations that will come only of themselves, or through the natural impulse of fore-ordained artists, I also perceive that already, in various walks of art, and in none more than in that to which our present study is devoted, we have exhibited the new and broad results, both of acclimatization and of a blending process, to which the ruling divisions of our population thus far have been subjected. Equally obvious are the minor distinctive phases, which, on the other hand, arise from the differentiation of the American people by influences that, in widely separated districts, have acted upon their inhabitants from the early settlements to the present time. The first-named phenomena are national, while those of the latter class may be termed sectional; but all are American, whether they appertain to the whole, or to the subdivisions, of our intellectual yield.

The type first suggested, that of a broadly national character, is plainly incomplete, and has wide room for maturer development. Let us measure it only at its worth. A restless and ill-adjusted spirit still pervades the heterogeneous elements of our nationality. Here is a country as large as all Europe, embracing zones as far apart, in physical attributes, as those of Norway and Sicily. Here are the emigrants or descendants of every people in Europe,—to go no farther,—and all their languages, and customs, and traditions, and modes of feeling, at one time or another, have come with them. Hence our unconscious habitude of variety, the disinclination to cling to one way of life or thought until its perfect conclusion. There is a ferment in new blood. The American travels, and at first is delighted with the color and flavor of the region to which he has come, but soon wearies of them and pushes on to some new place where novel characteristics can be enjoyed. This is observable of all Anglo-Saxons, capricious yet steadfast as they are, but more so among ourselves than with respect to our British kinsmen. America has absorbed the traits of many lands and people; the currents still set this way; our modern intercourse with the world at large is close and unintermitting, so that the raw ingredients of our national admixture are supplied quite as rapidly as the whirl and stir of the popular system can triturate and commingle them. It is too much, then, to expect that our art or song, from whatever section these may come, will exhibit a quality specifically American in the sense that the product of Italy is Italian, or that of France is French. At this distance, we, who watch others as we are watched ourselves, can readily see that the same causes which make our civilization assume the composite type are blending the politics, manners, dress, art, and letters of the several European countries,—and this, however distinct their nationalities, in proportion to the growth of travel and interculture. But the United States are homogeneous in what pertains to the language and methods of their master-race, and to this extent their homogeneity is definitely assured. Concerning the primal influences that affect the general tone of art and literature, mutual communication and understanding are so perfect that any changes or advances are almost simultaneous throughout our territory. This being the situation, foreign critics are not far wrong in requiring that our home-product shall differ from their own; that it shall be, at least, un-European,—manifestly of the New World and not of the Old. Return to a consideration of the family likeness, physical and mental, which instantly is apparent to others as we visit the mother-land. If we ourselves are unconscious of it, or wonted to it; if the air and fashion that we display seem to us imperceptible or of small account, they are not so regarded by our kinsmen, or by the guest who lands upon these shores. The stranger quickly perceives, and holds at its value, the general, the national, type. Material and psychological changes are correlative, and almost equally sure of external recognition.

So far, therefore, from demanding absolute novelty in structure, language, or theme, of our home-poet, it is the duty of the critic to value the Americanism which great and small have displayed in quality of tone, and in faithful expression of the dominant popular moods. Thus considered, it will be found they have not fallen short. Those arbiters of foreign taste who do not acknowledge this, may be suspected of some unconscious insincerity. Not every mother as fair and ripe as England, and as affectionate, can look with perfect complacency upon a daughter growing to her own height and beauty before the world. To her eyes the maiden is still a child, and they own with reluctance, and very slowly, her attractiveness and the claims of her suitors. One by one the points of youth and inferiority, brought against America, have worn away, and now when so many of us grant England this las

defense of her supremacy, it is with the respect due a mother, and with a courtesy perchance no less insincere than her avowal. The new Americanism is not so modest as to surrender any freehold or to be unconscious of its smallest advantages.

The less essential novelties of structure, theme, and dialect already are discernible in the yield that represents our territorial subdivision. The local flavor of our *genre* and provincial literature is, I believe, unquestioned, but our conceit is not overfed by an acknowledgment almost wholly due to grotesque and humorous exploits,—a welcome such as a prince in his breathing-hour might give to a new-found jester or clown. American poetry, however, has not represented the popular life of our continental slopes and corners merely in their coarser traits. These sections are not so isolated as the Scottish highlands, or as those mountain nooks in Italy, where peasant women contentedly whirl the spindle and never visit the plains that glisten below; yet some of them are long-settled, and have an abiding population, with habits more or less confirmed. Where there is the least of change and interruption, and the colonial blood is most unmixed, the national *ennui* does not prevail; the sentiment and instinct of the people, if limited, are clearly understood, and have been fairly expressed in poetry and prose-romance.

In a certain sense, it is natural for the citizen of so vast and various a country to find his patriotism and his gift of expression respond most easily to the appeals of his own locality. There is still a lagging behind full nationality, just as Federal supremacy, in the hearts of a great multitude, gives precedence to "State rights." Yet there are signs of growth toward an imagination in keeping with our political enlargement. The new Americanism, with relation to literature and the arts of beauty and construction, is seen in the very search for it, in the closer inspection of our own ground, in our more realistic method—in the genuine quality of our modern poetry and creative prose, so much more indigenous than the work of the neo-Romantic English school, and presenting so fresh a contrast to the poetry and prose of our early periods; finally, in the greater value set upon our home-workers, upon our ventures for ourselves. It is curious to note the minor symptoms of this change. As time has lessened our yearning for the mother-country, native Americans less fondly cling to the old words and traditions. The landlords who cater to foreign or provincial guests still give English and French names to their hotels, and a fresh English colony, after the manner of our ancestors, calls its village Rugby—but the reproach of this barrenness of nomenclature is fast passing away, and the time has come when the declaration of our independence may be made to include the fields of literature and art.

And, indeed, if, under the free system of a democracy, art does not show in time as proud a result—whether in the product of its disciples or in the wealth of its libraries and museums—as in countries where it is fed by governmental patronage and subsidies, then our republicanism, upon its æsthetic side, is itself a failure. So far as poetry is concerned, I see that we have already had the first period of what may be called, for want of a better term, a true American school. I see that this school was slow to rise, until suddenly a number of its leaders appeared at once; that its first tuneful season has been completed, so that, in the temporary pause, we now, for the first time, may honestly recount its triumphs. But that our lyrical product has not been so obvious as our material grandeur, that it has put on a national type less complete than the types of various sections, that it has been but a delightful promise of what a new song will create for us when poetry comes in vogue again throughout the world,—this, too, is not to be gainsaid. Before examining what we have done, let us see what we have not been able to do until recently, and what not at all. It is time to indicate the early and latter restrictions that have hemmed in the poets, and limited the poetry, of the western world.

III.

THE poets themselves, naturally, would be slow to perceive the causes of their difficulties. The brain is not always conscious of its own *malaise*. Nevertheless, I think that to each true singer, as he arrived at a period when his intellectual faculty sought the rationale of his successes and failures, the facts have been more or less apparent. The idealism of this people was long retarded by certain interdicts, and at last forced its way to expression under very baffling and perplexing conditions, some of which are even now felt. So far as the embarrassments peculiar to the new epoch are involved,

it was a perception of these that led me to observe their bearing on the poets of England, before venturing to write upon our own. To these matters I shall again refer, after some mention of the absolute barriers which shut out the Muses from these shores until so late a time.

For two centuries, in truth, the situation here was so adverse to art, and especially to song, as to nullify even our complement to Taine's theory; to stifle, or to divert to other than ideal uses,* any exceptional genius that existed, and that would have made its way against restrictions not of themselves quite as exceptional. The modified results of this situation may still be observed. As a rider to all I have said of the essential superiority of art to its materials, we must not fail, also, to consider the repugnance of the general mind to disassociate things and ideas—to separate the spirit of a work from what is used for its construction. There is a natural expectation that the art of a country will convey to us something of the national history, aspect, social law. On the whole, it has been the instinct of masters to avail themselves, so far as might be, in their plots, manners, and scenery, of the region nearest them; a wise instinct, through which they reach closely to nature, and are more sure to make their work of interest elsewhere and afterward. Shakspere's men are apt to be Englishmen, though they may figure in Illyria or Rome. Nor is it entirely through unfairness and caprice that the free range allowed to English poets has been denied our own. The Old World has drawn its countries together, like elderly people in a tacit alliance against the strength of youth which cannot return to them, the fresh, rude beauty and love which they may not share. There is, also, something worth an estimate in the division of an ocean gulf, that makes us like the people of a new planet; and when those on the other side hear us sounding the changes upon familiar themes, with voices not unlike their own, they well may feel as if the highest qualities of our song were not full compensation for its lack of "something rich and strange." A response may fairly be expected to the search for novelty, to the curious yearning of those who look to us from across the seas.

Here begin the special restrictions of an American poet. He represents, it is true, the music and ardor of a new country, of a land his race has peopled for two hundred and fifty years, a nation that has completed its first century. A new land, a new nation—yet not forced, like those which have progressed from barbarism to a sense of art, to create a language and literature of their own; a new land with an old language, a new nation with all the literature and traditions behind it of the country from whose colonies it has sprung. While the thought and learning of this people began in America just where it had reached in the mother-land at the dates of the respective settlements, the physical state and environment of Americans were those of men who find themselves encountering the primitive nature of a savage world; with this difference, that they were equipped for the struggle, not as an aboriginal race, but with the logic, courage, experience, of the civilization behind them. All the drags, the anchorage, the limitations, involved in the word Colonial, retarded a new ideality. The colonial restriction has been well determined. It made the western lyre, until the period covered by this survey, a mechanism to echo, without fresh and true feeling, notes that came from over sea. It so occupied this people with a stern, steadfast, ingenious, finally triumphant, contest with Nature, that their epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beasts, the creation of a free government; and this labor is not yet ended—it goes on with larger cohorts, and immensely widening power. But the imagination never dies, and when our first leisure came for its exercise it was awakened by contact with the Nature thus tamed—by communion with the broadest panorama of woods and hills and waters, under the most radiant skies, that civilized man has ever found himself confronting. Pioneers in art and poetry here caught their inspiration, and naturally the field of painting was the first to give token of novel results. The very ease with which books containing the world's best literature were obtainable in the backwoods made our early writers copyists. The painters, meanwhile, had to lament the absence of galleries in this country, and their own inability to go abroad

* I am not considering the question whether a poet of the first rank may, or may not, find his natural vocation under the most adverse conditions, and overcome them; but am trying to see why a general poetic movement, embracing many true poets, was deferred until Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, and others of the generation under review, appeared almost simultaneously. An article which seeks to regard many factors of a problem should be read wholly and in detail, or it will be misinterpreted.

and study. Thrown upon themselves, and deficient in technical knowledge, they sought for models in the nature about them; and thus began our landscape-school of painting, the work of which, however rude and defective, was more original than the verse wherewith it was contemporary.

A poet of the first rank is not given to every country, nor to every age. But poets of gifts approaching those of our living favorites doubtless have been born in America, according to Nature's average, at different times of our history. Until recently, the stimulants of their genius must have been wanting. It may be that the people had no real need of them, and song and art, no more than invention, come without necessity. What poetry was latent here and there does not concern us. The stone on which our colonial life was founded was frigid as an arctic bowlder—there was no molecular motion to give out life and heat. Who were the mute, inglorious Miltons? Of what kind is the verse that was produced? Does it move us? Is it poetry? However fine the cast of individuals, the effect of a perpetual contest with the elemental, often sinister, always gigantic, forces of a new continent, would be so adverse to art, so directly in the line of necessity and temporal gain, as to stifle their poetic fire, to develop a heroism that was stolid and unimaginative, to mark persons and communities with sternness and angularity, leading them to a homely gauge of values, not wont to esteem the ideal at its true worth. The aspiration of a refined nature would seem to the multitude foolishness and a stumbling-block. For a prolonged season the art of writing verse was almost solely a luxury of the professional classes in America, and its relics bear witness to their pedantry and dullness. It is not to the wigged and gowned that we instinctively listen for the music and freedom of creative song. And if poetry even in England, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the close of the eighteenth, stupidly fashioned itself upon the models of worn-out schools, how should it do more in England's colonies—that brought hither certain shoots of taste and learning from the Old World and found it hard to protect them at all in the sterile wild-woods of the New?

Such was the nature of the barriers which, in the early and later colonial periods, absolutely defied the overleaping of a single notable poet. We find little of more significance in the transition era of the Revolution, although a nation took on life. No poetry was begotten in the rage of that heroic strife; its humor, hatred, hope, suffering, prophecy, were feebly uttered, so far as verse was concerned, in the mode and language inherited years before from the coarsest English satirists. There came at last a time when the nation felt itself in vigorous youth, and began to have a song. Some few original notes were heard among our pipings. The positive barriers were broken, and in their stead came the restrictions that are felt in some degree down to the present time.

At the outset it may be said of republicanism itself,—in which our pride and faith are based, and which we trust is ultimately to promote a literature and an art not below the standard of our bravest hope,—that it hitherto has somewhat lessened the ardor of our poets, or kept it within temperate bounds. There is a craving for ideality of a certain kind, and in our liberal regions the sense of utility is not the sole controlling power. There is a wide manifestation of that which bears to pure ideality an inferior relationship. Our system has diffused the intelligence which lifts our people quite above the dullness and stolidity of the middle classes elsewhere, but has not yet brought them to the pitch of high emotion. It is a leveler, and in its early stages raises a multitude to the level of the commonplace; so that there have been few tall heads of grain above the even field. The general independence and comfort have not bred those dramatic elements which imply conditions of splendor and squalor, glory and shame, triumph and despair. In their stead we have the spirit of the American homesteads, and the loss to the artist of some darker contrast, that would make their virtue and piety more inspiring, certainly is their gain. In no other country are there so many happy little households—although there is a curious foreign belief to the contrary, derived from traveling acquaintanceship. This must be so in the one land where every man can own a portion of the soil and be a freeholder, and where a man's toil meets no doubtful reward. The popular thrift and freedom, joined with the necessity for labor to steadily maintain them, are not at first productive of the tragic or entrancing dreams of effective art. Wisely bettering their material chances, men are too busy to feel a spiritual want. And the labor of our representative men is

so extended and heroic as of itself to feed the popular imagination. In default of Homer, we at least have Hector and Achilles; and the peerless exploits of our engineers, capitalists, discoverers, speak louder than a minstrel's words. In all this amazing drama of triumphant effort and organization; in the adjustment of our political theory, dependent on statesmanship, and leading to oratory and journalism rather than to art and song; in the despotism of our social unwritten law that an American must be a good citizen first of all, and that the first duties of a citizen are to rear and maintain a family; in the implied doubt as to the sanity of enduring privations for the sake of the ideal, when, by deserting it, a practical success may be had,—amid all this the man of genius has too often betaken himself to the work of his neighbors, and those who keep faith with the Muse have found themselves perplexed and out of time. Nevertheless I repeat that, up to a certain grade, our people have required their poetry,—just as they will have their votes, their seats in church, their county papers, and the piano or melodeon in every house. A throng of minor singers have answered to the demand with very natural and unaffected voices. The select few, in those efforts which place them above their comrades, not only have suffered from the want of a popular following, but from the undue favor awarded their minor and ordinary productions.

These adverse influences, belonging to the soil and air, are perhaps not so directly comprehended by the American poet as are the obvious and technical impediments which have force when he essays a sustained and novel work.

In considering these, let us acknowledge that they do not greatly concern the emotional and lyric poet. He is at no loss for a method or a theme; the latter is at once the cause and modulator of his song. Personal joys and griefs, special occurrences in history or related to the individual life—these have inspired, and do inspire, the briefer poems, the lyrics which still make up the choicest portion of our verse. Their range is wide, from the simple fireside ballad to the impassioned ode, and my estimate of their remarkable freshness and variety will be given more fully hereafter. At present I would say that among them are many admirable of their kind, and that the relative number of these is not less than can be found in the popular verse of other lands. An American critic fails in discernment or independence who does not see this and avow it.

But, while the lyrical songster need not cast about for a subject, and does not even look into his heart to write—for his heart has already moved him—the ambitious poet is best equipped for a larger effort by some adequate theme awaiting his hand. The moment arrives when poets of the upper cast desire to forego their studies and brief lyrical flights, and to produce the composite and heroic works that rank as masterpieces. These leaders often have been arrested, with respect to romantic or epic structures, by a scarcity of home-themes, no less than by the lack of sharp dramatic contrast in our equable American life. I am aware that this statement frequently is derided, and that many poets, while realizing that their product is too meager, will not acknowledge its force. Others, and these of our foremost, who have thought to analyze their experience, confess that it is true in no small measure, and have stated this over their own hands.

Up to the present date, absence of theme for a national masterpiece, for a work belonging to our own atmosphere and history, has been a result of the condition under which we started. Original art is long deferred among a people cultured at the outset. A writer* has well said that "the cause of the absence of the legendary and poetic in our early history, may be attributed to the mental development of the colonists, who had already passed through that historic stage." They started at once with both church and school-house. The imagination was controlled by precedent, and "Art was cheated of its birthright." They made little history, in a dramatic sense. What there was of the poetic or wondrous in their arduous, compelling life had a local range,—such as the trials for witchcraft, finely utilized by New England's great romancer, and too inadequately, it must be owned, by her most famous poet. In Parkman's elegant survey of certain picturesque epochs in colonial history, the feminine element, essential to complete dramatic quality, is usually wanting; in other annals, like those of Spanish-American adventure, it scarcely appears at all. American antiquity is a rude settler's antiquity; a homely fashion that palls, because not long out of date; a

* See Otis's "Sacred and Constructive Art." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

story everywhere the same,—furnishing at times the basis of some exquisite idyl, like "Evangeline," but for none too many of them. "Evangeline" still remains the most notable of the longer American poems; and how much of that is otherwise than scenic and idyllic, and how much of it does not fit the story to the landscape, rather than the landscape to the story? No material, no stirring theme, with all your freedom, your conquest, your noble woods and waters, your westward spread of men! These are motives, accessories, atmosphere, often grander inmagnitude than elsewhere to be found, but not perforce more new. The poetic instinct does not always hold the macrocosm superior to the microcosm, the prairie to the plain of Marathon, the Hudson to the Cephisus or the Tweed. As for latter-day history, this is not far enough removed. From the Revolution to the Civil War, the incidents of our life and passion are so recent and so plainly recorded as to gather no luminous halo from the too slight distance at which we observe them. The true poet will profit by them to the uttermost; the limits are to be overcome, but still are limits and in his way. He is thrown upon the necessity of inventing dramatic themes for the broader range of poetic venture. This the great poets always have avoided, for the product of such invention usually has seemed artificial and remote from human concern.

Bear in mind, also, that our wide-awake people are removed, not only from the superstitions that were a religion to our forefathers, but from the wondercraft and simple faith prevailing among the common folk of other lands than our own. The beautifying lens of fancy has dropped from our eyes. Where are our forest and river legends, our Lorelei, our Venusberg, our elves and kobolds? We have old-time customs and traditions, and they are quaint and dear to us, but their atmosphere is not one in which we freely move. Just so with our heroism. No national changes and struggles have been of more worth than our own, but critics are not far wrong who point out that, however lofty the action and spirit of our latest crisis, heroism is not with us so much the chief business that one must be always "enthusiastic and on guard." One of our poets aims to be especially national. He sings, upon theory, as the American bard must sing when the years have died away. The result is a striking but artificial assumption of what can only come of itself, and after long time be past; a disjointed series of kaleidoscopic pieces, not constituting a master-work, but with all their strength and weakness, as unsatisfactory as the ill-assorted elements which he strives to represent. For he, too, as we shall see, is representative and a personage of mark, if not precisely in the direction of his own choice and assurance.

To more clearly understand how far, and in what way, our poets must feel the lack of background, of social contrasts, and of legendary and specific incident, we may observe the literature of some region where different conditions exist. In an isolated country of established growth and quality, a native genius soon discovers his tendency and proper field.

Look at Scotland. Her national melodies were ready and waiting for Burns; her legends, history, traditions, for Walter Scott. The popular tongue, costumes, manners, all distinctively and picturesquely her own, affect the entire outcome of her song and art. Embraced in English literature, her literature is so un-English that it affords the paradigm we need. Enter the cathedral in Glasgow. Within the last thirty years that edifice has been refitted throughout with stained glass, contributed by the ancient families and clans. What associations are called up by the devices upon the windows in the chancel and nave, and in the impressive crypt below! Among all the shields and names,—those of Sterling, Hay, Douglas, Montrose, Campbell, Montgomerie, Lawrie, Buccleuch, Hamilton,—not one that is not utterly, purely Scottish. Even in our oldest and most characteristic sections, in Virginia or New England, influences like these do not prevail to any such extent. In a certain sense, they are not only influences but aids: they move, they stimulate, they belong to the life and memory of the native poet, and he avails himself of them without effort or consciousness. Not that they are the essential, the imperative aids. But to be without them is a restriction, and one which our first genuine school of poets has had more or less to endure.

Strange, indeed, if the material wants of New-World life, its utilitarian test of values, and the general conditions of a primitive democracy, had not forced our early idealists into a struggle for existence which even the sturdiest found it hard to prolong. Two things are essential to the poetic aspiration that results in fine achievement: the sym-

pathetic applause which ministers to the last infirmity of noble minds, and the common wage that enables a laborer to do his work. The rewards of authorship have been sufficiently doubtful and varying in times before our own. In older lands, the poet, like his predecessor the minstrel, was at least protected and nourished by the good or great to whom he dedicated his song. Happily this kind of support was from the first impracticable in a liberal republic. But it long was impossible, on material grounds alone, —although certain enthusiasts might attempt to live upon love and fame,—that any vigorous and prevailing flood of poesy should be sustained in toiling, practical, frugal America: We now know that in art, as in life, ideal productiveness follows and does not precede material security and wealth. The most creative eras of historic lands were those when their cities were the richest, when their galleons sought out distant ports, and their nobles and burgesses, sure of life's needs, craved for the luxuries of taste and emotion. Literature thrives as a means of subsistence, nor is poetry an exception to the rule. The supply answers to the demand. Not long ago, in this country, few books except school-books were required by the people; and how should poetry, that looked from the printed page for its welcome and sustenance, be naturally composed? We are speaking of an ethereal art, but quietly examining the law of its activity.

It is, moreover, in America that the popular instinct, which resists whatever is asserted to be a tax upon knowledge, has worked with peculiar force against the development of a home-school. So long as our purveyors could avail themselves without cost or hindrance of foreign master-works, they scarcely could be expected to risk their means in behalf of native authorship. Pure idealists, men like Poe and Hawthorne, are little able to push their own fortunes. Until a state of law shall exist that will induce American publishers, driven from their distant foraging-grounds, to seek for genius at home and make it available, the support of our authors will not be so assured as to tend "in the end to the advancement of literature." International copyright at least would have made it feasible for the poet to earn his living by general literary work, and to reserve some heart and thought for his nobler calling. Now, when a serious movement at last seems under way toward copyright reform. it still has been so hampered with reservations and class-interests that many ask whether it were not better to have no change at all than to have one that is partial, and that may postpone indefinitely the one thing needful, to wit: honest recognition of an author's right of property in his own creations, without any more limits of space and time than those appertaining to other kinds of estate.

Literature verily has been almost the sole product of human labor that has not been rated as the lasting property of the producer and his heirs or assigns. This want of permanent copyright has borne severely upon authors in all countries, but most severely upon those of America, who have had to await the formation of public taste, to create their audiences, and who, while willing to suffer in their own persons, are less ready to devote life-times to the production of what will be valueless to those whom they hold most dear. The want of international copyright has been a grievous wrong to our brother-writers in Europe. Their complaints are just; their cry has gone up for years. Great as the spoliations have been which they have endured, the effect upon our native literature and authorship has been no less disastrous. Our authors themselves do not comprehend it. A few of the great publishing houses, grown rich upon the system of free reprints, of late have felt this wrong, and the men of heart and culture who control them are generously atoning for it. We see them leaders in artistic and literary movements, the friends of authors and artists, receiving for their public and private humanities our warmest tributes of honor and affection. It is said that every wrong in this world is surely, if slowly, righted; and the wrongs of authors doubtless will be set right. But who shall pick up water spilled to the ground. The writers of a new generation will never realize how bitter was the bread eaten by those who went before them and made their paths straight.

Critical periods are sometimes uncreative, yet there is little doubt that our poetry has suffered, also, from the lack of those high and exquisite standards of criticism which have been established in older lands. The poet, the artist, alike need the correction of a fine censorship and the tonic of that just appreciation which is the promise of fame. American verse, within recent memory, has experienced, first, a popular favor gained by its weakest and most effeminate sentiment, and, secondly, a rude exaggeration

of its defects, a refusal to acknowledge its value as compared with that of the foreign product, or to consider its higher aspirations as practicable and worthy of respect. The people at large have passed from sham emotion to irreverence, and to a relish for what is flippant and ephemeral. Then, too, our most sincere and painstaking authorities often seem at a loss to estimate the nature of art, and criticise it from metaphysical or doctrinarian points of view. The poet or painter sensitively feels the wrong and the error, and, though he makes no complaint, they tell upon his buoyancy and application. Only of late have we begun to look for criticism which applies both knowledge and self-knowledge to the test; which is penetrative and dexterous, but only probes to cure; which enters into the soul and purpose of a work, and considers every factor that makes it what it is;—the criticism which, above all, esteems it a cardinal sin to suffer a verdict to be tainted by private dislike, or by partisanship and the instinct of battle with an opposing clique or school. Such criticism is now essayed, and in the spirit of a select art, but often is too much occupied with foreign or recondite subjects to search out and foster what is of worth among ourselves.

IV.

THESE, it seems to me, have been the local and organic difficulties with which the American poet, wittingly or unwittingly, has had to contend. They are not figments of the brain; their force has been real; time and national development alone have lessened them; during the continuation of their serious pressure the rise of poetry was delayed. It is curious to note that, just as their adverse influence began to pass away, a new class of restrictions came in play throughout the enlightened world, affecting our own idealists in common with those of the mother-land. When I long since began to think of the present work, I saw that the modern intellectual change was so absolute and noteworthy that I was compelled to examine its results, to seek for the general conditions of the period, and to attempt a review of the poets and poetry of England before entering upon our home-field—in order to justly comprehend the effect of the new atmosphere upon the spirit of poetry itself. In the first chapter of the "Victorian Poets," certain perplexing elements are considered which have made the recent time one to which a hackneyed word, "transitional," is more correctly applied than to any former period. The new learning—the passage from the child-like and phenomenal way of regarding things to the absolute, scientific penetration of their true entities and relations, has directly told upon the work of the poet, requiring new language, imagery, invention, as he adapts himself to a deeper purpose and the hope of a sublimer faith. I have pointed out, as well, the struggles, devices, defeats, and victories, of the English minstrels under the stress of latter-day iconoclasm and the invincible demands of modern thought; taking into account, also, the minor and obvious forces antagonistic to a devoted pursuit of the ideal,—among the rest the world's material activity, displayed in labor, invention, construction,—the world's realistic eagerness, that makes of the newspaper, the novel, and the bulletins of science, the food and outlets of the imagination, and renders mankind intent alone upon each day's labor, so to hasten on the golden year. Reluctant to confront these ceaseless and perturbing manifestations, until out of them the world shall have derived a more assured philosophy, and shall again have found repose, many of the latest singers have ignored them altogether; the weaker busying themselves with mere dilettanteism and the technique of their vocation,—the nobler being devoted to the worship of beauty pure and simple, and often going back to its early revelations and the antique forms.

V.

THESE generic burdens of the age itself have borne even more severely upon American idealists than upon their transatlantic brethren. Yet, it was when they first began to have their weight, and not until then, that the true light of Poetry in America ventured to appear. Under the very shadow of the whirlwind it brightened into dawn. Possibly the new learning was most of all needed here, as an offset to puritanism, superstition, and sentimentalism in its mawkish forms. Honest fact and a search for our own resources gave an impulse to healthy inspiration. But the opportunity for the achievements of our leading poets, now so famous and beloved in their hoary years, really came when the specific restrictions, to which so much space has been here devoted, at last yielded measurably to time

and national progress. Coincidently with their decline, certain positive Aids to our lyrical genius became apparent, and were felt, and aroused to joyous activity its instinct, courage, and imagination.

First of all, as I have shown, the American with an eye for natural beauty, led by his seclusion to close and musing observation, had a subject for poetic expression in the landscape of the New World, by turns impressive, bewildering, reposeful, but always beautiful and strong. If its primeval aspect stupefied the toiling settlers, while its grandeur seemed to belittle humanity and to defer the proper study of mankind, it afterward compelled our ideal recognition, and inspired the early and reverent anthems of the father of our choir. Next, and most vital of the elements required for the promotion of a home-school, a national feeling grew up when the compactness and growth of the United States, as a nation, became assured. Half a century was needed to bring this feeling to the blossoming form of art. Meanwhile, it had been strengthening and finding expression in other ways; for example, in the patriotic eloquence which marked our oratory, and which warmed the blood and stirred the impulse of many a poetic youth, as he read in his school-books the speeches of the founders and preservers of liberty. Hence our strongest emotional traits—love of freedom, hatred of oppression, respect for ancestral faith, the sense of independence which makes an American stand erect and believe himself the peer of any man, the audacity and ambition found among no other people; finally an adventurous habit of experimenting without much regard to precedent or training. Out of some of these traits came, it is true, a commonplace and widely diffused product in literature. But if a host of writers ended in mediocrity, this, too, was in the order of evolution. The poor books of one generation are often horn-books for the people, the promise and cause of better work in the next. The late Civil War was not of itself an incentive to good poetry and art, nor directly productive of them. Such disorders seldom are; action is a substitute for the ideal, and the thinker's or dreamer's life seems ignoble and repugnant. But we shall see that the moral and emotional conflicts preceding the war, and leading to it, were largely stimulating to poetic ardor; they broke into expression, and buoyed with earnest and fervid sentiment our heroic verse. Lastly, it must be observed that, about the time from which I date the appearance of a group of noteworthy poets, a material support was afforded to ideal work. Both artists and writers began to be paid, and found their respective gifts to some extent a means of subsistence. American publishers, as I have said, took heart, and made ventures in behalf of our own literature. Journalism also lent its aid, paying critical attention to native authors, and enabling not a few of them to gain a sure foot-hold by labor upon the great newspapers and magazines. All these aids, I repeat, came into service after the scientific restraint of the modern period began to have weight. They assisted us to bear up against it, and alleviated the special restrictions of an earlier time. The sweet and various measures of a band of genuine singers at length were heard, and found an audience in whatsoever regions know the English tongue. American poetry took its place in literature, and entered upon a first term, now drawing to an end, and included in the field of this review.

OUR CIRCLE.

FORTH from the dust we spring, and run
About the green earth's patient breast,—
Our little day. At set of sun
Into her bosom creep and rest.

SONGS OF NATURE.

SONG.

Little, laughing, glancing wave,
  What would it take
To make you leap, and roar, and rave,
  And navies break?

Zephyr falling on the flowers,
  With summer's heat half-dead,
What would it take to mend your powers,
  And raise your Typhon's head?

I will not trust your innocence,
  Nor be your friend.
You are but seeming and pretense,
  And have your end.

For well I know that storms do blow,
  And wild seas rave,
While I but dream of zephyr soft
  And laughing wave.

TWILIGHT.

Women, moths, bats, beetles, toads
  Love the passing away of day.
The graying of all colors bodes
  To them soft circumstance, fair play
    For purposeless activities
    And undefinèd sympathies.

Now one's mind is like his dress—
No one can its color guess;
Now one's heart is like the sky—
  Changing, doubtful, rich;
And conscience like the cross-roads sign
  That tells not which is which.

I take some vagrant scent for guide,—
  Sweet-brier, lilac, mignonette,
Woodbine, hawthorne, violet,—
  And wander far and wide,
Homeless, nameless,—kith nor kin,—
Nor law above me nor within.

But way-side things I gladly greet,
As of my blood's most cherished strain.
They feed me with forbidden sweet;
Though drawn apart, I'm theirs again.
I kiss the stars, I clasp the sky,
And with the clouds on hill-tops lie.

For I have doffed humanity,
And put a looser vesture on;
Dead things have living tongues for me—
In deserts I am not alone.

Though outcast, rebel, renegade,
Dark nature maketh me amends.
Her springs tabooed yield me sweet aid,
Her creatures are my secret friends.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

GRASSHOPPER, grasshopper, dressed all in green,
And scarlet, and copper, and ultramarine,
You're the gayest grasshopper that ever I've seen.
Where are you going to? Where have you been?

Did the hot sun from a dew-drop create you?
Is there a brillianter being to mate you?
Is nature pledged with her last *sou* to fête you?
Does all the joy in the world await you?

O king of creation! Small bridegroom of June!
O white spark thrown off from the white heat of noon!
Musician who findest the whole world in tune!
Dry drinker, good fellow, pray grant me a boon.

Tell me, if I in the fields were to live, now,
To leap over leaves and 'mong lilies to dive, now,
To revel, and take some gay girl to wive, now,
And give up all thought how to study and strive, now,

But lie in the grass, on the brink of the river,
Singing,—would such a fine life last forever?
Would summer ne'er go? Would I ne'er have to shiver
In winter's cold blasts for my lack of endeavor?

What? You say that the summer is not yet a-going—
That *you* do not feel winter's breath yet a-blowing;
That roses can only be sipped while they're growing;
That, in harvest, 'tis better be reaping than sowing.

THE ROSES.

JUST like as to the school-boy's vagrant mind,
Leaving his book and making for the door,
The clean-faced roses nodding in the wind
Seem whisp'ring, "Yes, yes, come! Here's better lore,
Here blither class-mates—sparrows, bees, and more,—
All studying—guess what?—how to be free!
How to be made of air and ecstasy!

"How does the white road feel to flying feet?
How goes the linnet vaulting o'er a hedge?
How does the sun make milky the young wheat?
How does the soft breeze turn the grass on edge?
Come! Be a rose awhile; our buds we pledge
We'll teach and let you go again as free
As the wild winds we toss about in glee.

"What bribes are in the smiles of heaven's blue—
Farms; streams; birds'-nests; rough, sunny mountain-slopes:
What does the prisoned bird or insect do
When you lift up your hat's rim? He elopes!
He's off to flowery knoll or leafy copse—
Now for it! Run! A step, and you are free.
Bravo! Hip, hip, hurrah! and three times three!"

So speaks all beauty ever: Break with rules,—
Do what your blood prompts,—be extravagant,—
Pitch to the Ugly One all codes and schools.
Beyond their bounds lies everything you want—
Which you must have, though barred by adamant.
Do not be hindered. Rouse yourself! Be free!
Pluck down your branch from life's fair-blooming tree!

THISTLE-DOWN.

While the moon hangs low i' the sky,
The crescent moon with its horn up;
While the man in the field, near by,
Gathers and binds his corn up;
While sticks and stones and heaven knows what,
Thrown here into a heap to rot,
Point out the stars as if, God wot,
To hold their light to scorn up;
While chick-weed, bind-weed, hops, and clover
The dead twigs interlace, and cover
The thistles that among and over
Grow with many a thorn up,
Soft beds supply for me and my lover
Till the lark wake the morn up.

Or till the night-wind, blowing strong,
Lifts our throne on his pinions—
Wastes our throne yet bears us along,
A tour of his wide dominions.

Hey! up and off. See, road and stream,
As in a story told in dream,
Enchanted come and go, and seem
By our side to dance cotillions.
Hands round, change partners,—fords and bridges!
The roads wheel off through country hedges,
And soon by other rivers' edges
Are lovingest of minions,
Waved over by the same green sedges
And willow-tree pavilions.

Up sways the air, a viewless wand,
A quavering measure beating.
Up sweeps the barren, rock-strewn land
The star-strewn heaven meeting.
We mount! we mount! o'er flood and fen,
And where the red fox has his den;
O'er lichened rock and streamy glen

Its nightly ode repeating;
Till spreads the upland, flat and bare,
Coursed over by the level air—
Away we speed, we know not where,
Past glooms and gleams, retreating;
Here farms and fields, vast shadows there
And forms our brief glance cheating.

Oh, see! oh, see! the long, faint line
Where punctual tides inflowing
Bring on the morning, pale and fine,
A modest visage showing.

The wind has veered and blows the brine
To herds of neck-outstretching kine,
That stand like stocks, like stones recline,
Or move unearthly, lowing.
Yon homestead trees awake and shiver,
The houses look as they'd wake never.
Else, all's a-tremble and a-quiver,
And the pearly light is growing.
The stars are gone as though forever,
And we, too, must be going.

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Two little rivers here together run,
And part again, and meet once more, and make
A gravelly island, which the morning sun,
Though veiled, is hot enough to parch and bake,
Except where the recurring, curling wave
At intervals its pebbly shore doth lave.

Forward, at one side, rises a rough slope,
And, on the other, labor-softened banks
Confront it, smiling—as a new-born hope
Might desperate willfulness. Between their ranks
The mingling waters, in a glistening coil,
Rush on with pleasant wrangling and turmoil.

But rearward, where the rivers meet at first,
In smooth-filled trough, with eddies dimpled o'er,
And shelving banks in scooping floods immersed,
And shifting, sandy, many-pitted floor—
There the wild streams, self-prisoned, roam about,
Glad when, at last, they may slip sideways out

From under the half-shadow of a screen
Of gauzy trees, with openings wide and high,
Through which the long, low, distant hills are seen,
All pale and faint, scarce bluer than the sky,
Which is not blue at all, but white as pearl,
Or as the teeth of a ten-year-old girl.

Most of the trees are aspens, slim and gray,
Some birches, and few beeches, dark and old,
'Gainst which a bright young plane-tree throws a spray
Of freshly chiseled leaves in greenish gold.
Beyond them widens a great campaign, famed
For deep-soiled fields and cities glorious named,—

And over it the filmy-textured sky,
Thin but unbroken, like a flower-bell bent,
A-tremble with its murmuring industry,
A giant lily with a bee in-pent,
While its curved lip momently kisses still
The further brow of the far, bounding hill.

SALT-WORKS AT PETITE ANSE.

SOMEBODY has characterized our Southern scenery as consisting of "a line and a pine." To the traveler who derives his first impression from what he sees upon coming into the Mississippi from the Gulf, there is redundancy in even so epigrammatic a statement, which would seem to contain more truth, if less poetry, were the pine left out. The low reed-marsh, which melts off imperceptibly into the sea, fringes the coast for miles inland—if land it can be called which affords pasture only to mosquitoes and alligators, and over which the slight tropical tides have daily dominion. What we see thus vaguely indicated is the continuation of the geological process which has given much of Louisiana to the continent. The "Father of Waters" is the progenitor also of the land itself. The entire delta country is but so much terrestrial flotsam and jetsam. The normal relations elsewhere of land and water are here reversed, or at least interchangeable, for the big river can, upon occasion, be as independent of its banks as was the allegorical Thames in "The Critic"; while its tributaries—as we would call them upon the testimony of the atlas—exhibit a marked propensity to run away from it. A labyrinthine tangle of these bayous laces the low-lying alluvial country in every direction, affording an outlet to market for the products of that teeming soil which has been created and enriched by their successive overflows.

Of these natural canals, the most interesting in all aspects is the Bayou Têche, famed through Longfellow's verse. Its sluggish and sinuous course lies through the fertile prairies of the Attakapas and "fair Opelousas," grazed by the herds of long-horned cattle which form the substance of the exiled Acadians. But the unbroken solitude of other days, when Evangeline and Father Felician traversed its waters on their pathetic quest, has given place to a succession of well-cultivated plantations which fully justify the encomiums of the *ci-devant* blacksmith of Grand Pré upon the bountiful character of the new soil. The huge sugar-houses with towering chimneys, the massive machinery and stacks of coal seen here and there along the levee, suggest manufacturing rather than agricultural interests, and impart to the scene a character all its own. From the deck of the *René Macready* at times we seemed to be moving by the water-front of a prolonged village, so close together are the homesteads which line the levee. The arable land lying invariably along the bayous, the tracts are measured, like city lots, upon the front, except that

SPORT AT PETITE ANSE.

arpents* instead of feet are the units; thence they stretch back to the trackless swamp which shuts in the horizon. At close intervals the stream is spanned by neat white floating bridges, which swing open to allow the boat to pass. These features alternate with lonely reaches, overhung by the dark, massive foliage of live-oak and cypress, and the graybeard Spanish moss, which drapes every bough; here the solemn hush is broken only by the booming snort of the engine, and the churning of the paddles seems to disturb for the first time the imperceptible current of coffee-colored water. The continually narrowing channel seems as if it would close with every bend, but the sun goes down, and the dark shores grow duskier, and still we hold on our course, until, sometime in the short hours of the morning, the boat ties up to the levee at New Iberia, the terminus of our journey by water.

From the narrow, tortuous bayou, with its dense growth, to the free, open prairie, which loses itself in the horizon back of the little town, the transition is startling. Just now we were constrained within the limits of the straitest of thoroughfares; all at once, we are in the enjoyment of a latitude of roads which gives one a vague sense of having put to sea in a buggy. In spite of the assurance of the livery man that we "can't miss the road," we do compass that impossible thing before we are clear of the suburbs, and continue to do so at frequent intervals thereafter. The total absence of landmarks, the infrequency of sources of information, and the perplexities of Acadian patois, which is the medium of intercourse, combine to prolong a ten-mile drive throughout the forenoon. One element of confusion, as we presently discover, lies in the comprehensiveness of the name Petite Anse. An old woman knitting, and tending a flock of geese, with a huge closed green umbrella lying on top of her head by way of sun-

OLD SUGAR-HOUSE.

* An arpent is four thousand and eighty-eight yards. One and one-sixth arpents are equivalent to an acre. Both measurements are used in Louisiana—the French prevailing in the Creole parishes, and along the Têche.

shade, complicates our search by the reply: "*Mais c'est ici, la Petite Anse, tout autour*," with a gesture which might indicate all the habitable globe. Pluck and luck, which have stood so many discoverers in good stead, prove our surest holds now; the billowy prairie merges at last in the dead level of the sea-marsh, and a savory smell of salt water refreshes the sultry noon, as a bold line of hills rises out of the reedy expanse, and at the farther end of a causeway right before us.

INTERIOR OF SALT-MINE.

Petite Anse is one of the "Five Islands" which, standing in the midst of a level country of marsh and prairie, extend in a straight line, and at almost equal intervals, from near the Têche seaward to Atchafalaya Bay. Geologically, they are considered a part of the bluff formation seen elsewhere in Louisiana and along the Upper Mississippi, though there are several conflicting theories to account for their origin, whose respective *pros* and *cons* lie beyond the limit and purpose of the present article.

Our preconceptions as to the social constituents of the locality proved entirely misleading; the whole island comprised but a single plantation, the estate of the late Judge Avery, of whose death we had only learned from a paper of the day before, as we left New Orleans; in view of which occurrence, and in the absence of any species of public entertainment, we were casting about rather hopelessly for an abiding-place, when the solution of the difficulty appeared opportunely in the person of a sunburnt gentleman on a wiry creole horse, who turned out to be the new lord of the soil, making his daily round of his domain, and who strikingly exemplified the genial hospitality in which this region abounds. Our installation was effected without more ado and quite as a matter of course, and by the time we retired to the *galérie* to discuss our black coffee and *perique* cigarettes, after dinner, we were quite domesticated. The blazing fervor of a Louisiana June day gave place to delicious coolness as the sun went down, and the strong Gulf breeze swept across the wide expanse of sea-marsh spread out before us miles on miles, with the silver thread of the little Bayou Petite Anse gleaming here and there, as its windings opened a reach to our view elsewhere obscured by the tall reeds, and an occasional small "island" of timber showing in darker contrast with the verdure. On the sloping lawn in front of the house, the children were playing at lassoing each other, in emulation of the feats of their pastoral

GROUP OF SALT-MINERS.

neighbors the Acadians, and their lively chatter chimed well with the soughing of the wind through the live-oaks. With this last lulling whisper in our ears as accompaniment to the shrill treble of baffled mosquitoes outside our bar, we dropped into the sleep of the weary, from which we were aroused by Jules, the mulatto *valet*, with admonition and foretaste of breakfast in the shape of coffee.

An exploration of the island reveals its general form to be an irregular oval, bounded on the west and south by the bayou, and insulated elsewhere from *terra firma* by the impassable sea-marsh. Though comprising in its upland extent but a little more than twenty-two hundred acres, it reaches an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet above tide level at its highest point, Prospect Hill. Thence the ground falls away in minor undulations, diversified by clumps of timber, fields of cane and corn, and open pasture-land, with herds of the sleek, clean-limbed, long-horned cattle of the country grazing or chewing the cud of satiety as they stand belly-deep in the small ponds between the hills. To the east, the boundaries of the island are merged in the dense *cyprière*, beyond which the neighboring island of Grande Côte juts above the broad sheet of Vermillion Bay, some nine miles distant. Around to the west a gleam of water among the trees indicates the position of Lake Simonette and Orange Island, the last of the five, where Mr. Charles Jefferson, a son of the famous actor, resides. Here the original and only *Rip Van Winkle* occasionally seeks and finds the realization of his big duck-story, and proves himself, let us hope, a more successful sportsman than when he so incensed *Dame Gretchen* by his unlucky shot.

Curiously enough, the chief industries at Petite Anse arise from the production and preparation of the three principal condiments which minister to the comfort of civilized man—pepper, sugar, and salt. A feature of these hill-tops is the crop of red pepper, which seems to find a most congenial soil thus near the sun. A concentrated essence is prepared, put up, and sent to market from a small laboratory on the island, and, under the title of Tabasco Sauce, is well known both at home and abroad as a most agreeable seasoning. A single drop will make itself manifest in a plate of soup. A story is related of a casual visitor to the island, who, seeing a bottle on the table, partook of the contents as lavishly as if he had been using catsup, which it

closely resembles in appearance. A few moments later, he was obliged to excuse himself, and was found rolling on the grass in the shade. Being asked why he had come out-of-doors, his answer was, "To bask, O!"

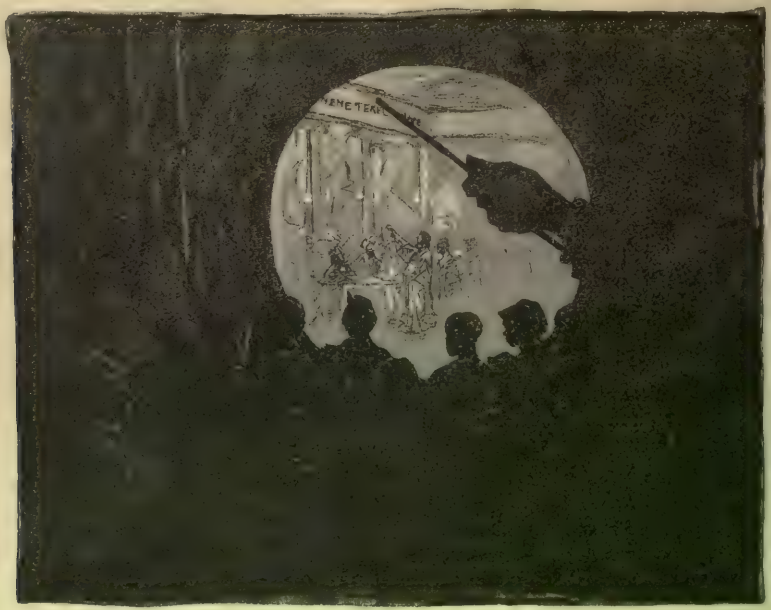
But the pepper crop is of the least importance—a mere "side speculation," as Colonel Sellers would say—when compared to the island's other exports. Sugar, of course, is the main agricultural feature here as elsewhere in southern Louisiana, where the talk is of hogsheads, kettles, vacuum pans, fuel, and machinery, rather than of the things which enter into the conversation of bucolic folk generally. A successful planter must needs be a chemist and practical machinist, besides possessing administrative ability of no mean order.

But—quoting Sellers again, with a slight amendment—"if you want something with the real ring in it,"—*Salt!* As early as 1812, Mr. John C. Marsh, the grandfather of the present proprietors, then resident upon the island, made salt by evaporation

BEARS' PAWS.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

of the water from a brine spring near the site of the present works. He endeavored to increase the supply by sinking a well, but was interrupted by a bed of quicksand, and abandoned the attempt. For a half-century the enterprise was neglected, as the limited supply did not seem to warrant its development, except under such pressure as the necessities of war brought to bear. Events of later date supplied the requisite conditions, and it was owing to the extreme stringency of war times that, in the spring of 1862, Mr. John M. Avery undertook to procure salt as his grandfather had done in the "war of '12." This gentleman, holding the opinion that the whole island rested on a foundation of salt, and that the bed followed generally the configuration of the surface, undertook to avoid the annoyance caused by the filling of the wells already sunk with fresh water after rains, by sinking another, where the ground was more elevated. After some progress, the negro workman reported that he had struck a stump, and that he could not dig around it. Mr. Avery was unwilling to abandon the work at this stage, and setting the man



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

to clear away all the earth, found a smooth, dark material filling all the bottom of the pit, upon which the spade made no impression. The first blow of an ax, however, brought out a chip of pure white salt, under a thin coating of naphtha, and established the salt industry of Petite Anse upon a solid basis. The lucky find speedily became noised abroad, and several States, as well as the Confederate Government, at once established works there for supplying their respective populations, and the armies in the field, with the much-needed condiment. Large quantities were taken out, and one of the most pressing necessities of the Confederacy was in a fair way to be relieved, when, in April, 1863, the Federal authorities sent a flotilla of gun-boats, with a force sufficient to drive off the workmen and destroy the works, which remained dismantled until after the conclusion of hostilities.

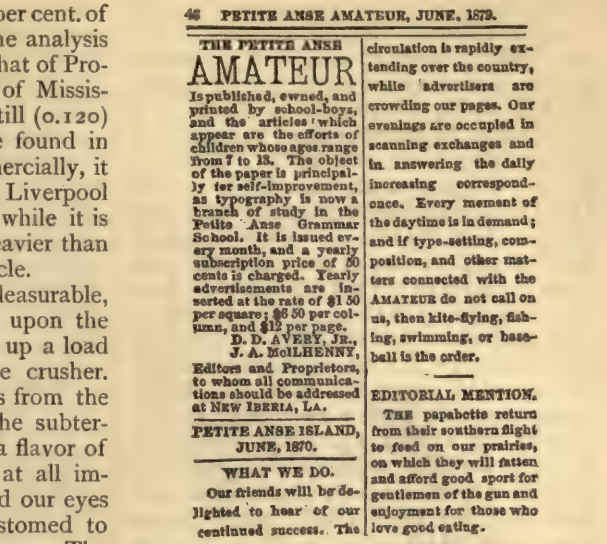
When we visited the island, two years ago, the mine was being worked on a limited scale by a Galveston company, which had but recently commenced operations. Their appliances and general facilities were very inadequate—a single engine of twenty-five horse-power was employed for raising, crushing, and grinding the salt, which was then conveyed by tram-way one and a quarter miles to the bayou, and shipped by vessel to Galveston.

The salt-bed is found at a distance ranging from eleven to thirty feet below the surface, and is therefore mostly below tide-level. Its thickness is not known, but no bottom has been found at a depth of sixty-five feet through solid salt, from the naphtha crust which overlies it, and protects it from infiltrations from the quicksand invariably encountered a few feet above. Professor Richard Owen believes that the deposit has been formed "by saline inundations caused by storm-tides," which even now sometimes flood the whole marsh and prairie, as in the case of the famous "Last Island storm," which wrought such devastation to that summer resort of the local population some years ago. The fact that the layers, so far as known, follow the lines of the other strata overlying them, would seem to sustain the theory of Professor Streeruwitz, the resident mining engineer and chemist, that a violent upheaval of the sea-bed has been the cause. In support of this view he argues that, while in the mines of Saltzburg, Germany, "the upper layers of salt are not pure chloride of sodium, but mixed with compounds of potassium, magnesium, and containing sulphur—the Petite Anse salt, so far as explored, is from top to bottom chloride of sodium, with traces only of potassium, magnesium, iron, and lime in the form of gypsum." The proportion of these foreign

substances is less than half of one per cent. of the whole (0.473), according to the analysis made by Dr. Joseph Jones, and that of Professor Hilgard, of the University of Mississippi, gives a smaller percentage still (0.120) of gypsum—the only impurity he found in the specimens submitted. Commercially, it compares favorably with the best Liverpool salt, being clear, white, and dry, while it is claimed that it is ten per cent. heavier than the same bulk of the English article.

It was a novel, and, withal, pleasurable, experience to go down the shaft upon the "cage," which had just brought up a load of the crystalline masses for the crusher. The transition in a few moments from the heat and glare above ground to the subterranean gloom and coolness, had a flavor of enchantment in it which was not at all impaired by the scene which greeted our eyes when they became a little accustomed to the dim light of these lower regions. The feeble rays of a few candles here and there, where the miners were at work, seemed to illuminate but a few yards about them, though reflected back from walls white as alabaster, and gleaming with crystals. The rest of the gallery was intensified darkness, through which we stumbled as best we might from one beacon to another, which alone indicated its direction and extent. The voices of the workmen, chatting in negro dialect or Acadian French, sounded strange and inharmonious. Salt to right of us, salt to left of us, above and beneath,—salt everywhere; we stooped under arches and pendants of it, stumbled over bowlders of it, and walked shoe-deep in salt sand; and had we come suddenly upon the figure of Lot's wife, it would have seemed most fit and appropriate.

Relics of equal antiquity, however, and even of a prehistoric period, are not uncommon on the island, and Dr. McIlhenny, who leads the scientific thought of its inhabitants, has collected a number of fossil and other specimens which utterly mystify the theories of visiting geologists. Petite Anse seems in its geology and archæology, as in some other respects, quite independent of the canons to which the larger world is subject. Thus, while the highest hills show beds of pebbles of various sorts, and different forms of coral, the children make quite a frolic of hunting for mastodon bones in the bed of a stream which flows through the low-lying parts of the island! Similar remains are frequently encountered under fifteen feet of earth, just above the salt, and at the same depth, and in close proximity to these, have



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THE PETITE ANSE
AMATEUR
Is published, owned, and printed by school-boys, and the articles which appear are the efforts of children whose ages range from 7 to 15. The object of the paper is principally for self-improvement, as typography is now a branch of study in the Petite Anse Grammar School. It is issued every month, and a yearly subscription price of 50 cents is charged. Yearly advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1 50 per square; $6 50 per column, and $12 per page.
D. D. AVERY, JR.,
J. A. McILHENNY,
Editors and Proprietors, to whom all communications should be addressed at NEW IBERIA, LA.

PETITE ANSE ISLAND, JUNE, 1870.

WHAT WE DO.

Our friends will be delighted to hear of our continued success. The circulation is rapidly extending over the country, while advertisers are crowding our pages. Our evenings are occupied in scanning exchanges and in answering the daily increasing correspondence. Every moment of the daytime is in demand; and if type-setting, composition, and other matters connected with the AMATEUR do not call on us, then kite-flying, fishing, swimming, or baseball is the order.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

THE papabotte return from their southern flight to feed on our prairies, on which they will fatten and afford good sport for gentlemen of the gun and enjoyment for those who love good eating.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE SMALLEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD. (EXACT SIZE.)

been found fragments of pottery, and baskets of wild cane, in perfect preservation, and of the same pattern as those in use among the Têche Indians of the present day. Part of a stone mortar was found near the baskets, and now lies in the yard in front of the Avery house; evidently it had been brought from elsewhere, as there is no stone of the same kind anywhere else on the island. An old kiln has also been discovered, with perfect specimens of pottery yet remaining in it, and flint arrow and lance heads are picked up constantly in cultivating the cane-fields.

The human occupation of the island, as far as anything definite is known, began with John Hayes, who was born October 5, 1776; settled on Petite Anse Island, January 15, 1791, and removed thence to Petite Anse Prairie, May 13, 1869, having been a resident of the island on the plantation sold to D. D. Avery over seventy-eight years. Mr. Hayes died July 15, 1869, when he was over ninety-two years of age. He found the whole place a dense forest, abounding in game, but no Indians nor any sign of them, nor could he ever induce one of them to come upon the island, owing to a tradition which had been handed down to them of some great calamity which had formerly befallen their race there.

After the heat and burden of the day, it was pleasant to assemble around the long dining-table, spread with the delicacies of the Creole *cuisine* and no less bountiful in the feast of reason and flow of soul. The fish of the

court bouillon had been that morning enticed from the bayou by old "Uncle Bill," yclept the Ancient Mariner, while the *jombaleyeh* of snowy rice, seasoned to perfection, and the figs, freshly gathered from the trees in the garden, imparted a local flavor to the repast. Pleasanter still was the interval before the lamps were lit, when the household broke up into knots and groups upon the long *galérie*, where the awnings were drawn up to admit the sea-breeze, or out under the trees upon the lawn to see the sunset, or perhaps to watch the dark storm-clouds rolling up from the horizon, and streaking the vast level tract seaward with vivid contrasts of shadow and sunlight, ever changing and finally disappearing from view as a gray curtain of rain fell over the brilliant panorama. Then, as the brief twilight waned and gave place to the soft splendor of mellow moonlight, and the tinkle of the piano within doors sounded invitation to the groups upon the lawn, the broad Mexican *sombrero* of "the professor" would be signaled by the outlying picket of the youngsters, and soon his ponderous basso would be booming in the evening concert by our improvised quintette on the *galérie*. These entertainments were further enriched toward the close of our visit by the contribution of Charley Jefferson's tenor, and thus reënforced the Petite Anse Glee Club took a fresh departure and its performances became quite ambitious. These "distractions" were diversified with much pleasant familiar chat, hunting and fishing yarns and war reminiscences by the resident gentry, all of whom were keen sportsmen, and had, moreover, burned powder at more important game than even bear and panther, while serving with Dick Taylor in the late unpleasantness.

Other intellectual and æsthetic elements were not wanting to round out the proportion of this little island-world. The "Petite Anse Amateur," which boasts the proud distinction of being the "smallest newspaper in the world," and is edited, printed, and published by the children of the Avery household, had, by last accounts, a subscription of two hundred copies, and numbered about fifty papers among its exchanges. The enterprise was undertaken at the instance of the teacher of the Petite Anse school, as an exercise in composition, and as such has proved very beneficial, and far more entertaining to its staff than compositions of the usual kind. At first, some revision of contributions by the seniors of the family was necessary; but this did not extend beyond the indication of errors in spelling and grammar. Now the paper has acquired an editorial experience which enables it to stand alone. The ages of its contributors vary from seven to fifteen years, and its conduct fully justifies its motto, "*Prosta ac vince.*"

Just before our departure, an entertainment was given under the auspices of the colored congregation of the plantation chapel. The programme was calculated to arouse expectation, and almost the entire population, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, went to witness what was announced as the

GREAT RELIGIOUS WONDER OF THE AGE!
BY REVS. WHITE AND HUDSON.
PANITHEOPTICONICON!

Such as never been seen before. Go and see it. One night only. Don't fail to come and see. You may never have another opportunity.

Doors open at seven o'clock, P. M.

Adam and Eve pass the scene at eight o'clock, with the serpent following at their feet.

As the performance was opportunely timed when the plantation people had just been paid off, a silver harvest of quarters rewarded the labors of the reverend showmen. A feature of the spectacle which attested its character as a "strictly moral show" was the giving out of suitable hymns, to be sung by the congregation while the slides were being passed through the lantern. Various and curious were the exclamations of awe and wonder from the assistants, and some startling effects were produced by the occasional invasion by a colossal hand of the luminous picture-field upon the sheet. As to the singing, description is powerless to convey an impression of its swing and fervor, which sometimes promised to precipitate a revival, as some camp-meeting favorite would be given out.

If we had found difficulty in getting to Petite Anse, it was harder yet to leave, and it was only after one or two false starts that our flitting was effected. The fleeting weeks of our sojourn had been long enough for the forming of a deep-rooted attachment to the spot and its inhabitants. It was with a feeling near akin to homesickness that the stranger, who had but just now come unbidden within their gates, passed out again, "to the northward heading," and as he turned for a last lingering look at the lovely island, now but a wavy break upon the level horizon, the thought took shape that inclosed in those blue hills, if anywhere, was to be found "the salt of the earth."

ROBERT FULTON'S EXPERIMENTS IN SUBMARINE GUNNERY.

FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED MSS.

INTRODUCTION, BY ROBERT H. THURSTON.

ROBERT FULTON has never received, either in kind or in degree, the credit that is justly his due. Those members of the engineering profession who have become familiar with his work through the ordinary channels of information generally look upon him as a talented artist and fortunate amateur engineer, whose fancies led him into many strange vagaries and whose enthusiastic advocacy of a new method of transportation—the success of which was already assured by the ingenuity and skill of James Watt, Oliver Evans, and John Fitch, and by the really intelligent methods of those early professional engineers, the Messrs. Stevens—gave him an opportunity of grasping the prize of which Chancellor Livingston had secured the legal control. By such engineers as know only of his work on the Seine and the Hudson, in the introduction of the steam-boat, he is not considered as an inventor, but simply as one who profited by the inventions of others, and who, taking advantage of circumstances, and gaining credit which was not, of right, wholly his own, acquired a reputation vastly out of proportion to his real merits.

The layman, judging only from the popular traditions, and the incomplete historical accounts that have come to him, supposes Robert Fulton to have been the inventor of the steam-boat, and on that ground regards him as one of the greatest mechanics and engineers that the world has yet seen.

The truth, undoubtedly, is that Fulton was not "the inventor of the steam-boat," and that the reputation acquired by his successful introduction of steam navigation is largely accidental, and is principally due to the possession, in company with Livingston, of a monopoly which drove from this most promising field those more original and more skillful engineers, Evans and the Stevenses. No one of the essential devices successfully used by Fulton in the *Clermont*—his first North River steam-boat—was new, and no one of them differed, to any great extent, from devices successfully adopted by earlier experimenters. Fulton's success there was a commercial success, purely. John Stevens had, in 1804, built a successful *screw* steam vessel; and his paddle steamer of 1807—the *Phœnix*—was a better piece of engineering than the *Clermont*. John Fitch had, still earlier, used both screw and paddle. In England, Miller, and Symmington, and Lord Dundas had antedated even Fulton's earliest experiments on the Seine. Indeed, it seems not at all unlikely that Papin, just a century earlier,—in 1707,—had he been given a monopoly of steam navigation on the Weser or the Fulda, and had he been joyfully hailed by the Hanoverians as a public benefactor, as was Fulton, instead of being proscribed and assaulted by the mob who destroyed his earlier *Clermont*,*—might have been equally successful; or, it may be that the Frenchman, Jouffroy, who experimented on the rivers of France twenty-five years before Fulton, might, with similar encouragement, have gained an equal success.

The essentials to Fulton's success—his steam-engine and the stanch hull of his boat—were designed by more experienced builders. The engine was sent from England by James Watt, and the hull was constructed by Charles Brown in New York.

Yet, although Fulton was not, in any true sense, "the inventor of the steam-boat," his services in the work of introducing that miracle of our modern times cannot be overestimated, and, aside from his claim as the first to grasp success among the many who were then bravely struggling to place steam-navigation on a permanent and safe basis, he is entitled to all the praise that has ever been accorded him on such different ground; although his talent as an inventor and his skill as a great mechanic and engineer were not displayed in any remarkable way in the construction of the *Clermont*, they were exhibited most remarkably in both earlier and later work, and were most wonderfully displayed in his methods of *submarine warfare*.

One of the great engineer's earliest inventions was a "diving-boat," in which, like a veritable Captain Nemo, he prowled

* "History of the Growth of the Steam-engine," pp. 223–225. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

about beneath the waters of the harbor of Brest, during all the summer of 1801, coming to the surface like the gigantic balena to get breath, plunging beneath it again, rising or diving, moving forward or backward, turning and returning, and, after a time, coming above water where least expected, and sailing away like any of the commonplace craft with which the harbor was crowded. He spent, at times, several hours below the surface, and once, when a ship was placed at his disposal by Bonaparte, then First Consul, he attacked her from beneath and blew her into the air with his torpedoes.

Fulton's diving-boat, the *Nautilus*, and his powerful torpedoes, kept the British fleet in a state of perpetual apprehension, for it was well known that he was negotiating with the French Government for the purchase of his inventions, and had promised Napoleon "to deliver France and the whole world from British oppression."

Dissatisfied with the passive and uncertain character of torpedoes as weapons of submarine warfare, Fulton, although far more successful in their use than any inventor of his own or even of the succeeding generation, next turned his attention to the adaptation of heavy ordnance to use under water. Returning to the United States in the early part of the winter of 1806, after nearly twenty years' residence in Europe, and breaking off the fruitless negotiations with the governments of France and England in which he had sacrificed so much time during the previous five years, he presented his plans to the Government of the United States. He received much encouragement from President Jefferson, from President Madison, and from Smith, the Secretary of State and of the Navy under the two presidents.

He made some successful experiments with his torpedoes and his submarine guns, and patented many of these devices in 1813. His plans finally became well understood and were so favorably judged by the naval officers to whom they were submitted that, in 1814, he obtained a contract for the first war-steamer ever built, the *Fulton the First*, and it was while constructing this "steam-frigate" that he fell a victim to disease contracted by exposure during the severe weather of January, 1815, dying February 24th of that year.

While conducting the correspondence with Jefferson which resulted as just narrated, Fulton wrote the letter which follows, describing his "method of firing guns under water." The inventor received a favorable reply from the ex-president, and this letter is one of those papers which will always possess historical interest as having formed a part of the most interesting correspondence of those eventful times.

No attempt is made to correct either the orthography or the punctuation of the author; the compositor has worked from the original rough draft made by Fulton, and the illustrations are exact reproductions of his own rough sketches.

The greatest naval engineer of our own time has wonderfully improved upon the rude methods and the comparatively feeble and inefficient apparatus of Fulton; and beside that latest and most formidable of modern engines of war which was so lately pictured in these columns, the *Destroyer*, of Captain Ericsson, the almost forgotten, the never well-known, devices of the artist-engineer may appear insignificant; yet, when the circumstances by which he was surrounded are remembered,—the total lack of all our modern knowledge of the technics of the profession, the absence of all those conveniences that now seem essential to good construction, the absence of all our standard forms of machinery, the inexperience of the workmen who were necessarily intrusted with the carrying out of his plans, and the positively obstructive policy of many departments of government, as well as the opposition of rival claimants of public and private countenance and assistance,—when it is realized how much of talent and how much of enterprise, energy, and persistence were demanded in the accomplishment of such tasks as Robert Fulton so splendidly and successfully undertook, it will certainly be acknowledged that he deserves all the fame that has been accorded him, either as a great mechanic or an ingenious and successful inventor.

THE EXPERIMENTS.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1813.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: As you take a lively interest in every discovery which may be of use to America, I will communicate one I have made, and on which I have finished some very satisfactory experiments, that promise important aid in enabling us to enforce a respect for our commerce, if not a perfect

liberty of the seas; my researches on torpedoes led me to reflections on firing guns under water, and it is about a month since I commenced a suit of experiments.

EXPERIMENT FIRST.

A gun 2 feet long, one inch diameter, was loaded with a lead ball and one ounce of powder; I put a tin tube to the touch-hole, made it water-tight, and let it under water three feet. Before it I placed a yellow pine plank, 4 inches thick, 18 inches from the muzle. on firing, the ball went through the 18 inches of water and the plank. When the gun is loaded as usual, a tompkin or plug is put in the muzle to keep the water out of the barrel, as at *A*. In this experiment the gun being immersed with the pressure of three feet of water on all its parts, that circumstance might be assigned as a reason for its not bursting; It then became necessary to try the effect with the muzle in water and the britch in air.

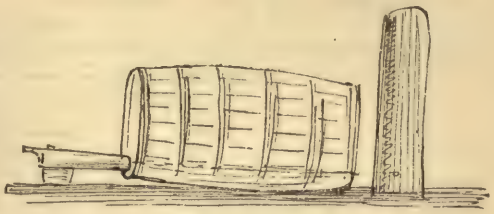

FIGURE 2.—SECOND EXPERIMENT.

THIRD EXPERIMENT.

I otained a cannon, a 4 pounder for which I cast a lead ball that weighed 6 pounds two ounces the Charge 1½ pounds of powder I placed it under water 4 feet fired at a target distant 12 feet the ball passed through the 12 feet of water, and a yellow pine log 15 inches thick the gun not injured.

FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

I put an air box round the same cannon,

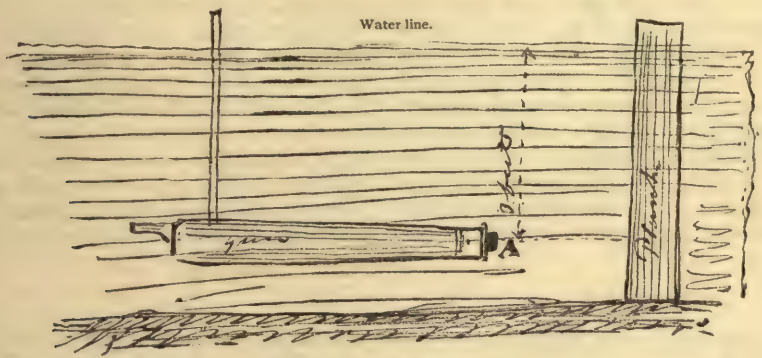

FIGURE 1.—FIRST EXPERIMENT.

SECOND EXPERIMENT.

I procured a common wine pipe and inserted the gun, loaded as before, into one end near the bottom, the muzle in the wine pipe 6 inches, the Britch out 18 inches. the pipe was then filled with water to the bunghole, having a head of water of 2 feet 3 inches above the gun, and a body of water three feet long through which the bullet had to pass, I then placed the opposite end of the pipe against a yellow pine post, in such manner that if the ball went through the water and pipe it should enter the post, *I fired* the ball passed through the three feet of water, the end of the pipe and 7 inches into the post, the cask was blown to pieces the gun not injured.

except one foot of the muzle, so that the muzle might be in water the Britch in air then let it under water 4 feet and fired as before through 12 feet of water and 15 inches of yellow pine gun not injured.

FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

I ordered a frame to be made of two pine logs each 13 inches square 45 feet long, on one end of which I placed a Columbiad carrying a ball 9 inches diameter 100 pounds weight on the other end I erected a target 6 feet square three feet thick of seasoned sound oak, braced and bolted very strong thus. The Columbiad except two feet of the muzle was in an air box, the muzle 24 feet 6 inches from the

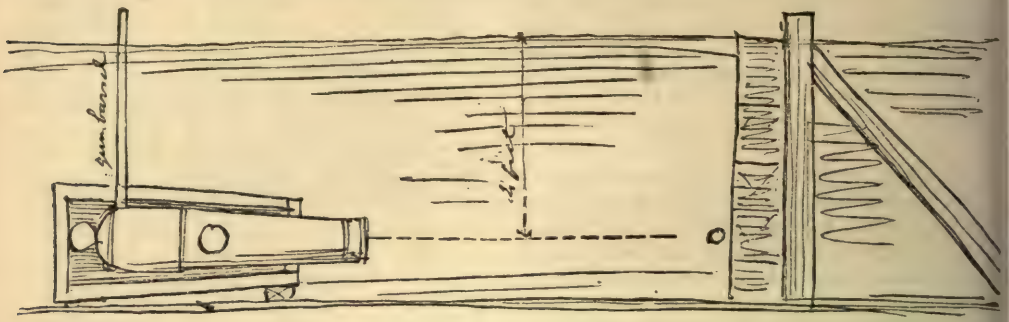

FIGURE 3.—FOURTH EXPERIMENT.

target, the Charge of powder 10 pounds, when fired the ball entered only 9 inches; That is its diameter into the oak; the columbiad not injured; this experiment proved the range of 24 feet 6 inches through the water to be too great.

SIXTH EXPERIMENT.

I took away the columbiad and Box, and put a 24 pounder in its place loaded with 9 pounds of powder, the muzle 22 feet from the target on firing it entered the target only its diameter that is about 6 inches; Without mathematical experience the conclusion would have been that the 24 pounder having a quantity of powder equal to near one half the weight of the ball, and the Ball 5½ inches diameter presenting little more than one third the resistance to the water and wood that was presented by the 9 Inch Ball, it should have entered further into the target *it did not*, momentum was wanting.

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT.

I loaded the Columbiad with 12 pounds of powder and placed the muzle 6 feet from the target the muzle of the gun 2 feet under water the place where the ball struck the target 5 feet under water, in this case the ball went through the target 3 feet thick, and where is not known, the target was torn to pieces; In this experiment I fortunately proved beyond a doubt, that columbiads can drive balls of one hundred pounds weight through 6 feet of water and the side of a first rate man of war.

On examining doctor Hutton's experiments, and theory of projectiles *in air*, and comparing the density of air with water, the theory is that the columbiad fired, might have been 10 feet from the target, the Ball would then have struck with a velocity of 650 feet a second; and have passed through 3 feet of oak; had the columbiad been 16 feet long and made of a strength to fire with 20 pounds of powder, the range might have been 15 feet through water. But I will take the medium distance of 10 feet, and then the first undeniable principle is that one Vessel can range alongside of another within ten or 6 or even 5 feet, when giving the Broadside of only two 9 inch balls through the side of the enemy 8 feet below her water line the water would rush in with a velocity

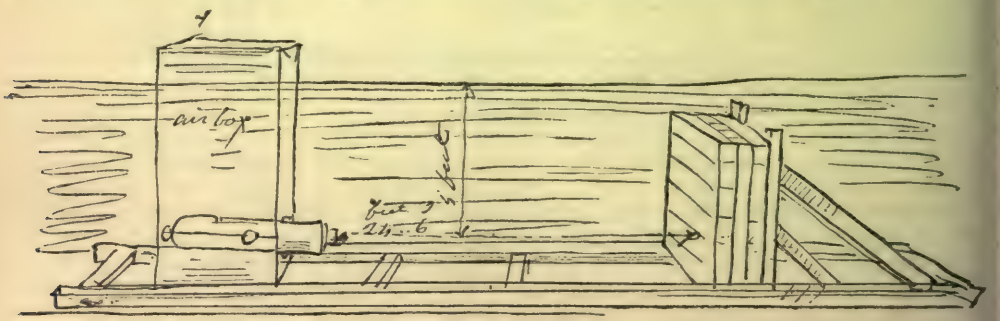

FIGURE 4.—FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

of 16 feet in a second and sink her in 20 or 30 minutes; but from what I have seen in this sluggish kind of shot I believe if they were put in about 5 feet from each other they would destroy timbers between the two points of shock and open a space of many square feet as thus. To put this discovery

FIGURE 5.

of submarine firing into practice against the enemy I have invented a mode for placing my Columbiads in Ships; from 4 to 8 feet below the water line as in the following drawing. My guns are to be cast with two

a pump, then if the Calibre of the gun be 9 inches diameter there must be a hole through the bottom of the cylinder of 11 inches as at *C* to let the bullet pass which hole is covered with a strong sliding valve the axis of which comes inside of the vessel as at *D*, when the gun is run into the cylinder and ready to be fired the valve opens, On firing the gun recoils shuts the valve and stops out the water, thus my guns can be loaded and fired under the water line with near the same ease they are now worked above the water line.

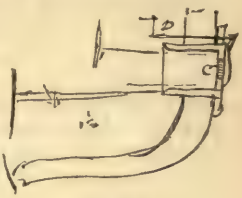

FIGURE 8.

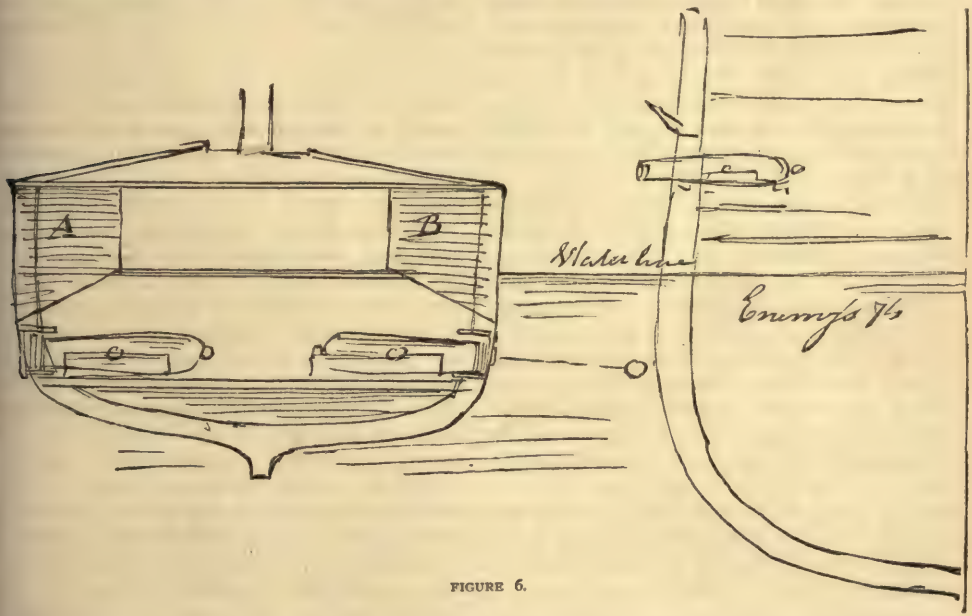

FIGURE 6.

rims round the muzle thus. The space *a*, *b* to be woulded with hemp and covered with

FIGURE 7.

thick leather the gun then forms a piston like that of a steam engine, or the piston of a forcing pump, the gun so prepared there is a Brass cylinder with a stronghead cast and boared and bolted in the side of the Vessel. When as in figure 8 the gun is run into this cylinder it fits it exactly as the piston does

My present Idea is to have 4 Columbiads on each side of a vessel and two in her Bow so that whether she runs Bow or side on to the enemy the Bullets must pass through her as in figure 9. You will observe in these sketches that not using guns above the waterline I have no portholes and the sides above the water may be 7 or 8 feet thick of pine logs which renders them not only bullet proof; but the Vessel so Buoyant that she cannot be sunk in this manner my men who work the guns are out of danger under the waterline and those who steer or work the sails are guarded by walls of wood, as *A*, *B*, figure 6th. For harbor defence and perhaps finally for sea

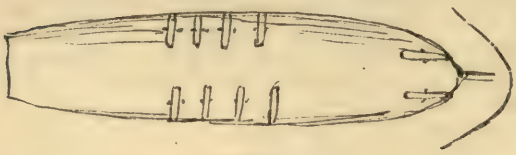

FIGURE 9.

service I have combined a steam engine with this kind of vessel to bring her up to the enemy in a calm or light breezes; In harbors I would not use masts or rigging, there would be nothing to shoot away, nor to hold by in case of attempts at boardage, and in such case as my deck would not be wanted for fighting or any other purpose *while in action* I could make it inclined to 25 degrees, and slush it so that Boarders could not keep their feet but must slide into the water they not having a pin, or rope to hold by. The steam engine would give a vessel of this description the means of playing around the Enemy, to take choice of position on her Bow or quarter and with little or no risque sink everything that came into our waters.

For sea service we must depend more on numbers of which the calculations are in favor of my plan,—

A 74 will cost 600,000 dollars, and then the 74 of an enemy is equal to her in power, the enemy also have such fleets as will enable them to bring two to one, therefore the chances are against us. For 600,000 dollars I can build 7 vessels; were they to attack a 74 she could not dismast the whole of them, some one must get within the range of 8 or 10 feet of her where one fire from any one of them would certainly destroy her. This changes the chances seven to one in our favor and against the enemy for the same capital expended.

she cannot bring her guns to bear on more than one or two of them, if she lies too to fight they must surround her, But if she sails better than any of them and runs away our object is gained for then she can be driven off the ocean into port. As columbiads of 9 inch calibre are tremendous engines for close quarters I could have two on pivots and circular carriages within my wooden walls, as thus, which being loaded

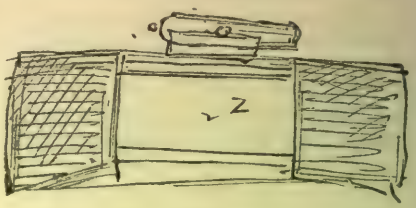

FIGURE 11.

with semi shot and chains 20 feet long would at 200 yards distance while bearing down cut her rigging and disable her before coming to close action:—We are now engaged in a war for principles important to our independence and interest as an active and great commercial nation, and if we fail generations to come must contend for it until they succeed; at all events millions must be expended which if as successful as our present hope; will fall far short of the liberty of the seas, In expectation to discover in the consealed magazines of science some certain mode for destroying military navies, and thereby establishing a perfect liberty of the seas I have laboured at intervals with much ardor for 13 years I now submit to your reflections whether I have found it. My present impression—and commodore Decatur' is that I have

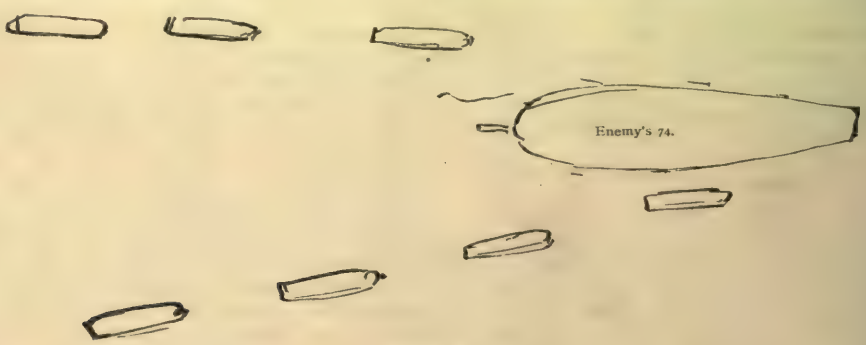

FIGURE 10.

This represents the 7 vessels bearing down on an enemy here it is obvious that this is also the opinion of many friends. for you will consider that if those vessels

can destroy such as now exist, they cannot be used against each other without both parties going to the bottom and such war cannot be made as duels would never be fought if both parties were obliged to sit on a cask of powder and ignite it with a quick match.

2 millions of dollars would build 20 such vessels 60 men to each would be sufficient total 1200 men. Such a fleet would clear our coast and the probability is it would be the most powerful fleet in the world;—one however should be built by government to establish principles on the public mind which are already proved in private. On the whole of this subject after you have maturely reflected it will give me great pleasure to have your opinions and if it coincides with mine, your influence at Washington may be necessary to carry it into effect, I sincerely hope this new art may give many pleasing hours to your evening of life as this wish is from the heart it is better than the usual unmeaning compliments with which letters are concluded.

ROBERT FULTON.

SPECIFICATION.

I Robert Fulton give the following specification of my invention for injuring or destroying Ships and Vessels of war, by igniting Gunpowder below a line horizontal to the surface of the water or so that the explosion which causes injury to the vessel attacked shall be under water. Therefore instead of having the cannon and portholes of a ship or vessel of war as usual above the surface of the water I place my cannon so low in the vessel that their portholes will be below the surface of the water any number of inches or feet which may be required from 6 inches to 4. 6. 10 or more feet and thus the cannon being fired with its muzle under Water the Bullets will pass through the water instead of through air and through the sides of the enemy from 1 to ten or more feet below the water line which letting in the water in quantity according to the size of the holes and their dept under the surface will sink the vessel attacked.

DRAWING THE FIRST

Represents the mechanism by which a cannon may be loaded inside of a ship its muzle be presented to hole in the side of the ship below the waterline then be fired its Ball pass out through water the cannon recoil into the ship and the porthole shut without letting in any inconvenient quantity of water—the gun may again be loaded and fired as before.

For this purpose a ring or flange is cast round the cannon near its muzzle which may be filled in with hemp like the packing of the piston of a steam engine or with leather like the piston of a pump. a strong Cylinder of Brass or Iron—or the most fit metal for the water in which it is to be used —is to be neat and smoothly bored like the air pump or cylinder of a steam engine and of a size exact to receive the muzle of the canon with its beforementioned packing hence when the muzle is pushed into the cylinder it will be air and water tight like the piston of a forcing pump the cylinder may be one 2 or more feet long as the use may require on its outer end a strong-head and flange cast which flange receives screw Bolts to fasten it tight in the side of the vessel In the centre of the said head there is a hole two inches in diameter greater than the caliber of the cannon to be used for the cylinder—the canon being run home until its muzle touches the head of the cylinder as in the drawing the cover to the hole is to be turned to one side and the cannon fired the Ball and Charge passing through the hole. on the recoil of the canon the sliding piece which covers the hole will descend and Stop out the water on this plan the cannon may be mounted on a carriage with wheels or not as future experience may prove best and always recoil and be worked in a line direct to the Cylinder which is to receive the muzle. in my experience so far when the cannon is loaded as usual I put a kind of tompkin or stopper in the muzzle with canvass and white lead to keep the water out of the gun thus I have found the gun to fire perfectly well without any risque or accident, although this mode may be good in practice I do not positively know that the water might not be admitted into the gun up to a Water tight Wad the first plan will do the latter may be proved in future practice—Cannon may be thus arranged under the water line in such vessels of war as are usually built But as the whole battery comes below water and may be several feet below, the Vessel above the water line may be made 5, 6 or more feet thick of pine logs or other wood or hay or cotton or old rope or cabbage

tree or any kind of material which will be Bullet Proof thus all the men will be out of danger as in drawing—

Cannon may be placed in the Bow of a Vessel near the Keel as in drawing or suspended over the Bow or sides as in drawings and be fired with water proof locks constructed for common or fulminating powder—various other modes of practice may be devised But the whole merit of this invention consists In having discovered and proved that cannon can be fired to greater advantage for the destruction or annoyance of an enemy when so placed that the muzle shall be under water and the Ball pass through Water for the whole or greater part of the space it has to go till it strikes the enemy. The practice then will be with strong Bullet proof vessels to run alongside of an enemy within 30. 20. or 10 feet give her a Broadside of 1. 2. 3. 4 or more heavy pieces from 32 to 100 pdrs from 4 to 12 or 15 feet below the waterline and retire. Of this whole system of firing cannon, carronades columbiads or ordnance of any kind *under water* so as thus to attack an enemy to advantage, I claim to be the original inventor and claiming it as my right I have deemed It sufficient to give one mechanical and practicable combination—being improvements previous to further experiments. But any attempt to fire any kind of ordnance under water in attacks on vessels of war or maritime combat will be considered a violation of my right and purvey of my invention.

THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM. II.

A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT.

THE argument of the preceding paper was to this effect: The purpose of the people in framing our present political system was to create what they thought would be a People's Government, under which, as the phrase is, the people should govern themselves—should keep power in their own hands. The main idea which led them to form that purpose was that they could not trust their public officials. The main features of the system which they framed on that idea (as those features have developed) are: election districts have become very large; elective offices have become very many; and elections are very frequent. The particular results which have followed from these features are: we have a great mass of election work; this election work is so large that it cannot be done by men who have other occupations; it falls, therefore, into the hands of professionals; these professionals capture our public offices; they keep them; the number of these professionals is so great that they naturally and necessarily have grown into large organizations, with able leaders and thorough discipline; naturally and necessarily, too, as must always be the case with large bodies of men, the action of

these large organizations is controlled by their leaders. The general result which has followed from those features of our system is: our public officials, instead of being elected by the people, are appointed by the election organizations; instead of serving the people, they serve the election organizations; instead of using our public offices and public moneys for the people, they use them for the election organizations; instead of obeying the will of the people, they obey the will of the election organizations,—in short, we have, not a government, but an election machine.

There is the disease. But then come the questions, What is the remedy? And how is the remedy to be applied?

In the present paper, an attempt will be made to answer the first of these questions—to find the remedy. The disease is deep-seated. The remedy must go to the root of the disease, and not play with the symptoms. The disease comes, if the diagnosis is correct, in the main from constitutional defects in our system of government, from a wrong use of the process of election, and the use of a wrong form of that process. The treatment, then, must be directed to those constitutional defects. In the compass of this paper necessarily only an outline of a system can be given, for the purposes of thought and discussion.

In the attempt to outline such a system of government, it will be necessary to consider:

1. What a people's government is;
2. The main features of a system framed to give us a people's government;
3. The results which a system so framed would give;
4. The reasons why the system would give us those results.

I. A people's government is an organization for doing the people's common work, according to the people's common will, by the hands of the people's common servants.

What this common work is, is not within the line of the present argument.

This common work is to be done, as most Americans will agree, not according to the will of any one man or class of men, but according to the common will of the whole people.

And it must be done, not "by the people" (for that means nothing), but by the hands of their servants—by men specially selected, in some way, for the special work they are to do. The people can at most *select* and *control*, directly or indirectly, the men who are to do their common work.

II. We come, then, to the statement of the main features of a system framed to give us a people's government.

One point of objection had best be met here.

It is often said that governments cannot be constructed on paper—that they must grow. Governments do, indeed, grow; but how do they grow? This National Government under which we now live was first framed on paper. That was the way in which its growth began. So it was, too, with our State governments. And shall we have our governments grow wild? How do governments get the best growth—without or with the hand and thought of man? The American method, the scientific method, the common-sense method, is first to draft a scheme of government on paper, as the first stage of its growth; then to think of it, discuss it, and change it; then to enact it, or make it into a constitution; and after that, when time develops faults, *when faults grow*, then to devise such changes in the scheme as will meet the faults. But it has never been the method of the American people to say that "nothing can be done."

As the next stage, then, in the *growth* of our system of government, let us see if we cannot work out on paper some of the main features of a people's government.

These features are, as it seems to me, as follows:

1. All political action, by more men than one, should be taken by men meeting and acting as one body—giving to every man one voice.

The meaning of this is, that citizens would act in their own persons only in the affairs of towns, or of small districts where the numbers of the citizens are not too large for them to meet and act as one body. In all other public action, whether as to the affairs of cities, counties, States, or the nation, whether it be the choice of public officers or the adoption of public measures, whenever the numbers of the citizens who are to act are too large for them to meet and act as one body, then they should act by delegates.

This is, as it seems to me, the key-stone of the political arch, the fact which lies at the very foundation of popular government.

Its especial importance is in its application to the process of election. And its application to the process of election is this: Instead of the citizens of a large city, or a large district, or a State, casting their ballots

directly for a mayor, or a member of the State legislature, or a governor, or a presidential elector, or a representative to Congress, the citizens in each small election district (which should, as a rule, have not more than five hundred voters) would meet in one place, as one body, at one time, and vote for a member of an electoral convention—an elector. This voting by the citizens should be done on a call of names, each citizen giving his vote aloud at the call of his name. And, to insure greater deliberation and greater unanimity, a two-thirds vote rather than a majority, as it seems to me, should be required for a choice. The delegates thus chosen to an electoral convention would in their turn meet, as one body, at one time and place, and would elect the mayor, or member of the State legislature, or governor, or presidential elector, or representative to Congress. It is at once seen that, in some instances, it would become necessary, on account of the large number of voters, to use an intermediate convention (or it might be more than one) to choose the members of the final electoral convention, which should elect the officer himself. That would depend on the size of the voting constituencies. Each successive convention should, as to its membership, be kept, as to numbers, within the limit which will secure deliberate action. That limit seems to be about five hundred men. It may add clearness to the statement of the plan proposed to give one illustration of its working, with the figures. In electing a President of the United States, for instance, the number of citizens entitled each to his one voice in the choice of his President is, taking it roughly, nine millions. If we make the number of the electors who vote directly for the President, in the final convention, three hundred, that would give ninety thousand voters to each district which would choose a presidential elector. If, then, each of these districts of ninety thousand voters were divided into small districts having each two hundred and fifty voters, there would be three hundred and sixty of these small election districts, each of which would have one delegate in the convention which should choose the presidential elector.

The reasons in favor of such a system, especially for elections, are these:

(a) The system is simple and practical. It is the system which is, in form, used for the nomination of candidates—a system which has grown, which has been called into existence, without the aid of any enactment, by a living and growing need. It is the system which the national party organizations have been compelled to adopt in order to get any common action of their members. It is, in substance, the system which the framers of our national Constitution supposed they had adopted for the election of the President. But they overlooked the necessity of having the electoral college of presidential electors meet as one body. Nor did they anticipate the effect of the growth of population, and the consequent increased numbers of popular constituencies.

(b) This system is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men or measures.

The result which we wish to secure by any political action, where the action is by more men than one, is the judgment of those men, and not merely their choice between two lists of names or two measures prepared by the hands of others. And we wish to get, not a mere declaration of the individual judgments of the single men who make up the body, but the common judgment of the whole body. And that common judgment can be had only by a meeting, a conference, of the men who are to act, where each man can be heard, and can hear other men; where each man can change his own opinion, and change the opinions of other men; where men and measures can be discussed on their merits; where a common judgment—a different thing from the judgment of any one, two, or three individuals—a new thing—can grow and take form; where new combinations can be made, on the spot, and at the time; where it will be impossible for a small knot of men to force a vote for some one man or measure, as a mere choice between two evils, simply because it is then too late to combine on any other man or measure.

This method of having the citizens of each small election district meet and choose their one delegate to cast their collective vote will secure, as far as any system can, the common judgment of the whole people. The result of the action of the delegate may not be, in all respects, what any individual citizen would most wish. But it will be a result to which, as a whole, all the citizens can agree. The delegates, if there be a reasonably large number of them, will be as sure as any body of men can be to represent fairly the common opinion of the citizens who have chosen them. But whenever we

attempt to have a large number of citizens in a large district vote, as to men or measures, without any opportunity for conference, they may indeed assent to the action of some other men, but their action cannot be, in any correct sense, their own common judgment.

(c) This system is the only way in which we can secure to every man his one voice, and his full weight.

Whenever men meet for common action, and have an opportunity for conference, every man will have his one voice; he can vote for any man he may wish to vote for, can give his reasons for it, and have his opportunity to influence other men. We shall secure, as far as any system can, that every man will be weighed at his true worth. The rich man who has won his wealth honestly, by honest work, will have great weight in the public councils. The same points of character which have given him wealth will give him influence in public affairs. And any man who has proved himself to have sound, practical sense, even if he be not a man of great pecuniary means, will surely have power in these citizens' meetings and representative conventions. The proposal to restrict the right to vote according to a property standard is not for the best interests of either rich or poor. With such restrictions the moneyed men would have too much power for their own good. They could not be secure against its misuse. A property qualification with us is neither practicable nor sound on principle. The rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow. But the man himself does not suddenly change. His voice in public affairs is, in itself, worth as much the day after he loses his money as the day before, though it will not have the same tone or power—will not be heard as far. If men meet together, talk together, and act together, every man in the long run will have his just weight in public affairs; and in no other way can that result be accomplished.

(d) This system is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants.

Any system of election which requires the citizens, in a district so large as to make it impossible for them to meet and act as one body, to vote directly for public officers, necessarily makes it certain that they must adopt some nomination which has been made beforehand. The necessary result is that we turn the process of election by the whole people into that of nomination by a few men. If, in addition, we have many elective officers, and have frequent elections, the certain result is that we take from the people the choice of their public servants, and create a permanent class of self-appointed office-holders. I do not mean that there will not be, from time to time, some change in the individuals who manage the election organizations. Single men, here and there, will for special reasons cease to be useful to the election machines, and will therefore be dropped from their service. But, amid all the changes of "issues" and party names, the old familiar faces will meet us at every turn, changing from time to time the names and "platforms" of their organizations, always keeping before our eyes a due proportion of the grand old platitudes about liberty and free suffrage, and will reappoint themselves from year to year under the form of popular election.

(e) This system will secure, as surely as any system can, the selection for the people's service of the people's best and wisest men.

We have nothing of that kind now—and for the reason that the people do not make their own choice. But how would it be under the system here proposed? Take the case of the election of a representative to Congress from a district of thirty thousand voters. Suppose the number of small election districts were one hundred, giving an average of three hundred voters to each small election district. These three hundred men meet together and have to choose a delegate to an electoral convention. The men who meet together are all neighbors, many of whom are personally known to one another. In the rural districts, nearly all of them would be life-long acquaintances. These men know that they are really taking a substantial part in the selection of the men who are to tax them, and have the control of their property—of all their public affairs. Very certainly it will be no unknown man who will receive a two-thirds vote, or a simple majority vote, of those citizens who are met together to choose their delegate. They will be certain to choose men who have a reputation, of some kind. But there are only two classes of men in a community who have reputations—the men who have good reputations and the men who have bad ones; and, in the very large majority of instances, the reputations are just. When, then, in the local meetings, a delegate is to be selected by the agreement of two-thirds or one-half of the citizens

present, what manner of man is it that they will choose? One or the other of these two classes it will be. I do not say that, in such cases, the people would never be deceived, but, in a very large majority of instances, the man who would be thus chosen by a real vote of the people would be a man long and widely known for his honorable life. When the delegates should meet in convention, though each man might be influenced by his personal prejudices, yet they would have to *agree* on some one. And they will not *agree* on a man unknown. Neither will they agree on a man known for his bad deeds. Again, in the very large majority of instances, their vote will be for a man known, and widely known, for his honorable life. The wider the district becomes from which the delegates assemble, the wider will be the reputation of the man who can command their voices. When we come to a convention of delegates from a whole State, or from the whole country, the choice of a public officer by such a convention will, in all human probability, be a man of wide reputation, and he will very certainly be a man of great ability, and honesty. For those delegates will be as free as men can be from improper influences. Each one of them will have his own private interests and prejudices. But these will neutralize one another. It cannot be said that an unfit man would never be chosen by such a convention, but we make the chance of such a thing as small as any system can make it. Each successive stage in the ascending series of conventions will tend more and more to separate the delegates from local and improper influences. They will be as favorably situated as men can be for giving us a wise and upright choice of men.

The men who would be chosen to our national Congress or to our State legislatures under such a system would be very certain to be the ablest and wisest men among us. And the common action, the action approved by the common judgment, of such a body of men, as to either men or measures, would be not only a different thing, but a better thing, than the individual thought and action of nine out of ten of the individuals who make up the body. This is the method of the old town-meeting, of the Convention which framed our national Constitution—that "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," as Mr. Gladstone says. It is a method which gives us the best result that a people is capable of reaching. We should get, in sober truth, the distilled essence of the wisdom of the whole people. *This* stream would rise higher than its source. *This* force of gravitation would work upward, and not downward. The ablest and most honest men would rise to the top, as they always do when things are free, when nature's forces are allowed to operate under nature's laws.

To group the arguments in favor of this return to the simple methods of the old town-meeting and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, they are these: A system so framed is simple and practical; it is the only way in which we can secure a common judgment of the people, as to men or measures; it is the only way in which we can secure to each man his one voice and his full weight; it is the only way in which we can secure to the people the free choice of their public servants; it will secure, as surely as any system can, the selection for the people's service of the people's best and wisest men.

Can more than that be said of our present system?

2. The people should act, in their own persons, only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet and act as one body.

This has been argued. It is separately stated for the sake of completeness.

3. In all other than the local affairs of these small districts, the people should act by delegates.

This has been argued. It is separately stated for the sake of completeness.

4. Each man and each public body, whether in the town, city, county, State, or national governments, should have work of only one kind.

Especially the men who have to do with executive administration should have nothing to do with general supervision—the work of the legislature. And the men in the legislature should have nothing to do with the details of administration, especially with appointments to executive offices. Either work needs different men, with different training, and requires the undivided time and efforts of the men who are to do it. A public servant, if he is to do his work well, cannot be a man-of-all-work. Here is one of the main defects in our present system of government, and in what is called parliamentary government. Both those systems compel the chief public officials to give much of their time and thought to election work and the keeping their places. But, aside from

that point, under what is called parliamentary government, the men who are at the head of executive departments are compelled to give their energies chiefly to work in the legislature. For it is on a vote in the legislature that they depend for keeping their executive positions. The consequence is that their executive work is done, in the main, by subordinates—in other words, it is substantially not done at all. The work of organizing is left undone. For subordinates cannot organize; they can never be the strong, moving will and brain of administration. The men who are to organize and supervise the executive departments cannot, if that work is to be well done, have on them also the burden of work in a legislature. Mr. Gladstone, who is, in his way, one of the great men of his time, is gradually breaking down under the attempt to do two kinds of work, both of which no one man can do, and for one of which he is not fitted, either by temper or training. He is a great, impetuous parliamentary orator; he is not an administrator. The two powers are seldom combined in one man. In order to have an illustration of the methods of the parliamentary system, we have only to look at the working of the British War Office. Sir James Stephen, as long ago as in 1847, said that if a European war occurred, the British War Office would "utterly break down." And the prophecy came true in the first war that Great Britain afterward had—the war of the Crimea. A military correspondent of the London "Times" has lately written that the British army "is in a state of collapse." During the present disturbances in Ireland, the War Office of the British Government has proved unequal to the work of supplying and moving quickly a force of less than one thousand men. Even the British navy is not managed on sound professional principles. An English admiral, Admiral Lord Dunsany, in the "Nineteenth Century," May, 1881, has just given us the exact statement of the situation. He writes: "The truth is, our navy is a 'House of Commons navy,' devised to suit financial, or, as the French would say, 'budgetary,' considerations, and to meet the criticism of a body profoundly ignorant of all military and technical considerations." British ministers are almost always men who are ignorant of matters of administration. They are selected on other tests. They are House of Commons men. They are able men, if they were in the right place, but they are out of place. That is the reason why the British army has been, in the language of Sir Garnet Wolseley, "unworthy of being classed as a fighting implement fit to be employed against an enemy more formidable than a Kaffir or an Asiatic." Navies should be managed by sailors, armies by soldiers, postal affairs by trained postal officers, foreign affairs by diplomates, and a great House of Commons orator—should stay in the House of Commons.

5. The only elective officers should be the chief executive, and the members of the supreme supervisory body—which we commonly call the legislature.

This is intended to apply to city, State, and national governments alike, as are all the general principles here laid down. In a city, the mayor should be the only elective executive official. He should be the responsible head of all city executive administration. He should appoint and remove the head of each executive department. In the same way, in a State, the governor should be the only elective executive official. He should be the responsible head of all State executive administration, of every kind, —canals, schools, prisons, and public charities. He should appoint and remove the head of every executive department. So it should be, too, as in law it now is, with the President of the United States.

There are two main reasons for this:

The first is, that the appointment and removal of every official throughout the executive administration, from the very top to the very bottom, should be in the hands of his immediate superior; for he is the only man in a position to judge wisely of the fitness of the subordinate.

The second is, that this rule would diminish greatly the number of elective offices, and, therefore, the amount of election work to be done. It would take from the people the burden of nominally electing a large number of officials as to whose fitness they cannot possibly have knowledge.

6. In executive administration each kind of work should be in the hands of one man. And each officer should have the appointment and removal of his own immediate subordinates.

This is a point which all practical men of affairs well appreciate. To secure efficiency, we must have the responsibility of one man. And to secure the responsibility of one man, we must put power in the hands of one man. Each single office must be under one control, each division and department

must have one head, and all the departments, if we are to have system and organization, must be under the control of one chief executive. Each superior must have the appointment and removal of his subordinates, and each subordinate must be under the control of his immediate superior. This is just as true of national and State administration as it is of the administration of cities or private enterprises. It is true as to all work to be done by men. We must be able to centralize public opinion. There must be, as to each piece of work, one single official, who may get the honor of good work, and on whom we may heap the odium of bad work. Men say that it is unsafe to trust power in one hand: it is much more unsafe to divide it. Our greatest security with all officials under any proper system is in the power of public opinion. But public opinion must be able to find its object quickly, if it is to strike.

7. Each man in the service should be selected for fitness—for his one work.

But under our Constitution, and under what is called parliamentary government, the chief officers of the people are in fact selected for their fitness for election work. The chief places in the executive administration are put up as a prize, to be fought for in an election contest, to be won by the most skillful election workers. With us the contest comes at regular periods. We have a great national campaign once in four years between two national armies, with smaller local battles each year, which serve to keep the troops always under arms, and in a high state of discipline. Under the English system, the contest is carried on in the House of Commons, between two champions, the decision as to who is the winner being given by vote of the House, with an occasional appeal "to the country." And on the European Continent it is a never-ending scramble for place, between small factions. With us in the United States it is government by campaign, in England it is government by prize fight, on the Continent it is government by *mêlée*—and, with all of us, government by election machine. The science of war by election has, with us, reached the highest stage of development yet recorded. The civilized nations of Europe are slowly toiling onward in our path of progress. M. Gambetta in France and Mr. Chamberlain in England are, consciously or unconsciously, helping to establish great national election machines, under which fitness for election work will be the test by which public officials will be selected, for local as well as national administration.

8. Every man in the service should be removable at once—for his own failure to do well his one work.

What we must secure is the responsibility of individuals for the work of individuals. But under our system of short terms, with a large number of elective offices, many of which become vacant at the same time, we lose sight of individuals, and see only the great organizations, to which the individuals profess allegiance. It is always a question of "platforms," almost never a question of whether this man or that man has given good administration. But this attempt to mass responsibility destroys it.

What we must have is a system which will, in city affairs, secure at the head of one department responsibility for that one department, and at the head of the whole city administration responsibility for the whole administration. When we come to State affairs, we wish responsibility for the management of our prisons, canals, and our State finances. And when we come to national affairs, we wish at the head of each department responsibility for that one department; and with the President of the United States, we wish responsibility, not for opinions, or platforms, or "grand old principles," before election, but for administrative results after election. We wish, not a "policy," but performance—a thorough supervision and efficient management of our executive administration.

This responsibility for working results, as the experience of many centuries has shown, can be secured in only one way, and that is, by the summary removal of all inefficient men. Removing men at the end of four years, or of one year, does not serve our needs. The removal must be immediate, if it is to have any good effect on the other men in the service. And if we wait till the next general election, there is a great possibility that the man will not be removed at all.

We must, too, in order to enforce responsibility, remove the right man, the one who makes the failure, and not remove one man for the failure of another, or the heads of twenty departments for the failure of one, or a constitutional adviser because his chief will not take his advice.

We must, too, make the removal for the right thing. We must not remove the head of the War Office for a blunder in the House

of Commons, nor for a failure to do good election work.

And this power of removal must exist as to the chief executive, as well as subordinates—the mayor of a city, the governor of a State, and the President of the United States. The chief is the man we must deal with. And he should be removed for the right reason—for a failure to give good administration—by a two-thirds vote of the supreme legislative body. Members of the supreme body would be removable, as they now are, by vote of the body itself.

9. The process of election should be used only to fill vacancies, when there are vacancies. It should not be used constantly, at fixed periods, in the fruitless attempt to thereby enforce responsibility.

But that is what we have really been trying to do under our system as it now stands. We have been acting on the belief that by electing men frequently we secured their responsibility to the people. It secures only responsibility to the election machine. Aggregate removal by aggregate election is not a sound political process. Removal of individuals for individual faults is the only way in which responsibility can be enforced. To talk of the responsibility of a "party" is like talking of the responsibility of the whole collective human race.

10. For supreme supervision and control, there should be the one common judgment and will of the whole people.

This common judgment and will of the whole people must be uttered, as to the local affairs of the small districts, where citizens can meet and act as one body, by the citizens themselves; as to city, county, State, and national affairs, by their assemblies of their chosen delegates. This is the only way, as has been shown, in which such a thing as a common judgment of the whole people can be had. If we try, as to the affairs of a city, a State, or of the whole nation, to have that common judgment uttered at the polls, by the citizens themselves, nine millions of them, through periodical elections, we get, not the people's voice, only a collection of paper ballots. The hand may be the hand of the people, but the voice is the voice of the election machine.

11. Every political act should be open.

Above all, let the vote of the individual be open. No man should be allowed to vote who has not the courage to have his vote known. Secret voting by ballot is the pet device of the professional corruptionist. Here, as everywhere, publicity is the essential to honest action. We say we wish "responsible government." Let responsibility begin here, with the responsibility of the individual citizen for his individual action. We shall then soon make the purchase of votes impossible.

12. Time and quiet must be had to secure a healthy political growth.

Our present political system, taking it at its theoretical best, is a system of government, by revolution, at regular periods. Parliamentary government, taking it also at its theoretical best, is a system of government, by revolution, at irregular periods. The theory of each system is that one group of men is to control public affairs for a time, and that then, if the people are dissatisfied with their control, there shall be a clearing out of the men who are at the heads of all the executive departments. Changing a large number of subordinates would be comparatively harmless; but we are continually changing the men at the head. We might as well keep changing a man's brain, and hope for vigorous and healthy life. Mere automatic action of the extremities is not enough in political organisms. We must have a brain and a will.

What we want is, not a series of revolutions, but a system which allows steady growth, a gradual renewal of single organs, as they die or become useless—a system where single men can be weeded out, and new men can be brought in, as the needs of the service require, instead of having these annual and quadrennial earthquakes and avalanches. We must have government by evolution, not government by revolution. Men must have time—to find their places, to learn what their work is and how to do it, to do their work after they learn it, to find new work to be done, and new ways of doing it. Men must have time—to become adjusted one to another, to grow into a living and working organization. The organization must have time—for its leaders to be found, for them to grow. The organizers at the head must have time—to find the worth of the men under them, and to train their successors. Abuses, even, must have time—to localize themselves, and develop their true remedies.

This perpetual turmoil of elections, where year after year we go through the empty form of placing in a box a list of names of men we do not know, put in our hands by men whom we do not respect, may have for some men in the community certain

pecuniary advantages. But it is not government.

The conclusion of this branch of the argument, then, is this:

In order to secure a people's government, in order to have the people's common work done according to the people's common will, we must have a system with these main features:

1. All political action, by more men than one, should be taken by men meeting and acting as one body—giving to every man one voice.

2. The people should act in their own persons only in the local affairs of the small districts, where they can meet and act as one body.

3. In all other than the local affairs of the small districts, the people should act by delegates.

4. Each man and each public body in the service should have work of only one kind.

5. The only elective officers should be the chief executive, and the members of the legislatures.

6. In executive administration each work should be in the hands of one man; and each officer should have the appointment and removal of his own immediate subordinates.

7. Each man in the service should be selected for fitness—for his one work.

8. Every man in the service should be removable at once—for his failure to do his one work.

9. The process of election should be used only to fill vacancies, when there are vacancies. It should not be used constantly, at fixed periods, in the fruitless attempt thereby to enforce responsibility.

10. For supreme supervision and control, there should be the one common judgment and will of the whole people.

11. Every political act should be open.

12. Time and quiet must be had to secure a healthy political growth.

III. And what would be the results which such a system would give us?

Let two points be understood.

It is not intended that the system here set forth is the one which we must adopt. It has already been said that this problem of the people is too large a one for any one man to deal with. What is here submitted is given only by way of suggestion—to draw out other schemes and discussion, so that in the end we can work out a true solution of the problem before us.

Nor is it expected that, under any system that can be devised, there will be no imperfections or abuses. The aim here is to find some remedy for those abuses that we now see. Others will, no doubt, arise under any system which we may adopt. But these we already know. These we must deal with as well as we can.

So much being premised, let us, as far as we can, forecast the probable working of the scheme here proposed.

1. This system would make things free.

It will make the people free to choose the men who are to have the chief control of their public affairs. It meets directly the disturbing causes in our present system. It does away with the large election districts, restores the old town-meeting, as the basis of all national and State as well as local government—makes the town-meeting, as it were, the single cell of political organization. The system also lessens greatly the amount of election work to be done, and leaves no official dependent on the carrying of the next election for his present support or future advancement. Moreover, as far as any system can, it makes it impossible for any band of men, by any possible completeness of combination, to arrange beforehand the result of an election. Any combination for that purpose would have to capture the whole people. And there is only one thing that can capture the whole people, and that is a great reputation.

2. It would specialize, instead of centralize, the different powers in the government.

Under our present system of frequent elections, by direct popular vote, through large districts, these vast national election machines get the control of everything, of local as well as national affairs. If, on the contrary, as is here proposed, we decrease the number of elections and elective offices, decrease the size of election districts, and make the national, State, and local elections distinct, by having distinct electoral conventions, we shall separate the administration of national, State, and local affairs, one from the others, as far as they can be, and as far as they should be.

3. The system would enforce the responsibility of public servants.

That is, it would provide the means for removing single individuals for their single failures to do their single work, as soon as the failure took place. And it would place the power to make this removal, as to each executive official, in the hands of the one man who would be best fitted to use it, and who would have a stronger motive than any other man or body of men to use the power

wisely—that is, the official's immediate superior. Under a system where power is trusted in the hands of single men, when affairs go wrongly, then public opinion is at once centered on the man who has the power. He is driven to use his power of removal of his subordinate in self-defense. He gets all the odium which comes from the bad work, and all the praise for the good work, which is done by the men under him. He might, no doubt, misuse his power. But all the inducements would be in favor of his using his power wisely. But now the inducements are, in the main, in favor of his using his power unwisely and corruptly.

4. It would promote the efficiency of the public service.

Again, it is the *tendencies* of the system with which we are dealing.

With us, and with every free people, a very great number of our best men have a strong wish to go into public life. It was so in the early days of the country, and it is so still. The people, too, wish their best men in public life. The best men for the public service will be drawn into it, if they are not kept out by some abnormal condition of things, such as we now have. And men once in the service will find their right places in due time, if the operation of natural laws is not checked by some foreign force, like that of the election machine. And the men in the service will learn how to do their work, and will do it from mere pride, which is for most men a sufficient motive, if they are not compelled, by some foreign pressure, to give their main efforts to other things. Even the men that we now have in our public offices—selected, as they are, on a false test—in the main serve us as well as they can, under all the disadvantages of the system under which they labor. If they were only as fairly placed as the men in any of our great private business establishments,—if they were only sure of permanent employment and promotion for showing zeal and efficiency at their work,—they would soon become an efficient organization of working-men. But all the prizes go to the men who manage caucuses and conventions. Instead of being sure of their places, our public officials may at any moment be removed, to make way for some man who has counted ballots at a disputed election.

Under this system here proposed, the pressure begins at the top, where it must begin to have an efficient service. The chief executive will be a man chosen by the whole people, on a free vote. He will very certainly be a man who has already shown administrative talent. Very probably he would be a man who had already distinguished himself in the public service. Above him would be a body of men who would have the power to remove him, at any time, in case his administration of affairs were not satisfactory. It would be very certain that they would not agree to remove him, by a two-thirds vote, if his administration were able and honest. So long as he gave good administration, he would be certain of holding his position, and of gaining a great reputation among a great people. All his influences and surroundings would be in favor of his giving us the best management of affairs that he could. If he should try to appoint favorites to office, he would at once injure the working of the force under him. He would arouse opposition everywhere. He would concentrate on himself alone the combined hostility, of the people, who wish their affairs well managed; of the men above him, who would feel the effects of his misconduct; of the men under him, who would be angry at having the places, which should be used to reward them for honest service, used for his selfish purposes. Moreover, he would have time to become known. If he were a man who should try to use his power for his own gain, he would not do so in single instances only; the abuses would be many; the hatred of the people would have time to grow and concentrate. The country would soon be too hot to hold him. But now, we simply wait till the next election. We have no time to work out the real remedy. We leave it to time to bring the remedy for us, which time never does.

5. This system would purify the public service.

Under this system, we should begin to purify the public service at the top. We should have in our supreme body an assembly of men who would, as far as men could, be free from any inducement to use their power wrongly. They would be men in very high station, with slight possibility of any further political advancement. The chief executive would be under every possible influence to act honestly and wisely. He would be in the highest position he could reach. There would be, with them and him, the possibility of lasting disgrace if they were dishonest, and the certainty of great fame if they did what was right. To make men honest, or as honest as they can be, the great need is that there should be thorough supervision and a certainty of de-

tection in case of any wrong-doing. Under our present system we have no thorough supervision. For we keep changing the men at the head. They have neither the time nor the motive to learn thoroughly what is done by the men under them. But this thorough supervision and certainty of detection exists in all large, well-ordered private establishments. For, in every large business, work must be so subdivided that each man has his work brought into contact at many points with other men. He cannot be dishonest or inefficient without making a disturbance in other departments. The larger the business, the more sure is this result; and our public business is the largest in the land.

6. The system would embody and enforce the people's will.

Many thoughtful men would have the fear that the system proposed would give us a bureaucracy,—what is sometimes called an aristocracy of permanent office-holders,—who would lose their sympathy with the best thought and feeling of the time, would stagnate and become corrupt.

Under the system proposed, it is true that most of the men who once entered our public service would probably be there for the whole of their lives. But they would not all stay in the same places. Seventeen of Napoleon's marshals rose from the ranks. So it would be in a well-ordered civil service. It would be a body full of life and energy, where the strong men would rise to the highest places, where there would be a perpetual struggle for advancement. In every well-ordered industry we have what is, in one sense, a life tenure—that is, most men who are good workers follow the calling which they have chosen through their lives. But the faithful workers do not stay in one position; they rise.

As to such a system giving us a bureaucracy: The thing which is really meant by this word is an irresponsible bureaucracy—an army of officials appointed by an irresponsible ruler, who uses the places in his service to pension his personal adherents. In such a state of things, stagnation is certain. But no such state of things could exist under a responsible government.

As to such a system giving us a permanent aristocracy of office-holders: If our public service is to be efficient, we always shall have, under any system, a permanent class of office-holders. We have it now. The question with us is, whether these permanent office-holders shall be our best men, or those who gain and keep their places by the manipulation of an election machine.

As to such a system causing our public officials to lose their sympathy with the popular thought and feeling: How much sympathy with popular thought and feeling do we find in our public men now? The system under which they are placed in power, and are kept there, makes it impossible for them to regard the people's real wishes.

On the contrary, under the simple, natural system here proposed, what would be the situation? The men who would be sent to our State and national legislatures would generally be men well advanced in life. Their periods of service would probably be, on an average, about twelve years. The members would be continually changing. New blood would be always coming in. There would always be a large number of experienced men to give character and stability to the policy pursued. The new men, as they were elected, would be in harmony with the prevailing tone of thought of the day in the districts from which they came. All the members, new and old, would be always learning and thinking. Instead of being behind the thought of the age, they would lead it. These men would very certainly be men of commanding ability, men like Webster, Calhoun, and Clay—the great men of the day, who have the confidence of the people. Would an assembly so made up be one of intellectual stagnation? Or would such men embark in wild schemes of political piracy, and endeavor to subvert the people's liberties? Such men would have their own ideas. It might even be, that some of them would try to use their public places to forward their private interests. But if any men can be trusted, those men could be. And some one we must trust, otherwise government cannot exist. We cannot, by any machinery we may devise, secure that any body of public men shall continually trim to every shifting current of popular feeling. Nor do we wish that. We wish men, and not weather-cocks, in our public assemblies; men who will use in our service their superior knowledge and abilities. We wish their judgment, and not our own. They cannot fail to change their opinions with the times, being open to the same influences with other men.

7. This system would give us a healthy national life and growth.

We should be free. Now we are bound

hand and foot. Every vote of the people, every act of our public men, bends to the needs and the power of the election organizations. The whole body politic is in the condition of a man whose every artery and vein are under a ligature. Wherever we try to have public work well done, whether it be a matter of railroads, or canals, or custom-houses, or carrying the mails, or the administration of justice, or of the public charities, we are met with this one overpowering pressure, which compels our public servants to use the public offices and treasuries to pay for election work. The scheme here outlined is an effort for freedom.

It may be that this scheme is not wisely conceived. Then let us devise some other; for we must do something.

But the argument here is that the system here proposed is based on sound principles, and would give us an organization under which the people's common work would be done according to the people's common will, by the hands of the people's common servants—that it would give us a People's Government.

IV. And the reason of this result would be, that we should make it for the individual interest of each man in the service to do his official work, instead of making it for the common interest of all men in the service to carry elections. But now, if a man in our public service gives himself to the simple, honest discharge of his duty to the people, he signs his political death-warrant. Drivers of ash-carts and Presidents alike, we compel them to do caucus work, or leave our service.

But even if this argument be sound, the question then comes:

How are we to accomplish the change?

Especially, since we are now in the hands of this great power, which controls so many of our public men,—which, in effect, disfranchises the people,—how can a way be devised to put the system into effect?

An attempt will be made, in the next paper, to answer this question.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* X.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REFORM.

DURING the nine years since the beginning of the war, Peter had been little in the capital. Whenever he had set himself seriously to work at the administration of the country, the necessities of the war had always called him away. The boyárs held, as before, their regular sessions in council, and managed the routine business of the Government, though the heads of departments were now called ministers, and the Russian name for their assembly was changed for a foreign one. Peter ordered the decisions of the council to be written out, and signed by all the ministers present; and that minutes of their decisions and important papers of all kinds should be sent to him, in whatever part of the empire he might be. In old time, the Streltsi, at Moscow, had been charged with the preservation of the public order. After the dissolution of the Streltsi, the police duties devolved chiefly on the Preobrazhénsky regiment. The business of the tribunal at Preobrazhénsky constantly increased, and included not only police matters, but crimes, and even treasonable acts.

After Peter's return from his Western journey, he established new municipal institutions. At the end of 1708, he divided the whole empire into *gubernias*, or governments. One of the duties specially enjoined upon the governors set over these was to see that the whole of the revenue was sent to the treasury. In 1709, the revenue was 3,022,128 roubles (£1,259,220, or $6,296,000), while the expenses were 3,834,418 roubles (£1,597,674, or $7,988,000).

A hospital was established at Moscow. New laws were made to protect that city from fire, and in 1703 its parish priests were obliged to keep registers of the births and deaths. A school of mathematics and navigation was established in Moscow, under Scotch professors, in which there were about two hundred pupils. In 1703, a school of a different character, where ancient and modern languages were taught, and a general education was given, was founded by Pastor Gluck, the prisoner of Marienburg and the protector of Catherine. The brothers Tessing, of Amsterdam,

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under their concession, printed Russian books, which were sold at reasonable rates. In 1703, the first Russian newspaper was published at Moscow.

On the death of the Patriarch Adrian, in 1700, the election of a successor was postponed, and the principal charge of the Church was given to Stephan Yavórsky, the metropolitan of Riazán and Murom, with the title of exarch. The patriarchal chancery had, up to this time, had very great powers and jurisdiction over all questions of wills and inheritance, marriage, the settlements of complaints, not only of civilians against ecclesiastics, but of ecclesiastics against civilians. While questions of a purely theological and dogmatic character, and those of church discipline, were left to the metropolitan of Riazán, the general ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as well as the care of the property and the other material interests of the Church, were placed in a new department, created for the purpose, called the Department of Monasteries, under the boyár (afterward count) Iván Alexéievitch Músin-Pushkin. Strict regulations were made and enforced against the monasteries.

On the very day of the proclamation of the war with Turkey, March 6, 1711, a decree was issued creating a Senate, intended to govern the country in the absence of the Tsar. As the council of boyárs had insensibly passed into the Privy Chancery, so now the Senate took the place of this body. It was composed of nine members. By a subsequent decree, every official, whether clerical or lay, military or civil, was instructed to obey the orders of the governing Senate, as they would those of the Tsar, under pain of severe punishment. In case the interests of any private individual were injured by the action of the Senate, the Tsar begged them to be silent during his absence, and on his return to lay before him their complaints, fortified by written proofs, when they would receive full justice, and the guilty would be punished.

CHAPTER XXX.

DISCONTENT.

GREAT dissatisfaction greeted the innovations of Peter; nevertheless, the distasteful changes continued. The war began; taxation and recruiting bore heavily on all classes, but especially on the peasants. The change in the popular feeling toward the sovereign was very perceptible. In the time of the Tsar Alexis, the people had many causes for discontent; but they threw the blame on Plestchéief, Morózof, and other boyárs and ministers of the Tsar, whom they considered to be the real causes of their troubles. Peter was no longer the demi-god, who remained quietly in his palace, or appeared only in state, ready to interpose to protect his people against the rapacity and injustice of the boyárs. The religiously disposed Russian peasantry were greatly given to apocalyptic teachings, and to explanations of the Biblical mysteries. They had seen the fulfillment of prophecies in Nikon and Alexis, and were ready to be convinced that Peter, with the changes which he had made in the sacred and established order of things, was the true Antichrist. Moscow came to be looked upon as a sinful and unholy Babylon, and all the officials of the Tsar as the servants of Antichrist.

CHAPTER XXXI.

REBELLION.

THE southern and south-eastern frontier of Russia contained a population ready, at all times, to follow the lead of agitators. The great rebellions of Russian history all broke out here. In this region, therefore, it was to be expected that the opposition to Peter's reforms and changes would take a stronger form than elsewhere. At Astrakhan, opposition began to show itself against the officials, especially against Rzhevsky, the voievode, who was hated for his cruelty and extortion. A rumor was suddenly spread in the bazaars of Astrakhan that no Russian men would be allowed to marry for seven years; but that all the girls were to be married to the Germans, who were daily expected to arrive from Kazán. The excitement was tremendous. The population resolved to frustrate these plans by marrying their children before the hated Germans arrived, and on Sunday, the 9th of August, a hundred couples were married. The wine and whisky of the wedding-feasts went to the heads of the guests, and that night a band of the populace attacked the Government buildings, and massacred several officials. The voievode was not found until the next day, when he was immediately beheaded. The insurgents organized a government for the town, in Cossack fashion, and elected Nosof, a merchant of Yaroslávl, as their hetman. It was evident that the rising did not have a merely local character.

There was great panic and commotion at Moscow when the news came of the rising. Peter, who was then at Mitau, immediately sent to Astrakhan the field-marshal Sheremétief, with several regiments. Wishing to see whether affairs could not be arranged without the use of force, Peter sent to Astrakhan Kisélnikof, a merchant of that town, to receive the complaints of the citizens, and with promises of mercy. The Tsar's promises had a good effect, and deputies were sent to Moscow from Astrakhan, to state their griefs. Their statement made a deep impression at Moscow. The deputies were sent back with a written promise of amnesty. The Tsar told Sheremétief to avoid, as much as possible, any bloodshed, and use great caution in dealing with the people.

Meanwhile, the army of Sheremétief was still advancing, and he had excepted the leaders of the insurrection from the amnesty. The violent party again got the upper hand, and treated the messenger of Sheremétief with rudeness. When Sheremétief approached the walls, the insurgents, instead of yielding, came out and attacked him. The forces of the field-marshal were too strong for them, and the resistance was short. The Tsar was greatly relieved when the rebellion was finally put down.

Early in 1705, symptoms were seen of a commotion amongst the Bashkírs; but a rebellion did not begin until 1708. Order began to be restored in the spring of 1709.

The peasants collected to cut timber and build ships at Vorónezh ran away, to escape the heavy work and the fevers which decimated them. Nothing was so hated as the forced labor at Azof, and criminals of every kind left this penal colony for the Don. The army of Sheremétief, in passing from the Volga to Kief, lost large numbers by desertion. The Government demanded from the Don Cossacks the surrender of such deserters and fugitives. Finally, Prince Dolgorúky, with a detachment of soldiers, appeared on the Don. This was an attack on the privileges of the Cossacks, and excited commotion. Dolgorúky was received with all due honor at Tcherkásk; but when he proceeded to arrest the fugitives, a band of Cossacks, under the leadership of Kondráty Bulávin, attacked him on the river Aidar, on the 20th of October, 1707. The Russians were killed, to the last man. The Cossacks who remained loyal to the Government collected, and defeated Bulávin's band. Bulávin sought refuge among the Zaporovians of the Dnieper, and soon returned with larger bands. The disorder spread toward the center of Russia. Numerous letters of Peter to his friends show his anxiety. At one time, he was on the point of starting himself for the scene of trouble. He ordered Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the brother of the general who had been killed, to march against the insurgents, and "put out the fire, once for all." Dolgorúky was for a time in great perplexity. His troops were deserting, there was great danger for Azof and Taganrog, the Zaporovians were on the march, and he was fettered by changing instructions of the Tsar. The attack on Azof was repulsed, after the Cossacks had succeeded in getting possession of the suburb inhabited by the sailors, and Dolgorúky finally succeeded in beating the Cossacks in detail—for Bulávin had the imprudence to divide his army. Bulávin, in order to escape from some Cossacks who wished to surrender him, blew his brains out.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNCOMFORTABLE DIPLOMACY.

As we remember, the declaration of war against Sweden, in 1700, had been put off until the Tsar received news of the signature of peace at Constantinople. Prince Dimitri Galítsyn was sent to Turkey, in 1701, with the ratification of this treaty, and with instructions to try again where Ukráintsef had failed, in getting permission from the Sultan for Russian ships to navigate the Black Sea. But the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared again that the Sultan would sooner open his harem to the Russians than open the Black Sea. The Patriarch of Jerusalem counseled Galítsyn to desist, as he might prevent the ratification of the peace. He explained to him how much the Turks feared the Russian fleet that was building, and what projects they had for blocking the entrance to the Sea of Azof, and building strong fortifications at the straits. By insisting, he would only frighten the Turks more, and the result might be disastrous; whereas, when a strong Russian fleet was finally built, the Tsar could open the Black Sea whenever he pleased, without any permission of the Sultan.

Toward the end of 1701, Peter Andréievitch Tolstói was sent as permanent embassador to the Sultan, Mustapha III., who at that time resided at Adrianople. Tolstói

was instructed to send home frequent and exact information as to the foreign relations of Turkey; the internal politics; the character of the men in power, or likely to obtain it; the military and naval strength and preparations; as to the strength of the Turkish fortresses on the Black Sea; whether there was really any intention of constructing fortifications at the Straits of Kertch, and especially as to the condition and value of the trade with Persia.

The arrival of Tolstói disturbed the Turks. There had never been a permanent Muscovite embassador before. Other embassadors were there, nominally to supervise the commercial affairs of their nations; but the Russians had no commerce. There must be, they thought, some hidden purpose at the bottom of it.

Vizier succeeded vizier. Some were more amiable to Tolstói than others; but his position was always uncomfortable. In 1702, Daltaban Mustapha became vizier. He was bent on a war with Russia, and when the Sultan refused the demands of the Crim Tartars, and even changed the Khan, the vizier privately encouraged them, and urged them to revolt, promising to go to the Crimea with an army, under the pretext of putting them down, when he would join them, and lead them against the Russians. Tolstói, by a liberal use of bribes, succeeded in bringing the intrigues of the vizier to the knowledge of the Sultan's mother. Daltaban was deposed and beheaded, and Rami Mohammed, the former minister of foreign affairs, was appointed in his place. The new vizier treated Tolstói with great courtesy, but two Janizaries still stood at the door of his embassy, and prevented the freedom of his movements.

In August, 1703, Mustapha was dethroned by a rebellion, and replaced by his brother, Ahmed III. Internal troubles made the Turks peacefully inclined. Tolstói was treated with consideration and kindness. But soon, Ahmed III. changed his grand vizier. Tolstói complained: "The new vizier is very ill-disposed toward me, and my wretched situation, my troubles and fears, are worse than before. Again no one dares to come to me, and I can go nowhere. It is with great trouble that I can send this letter. This is the sixth vizier in my time, and he is the worst of all."

Again he writes: "They ill-treat me in a frightful way, and they shut us all up in our house, and allow no one either to go out or to come in. We have been seven days almost without food, because they let no one out to buy bread, and it was with difficulty that I succeeded, by great presents, in getting permission for one man to go out to buy food." Tolstói asked permission to resign such an uncomfortable post. But his services were necessary, and Peter wrote him an autograph letter, begging him to remain for a while longer, so flattering to his vanity that it drove all ideas of resignation out of his head.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAR WITH TURKEY.

Difficulties in the Kuban, between Cossacks and Tartars, excited a hostile feeling at the Porte, in the summer and autumn of 1706. At this time, any inimical manifestation of Turkey was exceedingly dangerous, and the Russians again began to think whether they could not occupy Turkey by exciting her to war against Austria. Tolstói proposed to act in conjunction with the French embassador, but he speedily found that the French embassador was exciting the Turks, not only against Austria, but against Russia as well. The Turkish Government was, however, not so easily roused to action, and the French schemes fell to the ground. Agents were sent to Constantinople by King Stanislas, but the Polish propositions had no more effect than the French, on the Turks.

The rebellion on the Don, the petition of the Cossacks to the Sultan, and the invasion of Russia by the Swedes, all made the Tsar very nervous about his relations with Turkey. Orders were given to search out any Turkish and Tartar prisoners that had not yet been freed, and give them their liberty. This measure was not approved by Tolstói, as he thought more was to be gained by a firm and threatening attitude than by a yielding one. He had had some difficulty with the authorities about the arrest of certain Russian merchants who had been selling religious pictures, and thought that no prisoners should be freed in Russia till these men had been set at liberty.

In the spring of 1709, Tolstói was able to assure his Government that, for that year, there was no danger of war. Indeed, while Peter was fearing for his fleet at Azof, the Turks were apprehending an expedition of these very ships from Azof. On the 21st of July, Tolstói, who as yet knew nothing of the battle of Poltáva, wrote that the pres-

A RUSSIAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

ence of the Tsar at Azof had led to the belief that he was about to begin a war, and that this rumor had created the utmost excitement at Constantinople. Many Turks went over into Asia, people cried out in the streets and bazaars that the Muscovite fleet had already entered the Bosphorus, and a rebellion nearly broke out against the Sultan.

The arrival of Charles XII. at Otchakóf threw the Turks into great perplexity. They would have been glad to be rid of him immediately, but their religion and their traditions forbade them to deliver him up to Russia. The violation of the Moldavian frontier by Kropótof, and the capture of Gyllenkrook and of nearly all the Swedes that remained to the King, made the Turks angry, but they had no wish to fight. At the same time, they feared an attack from the Russians, after Polish affairs had been completely arranged. They began strengthening the fortresses, and moved large bodies of troops toward the frontier.

Tolstói succeeded in getting from the Turks the long-delayed ratification of the treaty of 1700, and in making an arrangement with the grand vizier, Ali Pasha, by which the Cossacks should be delivered up, and the King should be accompanied to the frontier by a guard of five hundred Janizaries, where he would be received by a Russian guard, which would conduct him through Poland to the Swedish frontier, keeping him from all communication with the party of Stanislas. Charles, indignant at finding that he was to be intrusted to Russian guards, succeeded in getting a letter into the hands of the Sultan, accusing Ali Pasha of treason. This had its effect. The grand vizier was removed, and Numan Köprülü was appointed in his stead. The new vizier furnished Charles with four hundred thousand thalers, as a loan without interest, but even he was unwilling to break with Russia, and suggested to the King a safer way out of Turkey, by the way of Austria.

The rumors of war which had been circulated throughout Constantinople began to work, and the Janizaries demanded to be led against Russia. The grand vizier was removed, and replaced by one of more warlike cast, Baltadji Mohammed. At the same time, the Tsar became more pressing in his demand for the exact fulfillment of the new arrangement, complained that the Swedes were still allowed to remain, and that Orlik had been named hetman of the Cossacks, in place of Mazeppa. In October, 1710, he demanded a categorical reply about the expulsion of Charles, but the couriers who brought the Tsar's letter were

COUNT TOLSTOI.

arrested on the frontier. On the 1st of December, 1710, war was decided upon in a solemn session of the Divan, and Tolstói, with his suite, was immediately imprisoned in the Seven Towers. It was decided that the grand vizier, with a large army, should begin the campaign in the following spring.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE PRUTH—1711.

As soon as Peter received news of the rupture of peace by the Turks, he ordered Prince Michael Galítsyn to move toward the Moldavian frontier with ten regiments of dragoons, and watch for any movement of the Turks or Tartars. Sheremétief was sent thither from Livonia with twenty-two regiments of infantry, Prince Michael Ramodanófsky advanced to Putivl with the regiments of the nobility, and Prince Michael Galítsyn was intrusted with the supervision of the Zaporovians. On the 8th of March, 1711, the "war against the enemies of Christ" was solemnly proclaimed to the people, in the Cathedral of the Assumption, at Moscow.

On the 17th of March, Peter left Moscow for the Polish frontier. In Yavrov, near Lemberg, where the Tsar remained during the month of May, he received news that the Tartars who had attacked the Ukraine had been repulsed with heavy loss, that the country beyond the Dniester had been reduced to submission, that the poor Christians in Turkey were eagerly turning to him, and that the Turks were in trouble. While at Yavrov, Peter signed the treaty, so long in negotiation, for the marriage of his son Alexis to the Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel.

In the little town of Yaroslav, Peter had an interview with King Augustus, and concluded a treaty with him for action against the Swedish troops in Pomerania. As the success of the Turks might give hopes to the party of Stanislas, he obtained from Augustus the promise that a force of Poles should be ready to coöperate with him.

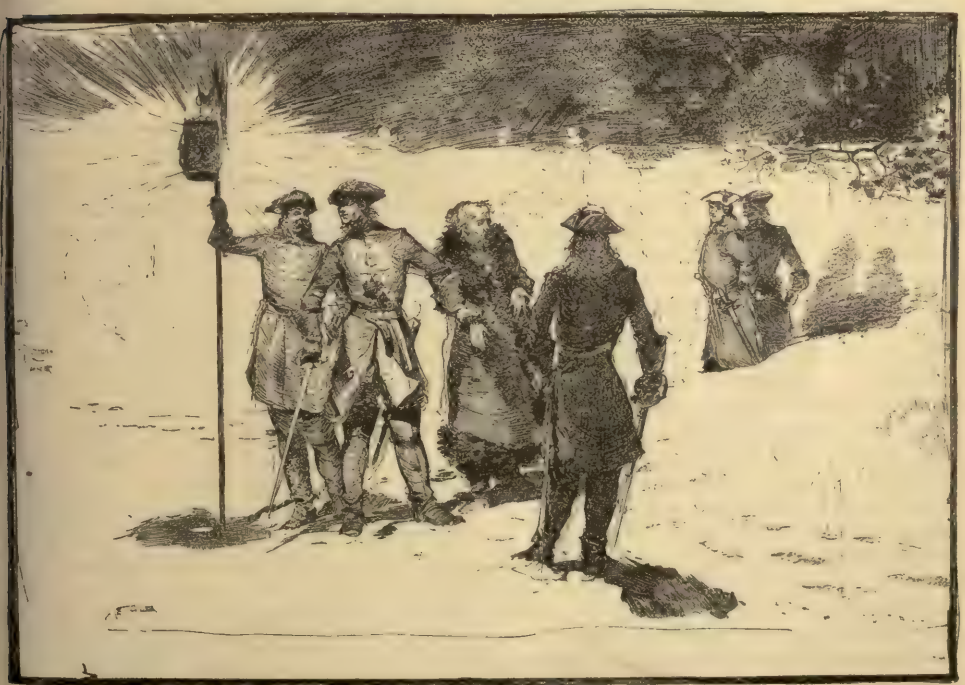
The Tsar, however, did not expect so much assistance from the Poles as from the Moldavians. The relations of Brancovano, hospodar of Wallachia, to Peter were known at Constantinople, and it was desired to remove him; but, as he was rich, and had troops at his disposition, it was necessary to proceed cautiously. Demetrius Cantemir, who had been educated from childhood at Constantinople, who was known to be a personal enemy of Brancovano, and who was thought to be devoted to the Turks, was, in December, 1710, made hospodar of Moldavia, with the promise that, if he succeeded in seizing Brancovano, he should be rewarded with the sovereignty of Wallachia as well.

Cantemir no sooner reached Jassy than he formed other plans, and began to enter into negotiations with the Tsar. On April 24th, he concluded a secret treaty with the Russians, by which he agreed to furnish ten thousand troops during the campaign. By the terms of this treaty, Moldavia was to be an independent state, under Russian protection. The Tsar promised to conclude no peace with Turkey by which Moldavia should be returned under Turkish rule, and agreed that, in case of an unfortunate issue of the campaign, Cantemir should receive refuge and property in Russia. The Tsar wrote again and again to Sheremétief, urging him to hasten his march, because, if he could prevent the Turks from crossing the Danube, much would be gained, and the Bulgarians and Serbians would rise. Cantemir begged Sheremétief to send him four thousand men. When he knew that these, under the command of Kropótof, were already on the Pruth, he called his more faithful boyárs, and informed them that he had invited the Russians into Moldavia. "The boyárs," says Neculce, "were beside themselves with joy at this news."

Sheremétief crossed the Dniester, near Soroki, on the 10th of June, and on the 16th, in spite of the difficulty of the march, was on the Pruth, near Jassy. The grand vizier, with the Turkish troops, had arrived on the Danube at Isaktcha, but hearing of the invasion of Moldavia by the Russians, he hesitated to cross. He had not yet heard of the treachery of Cantemir, and, in order to guarantee his rear, sent him word immediately to arrest Brancovano. When he learned the true state of things, his rage had no bounds.

Peter's plan had been for Sheremétief to march southward to the Danube, and Sheremétief, in yielding to the request of Cantemir, and going to Jassy, had changed this. He excused himself on the ground that, owing to the heat and want of forage, the march to the Danube, on the east side of the Pruth, would have been difficult, and he could not have reached there before the Turks had crossed, whereas Moldavia would have been entirely given up to the Turks. In order to keep the troops together, it was necessary for the Tsar to accept this change, and follow in the footsteps of Sheremétief. He reached the Pruth on the 5th of July, and, leaving his troops there, went to Jassy. Here he was met by two leading Wallachians—one, George Castriota, the accredited envoy of the hospodar, with propositions of peace from the grand vizier; the other, General Thomas Cantacuzene, with accusations of treachery against Brancovano. The propositions of peace, which even hinted at the possibility of a cession of Turkish territory, were unfortunately rejected by the Tsar, who did not feel sure of their authenticity, and who feared to encourage the enemy by a willingness to treat.

When Brancovano found the grand vizier approaching rapidly with a large Turkish army, he began to waver. He sent some boyárs to Peter, reminding him of certain articles of their treaty, and begging him to send troops as soon as possible into Wallachia. Encouraged by the reported alarm of the grand vizier, and influenced by Cantemir and Cantacuzene, Peter felt strong enough to refuse Brancovano's request for troops, and to order him to carry out the stipulations of the treaty. Brancovano was so offended at the tone of Peter's letter and the credit which he seemed to give to his enemies, that he sent word that he no longer considered himself bound by the treaty, should cease all relations with him, and made terms with the Turks. As soon as the grand vizier entered Moldavia, he



THE ARREST OF A SPY.

AN ENCAMPMENT ON THE PRUTH.

went to meet him, and delivered to the Turks all the provisions which he had prepared for the Russians. The treachery of Brancovano had a great influence upon the fortunes of the campaign. The Moldavians had prepared no stores of provisions and forage, and, unfortunately, that summer the whole face of the country was eaten up by grasshoppers.

Provisions being scarce, and a report having come that the Turks had already crossed the Danube, it was decided to cross the Pruth, march over the western branch of the river to Faltchi, and then to Seret, where it was said that quantities of provisions, collected for the Turks, lay without guard. General Rönne, with twelve thousand cavalry, was sent to capture Braïla and destroy the bridge over the Danube. Rönne and Cantacuzene set out on the 11th of July, while the main army crossed the Pruth and began its march, in three divisions, on the 18th. That evening, General Janus, who had been instructed to destroy a bridge a few miles down the river, sent word to the Tsar that it was too late, that the grand vizier was already on the western side of the Pruth, and that his army was crossing. It was necessary to concentrate, but the march was so difficult that it was easier for Janus to retreat than for the rest to advance. This he accomplished, without loss, during the night. The Turks had at first been frightened, and had stopped their crossing with the thought of retreating, but the next morning they began the pursuit. The Tsar had taken up a position along a marsh on the little river Prutets, and during the whole of this Sunday he had to defend himself against repeated attacks of the Turks. The Moldavians under Cantemir, in spite of their inexperience and their bad arms, did good service. Peter was alarmed by the non-appearance of Répnin's troops, which could get no farther than Stanilesti. Another council of war was held that evening, and in view of the lack of provisions, the absence of cavalry,—for all had been sent to Braïla,—and the overwhelming forces of the enemy, which were estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand Turks and seventy thousand Tartars, while the Russians had only thirty-eight thousand two hundred and forty-six men, it was decided that retreat was imperative. Neculce, the commander of the Moldavian troops, relates that the Tsar asked him to convoy Catherine and him-

CATHERINE Imperatrice & Souveraine
de Toutes les Russies &c. née le 27 Janv.
1689. couronnée à Moscou le 18 May 1724.
a commencée à regner le 28. Janv. 1725.

CATHERINE I., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, WIFE OF PETER. (AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY HOUBRAKEN.)

self to the Hungarian frontier, but that he refused, on the ground that the whole of Upper Moldavia was already occupied by the Tartars, and in case of an unfortunate result he did not wish to bring down upon his head the curses of all Russia. There is nothing improbable in this. It shows to what straits the Tsar was reduced—how severe a blow he felt it would be to Russia if he were taken prisoner with his army. The loss of the army could be repaired if his energy should still have free play. Besides this, the danger, though great, was not inevitable. The cattle for food might be sent down from Jassy, Rönne and his cavalry might return, and he might hurry up the Polish auxiliaries through Czernowitz.* Indeed, Neculce says that he intended to order Sheremétief and Cantemir to hold out in Moldavia till he could bring fresh troops. The circumstances were similar to those which caused Peter's hurried departure from his troops before the first battle of Narva.

The retreat was begun during the night, but it was late the next afternoon, Monday, July 20th, before all the Russian forces, after losing part of their baggage and treasure, were united at Stanilesti, where they hastily intrenched themselves. The Turks had followed them closely, greatly harassing their rear-guard, and, when the grand vizier came up, they made a terrific onset on the still unfinished camp. The Janizaries were beaten back with considerable loss, and in their turn began to throw up an intrenched line, in which they placed over three hundred guns, around the Russian camp. The Tartars, who had long been watching the Russians, together with the Poles and Cossacks, completely guarded the other side of the river. The position of

* The pretended letter of Peter to the Senate, urging them to pay no attention to his orders in case he were taken prisoner, but to choose the worthiest of their number as his successor, has been proved to be a forgery.

the Russians then became most perilous. They were completely surrounded, worn-out by the battle and by the heat, with a very small quantity of provisions, and with no chance of aid. There was no supply of water, and the soldiers were driven back from the river by the firing of the Tartars. The earth-works were unfinished,—one whole side was protected only with dead bodies and *chevaux-de-frise*. The women were protected by baggage-wagons and slight earth-works, in the center, but their clamor and weeping caused confusion.

On Tuesday morning, July 21st, there was a sharp cannonade, with so little effect that the Moldavian Costin said: "Great as a man is, he seems a small point to aim at in a battle." The Janizaries, who had greatly suffered the night before, could not be brought to attack the Russian camp, but the Russians made a sortie with great effect. After an hour's sharp fighting, in which General Weidemann was killed and Prince Volkonsky wounded, they were driven back. Hearing from a prisoner of the disinclination of the Turkish troops for further fighting, and thinking that possibly reasonable terms might be obtained, Peter, urged by Catherine and opposed by Cantemir, sent a trumpeter to the Turkish camp with a letter from Sheremétief to the grand vizier, suggesting that, as the war had been brought about, not by the desire either of the Turks or of the Russians, but wholly by the intrigues of other parties, it would be well to stop further bloodshed and make peace, with an allusion to the proposition made through Brancovano and the negotiations of the English and Dutch embassadors. No answer came, and Sheremétief then sent a second letter to the same effect, but adding that he was quite prepared to recommence the attack. It had been agreed that, in case of refusal, a last attempt should be made to break through the Turkish lines. The answer was delayed, and the Russian troops began to advance. Immediately Tcherkess Mehemed Pasha, the *amrokhor* of the grand vizier, came to the Russian camp, saying that the grand vizier was not averse to a good peace, and requesting the Tsar to send somebody with power for negotiation. The grand vizier had heard of what the Tsar was still ignorant—the capture of Braïla by General Rönne.

The vice-chancellor Shafírof, accompanied by Savva Raguzínsky, was sent to the Turkish camp with full powers, in the evident belief that the treaty would include the settlement of all disputes with Sweden as well as with Turkey. Peter was willing to give back all places captured from the Turks, to give up to the Swedes Livonia, and even little by little to cede everything he had taken in the war except Ingria and St. Petersburg; he would instead give up Pskof, and if that were not sufficient, other provinces, which it would be better not to name, but to leave to the discretion of the Sultan. He was ready to recognize Stanislas as King of Poland. In general, Shafírof was ordered to make concessions to the Sultan rather than to the Swedes. He was allowed also, if necessary, to promise the vizier and other influential persons large sums of money—one hundred and fifty thousand rubles to the vizier, sixty thousand to his *kehaya*, ten thousand to the *tchaush-bashi*, ten thousand to the *aga* of the Janizaries, etc. Such offers, which included all the conquests and the successes of Peter's reign, showed the desperation to which he was reduced. Shafírof sent back word that, although the Turks were ready enough for peace, they were wasting time. To this Peter replied the next morning, telling him to use his discretion, to agree to everything the Turks asked except slavery, but by all means to give him an answer that day, so that they might begin their desperate march, or attack the Turkish trenches. The same day, July 22d, Shafírof returned to the camp with the following conditions: 1. To surrender Azof in the same state in which it was taken, and to destroy Taganrog and the other newly established fortresses on the Turkish border. 2. Not to interfere in Polish affairs or trouble the Cossacks. 3. To allow the merchants of both sides to trade freely, but not to keep an envoy at Constantinople. 4. To allow the King of Sweden a free passage back to his dominions, and conclude a peace with him if an agreement could be reached. 5. No loss to be occasioned to the subjects of either country. 6. That all former hostile acts should be forgotten, and the troops of the Tsar have free passage to their country. It was demanded that Shafírof and the son of Sheremétief should remain with the Turks as hostages. Shafírof was at once sent back to the Turkish camp, with orders to conclude peace immediately on these conditions. The treaty was signed and ratified on the 23d of July, and Sheremétief informed Peter that the Russian army could retreat at once without opposition.

The Russian loss in these two terrible days had been seven hundred and fifty-two killed, one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight wounded, and seven hundred and thirty-two missing—a total of two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. The Turkish loss was stated, in the official reports of the Austrian embassy at Constantinople, as two thousand killed. The Russian loss during the whole campaign was about fifteen thousand.

The treaty was obtained without very great difficulty, though the vizier at first insisted on the surrender of the Russian arms, the delivery of Cantemir, the renewal of the tribute to the Tartar khan, and a large sum for the payment of the expenses of the war. This last condition was given upon the promise of a large sum of ready money. The money, however, was never paid, for when it arrived at the Turkish camp the grand vizier refused to receive it—at first out of fear of the Tartar khan, and subsequently on account of the calumnies spread by the agents of Charles XII., that he had been bribed by the Russians.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

DIFFICULT NEGOTIATIONS.

Apráxin was the first to be informed of the treaty. "Although I never wished," said Peter, "to write to you about such a matter as I am now compelled to do, yet God has thus willed, for the sins of Christians have not allowed otherwise. On the 19th of this month we met the Turks, and from that time up to noon of the 21st we were under very great fire, not only by day but by night, and, indeed, never since I have been in the service have we been in such desperation, for we had neither cavalry nor provisions. However, the Lord God so encouraged our men that, although the enemy exceeded us in numbers by a hundred thousand, yet they were always repulsed, so that they were compelled to throw up intrenchments, and to attack our weak defenses with approaches, like a fortress; and afterward, when they had had enough of our treatment, an armistice was made, and a peace concluded, by which we agreed to give up all the towns taken from the Turks, and destroy those which have been newly built. Thus finished this feast of death. The matter stands thus. Although it is not without grief that we are deprived of those places where so much labor and money have been expended, yet I hope by this very deprivation we shall greatly strengthen ourselves on the other side, which is incomparably of greater gain to us."

The Swedish king was one of the greatest obstacles to the fulfillment of the conditions of peace. Shafírof pressed the grand vizier to send him at once out of the country, and the vizier replied: "I wish the devil would take him, because I now see that he is king only in name, that he has no sense in him, and is like a beast. I will try to get rid of him, somehow or other, without dispute." Charles refused to go. Meanwhile, the Tsar refused to surrender Azof and Taganrog until the Swedish king was sent out of Turkey. As these places were not given up, war was declared against Russia, and Shafírof and his companions were sent to join Tolstói in the Seven Towers. Azof and Taganrog were finally surrendered in the winter of 1712, and in April a new treaty was concluded for a peace of twenty-five years. By this the Russians were to offer no opposition to the return of the King of Sweden through either Russian or Polish dominions. Nothing but Kíef and the surrounding districts were to remain to Russia on the western bank of the Dnieper. No new fortresses were to be built between Azof and Tcherkask.

On the 10th of December the Sultan went to Adrianople, after declaring war for the third time, and issuing orders for the mustering of the troops. "But the war," Shafírof wrote to Golófkin, "is disliked by the whole Turkish people, and is begun by the sole will of the Sultan." The Tsar had again two wars on his hands—in the north and in the south. As most of his troops were in Pomerania, it was decided, this time, to carry on a strictly defensive war in the south, the center of resistance being Kíef and the Ukraine. The Russian envoys, in their prison in the Seven Towers, began, in the early part of the year 1713, to hear rumors that the Sultan was not on good terms with the Swedish king. The Sultan and his advisers had begun to reflect. No one came from Russia to subscribe to the terms of peace which they were willing to offer; no one came even to ask for better terms. They began to think that perhaps the Tsar was stronger than

* The legend that Catherine gave her jewels, and went through the ranks of the army collecting money to bribe the grand vizier, seems absolutely without foundation.

A JANIZARY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DECAMP. (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)

they had supposed. The Sultan ordered the pasha of Bender to persuade Charles XII. to go home, through Poland, as fast as possible. Persuasion was of no avail, threats still less, and finally came the attempt to remove the King by force, which ended in the well-known *kalabalik*, when Charles, after sustaining a siege in his own house until most of his followers were dead or wounded, and making a sortie through the ranks of the Janizaries, was finally knocked over, taken prisoner, and conveyed to the fortress of Demir-tash, near Adrianople.

Protracted negotiations were carried on between Shafirof and the Turkish authorities. At the end of June, the grand vizier called a council, and put the question whether war should be begun for two points which the Russian embassadors refused to accept. The mufti, who had been bribed by Shafirof, replied that the war would be unlawful, because the Tsar had fulfilled the conditions of the treaty. The rest agreed with the opinion of the mufti, and their decision was at last approved by the Sultan. At the end of August, 1713, Shafirof and his colleagues learned that the Tsar approved the new treaty. The grand vizier obtained the ratification by the Sultan on the 18th of October. The embassadors, nevertheless, were detained in Turkey until the final *delimitation* of the frontiers, and it was not until December, 1714, that they finally left Turkey. Sheremétief died on the road at Kief.

QUEEN TITANIA.

I.

Mr. Quintus Bodill, as had been intimated by his mother at the time when he made his *début* in existence, was an exceedingly handsome fellow. You observed at once that he was no crude *homo novus*, whose culture and polish are only skin-deep. There was something in the frank directness of his gaze, the soft modeling of his features, and the quiet and unconscious dignity of his demeanor which seemed to indicate a long transmission of inherited good breeding. I would not say that his face was in any wise remarkable, except, perhaps, for its absolute purity and sweetness; its innocence was at times almost touching, and yet, if you looked closely, you would detect amid all that blonde and downy youthfulness a very definite hint of resolution and courage. The passengers on board the *Melanesia*, however, were not sufficiently interested in Quintus Bodill's face to make these minute investigations. The absorbing topic at the time to which I refer—it was the seventh day from Queenstown—happened to be a funeral which had just occurred during the morning. A young English woman, of the second cabin, had died the day before, leaving a four-year-old little daughter, who was just now being handed around and inspected by some officiously benevolent ladies. Quintus, who sat on a camp-stool leaning against the gunwale, smoking reflectively, watched the distressed and frightened child with lively sympathy; and thought of his own little sister at home, of whose appearance this bewildered waif remotely reminded him. What was to become of her? To whom did she now belong? Was there any one on the other side of the ocean awaiting her arrival? The wind whistled and sang in the cordage of the ship, the huge sail gave an occasional flap and again bulged out before the breeze, the waves rose with a rushing rhythm up to the very gunwale, then sank away with a wrathful hiss; and, down somewhere out of sight, the machinery kept laboring with a throbbing, nightmarish energy. But through it all the thought of the homeless and motherless child continued to haunt the warm-hearted Norseman. Presently he saw the captain, a shaggy naval bachelor with terrific eyes and beard and a voice like a bas-soon, approaching the group of ladies who were temporarily interesting themselves in the little girl, and stretching out his arms to take her. But as he was stooping to her level, she gave a scream of terror, darted across the deck, and, sobbing, hid her face in the folds of Quintus's overcoat. He was quite startled at the suddenness of her motion, but soon began to find pleasure in the situation. He tried to lift her up on his lap, but she clung convulsively to his knee, and sobbed piteously when he bent down over her, spoke soothingly to her, and ran his fingers caressingly through her long yellow ringlets.

All day long, with a wholly irrational devotion, the little girl followed at Quintus's heels like a little dog, and pursued him wherever he went. She sat on his lap at dinner, and would suffer no one else to come near her, and in the evening, when the stewardess came to take her away, she gave such a terrified shriek that he could not find it in his heart to part with her. He then retired with her into a corner of the saloon, and began to ask her questions about her father, mother, and her past life; but beyond the fact that her name was Tita, he could not coax from her a single item of intelligence. She answered, in a half-injured manner, "yes," to questions which mutually contradicted each other, making her father, for instance, simultaneously a resident of England, of America, and of heaven, and being apparently not in the least troubled by the inconsistencies of her testimony. It was very puzzling indeed, her face seemed to say, but she could not help it.

During the whole remainder of the voyage, Quintus and Tita were inseparable companions. From her elevated position on his arm, with her little soft cheek pressed tightly against his, and her chubby arms clasped resolutely around his neck, she felt safe in defying the whole world. She slept in the upper berth in his state-room, and would never consent to close her eyes before he had seated himself on the very uncomfortable ladder and taken both her hands in his. She seemed in everything to look upon him as the natural substitute for her lost mother, and Quintus, who was an absurdly tender-hearted fellow, was so touched by her dependence upon him, and

so flattered, too, by her undisguised preference for him, that it hardly occurred to him to throw off her yoke, or to rebel against her despotic authority. He was perfectly well aware that there were those among the passengers who were amusing themselves at his expense, and he occasionally happened to overhear remarks which made him marvel at the possible baseness of human nature. Thus, he came very near having an unpleasant encounter with Sir Walter Thorndowne, who, in Bodill's hearing, declared, between his yawns, that he had no belief in disinterested generosity, and that in all probability "the young polar bear" was more closely related to Tita than he cared to confess. On the other hand, Mr. Diggers, who had been canvassing Europe in the interest of some patent concern or other, and persisted in coming to lunch in a gorgeous dressing-gown, assured Mr. Bodill that he was delighted, by George! to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who had a heart under his waistcoat, and who was not afraid to take a hand when the odds were against him. He even carried his generosity so far as to propose to the captain that a subscription be taken up for the benefit of the child, pledging himself for thirty dollars, but refusing to head the list, because he knew that his plebeian name would prejudice the foreign passengers against the undertaking. The captain accepted this hint, and collected four hundred and fifty-five dollars for Tita, the sum to be deposited temporarily with the steam-ship company until it should be drawn by Tita herself, or by some one legally entitled to compensation for her support.

It was on a sunny morning in May, 186—, that the *Melanesia* cast anchor in the harbor of New York. Quintus was standing on deck, gazing with joyous expectation at the great city which was soon to receive him. He had half forgotten Tita, whom he was holding on his arm, and who, with an air of supreme contentment, kept rubbing her cheek against his, and occasionally pointing with delighted ejaculations at the queer men and women who were rushing about with bundles and boxes in their hands, gesticulating wildly and shouting in unknown tongues to the apathetic sailors and officers. The cabin passengers were already pressing forward to board the tug-boat, and a pang suddenly shot through Quintus's heart at the thought that the hour of parting was now at hand. Tita was to be placed in an orphan asylum in New York, the captain had told him, until some one claimed her, and if no one claimed her, she would be trained for a servant or a seamstress, or something of the sort, or perhaps be sent West, as soon as she would be able to shift for herself. Of her mother nothing definite could be ascertained, except that she came from London, and, under the name of Mrs. Marion Hulbert, had taken a second-cabin ticket for New York.

As Quintus stood sadly revolving these thoughts in his head, the captain (for whom Tita had an ineradicable aversion) made his appearance, accompanied by the stewardess, who held out her arms coaxingly to the child, promising her jelly, and making her all sorts of tempting proposals if she would come to her. But Tita was as much proof against bribes as she was against argument; she only responded with a determined little pout, and clung the more closely to Bodill's neck. Quintus felt inexpressibly wretched; he would have liked to yield to the impulse of his heart to take upon himself the responsibility for Tita's future. But what could he, a penniless bachelor of twenty, do with a child of four, and what sort of a future could he possibly prepare for her? With this reflection Quintus resolutely steeled his heart, and with a huge effort tremblingly unclasped Tita's tiny hands, which yet clung about his neck with a desperate persistence. The stewardess, who was not troubled with much delicacy of feeling, hastened to assist him, and with one rough wrench transferred the reluctant child to her own ample embrace. Quintus seized his valise, which was lying at his feet, and was about to make his escape; from the bottom of his heart he detested himself, and in his innocent Norse fashion, wondered whether God would ever forgive him for thus basely deserting one of His little ones. It was this thought, perhaps, or possibly a mere natural impulse of pity, which made him pause and turn about once more. "Let me kiss you good-bye, at least, my child," he said, putting his arm around Tita's neck and pressing her closely to him. She looked so irresistibly lovely with the quivering little lips, the great tears in her eye lashes, and the air of profound injury in her whole expression, that all Quintus's rational reflections evaporated. The tears now came faster and faster, and surrendering herself completely to her grief, Tita sobbed on his bosom as if her small heart was wounded beyond the possibility of repair.

"Wants—to—do—with—you," she man

aged to say, between her sobs. "Wants to do with Twint."

"Oh, you precious child!" cried Bodill, feeling now no longer ashamed of his tears. "Yes, you shall go with Twint."

With heedless haste he rushed forward to the stair-way, from which he boarded the tug-boat. And there he stood, amid the wondering passengers, holding on his arm his tiny charge. He was not aware, this unsuspicious Quintus, what an amount of possible misery and bliss he was importing into the United States of America in the diminutive person of Tita.

II.

After having left his prospective address at the steam-ship office, and satisfied the authorities that he was a proper person to be, at least temporarily, intrusted with the care of a child, Quintus betook himself with his charge to Jersey City, where a former groom of his father's, named Syvert Hanson, was said to be living. This Hanson had been one of Quintus's boyish admirations, on account of a rare and manly accomplishment he possessed of spitting through his teeth without the slightest movement of the lips. He had, however, vanished long ago from his friend's horizon, but reports of his extraordinary prosperity had, from time to time, reached the family through Hanson's relatives, who took pains to convey the impression that Syvert was now as big a man as Colonel Bodill himself, and perhaps a little bigger. Quintus, who had been accustomed to hear marvelous tales of America, and had a vague impression that the common logic of human life was not applicable to republics, would, therefore, hardly have been surprised if he had been informed that Hanson was about to take up his residence in the White House. As it was, he counted mightily on the ex-groom's influence, and fully expected to be introduced by him into the best society of the city.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when, after a long and futile search, he found Hanson's cottage. Its architectural unpretentiousness was a little disappointing to Bodill, but he consoled himself with the reflection that, in all likelihood, the stability of the republic required that its greatest citizens should be conspicuous, not for vulgar luxury and show, but for stern simplicity and uprightness. The idea was certainly a beautiful one, and Hanson was worthy of all honor for adhering to it so rigidly. With a palpitating heart he approached the front door, deposited Tita, who had just waked up from a sound nap, on the steps, and proceeded to whip the dust off his shoes with his handkerchief. He then arranged his hair hastily, took Tita by the hand, and rang the door-bell. A slatternly looking blonde woman, with a baby on her arm, opened the door and asked him rather gruffly what he wanted. If there was any patent he was peddling, she would tell him beforehand that she had no time to look at it. The young man answered, with extreme deference, that he had nothing to sell, but that he had letters to Mr. Hanson from his relatives in Norway, and that he was very desirous to deliver them in person. His name was Quintus Bodill, and he had himself had the pleasure of Mr. Hanson's acquaintance in his childhood.

"Good Lord!" cried the woman, in Norwegian, hurriedly depositing the baby on the floor and grasping Quintus by the hand, "are you Quintus Bodill, Colonel Bodill's son? How glad Syvert will be to see you! Walk in, sir, walk in. Don't mind the looks of things, please. The children have it all their own way here in the morning. And this is your little daughter, I suppose. And I who didn't know you were married even; and not Syvert, either."

"I am not married," said Quintus, blushing to the edge of his hair.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, in a more subdued tone.

She looked at her visitor with a sort of blunt kindliness which would have been amusing to any one less finely organized than Quintus was. He writhed under her imputation, which was too subtle to allow of a defense; moreover he felt that by the embarrassment of his manner he was accumulating inferential evidence against himself.

"Tita is not my daughter," he managed at last to stammer, as he seated himself on a carpet-covered lounge of loud coloring. "I merely picked her up on the steam-ship ——"

"Oh yes, yes; I understand," interrupted Mrs. Hanson, with a smile of undisguised skepticism. "She is a beautiful child, anyway, and likely as not you are quite proud of her. Seems to me she features you consid'able."

Quintus, with a little superfluous show of dignity, rose to take his leave. She, how-

ever, entirely unconscious that she had given offense, urged him to stay to supper, as Syvert would then have returned. He yielded reluctantly, because he knew of nothing else to do; and learned from the intermittent conversation of the hostess during the next three hours that Mr. Hanson was not a member of the cabinet at Washington, nor even mayor of New York, but a box-maker for the great publishing firm of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. in the city. The republican simplicity of his household thus became less enigmatical. A vast edifice of heaven-scaling aspirations which Quintus had during the voyage been erecting on the basis of Hanson's hypothetical eminence now tumbled down over his head. He evidently had nothing to hope from Hanson except, perhaps, a kindly greeting and some practical advice, of which he was sadly in need.

About six o'clock Hanson arrived, and by his mere appearance made Bodill feel the utter absurdity of his expectations. He was, to be sure, an honest-looking man, rough and square-built, loud in his manners, and, on the whole, a very slight and perfectly intelligible modification of the former groom, whom Quintus had admired twelve years ago for qualities which now no longer commanded his admiration. One conspicuous change, however, seemed to have taken place in Hanson since his transplanting into American soil—he had learned to think. His vocabulary, though neither choice nor abundant, was certainly energetic and expressive, and indicated that his thought, which formerly had rarely risen above the sphere of the stable, had gained a much wider range. He had, especially, very definite opinions on politics, and expressed with much confidence what he would have done in a certain recent emergency, in case he had been President, until Quintus, who in his Norse simplicity was quite impressed by such magnificent talk, began to wonder whether the President might not have a personal grudge against Hanson, since he so persistently neglected to consult him. The latter, greatly encouraged by his guest's impressibility, now began to patronize him more conspicuously, promised him the benefit of his protection, unfolded his plan for the conduct of the war (which was then in progress), and aroused again in Quintus's bosom all the expectations to which he had, but a moment ago, bidden a reluctant farewell. After all, Hanson might be at the same time a box-maker, and an important personage in the republic. Very likely that was the peculiarity of republics, that men, after having been divested of the insignia of office, returned to their former obscurity, with a chance, however, of being again as suddenly raised to the pinnacle of glory. Was not Cincinnatus taken from the plow to be made dictator of Rome? And President Lincoln, who was then occupying the White House, had he not been a rail-splitter? Why might not a box-maker, then, be suddenly called from his boxes and charged to organize a cabinet? Hanson promptly rose to his former eminence in Quintus's estimation, and he was not a little pleased when the great man proposed to him that he and Tita should take, at a moderate rent, the two spare rooms upstairs which had recently been furnished for the purpose of accommodating a lodger. Mrs. Hanson promised to look after the little girl while Mr. Bodill was at his business, and considering the old friendship of the families (old Colonel Bodill ought to have heard that remark, Quintus reflected, smiling), she would charge but a trifle for her extra trouble. The bargain was readily concluded, and the two European innocents were immediately installed in their new abode.

The next day Mr. Hanson proved the value of his protection by introducing Quintus to his employer, Mr. Dimpleton, who seemed to be greatly pleased with the young Norseman's appearance, and, after some parley, engaged him at a salary of forty dollars a month as clerk in his retailing department. The same evening Quintus wrote a jubilant letter to the family at home, in which he declared that he had mounted the lowest round of the ladder of fortune, and that he had now a fair chance of becoming anything except President of the United States, from which office his foreign birth excluded him—a fact which he greatly regretted.

About Tita, however, he did not write a word.

III.

THE first four years of Bodill's sojourn in the land of liberty were extremely uneventful. His time was chiefly occupied in writing business letters, and in becoming Americanized, which latter process is, to be sure, not a conscious act, but a slow psychological fermentation which gradually

changes one's original Old World substance into something rich and new and strange. Quintus, at all events, was satisfied that his metamorphosed self, at the end of the four years, was a finer and more valuable article than the primitive Norse self, which he brought over in the *Melanesia*. He looked back with supreme pity upon the naïve notions of the world which he then entertained, smiled at his exalted opinions of Hanson (whose patronage he now received with good-humored persiflage), and, on the whole, treated the still surviving remnant of his Norse personality as a younger and slightly weak-minded brother who stood in constant need of his superior protection and counsel.

To Tita, on the other hand, the first years of her transatlantic existence were crowded with important events. In the first place, she displayed a singular tenacity of purpose in outgrowing, every five or six months, her frocks, her shoes, and her stockings, not to speak of those little garments which (according to feminine notions) have to be embroidered all over, even though they are never meant to be seen; and Mrs. Hanson, who understood that she had *carte blanche* in providing for Tita's wardrobe, indulged her taste for finery to an extent which sometimes made Quintus groan, and would have betrayed him into the use of energetic language, if he had not been the kindest and most good-natured of men. However, Tita was so daintily made,—so soft and sweet and dimpled,—that nothing could really be too good for her. Her vanity ought not to be encouraged, he would often reason: and the next day, very likely, he paid for a blue silk sash, or a plumed hat (which was miraculously becoming), or a lace-covered little parasol, fit for Queen Titania to carry. What wonder, then, that Tita was well satisfied with the American republic! Yet, to do her justice, there were other things which she valued more highly than ornamental millinery. She always had a vehement kiss and embrace for Quintus every evening when he returned from his business, and she could never be induced by Mrs. Hanson to close her eyes before Quint had presented himself at her bed and had submitted to being smothered with caresses. Then there was inevitably a little story with a pointed moral, whereupon followed a long and affectionate coaxing for another and still another, until the long dark lashes began to droop, and the obedient squirrel-children, and the naughty fairy who received such summary punishment, and the refractory little bird that found such a tragic end under the cat's claw, all joined in a confused procession, underwent queer transformations, and hovered away into dreamland.

I am extremely sorry to record the fact that Tita sometimes was naughty. She had, not infrequently, violent disputes with Syvert Hanson, Jr., a young man of her own age, and if he did not yield to persuasion, she would adopt more serious measures, as, for instance, boxing his ears or pulling his hair. Mrs. Hanson would then interfere in her son's behalf, and the slate which hung over Quintus's desk would then in the evening contain the sad record of Tita's misdemeanors. On such evenings there were no story and no "good-night kiss," even though it nearly broke Quintus's heart to hear Tita calling him with a voice that gradually grew feebler as she sobbed herself to sleep. It occurred to her one day when her conscience was not quite at ease, to break the "misdemeanor slate," which she regarded as the cause of all her sufferings; but it is needless to say that the ingenuity of Mrs. Hanson soon provided another. Poor Tita, how she suffered during the long hours of suspense while she stood weeping at the door listening for Quint's well-known footsteps in the hall! And with what remorseful tenderness she flung herself upon his neck as he entered, and confessed all her misdoings, anxious only to forestall the testimony of the dreadful slate. Quintus then, in spite of his stern resolutions to the contrary, would gradually relent, and, while half-unconsciously returning her caresses, would wring her little heart by his sham grief over her monstrous wickedness. For all that, it must not be supposed that Quintus failed to realize the gravity of the task he had undertaken in becoming responsible for Tita's education. If he erred at all, it was on the side of over-conscientiousness. He read Spencer, Pestalozzi, and even Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," with sole reference to Tita's misdemeanors; he listened gravely, and with a sincere desire to be enlightened, to the lectures of reforming monomaniacs, and he even began a system of severe self-scrutiny, hoping by constant watchfulness of his every thought and act to become in time a worthy example to his ward.

Curiously enough, it never occurred to Quintus that Tita was educating him quite as much as he was educating Tita. She gave, by her dependence upon him, a value

to his life which it had never possessed before. At home, as one of twelve children, he had never flattered himself that he was of much account. He knew perfectly well that he could easily be spared, and that his parents (even though they loved him very sincerely) must find some compensation for his loss in the fact that his departure to seek his fortune in the New World had created a vacancy at their interminable dinner-table. He had never distinguished himself either in school or in college, except on a single occasion when he took a prize in Greek, and he had become thoroughly convinced that he was a mere average mortal who, as his name indicated, had no other mission in the world than to figure numerically in the census. Now fate had attached another life to his, and accordingly, without reflecting much about it, he rose perceptibly in his own estimation. All his thoughts and aspirations centered in Tita. If he had a new coat made, he enjoyed beforehand the pleasure she would take in watching him from the window as he stalked up the street conscious of his good appearance, and he would smile a very affectionate smile to himself and puzzle his tailor as he was just shouting out the numbers of his measure. If sometimes in crossing the ferry he saw a vision of wealth and glory unfolding itself in the wintry sky, it was Tita and always Tita who was to benefit by his greatness, it was Tita who was to shine in silks and satins and have the great aristocratic world at her feet, and he —well, he would stand behind Tita's chair and smile and feel happy in her splendor. On Saturday nights, when he was always in the habit of bringing her some trifling present, he would run up the stairs like a boy to receive her greeting, and she would, with much laughter and coaxing, investigate his pockets, one after another, while he always feigned an exaggerated grief at having forgotten the accustomed gift; and when finally it was found in some inconspicuous pocket, he would pretend to be greatly surprised, while she would dance triumphantly about him and hug him and call him all manner of affectionate names. And Quintus felt so supremely happy that he snatched Tita up in his arms and whirled around the room with her like a madman. Nevertheless, as I have said, he never reflected upon what he would have been without Tita. The case seemed hardly supposable. Tita as an educator! How ridiculous!

IV.

QUINTUS remained nearly ten years in the employ of the firm of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. before he made the acquaintance of the head of the house in any but his official capacity. Then a little incident happened which was fraught with greater consequences to Bodill than he ever had anticipated. A certain well-known Greek scholar, Professor P—— (more remarkable for his skill in concocting text-books than for real learning), was about to publish an edition of the orations of Demosthenes through the firm of Dimpleton & Co. A large package of proof-sheets, already revised by the editor, had to be opened by Quintus before being returned to the printer, and on casting a glance on the page he discovered what, according to the best authorities, was a false reading. He then began to investigate the text carefully, and found several other evidences of what he would call either ignorance or very careless editing.

Kindled with learned zeal, he seized the proof-sheets and walked rapidly to Mr. Dimpleton's private office, and asked for the privilege of a moment's conversation. Mr. Dimpleton, who was a portly and somewhat pompous man, with close-trimmed gray side-whiskers and a bald head, raised his eyes questioningly to the clerk and asked rather sharply what he wanted. Quintus explained briefly the mistakes he had discovered, and requested Mr. Dimpleton's permission to communicate with the editor, as in his opinion it was not consistent with the dignity of the firm to publish an unscholarly work. Mr. Dimpleton gazed for a moment in blank amazement at his employé.

"Do you mean to say, then," he said, after having recovered from his amazement, "that you know more about Demosthenes than the professor who has written this book?"

"That I cannot say; but he is evidently not acquainted with the latest criticisms and emendations of the text."

"Well, if you wish to communicate with him I have no objection; but I doubt if you will beat him as easily as you imagine. We have published a number of his text-books, and they have all sold well."

Quintus withdrew hastily, feeling for the first time in his life a sort of superior pity for Mr. Dimpleton, whom, in spite of his stately demeanor, he could not but regard as a man of crude taste and judgment.

He was resolved, at any rate, to have the errors in the Greek text corrected, and accordingly sat down and wrote a plain and respectful letter to Professor P——, calling his attention to the latest works of German scholars, and, moreover, to some important articles bearing upon the subject in a recent number of a philological journal. The next day he received a telegram, thanking him for his suggestions and requesting him to stop the stereotyping of the book until the text could be subjected to a second revision. This was very flattering to his scholarly pride, and he treated himself to a bottle of porter at luncheon, in recognition of his services to science and humanity. A man who at the age of thirty still read Homer and Demosthenes for pastime, and who at a pinch could even himself concoct a respectable Greek hexameter, was, after all, not to be sniffed at, he reflected, smilingly; he was, in all probability, somewhat above the average of his kind, and he justly deserved to lunch at seventy-five instead of fifty cents.

Quintus was in a radiant mood as he again seated himself at his desk and began, half-mechanically, to open the letters which had arrived by the noon mail. He was so absorbed in his joyous meditations that he failed to observe that some one was approaching him from behind, and that a hand was placed on the back of his chair. Suddenly, at the sound of his name, he turned around and saw Mr. Dimpleton. The publisher seemed to have something on his conscience, and seated himself rather uneasily on a lounge inside the railing which bounded Quintus's domain.

"Mr. Bodill," he began, in his peculiar, constrained manner, in which there was, however, a vague intention of friendliness, "I was somewhat preoccupied yesterday morning when you spoke to me about the Greek text. I am afraid I gave you the impression that I wished to discourage your interest in the concerns of the firm. Such, I assure you, was not my intention."

"I was not discouraged, Mr. Dimpleton," replied Quintus, cheerfully. "My zeal for Greek is never easily discouraged. It is what saves my self-respect when I am inclined to be too modest in my estimate of myself. And Professor P——, as if he knew my weakness, has proven himself a subtle flatterer."

He handed his chief the telegram which he had just received, and gazed smilingly at his face while he read it.

"Very gratifying," murmured Mr. Dimpleton, "very gratifying, indeed."

He took up his hat and stroked it three or four times with the sleeve of his coat.

"Speaking of Greek," he said, gazing critically at the inside of the hat, "it occurred to me that perhaps it might interest you to meet my daughter, who has, I believe, made quite a study of the Greek classics. At all events, if you have no previous engagement, we shall expect you to dine with us to-night at seven o'clock."

Quintus was somewhat nonplussed by this unexpected proposition, but was careful to conceal his surprise.

"I shall be very happy," he said, "to make Miss Dimpleton's acquaintance."

"And remember, seven o'clock."

"I shall not forget."

After having dispatched the business of the day, Quintus accordingly returned home by the ferry a little earlier than usual, made an elaborate toilet (which excited Tita immensely), and at the appointed hour rang the door-bell of a handsome house in Madison Avenue. The door was promptly flung open by a martial-looking negro in blue-and-yellow livery, who mustered him critically, and finally decided to permit him to enter. Quintus, who very opportunely remembered that the pedigree of the Bodills dated back to the earls of the ninth century, determined in his heart not to be dazzled, although (to be candid) the somber magnificence of the parlor, with its enormous mirrors, its rich, dark curtains, its gilt-framed pictures and artistic decorations, was, to his innocent Norse eyes, marvelously impressive. A parlor had always, to him, signified a very simple arrangement of tables and chairs, inclosed within four walls; the chairs intended for sitting on, and the tables for depositing books, paper-cutters, and other stray objects upon. But this wonderful complexity of harmoniously blending lines and colors, this studied combination of effects in carpets, draperies, and in each separate group of furniture, this subdued and impressive *ensemble*—indeed, the earls of the ninth century themselves would have felt for a moment stunned in Mr. Dimpleton's parlor.

Quintus somehow derived the impression that Miss Dimpleton, even though she did wear spectacles and possibly short hair, was a lady of taste and refinement. His reflections, however, were cut short by the sudden consciousness that some one was approaching from one side. He turned

quickly and saw a young lady, apparently not far advanced in the twenties, holding out her hand to him and bowing in gracious recognition of his greeting.

"I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Bodill," she said, motioning him to be seated.

"Have I the honor to speak with Miss Dimpleton?"

"Yes, you certainly have that honor," answered the young lady, with a frank laugh.

Quintus had somehow got the spectacles and the short hair so firmly associated with Miss Dimpleton's personality that he could hardly conceal his surprise at the agreeable disappointment. For Miss Dimpleton, though you would at first sight have pronounced her a sensible girl, about whom there was no nonsense, had nothing "emancipated" or unpleasantly aggressive in her manner or appearance; and yet it occurred to Bodill, as he sat looking quite guilelessly into her pure, handsome face, that she would have made a very nice boy. Especially were the large gray eyes expressive of a fearless candor which one associates rather with the male than with the female sex. The distinctive feature of her face, however, was a fairly well-modeled mouth, about which there was a strangely conscious air. She moved her lips a little too much when she spoke, and always with a certain curious precision.

"And you are the disguised prince or viking," she was saying, as she seated herself opposite her guest, "whom father has kept concealed for years down in his store without communicating the fact to his family. Now tell me, how can a gentleman of your wild and fierce ancestry tolerate being chained to a writing-desk for so long a time? Don't your ancestral instincts sometimes awake in you? Don't you occasionally feel like breaking the furniture?"

"Our blood has been very much diluted and our type enfeebled and subdued during the last five or six centuries," he answered, with a pleasant laugh. "I am nothing but a degenerate late-comer, who am conscious of no heroic instincts whatever."

"In the matter of Greek, however, I am told that you have finely developed critical eyes—a trait which, by the way, I should never have expected in so close a relative of William the Conqueror."

"Well, there, you see, you draw a rash conclusion. You, too, for aught you know, may be a relative of some blood-thirsty Saxon barbarian, and yet you have an enthusiasm for Homer which very likely would have been incomprehensible even to your nearest kin a dozen generations back."

"Very likely. We have all kept pace in our change of tastes and habits. Imagine, in case we had met, say, eight centuries ago, how different we should both have been, and how different our meeting. You would, of course, have been a Norse viking, with long blonde hair, picturesque attire, and predatory habits. I should have been—let me see—the daughter of some Saxon thane, who sat with my maids and spun the yellow flax the livelong day, and only appeared in the parlor on state occasions. Well, we will say that your arrival were such an occasion, what do you suppose we should have talked about?"

"If I came with a peaceful purpose, I should tell you of my adventures on sea and land, but if, as is more probable, I came intent on mischief, I should carry you on board my ship without consulting your wishes, and you would be very sea-sick on the voyage to Norway."

"How dreadful!" she cried, merrily. "How fortunate that we did not meet in the eleventh century!"

"And who knows," he reflected smilingly, "whether I may not do the very same thing in the nineteenth." But aloud he said, while his smile grew so irresistible that she could not help joining, "Worse things may happen to a woman than being carried away to Norway."

They were now fairly launched on a playful discussion which had yet seriousness enough in it to make it not wholly unprofitable. Then Mr. and Mrs. Dimpleton appeared, just as the butler pushed back the folding doors to the dining-room, displaying a table which appealed to all Bodill's senses at once, except that of hearing, this latter sense being kept steadily and agreeably busy by Miss Dimpleton. It required no great amount of insight to discover that she was the ruling genius of the household; for the quick way in which she surveyed her father's toilet as he entered, and then sent him an approving little nod, as much as to say that he had done nobly, could only be interpreted to mean that Mr. Dimpleton was naturally too fond of undress, and subjected himself to the inconvenience of frequent toilets out of regard for his daughter's opinion. The butler, too, betrayed some little uneasiness as she paused to take in the total effect of the table, and was apparently relieved when in the next moment she was

smiling with evident amusement at one of Bodill's remarks.

Mrs. Dimpleton was that deplorable American institution, the chronic invalid. She had a pale and withered look, sighed frequently, as if she thought that life was after all a wearisome affair, and while speaking cast her eyes in an aimless, wandering way up toward the ceiling, as if she sought a solution there of the troubles which perplexed her. She was small and daintily made, and her features bore yet in them a faded memory of their beauty.

"Jessie tells me that you are such a great scholar, Mr. Bodill," she said, between two sips of the soup.

"Miss Dimpleton is very kind to say such pleasant things about me," he answered, "although I hope, for her sake, that the Recording Angel was off duty when she said it."

"You must pardon me if I don't quite understand you," sighed his hostess. "You must remember I am not learned at all, like you and Jessie."

"Mr. Bodill only hints that I have exaggerated his scholarship, mother," commented Miss Jessie, from the other side of the table.

"Now, speaking of scholarship," Mrs. Dimpleton went on, as the waiter was removing the soup-plates, "do you know Jessie, there" (she lowered her voice to an almost confidential whisper), "reads and speaks Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and Gothic, and Anglo-Saxon, and I don't know how many other outlandish tongues. Her teacher, Mr. Schnabelstein, told me she was the greatest genius he had ever known. And only think of it, he was a German professor, and we paid him four dollars an hour. He even said that——"

"Mother, mother," interrupted Miss Jessie, laughingly, "I know by your expression that you are on your favorite theme. Please don't tell Mr. Bodill how that rogue Schnabelstein gave vent to his imagination as a preliminary to obtaining from you a loan of two hundred dollars. When Mr. Bodill finds out what a poor blunderer I am, I shall seem positively ridiculous to him, unless he has the kindness to forget Mr. Schnabelstein's insincere praises."

"Now, Mr. Bodill," the elder lady resumed, unmindful of her daughter's interruption, "that is the way she is all the time whenever I say anything about her accomplishments. Of course I can't keep track of all the languages she learns, but I believe the last one she studied was the Croptic."

"The Croptic?" repeated Quintus, looking quite puzzled.

"Oh, mother!" cried the daughter, in mock despair, in which there was, however, a note of real annoyance; "I never studied the Croptic language, nor the Coptic, either. Mr. Bodill," she continued, turning to Quintus, "my mother imagines that whenever I mention a thing I necessarily know it. The other day I was reading a French essay with some interesting references in it to the Copts, and in endeavoring to tell the substance of it to a friend who was here the other evening, I evidently gave the impression to mother that I was studying Coptic."

Mr. Dimpleton, who during this conversation had maintained a severely neutral countenance, as if neither the Croptic nor the Coptic in the least concerned him, now raised his clean shaven chin out of his stiff cravat, and inquired, in a hushed and solemn voice, whether they had lobsters in Norway? Mr. Bodill, although the abruptness of the question struck him as very ludicrous, replied gravely in the affirmative. And were the Norwegian lobsters very good? They were excellent, thank you. And did the natives of Norway dress in fur all the year round? No, they did not when they went to bed, nor in the ball-room, nor, in fact, on any other occasion, except in midwinter, when they were traveling. What were the staples of diet in Norway? They were bread, meat, fish, milk, very much as in the rest of the civilized world—all of which seemed very wonderful and surprising to Mr. Dimpleton. Quintus was just beginning to feel like a wild man of Borneo or a polar bear escaped from a menagerie, when his host (as Quintus suspected, at a hint from his daughter) took pity on him, and suddenly ceased to exhibit his interest in Norway. He had, of course, been under the impression that he was making himself very agreeable, and if he had noticed the slight look of annoyance in Miss Jessie's face, would have been at a loss to account for it.

V.

From that day Bodill found his position in the house of J. C. Dimpleton & Co. entirely changed. From a simple clerk he became, in a sort of half-acknowledged way, the most trusted and confidential adviser of the firm. Manuscripts were con-

tinually submitted for his approval, and his judgment on them, if positively expressed, was always decisive. The firm never rejected what he strongly recommended, nor accepted for publication what he condemned. In the case of two or three venturesome undertakings which Mr. Dimpleton would not have touched if Mr. Bodill had not thrown his influence in their favor, the firm had an opportunity to submit his intelligence and his commercial sagacity to the crucial test, and as both prosperity and an increase of dignity resulted from the venture, it seemed obvious to the chief of the house that Mr. Bodill had now fairly earned his title to partnership in the firm. The offer was accordingly made on very favorable conditions, and, after some hesitation on Bodill's part, accepted. The thought had sometimes occurred to him that it might be Miss Jessie's influence, rather than his own merits, which had so rapidly advanced his fortunes, and he was too proud to wish to be indebted to any one for so substantial a favor. He concluded, however, after much meditation, that all Miss Jessie had done was to furnish the opportunity, which he had himself improved.

It is needless to say that he was all this time a constant visitor at Mr. Dimpleton's house. He had completely captivated Mrs. Dimpleton, who was less languid and more confidential with him than with any one else. He discovered, to his great amusement, that this innocent little lady had a decided taste for wicked French novels, which she read without the faintest suspicion of their impropriety. He half-divined that she was a little bit obtuse, but he would not have thought it possible, if his own ears had not convinced him, that any one could read the books she read without supplying what was left unexpressed in the text or comprehending a single one of the veiled allusions. He also discovered (what was still more amusing) that the daughter was, in a measure, the guardian of her mother's morality; and, indeed, Mrs. Dimpleton made no secret of the fact that Miss Jessie hid away all the novels which were procured without her permission, or read them herself before allowing her mother to see them.

"She is such a queer child," said Mrs. Dimpleton, taking it always for granted that her listener was no less interested in this inexhaustible theme than she was herself. "Now, would you believe it, Mr. Bodill, when she was a little girl of six, she crept under the bed one day and lay there crying because she was not a boy. And when she was only three years old, she said the cutest thing which ever I did hear. She had come in in her little night-gown to kiss me and her father and her uncle good-night, and when she had gone the round once, she insisted upon 'tissing papa adain' and then mamma once more, until I was afraid she was catching cold, and carried her off by main force to her nursery. Then I made her kneel down beside her crib to say her prayers. But the little midget was in a contrary mood, and refused to utter a word. She was so stubborn that I knew I should have to give in. So I told her just to ask God to make Jessie a better little girl, and she might go to bed. And what do you think she did? Down she went on her knees and prayed that Dod would make mamma a better little mamma. Now, wasn't that bright in a child of three? And I assure you she wasn't ten years old before she began to correct my pronunciation and to look after my clothes, as if she had been my mother and not my child."

It was chiefly his pleasant laugh, his unobtrusive politeness, and, above all, his talents as a listener, which secured Quintus Mrs. Dimpleton's favor. To gain the approval of the daughter, more pronounced qualities were required. Until she made his acquaintance, Miss Jessie had had no very high regard for men. Women were in all respects so much more adorable than men: they were attuned to a finer key. In accordance with this theory, Miss Jessie spent the first twenty-two years of her life in falling in love with women, and mostly with those whose attractions, to the coarse masculine vision, were imperceptible. A man, she had hitherto maintained, was only to be tolerated when he was instructive, and she had therefore selected her male acquaintance with sole reference to her own mental improvement. Quintus, too, she had sought on the same principle, because she desired to profit by his knowledge of Greek. And in this she was not disappointed. The Norseman, to whom this opportunity of refreshing the delightful impressions of his college days was very welcome, readily consented to a course of reading in Homer, and, from that time forth, spent every Thursday evening with Miss Dimpleton in Homeric discussion. Jessie began to reflect that a man was, after

all, not such an objectionable phenomenon as she had imagined. She had never, even with her most adorable female friends, had such a delicious sense of feeling herself completely understood. When Quintus recounted, with much delicacy of perception, the characteristics of the Greek civilization, or pointed to the occult and elusive beauties of the text, she could not quite suppress the thought that the daily companionship of such a man through a long united life was the very ideal of happiness of which she had dreamed.

When Quintus returned home about midnight from these Homeric diversions, he always found Tita cuddled up in a chair, wide awake and excited. She was now sixteen years old, and had a room of her own on the other side of the hall, but she yet persisted in her childish habits, and refused to go to sleep without her good-night kiss. Quintus once, as a joke, sent her one in an envelope, before departing for Madison Avenue, and told her to go to bed like a sensible little girl; but when, on reaching home, he paused at her door to listen, he heard a sound of sobbing within. He was for a moment puzzled; then he knocked, but received no answer.

"Good-night, Tita dear," he said; "am I not to have my good-night kiss?"

The weeping ceased immediately within, and Tita's voice, with a little unnatural tremor in it, answered:

"You will find it on your writing-desk, inclosed in an envelope."

"She is a child yet, God bless her," murmured Quintus, with a sigh of relief, as he entered his study and with a meditative smile opened Tita's note with the kiss duly inclosed. For better preservation, it was wrapped in red tissue-paper. The note read as follows:

"QUINTUS BODILL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find a good-night kiss from the undersigned.

Yours truly,
"T. HULBERT."

That "T. Hulbert" was delicious. Quintus flung himself back in his chair, pressed the dear little note to his lips, and sat for half an hour smiling the kind of smile which is not irreconcilable with tear-suffused eyes. Tita's helpless and pathetic indignation reminded him of the wrath of a canary-bird, which ruffles up its feathers and pecks away fearlessly at your fingers, imagining all the while that it is inflicting a dreadful amount of damage. And yet the comparison, in the next moment, struck him as ungenerous. Tita's feelings, whether they were wise or foolish, were certainly a matter of great concern to him, and it was his duty to exert himself to find out the cause even of her strange caprices. That she, who knew him so well, should take offense at an innocent joke, seemed wholly incomprehensible. That she objected to his Homeric evenings, and was possibly jealous of Miss Dimpleton, whose praises he had loudly spoken during all the winter, was a thought which did not even occur to him. For had she not, on a hundred other occasions, urged him to go to theaters and clubs and to call on friends, alleging always that she was not at all lonely, but could spend her evenings delightfully with her books? Had she not always been the apple of his eye, and was it possible that any one could ever occupy her place in his affection? Ah, the query was absurd. There was no place in his heart for any one but her. And yet, the possibility of his marrying Miss Dimpleton had frequently been contemplated, and how could he, as an honorable man, marry her without giving her a place at Tita's side in his heart? Somehow Miss Dimpleton, with her clear, handsome face, and her bright eyes beaming with intellectual enthusiasm, and the sweet, golden-haired Tita, with her vehement affection and her naughty pout, made such a queer contrast that he could not think of both in harmonious juxtaposition as members of the same household. Here was a problem which would have puzzled the seven sages, provided the seven sages ever were in love and were inclined to bestow their affections in equal divisions upon equally charming women. Quintus, feeling his utter inability to cope with so large a question, resolved to temporize, and to allow circumstances as wide a scope as possible in shaping his destiny.

VI.

IN spite of his liberal politics, Quintus was, like most Norsemen, a creature of habit. Although his income and position would long ago have warranted him in removing to a more fashionable locality, he postponed the evil day from year to year, always arguing that, until the time came for bringing Tita out in society, there was no

cause for haste. He had reared her tenderly, guarding her from all evil influences, and he dreaded the day when she should pass beyond his control. For ten years he had devoted nearly every evening of his life to her education, and had seen with delight that his approbation was dear to her, and his praise the highest reward of effort. Besides the Hansons and the few Norse families who visited there, she knew but few, and readily perceiving Quintus's superiority to those, she came to look upon him as the ideal of human perfection. She would not tolerate even an implied criticism of his appearance or character, and Mrs. Hanson incurred her lasting displeasure by remarking that he was greatly to blame for keeping her so close, and giving her so little pleasure. This very thought, however, had occurred to Bodill, too, one morning as he was crossing the ferry, and he marveled at his own stupidity in not having thought of it before. He resolved on the spot to procure Tita a fitting toilet for the theater, and to take her as often as he could spare an evening to accompany her. Perhaps she might also like to drive in the Park, and if so, there was no reason why she should not, when he was not required at the office. Really, he had been culpably thoughtless.

It was about a week after this resolution was taken, that Tita, leaning on Quintus's arm, entered Booth's Theater, where Rignold was at that time playing "Henry V." Her protector, who was as ignorant as a babe as to the effect of millinery upon the female character, was in a state of abject admiration and astonishment. He had always known that Tita was beautiful, but he had never known that she was *so* beautiful. Like the peasant in the fairy tale, he had unwittingly been the foster-father of a princess. Tita discovered that night (what she had never been aware of before) that she possessed a rare talent—the talent for luxury. Poor Quintus, who was trembling lest he should step on something or tear something, or in any way damage the elaborate effect, blushed with suppressed agitation, and vaguely wondered that the whole audience did not rise to its feet to contemplate Tita's magnificence. But as far as he could observe, there was no one who was abnormally excited. He was, however, too absorbed in Tita to notice immediately two ladies in a box not far away, both of whom had their opera-glasses leveled toward where he was sitting. Presently he became aware that some one was bowing to him, and while returning the salutation, he discovered that it was Miss Dimpleton and her mother. Then the thought flashed through his brain that, although he had been intimately acquainted with Miss Dimpleton for more than a year, he had never mentioned Tita's name to her. He had at first been restrained by a fear that she would look upon his adoption of this homeless waif as a quixotic and ridiculous act, and he knew that he had no tenderer spot in his heart, or one capable of being more cruelly wounded. Miss Dimpleton had in the first period of their acquaintance appeared to him as the personification of pure reason, and the apprehension seemed by no means ill-grounded that she might feel a pitying superiority to a man who was capable, on the spur of the moment, of performing an irrationally generous deed. When he had once established himself in her friendship, he discovered that he had done her injustice, but the very fact that he had delayed the revelation so long was sure to throw a false light upon it, and even arouse cruel suspicions. With every month that passed the original mistake became more difficult to remedy, and Bodill became conscious of a positive guilt whenever (as had often happened before the incident with the imprisoned kiss) his little girl came running toward him, greeting him with outstretched arms and overwhelming him with her vehement caresses.

He moved a little uneasily in his seat as, even after the curtain had risen, he became conscious of Miss Dimpleton's continued scrutiny. Tita apparently aroused her curiosity in an unusual degree. He began to imagine all the thoughts that must be passing through her head,—her puzzled defense of his integrity and her inability to harmonize his various statements about his having no female acquaintances except herself outside of his home with the presence of this striking young lady at his side. The gorgeous pageants on the stage followed in quick succession, but his imagination went on an independent journey of exploration and conjecture, and when the curtain rolled down over the last scene, he could hardly remember a single phrase or incident. Tita, on the other hand, had been immensely entertained. She acted the wooing scene in Quintus's study after they got home, and talked English with a French accent, *à la* Princess Catherine, for a week after. Before they retired she curled up in her chair

and meditated, while Quintus smoked his cigar. All of a sudden she looked up and surprised him with this question, uttered in a tone of vexed impatience:

"Why do people marry, Quint?"

"Well, my dear," he answered, slowly, puffing a ring of smoke toward the ceiling, "I suppose it is because they would be lonely if they lived apart."

"But you and I are not lonely, and yet we are not married."

"That is because you and I are so fond of each other that we don't want to run away from each other, even if we are not married," he answered, laughing.

"Then marriage," she went on, with an air of grappling earnestly with the question, "is invented to keep people together who would like to run away from each other."

"Not exactly that, darling," he said, becoming suddenly serious, "although that is undeniably an office which marriage is frequently made to perform."

"Well, what is it meant for, then, Quint?"

"It is intended to bind people more closely together who love each other dearly."

"Then why don't you and I marry, Quint? We love each other dearly."

She had come close up to him and put her arms coaxingly about his neck, as if she were begging him for a new dress or bonnet.

"That is a thing which you don't understand yet, my sweet child," he replied, a little tremulously (for somehow the question, uttered so innocently, touched him deeply), "but you will know some day, when you are older."

"Yes, I do know too," she cried, with sudden vehemence. "It is because you love Miss Dimpleton more than you do me."

And, bursting into tears, she rushed out of the room.

The scales had at last fallen from Quintus's eyes. He now wondered that he had been so persistently blind. Tita was jealous of Miss Dimpleton, not because she knew what love was, but from a childish, unreasoning impulse, as any pet animal is jealous if another threatens to usurp its place. The situation was getting more complicated than, in his Norse simplicity, Quintus had ever anticipated.

VII.

THE next day—it was a gray and frosty morning in February—a very unusual thing happened. Tita did not make her appearance at breakfast, and replied, to Quintus's anxious inquiries at her door, that she had a headache. When he returned in the evening, she had apparently recovered from her indisposition; but some strange, new spirit had taken possession of her, and he had to rub his eyes to be sure that he was not mistaken as to her identity. She received him, not with her old impulsive caresses, but with a stately grace which was in keeping with yesterday's train, but not with to-day's shorter skirts. She presided at table with a dignity which was superb, and to his wondering gazes she responded with politely questioning smiles, as if she did not quite comprehend the reason for his astonishment. Quintus was sincerely puzzled, and would have felt justified in being angry, if Tita had not looked so ravishing just then in her offended dignity, with her beautiful, rebellious curls making a golden frame about her sweet, dimpled face. Dignity in a countenance of this type, though to the possessor it is undoubtedly very impressive, has rarely been known to alarm outsiders. Tita, however, was ignorant of this fact of natural history, and therefore persisted until bed-time in her majestic demeanor, while Quintus smoked in brooding discontent. For there were other things than Tita's caprices which troubled him. The next day would be Thursday, and he would be obliged to meet Miss Dimpleton, and probably to offer her an explanation. Then the foolishly guarded secret would at last be revealed, and very likely, when Tita was brought out, Miss Dimpleton would prove herself a kind and valuable friend to her. And with this consoling reflection he hung his meerschaum (a hollow and frightfully inflated Turk whom Tita had named the Eastern Question) in its proper corner on the wall, and, finding mademoiselle's chair empty, retired to bed. But he scarcely divined what the morrow had in store for him. And yet, the sun had a singularly ominous look as it shone, small and remote, through the river fog on the following morning. On reaching the office, Quintus met Hanson coming out from his chief's private room. It was rather unusual for Mr. Dimpleton to arrive so early, and still more unusual for him to have private interviews with Hanson. However, life was at best a humdrum affair, and would be still more so if a man were not at liberty to do things which his neighbors might regard as eccentric. With this and similar sophistries, Quintus strove to soothe his troubled spirits,

while with absent-minded haste he tore open the envelopes of his business correspondence and, with sudden and unaccountable pauses, as if he had lost the thread of his thought, gave directions to the clerks who came to receive his orders. A few moments after Hanson's departure, Mr. Dimpleton, without taking the slightest notice of Bodill as he passed, called for his carriage and drove away, and about two hours later, a messenger boy handed him a note from Miss Jessie, in which she announced, in the most coldly formal manner, that she would be obliged henceforth to discontinue her Homeric studies, and that she would accordingly make no further demand upon his valuable time. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the head of the firm returned and sent a clerk to Quintus's desk, requesting that Mr. Bodill would favor him with a moment's interview. The door of the private office was carefully locked when he had entered, and Mr. Dimpleton, with an icy solemnity which seemed to make a perceptible change in the temperature of the room, motioned him to a chair and seated himself on the lounge opposite.

"I offered you a partnership in this firm, Mr. Bodill," he began, abruptly, "under the impression that you were a man of excellent habits and character—a Christian man and a man of honor. This firm, sir, has always prided itself on the blameless Christian character of its members. Now, I am well aware that, from the Old World point of view, the offense of which you have been guilty is a venial one, and would there probably not interfere seriously with your social standing——"

"And perhaps, sir," interrupted Quintus, springing to his feet, while his face burned with indignation, "you will have the kindness to inform me of what offense I have been guilty?"

"I had a higher respect for you than that, Mr. Bodill," retorted Mr. Dimpleton, in a slightly impatient tone, as if to say that it was of no use to contest his facts, which were beyond dispute. "Then you plead ignorance of your guilt, do you? Well, sir, to a gentleman of your principles, very likely, it does not assume the character of guilt. But, since you insist upon it, I have no objection to informing you that I refer to the fact that, although unmarried, you have a daughter, as I am told, nearly sixteen years old. And, knowing well how my family and I would look upon this circumstance, you have carefully guarded your tongue, and never in our presence made the faintest allusion to her existence."

"And who told you, sir, that I have a daughter?" inquired Quintus, now no longer in anger, but with calm disdain.

"It is of no consequence who told me. However, if it can gratify you to know, it was a man who has every means of knowing your life, both previous to your arrival in this country and after. I need not say that I refer to Mr. Hanson."

"And did Mr. Hanson tell you that Tita was my daughter?" cried Quintus, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"He said he had not the slightest doubt that she was your daughter, and that you had been compelled to leave home. Your father, he said, is very irascible,—but it is needless to recount what you know so well. Moreover, he added a great deal of corroborative evidence which would make it useless for you to deny."

"In that case, Mr. Dimpleton," responded Quintus, with the utmost dignity, "I suppose it would be agreeable to you—assuredly it would to me—if our business connection were dissolved, the sooner the better. If you can take the word of a former groom of my father's, who, moreover, offers you nothing but conjectures and impressions, and refuse even to hear my defense, then my respect for you suffers as severely as yours, according to your statement, has for me."

"I have anticipated this proposition," remarked the publisher, coolly, "and here is my check for the amount which is due to you as your share in the profits of the business."

Bodill, without even glancing at the check, put it in his pocket-book, and bowing stiffly took his leave. For several hours he sauntered aimlessly up one street and down another, rode from sheer weariness on the street cars to Central Park and back again to the City Hall, dined absent-mindedly at a restaurant, and finally, before the accustomed hour for his return home had arrived, crossed the ferry to Jersey City. He feared to encounter Tita's questioning eyes, and sincerely hoped that her dignified mood of yesterday would prove something more than a fleeting caprice, as in that case he might succeed in fortifying his heart against compromising confessions. If Tita was stately, he might be distant, and they might avoid affectionate collisions which would inevitably lead, not to the revelation of the truth, for that

would have been impossible, but to much enforced and ingenious deception, which, to a conscientious man like Quintus, was scarcely less unpleasant. He had hardly entered his study, however, before he divined that the latter alternative would be presented to him. Tita, who was yet playing the Queen Titania (as Quintus had humorously designated her majestic rôle), no sooner discovered the look of weariness and trouble which shimmered through the hypocritical cheerfulness of his face than she forgot her studiously prepared part, and rushing forward, became once more the old vehement, childish, and adorable Tita.

"Quint, Quint," she cried; "what have they been doing to you? And to-night is your Homeric evening, too. And yet you come home so early. Has Miss Dimpleton been bad to you, Quint? I never shall like her if she has."

"No, child," he answered, taking the lovely face between his hands and kissing it. "I am only a little tired, and would like a long, peaceful smoke."

"But you can't have it, Quint," persisted Tita, giving her head a decisive little shake, and looking, with her hair drawn over her forehead, like a determined little Shetland pony who is conscious that its perversity is not altogether unbecoming. "Something has gone wrong to-day, and you will have no peace until I know what it is."

But Quintus would only give her fables for facts, and she retired with the conviction that Quintus had proposed to Miss Dimpleton and had been refused. But what a monster Miss Dimpleton must be, to refuse Quintus! In her indignation at such iniquity, Tita even forgot to congratulate herself upon the removal of a dangerous rival. She felt too sad on Quintus's account to be glad on her own.

(To be continued.)

THE RIVER INN.

The night is black and drear
Of the last day of the year.
Two guests to the river inn
Come, from the wide world's bound:
One with clangor and din,
The other without a sound.

Now hurry, servants and host!
Get the best that your cellars boast:
White be the sheets and fine,
And the fire on the hearth-stone bright.
Pile the wood, and spare not the wine,
And call him at morning-light.

But where is the silent guest?
In what chamber shall she rest?
In this? Should she not go higher?
'Tis damp, and the fire is gone.
You need not kindle the fire.
You need not call her at dawn.

Next morn he sallied forth
On his journey to the North;
Oh, bright the sunlight shone
Through boughs that the breezes stir,
But for her was lifted a stone,
Under the church-yard fir.

A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

(EVENING.)

XI.

HOW MR. ROOSTER LOST HIS DINNER.

THE afternoon wore on and the rain continued to fall. In some mysterious way, as it seemed to the little boy, the gloom of twilight fastened itself upon the dusky clouds, and the great trees without, and the dismal perspective beyond, gradually became one with the darkness. Uncle Remus had thoughtfully placed a tin pan under a leak in the roof, and the *drip-drip-drip* of the water, as it fell in the resonant vessel, made a not unmusical accompaniment to the storm.

The old man fumbled around under his bed and presently dragged forth a large bag filled with lightwood knots, which, with an instinctive economy in this particular direction, he had stored away for an emergency. A bright but flickering flame was the result of this timely discovery, and the effect it produced was quite in keeping with all the surrounding. The rain, and wind, and darkness held sway without, while within, the unsteady lightwood blaze seemed to rhyme with the *drip-drip-drip* in the pan. Sometimes the shadow of Uncle Remus, as he leaned over the hearth, would tower and fill the cabin, and again, it would fade and disappear among the swaying and swinging cobwebs that curtained the rafters.

"W'en bed-time come, honey," said Uncle Remus, in a soothing tone, "I'll des snatch down yo' pa buggy umbrell' fum up dar in de cornder, en I'll take'n' take you und' my arm en set you down on Miss Sally h'a'th des ez dry en ez wom ez a rat'-nes' inside a fodder-stack."

At this juncture, 'Tildy, the house-girl, rushed in out of the rain and darkness with a water-proof cloak and an umbrella, and announced her mission to the little boy without taking time to catch her breath.

"Miss Sally say you gotter come right 'long," she exclaimed. "Kaze she skeered lightnin' gwine strike 'roun' in yer 'mongs' deze high trees some'r's."

Uncle Remus rose from his stooping posture in front of the hearth and assumed a threatening attitude.

"Well, is anybody year de beat er dat!" was his indignant exclamation. "Look yer, gal! don't you come foolin' 'longer me—now, don't you do it. Kaze ef you does, I'll take'n' hit you a clip w'at'll put you ter bed 'fo' bed-time comes. Dat's w'at!"

"Lawdy! w'at I done gone en done ter Unk' Remus, now?" asked 'Tildy, with a great affectation of innocent ignorance.

"I'm gwineter put on my coat en take dat ar umbrell', en I'm gwine right straight up ter de big house en ax Miss Sally ef she sont dat kinder wud down yer, w'en she know dat chile sittin' yere 'longer me. I'm gwineter ax her," continued Uncle Remus, "en ef she aint sont dat wud, den I'm gwineter fetch myse'f back. Now, you des watch my motions."

"Well, I year Miss Sally say she 'feard lightnin' gwineter strike some'r's on de place," said 'Tildy, in a tone which manifested her willingness to compromise all differences, "en den I axt 'er kin I come down yer, en den she say I better bring deze yer cloak en pairsol."

"Now you dun brung um," responded Uncle Remus, "you des better put um in dat cheer over dar, en take yo'se'f off. Thunner mighty ap' ter hit close ter whar deze yer slick-head niggers is."

But the little boy finally prevailed upon the old man to allow 'Tildy to remain, and after a while he put matters on a peace footing by inquiring if roosters crowed at night when it was raining.

"Dat dey duz," responded Uncle Remus. "Wet er dry, dey flops der wings en wakes up all de neighbors. Law, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "w'at make I done gone en fergit 'bout Mr. Rooster!"

"What about him?" inquired the little boy.

"One time, 'way back yunder," said Uncle Remus, knocking the ashes off his hands and knees, "dey wuz two plantations right 'longside er wunner n'er, en on bofe er deze plantations wuz a whole passel er fowls. Dey wuz mighty sociable in dem days, en it tu'n out dat de fowls on one plantation gun a party, w'ich dey sont out der invites ter de fowls on de 't'er plantation.

"W'en de day come, Mr. Rooster, he

blow his hawn, he did, en 'semble um all tergedder, en atter dey 'semble dey got in line. Mr. Rooster, he tuck de head, en atter 'im come ole lady Hen en Miss Pullet, en den dar wuz Mr. Peafowl, en Mr. Tukkey Gobbler, en Miss Guinny Hen, en Miss Puddle Duck, en all de balance un um. Dey start off sorter raggedy, but 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey all kotch de step, en den dey march down by de spring, up thoo de hoss-lot en 'cross by de gin-house, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey git ter whar de frolic wuz.

"Dey dance, en dey play, en dey sing. Mo' 'speshually did dey play en sing dat ar song w'ich it run on like dis:

"'Come under, come under,
My honey, my love, my own true love;
My heart bin a-weepin'
'Way down in Galilee.'

"Dey wuz gwine on dis away, havin' der 'musements, w'en, bimeby, ole Mr. Peafowl, he got on de comb er de barn en blow de dinner-hawn. Dey all wash der face en han's in de back-po'ch, en den dey went in ter dinner. W'en dey git in dar, dey don't see nothin' on de table but a great big pile er co'n-bread. De pones was pile up on pones, en on de top wuz a great big ash-cake. Mr. Rooster, he look at dis en he tu'n up his nose, en bimeby, atter w'ile, out he strut. Ole Miss Guinny Hen, she watchin' Mr. Rooster motions, en w'en she see dis, she take'n' squall out, she did:

"'Pot-rack! pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back! Pot-rack! pot-rack! Mr. Rooster gone back!'

"Wid dat dey all make a great ter-do. Miss Hen en Miss Pullet, dey cackle en squall, Mr. Gobbler, he gobble, en Miss Puddle Duck, she shake 'er tail en say quickity-quack. But Mr. Rooster, he ruffle up his cape, en march on out.

"Dis sorter put a damper on de yuthers, but fo' Mr. Rooster git outer sight en year'n' dey went ter wuk on de pile w'at wuz 'pariently co'n-bread, en, lo en beholes, un'need dem pone er bread wuz a whole passel er meat en greens, en bake' taters, en bile' turnips. Brer Rooster, he year de ladies makin' great 'miration, en he stop en look thoo de crack, en dar he see all de doin's en fixin's. He feel mighty bad, Mr. Rooster did, w'en he see all dis, en de yuther fowls dey holler en axt 'im fer ter come back, en his craw, likewise, it up'n' ax 'im, but he mighty biggity en stuck up, en he strut off, crowin' ez he go; but de 'speunce er dat time done las' him en all er his fambly down ter dis day. En you neenter take my wud for't, ne'r, kaze ef you'll des keep yo' eye open en watch, you'll kitch a glimpse er old Mr. Rooster folks scratchin' whar dey specks ter fine der rations, en mor'n dat, dey'll scratch wid der rations in plain sight. Sence dat time, dey aint none er de Mr. Roosters bin fool' by dat w'at dey see on top. Dey aint res' twel dey see w'at und' dar. Dey'll scratch spite er all creation."

"Dat's de Lord's truth!" said 'Tildy, with unction. "I done seed um wid my own eyes. Dat I is."

This was 'Tildy's method of renewing peaceful relations with Uncle Remus, but the old man was disposed to resist the attempt.

"You better be up yander washin' up dishes, stidder hoppin' down yer wid er whole packet er stuff w'at Miss Sally aint dreamp er sayin'."

XII.

MR. RABBIT BREAKS UP A LUNCH-PARTY.

As long as Uncle Remus allowed 'Tildy to remain in the cabin, the little boy was not particularly interested in preventing the perfunctory abuse which the old man might feel disposed to bestow upon the complacent girl. The truth is, the child's mind was occupied with the episode in the story of Mr. Benjamin Ram which treats of the style in which this romantic old wag put Mr. and Mrs. Wolf to flight by playing a tune upon his fiddle. The little boy was particularly struck with this remarkable feat, as many a youngster before him had been, and he made bold to recur to it again by asking Uncle Remus for all the details. It was plain to the latter that the child regarded Mr. Ram as the typical hero of all the animals, and this was by no means gratifying to the old man. He answered the little boy's questions as well as he could, and, when nothing more remained to be said about Mr. Ram, he settled himself back in his chair and resumed the curious history of Brother Rabbit:

"Co'se Mr. Ram mighty smart man. I aint 'spute dat; but needer Mr. Ram ner yet Mr. Lam is soon creeturs like Brer Rabbit. Mr. Benjermun Ram, he tuck'n' skeer off Brer Wolf en his ole 'oman wid his fiddle, but, bless yo' soul, ole Brer Rabbit he gone en done wuss'n dat."

"What did Brother Rabbit do?" asked the little boy.

"One time," said Uncle Remus, "Brer Fox, he tuck'n' ax some er de yuther creeturs ter his house. He ax Brer B'ar, en Brer Wolf, en Brer 'Coon, but he aint ax Brer Rabbit. All de same, Brer Rabbit got win' un it, en he 'low dat ef he don't go, he speck he have much fun ez de nex' man.

"De creeturs w'at git de invite, dey tuck'n' 'semble at Brer Fox house, en Brer Fox, he ax um in en got um cheers, en dey sot dar en laugh en talk, twel, bimeby, Brer Fox, he fotch out a bottle er dram en lay 'er out on de side-bode, en den he sorter step back en say, sezee:

"'Des step up, gentermens, en he'p yo'-se'f,' en you better b'lieve dey he'p derse'f.

"W'iles dey wuz drinkin' en drammin' en gwine on, w'at you speck Brer Rabbit doin'? You des well make up yo' min' dat Brer Rabbit monst'us busy, kaze he 'uz sailin' 'roun' fixin' up his tricks. Long time 'fo' dat, Brer Rabbit had bin at a bobbycue whar dey wuz a muster, en w'iles all de folks 'uz down at de spring eatin' dinner, Brer Rabbit he crope up en run off wid wunner de drums. Dey wuz a big drum en a little drum, en Brer Rabbit, he snatch up de littles' one en run home.

"Now, den, w'en he year 'bout de yuther creeturs gwine ter Brer Fox house, w'at do Brer Rabbit do but git out dis rattlin' drum en make his way down de road todes whar dey is. He tuck dat drum," continued Uncle Remus, with great elation of voice and manner, "en he went down de road todes Brer Fox house, en he make 'er talk like thunner mix up wid hail. Hit talk like dis:

"'*Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*'

"De creeturs, dey 'uz a-drinkin', en a-drammin', en a-gwine on at a terrible rate, en dey aint year de racket, but, all de same, yer come Brer Rabbit:

"'*Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*'

"Bimeby Brer 'Coon, w'ich he allers got one year hung out fer de news, he up'n' ax Brer Fox w'at dat, en by dat time all de creeturs stop en lissen; but, all de same, yer come Brer Rabbit:

"'*Diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum—diddybum!*'

"De creeturs dey keep on lis'nin', en Brer Rabbit keep on gittin' nigher, twel, bimeby, Brer 'Coon reach under de cheer fer his hat, en say, sezee:

"'Well, gents, I speck I better be gwine. I tole my ole 'oman dat I wont be gone a minnit, en yer 'tis 'way 'long in de day.'

"Wid dat Brer 'Coon, he skip out, but he aint git much fudder dan de back gate, 'fo' yer come all de yuther creeturs like dey 'uz runnin' a foot-race, en ole Brer Fox wuz wukkin' in de lead."

"Dar, now!" exclaimed 'Tildy, with great fervor.

"Yasser! dar dey wuz, en dar dey went," continued Uncle Remus. "Dey tuck nigh cuts, en dey scramble over wunner n'er, en dey aint res' twel dey git in de bushes.

"Ole Brer Rabbit, he came on down de road—*diddybum, diddybum, diddybum-bum-bum*—en bless gracious! w'en he git ter Brer Fox house dey aint nobody dar. Brer Rabbit is dat owdacious, dat he hunt all 'roun' twel he fine de a'r-hole er de drum, en he put his mouf ter dat en sing out, sezee:

"'Is dey anybody home?' en den he answer hisse'f, sezee: 'Law, no, honey—folks all gone.'

"Wid dat, ole Brer Rabbit break loose en laugh, he did, fit ter kill hisse'f, en den he slam Brer Fox front gate wide open, en march up ter de house. W'en he git dar, he kick de do' open en hail Brer Fox, but nobody aint dar, en Brer Rabbit he walk in en take a cheer, en make hisse'f at home wid puttin' his foots on de sofy en spittin' on de flo'.

"Brer Rabbit aint sot dar long 'fo' he ketch a whiff er de dram ——"

"You year dat?" exclaimed 'Tildy, with convulsive admiration.

"—'Fo' he ketch a whiff er de dram, en den he see it on de side-bode, en he step up en drap 'bout a tumbeler full some'rs down in de neighb'oods er de goozle. Brer Rabbit mighty like some folks I knows. He tuck one tumbeler full, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' he tuck 'n'er'n, en w'en a man do dis away," continued Uncle Remus, somewhat apologetically, "he bleedz ter git drammy."

"Truth, too!" said 'Tildy, by way of hearty confirmation.

"All dis time de yuther creeturs wuz down in de bushes lissenin' fer de *diddybum*, en makin' ready fer ter light out fum dar at de drop uv a hat. But dey aint year no mo' fuss, en bimeby Brer Fox, he say he gwine back en look atter his plunder, en de yuther creeturs say dey b'leeve dey'll go 'long wid 'im. Dey start out, dey did, en dey crope todes Brer Fox house, but dey crope mighty keerful, en I boun' ef somebody'd 'a' shuck a bush, dem ar creeturs 'ud

a nat'ally to' up de ye'th gittin' 'way fum dar. Yit dey still aint year no fuss, en dey keep on creepin' twel dey git in de house.

"W'en dey git in dar, de fus' sight dey see wuz ole Brer Rabbit stannin' up by de drambottle mixin' up a toddy, en he wa'n't so stiff-kneed n'er, kaze he sorter swage fum side ter side, en he look like he mighty limbersome, w'ich, goodness knows, a man bleedz ter be limbersome w'en he drink dat kinder licker w'at Brer Fox perwide fer dem creeturs.

"W'en Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit makin' free wid his doin's dat away, w'at you speck he do?" inquired Uncle Remus, with the air of one seeking general information.

"I speck he cusst," said 'Tildy, who was apt to take a vividly practical view of matters.

"He was glad," said the little boy, "because he had a good chance to catch Brother Rabbit."

"Tooby sho' he wuz," continued Uncle Remus, heartily assenting to the child's interpretation of the situation; "tooby sho' he wuz. He stan' dar, Brer Fox did, en he watch Brer Rabbit motions. Bimeby he holler out, sezee:

"'Ah yi!* Brer Rabbit!' sezee. 'Many a time is you made yo' 'scape, but now I got you!' En wid dat, Brer Fox en de yuther creeturs cloze in on Brer Rabbit.

"Seem like I done tole you dat Brer Rabbit done gone en tuck mo' dram dan w'at 'uz good fer his wholesome. Yit his head aint swim so bad dat he dunner w'at he doin', en time he lay eyes on Brer Fox, he know he done got in close quarters. Soon ez he see dis, Brer Rabbit make like he bin down in his cup mo' deeper dan w'at he is, en he stagger 'roun' like town gal stannin' in a bateau, en he seem like he des ez limber ez a wet rag. He stagger up ter Brer Fox, he did, en he roll his eyeballs 'roun', en slap 'im on de back en ax 'im how he ma. Den w'en he see de yuther creeturs," continued Uncle Remus, "he holler out, he did:

"'Vents yo' uppance, gentermens! Vents yo' uppance!† Ef you'll des gimme han'-roomance en cum one at a time, de tussle'll las' longer. How you all come on, nohow?' sezee.

"Ole Brer Rabbit talk so cu'us dat de yuther creeturs have mo' fun dan w'at youk'n shake a stick at, but bimeby Brer Fox say dey better git downter business, en den dey all cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en dar he wuz.

"In dem days, ole man B'ar wuz a jedge 'mongs' de creeturs, en dey all ax 'im w'at dey gwine do 'long wid Brer Rabbit, en Jedge B'ar, he put on his specks, en cle'r up his throat, en say dat de bes' way ter do wid a man w'at kick up sech a racket, en run de neighbors outer der own house, en go in dar en level* on de pantry, is ter take 'im out en drown 'im; en ole Brer Fox, w'ich he settin' on de jury, he up'n' smack his hands tergedder, en say, sezee, dat atter dis he bleedz ter b'leeve dat Jedge B'ar done got all-under holt on de lawyer-books, kaze dat 'zackly w'at dey say w'en a man level on he neighbor pantry.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he make out he skeerd, en he holler en cry, en beg um, in de name er goodness, don't fling 'im in de spring branch, kaze dey all know he dunner howter swim; but ef dey bleedz fer ter pitch 'im in, den fer mussy sake gin 'im a walkin'-cane, so he kin have sumpin' ter hol' ter w'iles he drownin'.

"Ole Brer B'ar scratch his head en say, sezee, dat, fer ez his 'membrance go back, he aint come 'cross nothin' in de lawyer-book ter de contraries er dat, en den dey all 'gree dat Brer Rabbit kin have a walkin'-cane.

"Wid dat, dey ketch up Brer Rabbit en put 'im in a wheelborrow, en kyar 'im down ter de branch, en fling 'im in.

"Eh-eh!" exclaimed 'Tildy, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Dey fling 'im in," continued Uncle Remus, "en Brer Rabbit light on his foots, same ez a tomcat, en pick his way out by de helps er de walkin'-cane. De water wuz dat shaller dat it don't mo'n come over Brer Rabbit slipper, en w'en he git out on t'er side, he holler back, sezee:

"'So long, Brer Fox!'"

XIII.

BROTHER FOX, BROTHER RABBIT, AND KING DEER'S DAUGHTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING Brother Rabbit's success with the drum, the little boy was still

* A corruption of "aye, aye." It is used as an expression of triumph, and its employment in this connection is both droll and picturesque.

† Southern readers will recognize this and "han'-roomance" as terms used by negroes in playing marbles—a favorite game on the plantations Sunday afternoons. These terms were curt and expressive enough to gain currency among the whites.

* Levy.

inclined to refer to Mr. Benjamin Ram and his fiddle; but Uncle Remus was not, by any means, willing that such an ancient vagabond as Mr. Ram should figure as a hero, and he said that, while it was possible that Brother Rabbit was no great hand with the fiddle, he was a drummer, and a capital singer to boot. Furthermore, Uncle Remus declared that Brother Rabbit could perform upon the quills,* an accomplishment to which none of the other animals could lay claim. There was a time, too, the old man pointedly suggested, when the romantic rascal used his musical abilities to win the smiles of a nice young lady of quality—no less a personage, indeed, than King Deer's daughter. As a matter of course, the little boy was anxious to hear the particulars, and Uncle Remus was in nowise loath to give them.

"W'en you come ter ax me 'bout de year en de day er de mont'," said the old man, cunningly arranging a defense against criticism, "den I'm done, kaze de almanick w'at dey got in dem times wont pass muster deze days, but, let 'lone dat, I speck dey aint had none yit; en ef dey is, dey aint none bin handed 'roun' ter Remus.

"Well, den, some time 'long in dar, ole Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit got ter flyin 'roun' King Deer's daughter. Dey tells me she 'uz a monst'us likely gal, en I speck may be she wuz; leas'ways, Brer Fox, he hanker atter 'er, en likewise Brer Rabbit, he hanker atter 'er. Ole King Deer look like he sorter lean todes Brer Fox, kaze it seem like, ter a settle man like him, dat Brer Fox kin stir 'roun' en keep de pot a-b'ilin', mo' speshually bein's he de bigges'. Hit go on dis away twel hardly a day pass dat one er de yuther er dem creeturs don't go sparklin' 'roun' King Deer daughter, en it got so atter w'ile dat all day long Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox keep de front gate a-skreakin', en King Deer daughter aint ska'cely had time fer ter eat a meal vittels in no peace er min'.

"In dem days," pursued Uncle Remus, in a tone of unmistakable historical fervor, "w'en a creetur go a-courtin' dey wa'n't none er dish yer bokay doin's mix' up 'longer der co'tship, en dey aint cut up no capers like folks does now. Stidder scollopin' 'roun', en bowin' en scrapin', dey des go right straight atter de gal. Ole Brer Rabbit, now, he mouter had some bubby-blossoms† wrop up in his hankcher, but mostly him en Brer Fox 'ud des drap in on King Deer daughter en 'gin ter cas' sheep-eyes at 'er time dey sot down en cross der legs."

"En I bet," said 'Tildy, by way of comment, and looking as though she wanted to blush, "dat dey wa'n't 'shame', nuther."

"Dey went 'long dis away," continued Uncle Remus, "twel it 'gun ter look sorter skittish wid Brer Rabbit, kaze ole King Deer done good ez say, sezee, dat he gwineter take Brer Fox inter de fambly. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did, dat dis aint gwineter do, en he study en study how he gwineter cut Brer Fox out.

"Las', one day, w'iles he gwine thoo King Deer pastur' lot, he up wid a rock en kilt two er King Deer goats. W'en he git ter de house, he ax King Deer daughter whar'bouts her pa, en she up'n' say she go call 'im, en w'en Brer Rabbit see 'im, he ax w'en de weddin' tuck place, en King Deer ax w'ich weddin', en Brer Rabbit say de weddin' 'twix' Brer Fox en King Deer daughter. Wid dat, ole King Deer ax Brer Rabbit w'at make he go on so, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n' 'spon' dat he see Brer Fox makin' monst'us free wid de fambly, gwine 'roun' chunkin' de chickens en killin' up de goats.

"Ole King Deer strike his walkin'-cane down 'pon de flo', en 'low dat he don't put no 'pennunce in no sech tale like dat, en den Brer Rabbit tell 'im dat ef he'll des take a walk down in de pastur' lot, he kin see de kyarkiss er de goats. Ole King Deer, he put out, en bimeby he come back, en he 'low he gwineter settle marters wid Brer Fox ef it take 'im a mont'.

"Brer Rabbit say he a good frien' ter Brer Fox, en he aint got no room ter talk 'bout 'im, but yit w'en he see 'im 'stroyin' King Deer goats en chunkin' at his chickens, en rattlin' on de palin's fer ter make de dog bark, he bleedz ter come lay de case 'fo' de fambly.

"'En mo'n dat,' sez ole Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I'm de man w'at kin make Brer Fox come en stan' right at de front gate en tell you dat he is kill dem goat; en ef you des wait twel ter-night, I wont ax you ter take my wud,' sezee.

"King Deer say ef Brer Rabbit man 'nuff ter do dat, den he kin git de gal en thanky, too. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit jump up en crack his heels tergedder, en put out fer ter fine Brer Fox. He aint git fur 'fo' he see Brer Fox coming down de road all primp up. Brer Rabbit, he sing out, he did:

* A simple but very effective musical instrument made of reeds, and in great favor on the plantations.

† A species of sweet-shrub growing wild in the South.

"'Brer Foxy, whar you gwine?'

"En Brer Fox, he holler back:

"'Go 'way, Rab; don't bodder wid me. I'm gwine fer ter see my gal.'

"Brer Rabbit, he laugh 'way down in his stomach, but he don't let on, en atter some mo' chat, he up'n' say dat ole King Deer done tell 'im 'bout how Brer Fox gwineter marry his daughter, en den he tell Brer Fox dat he done promise King Deer dat dey'd drap 'roun' ter-night en gin 'im some music.

"'En I up'n' tole 'im,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de music w'at we can't make aint wuth makin'—me wid my quills, en you wid yo' tr'angle.* De nex' motion we makes,' sezee, 'we'll hatter go off some'r's en practice up on de song we'll sing, en I got one yer dat'll tickle um dat bad,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'twel I lay dey'll fetch out a hunk er dat big chicken-pie w'at I see um puttin' in de pot des now,' sezee.

"In a 'casion like dis, Brer Fox say he de ve'y man w'at Brer Rabbit huntin', en he 'low dat he des 'bout put off payin' his call ter King Deer house en go wid Brer Rabbit fer ter practice on dat song.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he git his quills en Brer Fox he git his tr'angle, en dey went down on de spring branch, en dar dey sing en play, twel dey git it all by heart. Ole Brer Rabbit, he make up de song his own se'f, en he fix it so dat he sing de call, like de captain er de co'n-pile, en ole Brer Fox, he hatter sing de answer." †

At this point Uncle Remus paused to indulge in one of his suggestive chuckles, and then proceeded:

"Don't talk 'bout no songs ter me. Gentermens! dat 'uz a funny song fum de wud go. Bimeby, w'en dey practice long time, dey gits up en goes 'roun' in de neighborhoods er King Deer house, en w'en night come dey tuck der stan' at de front gate, en atter all got still, Brer Rabbit, he gun de wink, en dey broke loose wid der music. Dey played a chune er two on de quills en tr'angle, en den dey got ter de song. Ole Brer Rabbit, he got de call, en he open up like dis:

"'Some folks pile up mo'n dey kin tote,
En dat w'at de marter wid King Deer goat,'

en den Brer Fox, he make answer:

"'Dat's so, dat's so, en I'm glad dat it's so!'

Den de quills en de tr'angle, dey come in, en den Brer Rabbit pursue on wid de call:

"'Some kill sheep en some kill shote,
But Brer Fox kill King Deer goat,'

en den Brer Fox, he jine in wid de answer:

"'I did, dat I did, en I'm glad dat I did!'

En des 'bout dat time King Deer, he walk outer de gate en hit Brer Fox a clip wid his walkin'-cane, en he foller it up wid 'n'er'n, dat make Brer Fox fa'rly squall, en you des better b'lieve he make tracks 'way fum dar, en de gal she come out, en dey ax Brer Rabbit in."

"Did Brother Rabbit marry King Deer's daughter, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Now, den, honey, you're crowdin' me," responded the old man. "Dey ax 'im in, en dey gun 'im a great big hunk er chicken-pie, but I wont make sho' dat he tuck'n' marry de gal. De p'int wid me is de way Brer Rabbit run Brer Fox off fum dar."

XIV.

BROTHER TERRAPIN DECEIVES BROTHER BUZZARD.

THERE was a pause here, which was finally broken by 'Tildy, whose remark was in the shape of a very undignified yawn. Uncle Remus regarded her for a moment with an expression of undisguised scorn, which quickly expressed itself in words:

"Ef you'd er bin outer de house dat whack, you'd er tuck us all in. Pity dey aint some place er 'n'er whar deze yer trollops kin go en l'arn manners."

'Tildy, however, ignored the old man, and, with a toss of her head, said to the little boy in a cool, exasperating tone—employing a pet name she had heard the child's mother use:

"Well, Pinx, I speck we better go. De rain done mos' hilt up now, en bimeby de stars'll be a-shinin'. Miss Sally lookin' fer you right now."

"You better go whar you gwine, you triflin' huzzy, you!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "You better go git yo' Jim Crow kyard en straighten out dem wrops on yo' head. I allers year w'ite folks say you better keep yo' eye on niggers w'at got der ha'r wropt up in strings. Now I done gun you fa'r warnin's."

* Triangle.

† That is to say, Brother Rabbit sang the air and Brother Fox the refrain.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, when the old man's wrath had somewhat subsided, "why do they call them Jim Crow cards?"

"I be blessed ef I know, honey, 'ceppin' it's kaze dey er de onliest machine w'at deze yer low-life niggers kin oncomb der kinks wid. Now, den," continued the old man, straightening up and speaking with considerable animation, "dat min's me 'bout a riddle w'at been runnin' 'roun' in my head. En dat riddle—it's de outdoin'es' riddle w'at I mos' ever year tell un. Hit go like dis: Ef he come, he don't come; ef he don't come, he come. Now, I boun' you can't tell w'at is dat."

After some time spent in vain guessing, the little boy confessed that he didn't know.

"Hit 's crow en co'n," said Uncle Remus, sententiously.

"Crow and corn, Uncle Remus?"

"Co'se, honey. Crow come, de co'n don't come; crow don't come, den de co'n come."

"Dat's so," said 'Tildy. "I done see um pull up co'n, en I done see co'n grow w'at dey don't pull up."

If 'Tildy thought to propitiate Uncle Remus, she was mistaken. He scowled at her, and addressed himself to the little boy:

"De Crow, he mighty close kin ter de Buzzud, en dat puts me in min' dat we aint bin a-keepin' up wid ole Brer Buzzud close ez we might er done.

"W'at de case mout be deze days, I aint a-sayin', but, in dem times, ole Brer Tarrypin love honey mo' samer dan Brer B'ar, but he wuz dat flat-footed dat, w'en he fine a bee-tree, he can't climb it, en he go so slow dat he can't hardly fine um. Bimeby, one day, w'en he gwine 'long down de road des a-honin' atter honey, who should he meet but ole Brer Buzzud.

"Dey shuck han's mighty sociable en ax 'bout de news er de neighborhoods, en den, atter w'ile, Brer Tarrypin say ter ole Brer Buzzud, sezee, dat he wanter go inter cohoots wid 'im 'longer gittin' honey, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey struck a trade. Brer Buzzud wuz ter fly 'roun' en look fer de bee-tree, en Brer Tarrypin he wuz ter creep en crawl, en hunt on de groun'.

"Dey start out, dey did, ole Brer Buzzud sailin' 'roun' in de elements, en ole Brer Tarrypin shufflin' en shamblin' on de groun'. 'Mos' de ve'y fus' fiel' w'at he come ter, Brer Tarrypin strike up wid a great big bumbly-bee nes' in de groun'. He look 'roun', ole Brer Tarrypin did, en bimeby he stick his head in en tas'e de honey, en den he pull it out en look all 'roun' fer ter see ef he kin ketch a glimpse er Brer Buzzud; but Brer Buzzud don't seem like he nowhar. Den Brer Tarrypin say ter hisse'f, sezee, dat he speck dat bumbly-bee honey aint de kinder honey w'at dey been talkin' 'bout, en dey aint no great shakes er honey dar nohow. Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin crope inter de hole en gobble up de las' drop er de bumbly-bee honey by his own-alone se'f. Atter he done make 'way wid it, he come out, he did, en he whul in en he lick it all off'n his footses, so ole Brer Buzzud can't tell dat he done bin git a mess er honey.

"Den ole Brer Tarrypin stretch out his neck en try ter lick de honey off'n his back, but his neck too short; en he try ter scrape it off up 'g'in' a tree, but it don't come off; en den he waller on de groun', but still it don't come off. Den ole Brer Tarrypin jump up, en say ter hisse'f dat he'll des 'bout rack off home, en w'en Brer Buzzud come he kin lie on his back en say he sick, so ole Brer Buzzud can't see de honey.

"Brer Tarrypin start off, he did, but he happen ter look up, en, lo en beholes, dar wuz Brer Buzzud hov'rin' right spang over de spot whar he is. Brer Tarrypin know Brer Buzzud bleedz ter see 'im ef he start off home, en mo'n dat, he know he be fine out ef he don't stir 'roun' en do sump'n' mighty quick. Wid dat, Brer Tarrypin shuffle back ter de bumbly-bee nes' swif' ez he kin, en buil' 'im a fier in dar, en den he crawl out en holler des loud ez he kin:

"'Brer Buzzud! Oh, Brer Buzzud! Run yer, fer gracious sake, Brer Buzzud, en look how much honey I done fine! I des crope in a little ways, en it des drip all down my back, same like water. Run yer, Brer Buzzud! Half yone en half mine, Brer Buzzud!'

"Brer Buzzud, he flop down, en he laugh en say he mighty glad, kaze he done git hungry up dar whar he bin. Den Brer Tarrypin tell Brer Buzzud fer ter creep in little ways en tas'e en see how he like um, w'iles he take his stan' on de outside en watch fer somebody. But no sooner is Brer Buzzud crope in de bumbly-bee nes' dan Brer Tarrypin take'n' roll a great big rock front er de hole. Terreckly, de fier 'gun ter bu'n Brer Buzzud, en he sing out like a man in trouble:

"'Sump'n' bitin' me, Brer Tarrypin—sump'n' bitin' me, Brer Tarrypin!'

"Den ole Brer Tarrypin, he holler back:

"'It's de bumbly-bees a-stingin' you, Brer Buzzud; stan' up en flop yo' wings, Brer Buzzud. Stan' up en flop yo' wings, Brer Buzzud, en you'll drive um off,' sezee.

"Brer Buzzud flop en flop his wings, but de mo' w'at he flop, de mo' he fan de fier, en twa'n't long 'fo' he done bodaciously bu'n up, all 'ceppin' de big een er his wing-fedders, en dem ole Brer Tarrypin tuck en make inter some quills, w'ich he go 'roun' a-playin' un um, en de chune w'at he play wuz dish yer:

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'"

XV.

MR. FOX COVETS THE QUILLS.

"THAT must have been a mighty funny song," said the little boy.

"Fun one time aint fun 'n'er time; some folks fines fun whar yuther folks fines gri'f. Pig may laugh w'en he see de rock a-heatin', but dey aint no fun dar fer de pig.

"Yit, fun er no fun, dat de song w'at Brer Tarrypin play on de quills:

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'

"Nobody dunner whar de quills come fum, kaze Brer Tarrypin, he aint makin' no brags how he git um; yit ev'ybody want um on account er der playin' sech a lonesome* tune, en ole Brer Fox, he want it wuss'n all. He beg en he beg Brer Tarrypin fer ter sell 'im dem quills, but Brer Tarrypin, he hol' on t'um tight en say eh-eh! Den he ax Brer Tarrypin fer ter loan um t'um des a week, so he kin play fer his chilluns, but Brer Tarrypin, he shake his head en put his foot down, en keep on playin':

"'I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;
Po' Buzzud I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.'

"But Brer Fox, he aint got no peace er min' on account er dem quills, en one day he meet Brer Tarrypin en he ax 'im how he seem ter segashuate,† en his fambly en all his chilluns; en den Brer Fox ax Brer Tarrypin ef he can't des look at de quills, kaze he got some goose-fedders at his house, en ef he kin des get a glimpse er Brer Tarrypin quills, he speck he kin make some mighty like um.

"Brer Tarrypin, he study 'bout dis, but he hate ter 'ny small favors like dat, en bimeby he hol' out dem quills whar Brer Fox kin see um. Wid dat, Brer Fox, he tuck'n' juk de quills outen Brer Tarrypin han', he did, en dash off des ez hard ez he kin go. Brer Tarrypin, he holler en holler at 'im des loud ez he kin holler, but he know he can't ketch 'im, en he des sot dar, Brer Tarrypin did, en look like he done los' all de kin-folks w'at he got in de roun' worrul'.

"Atter dis, Brer Fox he strut 'roun' en play mighty biggity, en eve'y time he meet Brer Tarrypin in de road he walk all 'roun' 'im en play on de quills like dis:

"'I foolee, I foolee po' Buzzud;
I foolee ole Tarrypin, too.'

"Brer Tarrypin, he feel mighty bad, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Las', one day w'iles ole Brer Tarrypin wuz settin' on a log sunnin' hisse'f, yer come Brer Fox playin' dat same ole chune on de quills, but Brer Tarrypin, he stay still. Brer Fox, he come up little nigher en play, but Brer Tarrypin, he keep his eyes shot en he stay still. Brer Fox, he come nigher en git on de log; Brer Tarrypin aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Fox still git up nigher en play on de quills; still Brer Tarrypin aint sayin' nothin'.

"'Brer Tarrypin mighty sleepy dis mawnin',' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Still Brer Tarrypin keep his eyes shot en stay still. Brer Fox keep on gittin' nigher en nigher, twel bimeby Brer Tarrypin open his eyes en his mouf bofe, en he make a grab at Brer Fox en miss 'im.

"But hol' on!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in response to an expression of intense disappointment in the child's face. "You des wait a minnit. Nex' mawnin', Brer Tarrypin take hisse'f off en waller in a mudhole, en smear hisse'f wid mud twel he look des 'zackly like a clod er dirt. Den he crawl off en lay down un'neea a log whar he know Brer Fox come eve'y mawnin' fer ter freshen* hisse'f.

"Brer Tarrypin lay dar, he did, en terreckly yer come Brer Fox. Time he git dar, Brer Fox 'gun ter lip backerds en forrerds 'cross de log, en Brer Tarrypin he crope nigher en nigher, twel bimeby he

* This word "lonesome," as used by the negroes, is the equivalent of "thrilling," "romantic," etc., and in that sense is very expressive.

† An inquiry after his health. Another form is: "How does yo' corporosity seem ter segashuate?"

* Exercise himself.

make a grab at Brer Fox en kotch 'im by de foot. Dey tells me," continued Uncle Remus, rubbing his hands together in token of great satisfaction,—"dey tells me dat w'en Brer Tarrypin ketch holt, hit got ter thunner 'fo' he let go. All I know, Brer Tarrypin git Brer Fox by de foot, en he hilt 'im dar, Brer Fox, he jump en he r'ar, but Brer Tarrypin done got 'im. Brer Fox, he holler out:

"'Brer Tarrypin, please lemme go!'

"Brer Tarrypin talk way down in his th'oat:

"'Gim' my quills!'

"'Lemme go en fetch um.

"'Gim' my quills!'

"'Do pray lemme go git um.'

"'Gim' my quills!'

"En, bless gracious! dis all Brer Fox kin git outer Brer Tarrypin. Las', Brer Fox foot hu't 'im so bad dat he bleedz ter do sump'n', en he sing out fer his ole 'oman fer ter fetch de quills, but his ole 'oman, she busy 'bout de house, en she don't year 'im. Den he call his son w'ich he name Tobe. He holler en bawl, en Tobe make answer.

"'Tobe! oh, Tobe! You, Tobe!'

"'W'at you want, daddy?'

"'Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills.'

"'W'at you say, daddy? Fetch de big tray ter git de honey in?'

"'No, you crazy-head! Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills!'

"'W'at you say, daddy? Fetch de dip-net ter ketch de minners in?'

"'No, you fool! Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills!'

"'W'at you say, daddy? Water done bin spill?'

"Hit went on dis away twel atter w'ile ole Miss Fox year de racket, en den she lissen, en she know dat 'er ole man holler'n' fer de quills, en she fotch um out en gun um ter Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Tarrypin, he let go his holt. He let go his holt," Uncle Remus went on, "but long time atter dat, w'en Brer Fox go ter pay his calls, he hatter go *hoppity-fetchity, hoppity-fetchity*." *

The old man folded his hands in his lap, and sat quietly gazing into the lightwood fire. Presently he said:

"I speck Miss Sally blessin' us all right now, en fus' news you know she'll h'ist up en have Mars' John a-trapesin' down yer; en ef she do dat, den ter-morrer mawnin' my brekkus'll be col', en likewise my dinner, en ef dey's sump'n' w'at I 'spizes hit's col' vittels."

Thereupon Uncle Remus arose, shook himself, peered out into the night to discover that the rain had nearly ceased, and then made ready to carry the little boy to his mother. Long before the chickens had crowed for midnight, the child, as well as the old man, had been transported to the land where myths and fables cease to be wonderful—the land of pleasant dreams.

* This fable and the preceding one are from outlines furnished by a friend in North Carolina. They undoubtedly exist in Georgia, but I have been able to verify them only in a fragmentary way. No verification, however, is necessary to establish their genuineness.

THE VILLAGE CONVICT.

"WONDER 'f Eph's got back; they say his sentence run out yisterday."

The speaker, John Doane, was a sunburnt fisherman, one of a circle of well-salted individuals who sat, some on chairs, some on boxes and barrels, around the stove in a country store.

"Yes," said Captain Seth, a middle-aged little man with ear-rings; "he come on the stage to-noon. Wouldn't hardly speak a word, Jim says. Looked kind o' sot and sober."

"Wall," said the first speaker, "I only hope he wont go to burnin' us out of house and home, same as he burnt up Eliphalet's barn. I was ruther in hopes he'd 'a' made off West. Seems to me I should, in his place, hevin' ben in State's-prison."

"Now, I allers hed quite a parcel o' sympathy for Eph," said a short, thickset coasting captain, who sat tilted back in a three-legged chair, smoking lazily. "You see, he wa'n't but about twenty-one or two then, and he was allus a mighty high-strung boy; and then Eliphalet did act putty ha'sh, foreclosin' on Eph's mother, and turnin' her out o' the farm, in winter, when everybody knew she could ha' pulled through by waitin'. Eph sot great store by the old lady, and I expect he was pretty mad with Eliphalet that night."

"I allers," said Doane, "approved o' his

plan o' leadin' out all the critters, 'fore he touched off the barn. 'Taint everybody 't would hev taken pains to do that. But all the same, I tell Sarai 't I feel kind o' skittish, nights, to hev to turn in, feelin' 't there's a convict in the place."

"I haint got no barn to burn," said Captain Seth; "but if he allots my henhouse to the flames, I hope he'll lead out the hens, and hitch 'em to the apple-trees, same 's he did Eliphalet's critters. Think he ought to deal ekally by all."

A mild general chuckle greeted this sally, cheered by which the speaker added:

"Thought some o' takin' out a policy o' insurance on my cockerel."

"Trade's lookin' up, William," said Captain Seth to the store-keeper, as some one was heard to kick the snow off his boots on the door-step. "Somebody's found he's got to hev a shoe-string 'fore mornin'."

The door opened, and closed behind a strongly made fellow of twenty-six or seven, of homely features, with black hair, in clothes which he had outgrown. It was a bitter night, but he had no coat over his flannel jacket. He walked straight down the store, between the dry-goods counters, to the snug corner at the rear, where the knot of talkers sat; nodded, without a smile, to each of them, and then asked the storekeeper for some simple articles of food, which he wished to buy. It was Eph.

While the purchases were being put up, an awkward silence prevailed, which the oil-suits hanging on the walls, broadly displaying their arms and legs, seemed to mock, in dumb show.

Nothing was changed, to Eph's eyes, as he looked about. Even the handbill of familiar pattern:

"STANDING WOOD FOR SALE.

APPLY TO J. CARTER, ADMIN'R,"

seemed to have always been there.

The village parliament remained spellbound. Mr. Adams tied up the purchases and mildly inquired:

"Shall I charge this?"

Not that he was anxious to open an account, but that he would probably have gone to the length of selling Eph a barrel of molasses "on tick" rather than run any risk of offending so formidable a character.

"No," said Eph; "I will pay for the things."

And having put the packages into a canvas bag, and selected some fish-hooks and lines from the show-case, where they lay environed by jack-knives, jewsharps, and gum-drops,—dear to the eyes of his childhood,—he paid what was due, said "Good-night, William," to the store-keeper, and walked steadily out into the night.

"Wall," said the skipper, "I am surprised! I strove to think o' suthin' to say, all the time he was here, but I swow I couldn't think o' nothin'. I couldn't ask him if it seemed good to git home, nor how the thermometer had varied in different parts o' the town where he'd ben. Everything seemed to fetch right up standin' to the State's-prison."

"I was just goin' to say, 'How'd ye leave everybody?'" said Doane; "but that kind o' seemed to bring up them he'd left. I felt real bad, though, to hev the feller go off 'thout none on us speakin' to him. He's got a hard furrer to plow; and yet I don't s'pose there's much harm in him, 'f Eliphalet only keeps quiet."

"Eliphalet!" said a young sailor, contemptuously. "No fear o' him! They say he's so sca't of Eph he haint hardly swallowed nothin' for a week."

"But where will he live?" asked a short, curly-haired young man, whom Eph had seemed not to recognize. It was the new doctor, who, after having made his way through college and "the great medical school in Boston," had, two years before, settled in this village.

"I believe," said Mr. Adams, rubbing his hands, "that he wrote to Joshua Carr last winter, when his mother died, not to let the little place she left, on the Salt Hay Road, and I understand that he is going to make his home there. It is an old house, you know, and not worth much, but it is weather-tight, I should say."

"Speakin' of his writin' to Joshua," said Doane, "I have heard such a sound as that he used to shine up to Joshua's Susan, years back. But that's all ended now. You wont catch Susan marryin' no jailbirds."

"But how will he live?" said the doctor. "Will anybody give him work?"

"Let him alone for livin'," said Doane. "He can ketch more fish than any other two men in the place—allers seemed to kind o' hev a knack o' whistlin' 'em right into the boat. And then Nelson Briggs, that settled up his mother's estate, allows he's got over a hundred and ten dollars for him,

after payin' debts and all probate expenses, and that and the place is all he needs to start on."

"I will go to see him," said the doctor to himself, as he went out upon the requisition of a grave man in a red tippet, who had just come for him. "He doesn't look so very dangerous, and I think he can be tamed. I remember that his mother told me about him."

Late that night, returning from his seven miles drive, as he left the causeway, built across a wide stretch of salt-marsh, crossed the rattling plank bridge and ascended the hill, he saw a light in the cottage window, where he had often been to attend Aunt Lois. "I will stop now," said he. And, tying his horse to the front fence, he went toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he glanced in. A lamp was burning on the table. On a settle, lying upon his face, was stretched the convict, his arms beneath his head. The canvas bag lay on the floor beside him. "I will not disturb him now," said the doctor.

A few days later, Dr. Burt was driving in his sleigh with his wife along the Salt Hay Road. It was a clear, crisp winter forenoon. As they neared Eph's house, he said:

"Mary, suppose I lay siege to the fort this morning. I see a curl of smoke rising from the little shop in the barn. He must be making himself a jimmy or a dark-lantern to break into our vegetable cellar with."

"Well," said she, "I think it would be a good plan; only, you know, you must be very, very careful not to hint, even in the faintest way, at his imprisonment. You mustn't so much as *suspect* that he has ever been away from the place. People hardly dare to speak to him, for fear he will see some reference to his having been in prison, and get angry."

"You shall see my sly tact," said her husband, laughing. "I will be as innocent as a lamb. I will ask him why I have not seen him at the Sabbath-school this winter."

"You may make fun," said she, "but you will end by taking my advice, all the same. Now do be careful what you say."

"I will," he replied. "I will compose my remarks carefully upon the back of an envelope and read them to him, so as to be absolutely sure. I will leave on his mind an impression that I have been in prison, and that he was the judge that tried me."

He drove in at the open gate, hitched his horse in a warm corner by the kitchen door, and then stopped for a moment to enjoy the view. The situation of the little house, half a mile from any other, was beautiful in summer, but it was bleak enough in winter. In the small front door-yard stood three lofty, wind-blown poplars, all heading away from the sea, and between them you could look down the bay or across the salt-marshes, while in the opposite direction were to be seen the roofs and the glittering spires of the village.

"It is social for him here, to say the least," said the doctor, as he turned and walked alone to the shop. He opened the door and went in. It was a long, low lean-to, such as farmers often furnish for domestic work, with a carpenter's bench, a grindstone, and a few simple tools. It was lighted by three square windows above the bench. An air-tight stove, projecting its funnel through a hole in one of the panes, gave out a cheerful crackling.

Eph, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets, was standing, his back against the bench, surveying, with something of a mechanic's eye, the frame of a boat which was set up on the floor.

He looked up and colored slightly. The doctor took out a cigarette, lit it, sat down on the bench, and smoked, clasping one knee in his hands and eying the boat.

"Center-board?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," said Eph.

"Cat-rig?"

"Yes."

"Going fishing?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"I was brought up to sail a boat," said the doctor, "and I often go fishing in summer, when I get a chance. I shall want try your boat sometime."

No reply.

"The timbers are not seasoned, are they? They look like pitch-pine, just out of the woods. Wont they warp?"

"No. Pitch-pine goes right in, green. I s'pose the pitch keeps it, if it's out of the sun."

"Where did you cut it?"

Eph colored a little.

"In my back lot."

The doctor smoked on calmly, and studied the boat.

"I don't know you," said Eph, relaxing a little.

"Good reason," said the doctor. "I've only been here two years;" and after a moment's pause, he added: "I am the doctor here, now. You've heard of my father, Dr. Burt, of Broad River?"

Eph nodded assent; everybody knew him, all through the country;—a fatherly old man, who rode on long journeys at everybody's call, and never sent in his bills.

The visitor had a standing with Eph at once.

"Doctors never pick at folks," he said to himself,—"at any rate, not old Dr. Burt's son."

"I used to come here to see your mother," said the doctor, "when she was sick. She used to talk a great deal about you, and said she wanted me to get acquainted with you, when your time was out."

Eph started, but said nothing.

"She was a good woman, Aunt Lois," added the doctor; "one of the best women I ever saw."

"I don't want anybody to bother himself on my account," said Eph. "I ask no favors."

"You will have to take favors, though," said the doctor, "before the winter is over. You will be careless and get sick; you have been living for a long time entirely in-doors, with regular hours and work and food. Now you are going to live out-of-doors, and get your own meals, irregularly. You didn't have on a thick coat the other night, when I saw you at the store."

"I haven't got any that's large enough for me," said Eph, a little less harshly, "and I've got to keep my money for other things."

"Then look out and wear flannel shirts enough," said the doctor, "if you want to be independent. But before I go, I want to go into the house. I want my wife to see Aunt Lois's room, and the view from the west windows;" and he led the way to the sleigh.

Eph hesitated a moment, and then followed him.

"Mary, this is Ephraim Morse. We are going in to see the Dutch tiles I have told you of."

She smiled as she held out her mittened hand to Eph, who took it awkwardly.

The square front room, which had been originally intended for a keeping-room, but had been Aunt Lois's bedroom, looked out from two windows upon the road, and from two upon the rolling, tumbling bay, and the shining sea beyond. A tall clock, with a rocking ship above the face, ticked in the corner. The painted floor with bright ragmats, the little table with a lacquer workbox, the stiff chairs, and the old-fashioned bedstead, the china ornaments upon the mantel-piece, the picture of "The *Emeline G.* in the Harbor of Canton," were just as they had been when the patient invalid had lain there, looking from her pillow out to sea. In twelve rude tiles set around the open fire-place, the Hebrews were seen in twelve stages of their escape from Egypt. It would appear from this representation that they had not restricted their borrowings to the jewels of their oppressors, but had taken for the journey certain Dutch clothing of the fashion of the seventeenth century. The scenery, too, was much like that about Leyden.

"I think," said the doctor's wife, "that the painter was just a little absent-minded when he put in that beer-barrel. And a wharf, by the Red Sea!"

* * * * *

"I wish you would conclude to rig your boat with a new sail," said the doctor, as he took up the reins, at parting. "There isn't a boat here that's kept clean, and I should like to hire yours once or twice a week in summer, if you keep her as neat as you do your house. Come in and see me some evening, and we'll talk it over."

Eph built his boat, and, in spite of his evident dislike of visitors, the inside finish and the arrangements of the little cabin were so ingenious and so novel that everybody had to pay him a visit.

True to his plan of being independent, he built in the side of the hill, near his barn, by a little gravelly pond, an ice-house, and, with the hardest labor, filled it, all by himself. With this supply, he would not have to go to the general wharf at Sandy Point to sell his fish, with the other men, but could pack and ship them himself. And he could do better, in this way, he thought, even after paying for teaming them to the cars.

The knowing ones laughed to see that, from asking no advice, he had miscalculated and laid in three times as much as he could use.

"Guess Eph cal'lates ter fish with two lines in each hand and 'nother in his teeth,"

said Mr. Wing. "He's plannin' out for a great lay o' fish."

The spring came slowly on, and the first boat that went out that season was Eph's. That day was one of unmixed delight to him. What a sense of absolute freedom, when he was fairly out beyond the light-ship, with the fresh swiftness of the wind in his face! What an exquisite consciousness of power and control, as his boat went beating through the long waves! Two or three men from another village sailed across his wake. His boat lay over, almost showing her keel, now high out of water, now settling between the waves, while Eph stood easily in the stern in his shirt-sleeves, steering with his knee, smoking a pipe, heaving and hauling his line astern for blue-fish.

"Takes it nat'ral ag'in, don't he? Stands as easy as ef he was loafin' on a wharf," said one of the observers. "Expect it's quite a treat to be out. But they do say he's gittin' everybody's good opinion. They looked for a regular ruffian when he come home,—cuttin' nets, killin' cats, chasin' hens, gittin' drunk. They say Eliphalet Wood didn't hardly dare to go ou'doors for a month, 'thout havin' his hired man along. But he's turned out as peaceful as a little gal."

One June day, as Eph was slitting blue-fish at the little pier which he had built on the bay-shore, near his rude ice-house, two men came up.

"Hallo, Eph!"

"Hallo."

"We've got about sick, tradin' down to the wharf; we can't git no fair show. About one time in three, they tell us they don't want our fish, and wont take 'em unless we'll heave 'em in for next to nothin', and we know there aint no sense in it. So we just thought we'd slip down and see ef you wouldn't take 'em, seein's you've got ice, and send 'em up with yourn."

Eph was taken all aback at this mark of confidence. He would decline the offer, sure that it sprang from some mere passing vexation.

"I can't buy fish," said he. "I have no scales to weigh 'em."

"Then send ourn in separate barrels," said one of them.

"But I haven't any money to pay you," he said. "I only get my pay once a month."

"We'll git tick at William's, and you can settle 'th us when you git your pay."

"Well," said he, unable to refuse, "I'll take 'em, if you say so."

Before the season was over, he had still another customer, and could have had three or four more, if he had had ice enough. He was strongly inclined that fall to build a larger ice-house, and although he was a little afraid of bringing ridicule upon himself in case no fish should be brought to him the next summer, he decided to do so, on the assurance of three or four men that they would deal with him. Nobody else had such a chance, he thought,—a pond right by the shore.

One evening there was a knock at the door of Eliphalet Wood, the owner of the burned barn. Eliphalet went to the door, but turned pale at seeing Eph there.

"Oh, come in, come in!" he panted. "Glad to see you. Walk in. Have a chair. Take a seat. Sit down."

But he thought his hour had come: he was alone in the house, and there was no neighbor within call.

Eph took out a roll of bills, counted out eighty dollars, laid the money on the table, and said, quietly:

"Give me a receipt on account."

When it was written he walked out, leaving Eliphalet stupefied.

Joshua Carr was at work, one June afternoon, by the road-side, in front of his low cottage, by an enormous pile of poles, which he was shaving down for barrel-hoops, when Eph appeared.

"Hard at it, Joshua!" he said.

"Yes, yes!" said Joshua, looking up through his steel-bowed spectacles. "Hev to work hard to make a livin';—though I don't know's I ought to call it hard, neither; and yet it is rather hard, too; but then, on t'other hand, 'taint so hard as a good many other things,—though there is a good many jobs that's easier. That's so! That's so!

> "'Must we be kerried to the skies
> On feathery beds of ease?'

Though I don' know's I oughter quote a hymn on such a matter; but then,—don' know's there's any partic'lar harm in't neither."

Eph sat down on a pile of shavings and chewed a sliver; and the old man kept on at his work.

"Hoop-poles goin' up and hoops goin down," he continued. "Cur'us, aint it? But then, I don' know as 'tis; woods a bein' cut off,—poles gittin' scurcer; hoops bein' shoved in from Down East. Tha

don't seem just right, now, does it,—but then, other folks must make a livin', too. Still, I should think they might take up suthin' else; and yet, they might say that about me. Understand, I don't mean to say that they actually do say so; I don't want to run down any man unless I know ——"

"I can't stand this," said Eph to himself; "I don't wonder that they always used to put Joshua off at the first port, when he tried to go coasting. They said he talked them crazy with nothing.

"I'll go into the house and see Aunt Lyddy," he said, aloud. "I'm loafing this afternoon."

"All right! all right!" said Joshua. "Lyddy'll be glad to see ye, that is, as glad as she would be to see anybody," he added, reaching out for a pole. "Now, I don't s'pose that sounds very well; but still, you know how she is,—she allus likes to hev folks to talk, and then she's allus sayin' talkin' wears on her; but I ought not to say that to you, because she allus likes to see you, that is, as much as she likes to see anybody, in fact, I think, on the whole ——"

"Well, I'll take my chances," said Eph, laughing, and he opened the gate and went in.

Joshua's wife, whom everybody called Aunt Lyddy, was oscillating in a rocking-chair in the kitchen, and knitting. It was currently reported that Joshua's habit of endlessly retracting and qualifying every idea and modification of an idea which he advanced, so as to commit himself to nothing, was the effect of Aunt Lyddy's careful revision.

"I s'pose she thought 'twas fun to be talked deef when they was courtin'," Captain Seth had once sagely remarked. "Prob'ly it sounded then like a putty piece on a seraphine; but I allers cal'lated she'd git her fill of it, sooner or later. You most gin'lly git your fill o' one tune."

"How are you this afternoon, Aunt Lyddy?" asked Eph, walking in without knocking, and sitting down near her.

"So as to be able to keep about," she replied. "It is a great mercy I aint afflicted with falling out of my chair, like Hepsy Jones, aint it?"

"I've brought you some oysters," he said. "I set the basket down on the door-step. I just took them out of the water myself from the bed I planted to the west of the water-fence."

"I always heard you was a great fisherman," said Aunt Lyddy, "but I had no idea you would ever come here and boast of being able to catch oysters. Poor things! How could they have got away? But why don't you bring them in? They wont be afraid of me, will they?"

He stepped to the door and brought in a peck basket full of large, black, twisted shells, and, with a heavy clasp-knife, proceeded to open one, and took out a great oyster, which he held up on the point of the blade.

"Try it," he said; and then Aunt Lyddy, after she had swallowed it, laughed to think what a tableau they had made—a man who had been in the State-prison standing over her with a great knife! And then she laughed again.

"What are you laughing at?" he said.

"It popped into my head, supposing Susan should have looked in at the south window and Joshua into the door, when you was feeding out that oyster to me, what they would have thought!"

Eph laughed, too, and, surely enough, just then a stout, light-haired, rather plain-looking young woman came up to the south window and leaned in. She had on a sun-bonnet, which had not prevented her from securing a few choice freckles. She had been working with a trowel in her flower-garden.

"What's the matter?" she said, nodding easily to Eph. "What do you two always find to laugh about?"

"Ephraim was feeding me with spoon-meat," said Aunt Lyddy, pointing to the basket, which looked like a basket of anthracite coal.

"It looks like spoon-meat," said Susan, and then she laughed, too. "I'll roast some of them for supper," she added, "a new way that I know."

Eph was not invited to stay to supper, but he staid, none the less: that was always understood.

"Well! Well! Well!" said Joshua, coming to the door-step, and washing his hands and arms just outside, in a tin basin. "I thought I see you set down a parcel of oysters,—but there was sea-weed over 'em, and I don' know's I could hev said they was oysters; but then, if the square question hed been put to me, 'Mr. Carr, be them oysters or not?' I s'pose I should hev said they was; still, if they'd asked me how I knew ——"

"Come, come, father!" said Aunt Lyddy, "do give poor Ephraim a little

peace. Why don't you just say you thought they were oysters, and done with it?"

"Say I *thought* they was?" he replied, innocently. "I knew well enough they was—that is—knew? No, I didn't know, but ——"

Aunt Lyddy, with an air of mock resignation, gave up, while Joshua endeavored to fix, to a hair, the exact extent of his knowledge.

Eph smiled; but he remembered what would have made him pardon, a thousand times over, the old man's garrulousness. He remembered who alone had never failed, once a year, to visit a certain prisoner, at the cost of a long and tiresome journey, and who had written to that homesick prisoner kind and cheering letters, and had sent him baskets of simple dainties for holidays.

Susan bustled about, and made a fire of crackling sticks, and began to roast the oysters in a way that made a most savory smell. She set the table, and then sat down at the melodeon, while she was waiting, and sang a hymn,—for she was of a musical turn, and was one of the choir. Then she jumped up, and took out the steaming oysters, and they all sat down.

"Well, well, well!" said her father; "these be good! I didn't s'pose you had any very good oysters in your bed, Ephraim. But there, now,—I don't s'pose I ought to have said that; that wasn't very polite; but what I meant was—I didn't s'pose you had any that was *real* good—though I don' know but that I've said about the same thing, now. Well, anyway, these be splendid; they're full as good as those cohogs we had t'other night."

"Quahaugs!" said Susan. "The idea of comparing these oysters with quahaugs!"

"Well, well! that's so!" said her father. "I didn't say right, did I, when I said that? Of course, they aint no comparison,—that is,—*no* comparison—why, of course, they *is* a comparison between everything, but then, cohogs don't, really, compare with oysters! That's true!"

And then he paused to eat a few.

He was silent so long at this occupation that they all laughed.

"Well, well!" said he, laying down his fork, and smiling innocently; "what be you all laughin' at? Not but what I allers like to hev folks laugh,—but then,—I didn't see nothin' to laugh at. Still, perhaps, they was suthin' to laugh at that I didn't see; sometimes one man'll be lookin' down into his plate, all taken up with his vittles, and others, that's lookin' round the room, may see the kittens frolickin', or some such thing. 'Taint the fust time I've known all hands to laugh all to onct, when I didn't see nothin'."

Susan helped him again, and secured another brief respite.

"Ephraim," said he, after a while, "you aint skilled to cook oysters like this, I don't believe. You ought to git married! I was sayin' to Susan t'other day—well, now, mother, have I said an'thing out o' the way?—well, I don't s'pose 'twas just my place to hev said an'thing about gittin' married, to Ephraim, seein's ——"

"Come, come, father," said Aunt Lyddy, "that'll do, now. You must let Ephraim alone, and not joke him about such things."

Meanwhile, Susan had hastily gone into the pantry to look for a pie, which she seemed unable at once to find.

"Pie got adrift?" called out Joshua. "Seems to me you don't hook on to it very quick.—Now that looks good," he added when she came out. "That looks like cookin'! All I meant was, 't Ephraim ought not to be doin' his own cookin',—that is,—if you can call it cookin',—but then, of course, 'tis cookin',—there's all kinds o cookin'. I went cook, myself, when I was a boy."

After supper, Aunt Lyddy sat down to knit, and Joshua drew his chair up to an open window, to smoke his pipe. In this vice Aunt Lyddy encouraged him. The odor of Virginia tobacco was a sweet savo in her nostrils. No breezes from Araby ever awoke more grateful feelings than did the fragrance of Uncle Joshua's pipe. To Aunt Lyddy it meant quiet and peace.

Susan and Eph sat down on the broad flag door-stone, and talked quietly of th simple news of the neighborhood, and o the days when they used to go to schoo and come home, always together.

"I didn't much think, then," said Eph "that I should ever bring up where I have and get ashore before I was fairly out t sea!"

"Jehiel's schooner got ashore on the ba years ago," said Susan, "and yet they towe her off, and I saw her this morning, fro my chamber window, before sunrise, a sail set, going by to the eastward."

"I know what you mean," said Eph "But here—I got mad once, and I almo had a right to, and I can't get starte again; I never shall. I can get a livin of course; but I shall always be pointe

out as a jail-bird, and could no more get any footin' in the world than Portuguese Jim."

Portuguese Jim was the sole professional criminal of the town, a weak, good-natured, knock-kneed vagabond, who stole hens, and spent every winter in the House of Correction as an "idle and disorderly person."

Susan laughed outright at the picture. Eph smiled, too, but a little bitterly.

"I suppose it was more ugliness than anything else," he said, "that made me come back here to live, where everybody knows I've been in jail and is down on me."

"They are not down on you," said Susan. "Nobody is down on you. It's all your own imagination. And if you had gone anywhere that you was a stranger, you know that the first thing that you would have done would have been to call a meetin' and tell all the people that you had burned down a man's barn, and been in the State's-prison, and that you wanted them all to know it at the start; and you wouldn't have told them why you did it, and how young you was then, and how Eliphalet treated your mother, and how you was going to pay him for all he lost. Here, everybody knows that side of it. In fact," she added, with a little twinkle in her eye, "I have sometimes had an idea that the main thing they don't like is to see you savin' every cent to pay to Eliphalet."

"And yet it was on your say that I took up that plan," said Eph. "I never thought of it till you asked me when I was goin' to begin to pay him up."

"And you ought to," said Susan. "He has a right to the money—and then you don't want to be under obligations to that man all your life. Now, what you want to do is to cheer up and go around among folks. Why, now, you're the only fish-buyer there is that the men don't watch when he's weighin' their fish. You'll own up to that, for one thing, wont you?"

"Well, they are good fellows that bring fish to me," he said.

"They weren't good fellows when they traded at the great wharf," said Susan. "They had a quarrel down there once a week, reg'larly."

"Well, suppose they do trust me in that," said Eph. "I can never rub out that I've been in State's-prison."

"You don't want to rub it out. You can't rub anything out that's ever been; but you can do better than rub it out."

"What do you mean?"

"Take things just the way they are," said Susan, "and show what can be done. Perhaps you'll stake a new channel out, for others to follow in that haven't half so much chance as you have. And that's what you will do, too," she added.

"Susan!" he said, "if there's anything I can ever do, in this world or the next, for you or your folks, that's all I ask for, the chance to do it. Your folks and you shall never want for anything while I'm alive."

"There's one thing sure," he added, rising. "I'll live by myself and be independent of everybody, and make my way all alone in the world; and if I can make 'em all finally own up and admit that I'm honest with 'em, I'm satisfied. That's all I'll ever ask of anybody. But there's one thing that worries me sometimes,—that is, whether I ought to come here so often. I'm afraid, sometimes, that it'll hinder your father from gettin' work, or—something—for you folks to be friends with me."

"I think such things take care of themselves," said Susan, quietly. "If a chip wont float, let it sink."

"Good-night," said Eph, and he walked off, and went home to his echoing house.

After that, his visits to Joshua's became less frequent.

It was a bright day in March—one of those which almost redeem the reputation of that desperado of a month. Eph was leaning on his fence, looking now down the bay and now to where the sun was sinking in the marshes. He knew that all the other men had gone to the town-meeting, where he had had no heart to intrude himself—that free democratic parliament where he had often gone with his father in childhood; where the boys, rejoicing in a general assembly of their own, had played ball outside, while the men debated gravely within. He recalled the time when he himself had so proudly given his first vote for President, and how his father had introduced him then to friends from distant parts of the town. He remembered how he had heard his father speak there, and how respectfully everybody had listened to him. That was in the long ago, when they had lived at the great farm. And then came the thought of the mortgage, and of Eliphalet's foreclosure, and ——

"Hallo, Eph!"

It was one of the men from whom he took fish,—a plain-spoken, sincere little man.

"Why wa'n't you down to town-meet'n'?"

"I was busy," said Eph.

"How'd ye like the news?"

"What news?"

There was never any good news for him now.

"Hain't heard who's elected town-clerk?"

"No."

Had they elected Eliphalet, and so expressed their settled distrust of him, and sympathy for the man whom he had injured?

"Who's elected?" he asked, harshly.

"You be!" said the man; "went in flyin', all hands clappin' and stompin' their feet!"

An hour later, the doctor drove up, stopped, and walked toward the kitchen door. As he passed the window, he looked in.

Eph was lying on his face, upon the settle, as he had first seen him there, his arms beneath his head.

"I will not disturb him now," said the doctor.

One breezy afternoon, in the following summer, Captain Seth laid aside his easy every-day clothes, and transformed himself into a stiff broadcloth image, with a small silk hat and creaking boots. So attired, he set out in a high open buggy, with his wife, also in black, but with gold spectacles, to the funeral of an aunt. As they pursued their jog-trot journey along the Salt Hay Road, and came to Ephraim Morse's cottage, they saw Susan sitting in a shady little porch, at the front door, shelling peas, and looking down the bay.

"How is everything, Susan?" called out Captain Seth; "'bout time for Eph to be gitt'n' in?"

"Yes," she answered, nodding and smiling, and pointing with a pea-pod; "that's our boat, just coming up to the wharf, with her peak down."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Bible Revision among the People.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous numbers sold in England of the new revision of the New Testament, it has been stated repeatedly that it makes little headway among the people. We doubt the truth of the statement, because it does not agree with the fact of its wide distribution, and because it is next to impossible to get at the facts. It is undoubtedly true that in England, as well as in this country, certain forms of opposition will be engaged against its reception, but if the new revision is really better than the King James version, its ultimate reception is certain. To suppose otherwise is to accuse the Christian Church of incurable bigotry and wrong-headedness. To us the superiority of the new revision seems patent. The people, as well as ourselves, have every reason to believe in the men who have done this great work—in their candor, and scholarship, and fidelity. They have had better means for arriving at the exact meaning of the text than their predecessors, and we are sure that in the new revision we have the New Testament more perfectly represented in the English language than it has ever been before.

There are several classes which will naturally oppose the reception of the revision, both in this country and England, however, and it is well to take account of them. The conservative naturally dislikes change and innovation. It does not matter from what quarter change may come, or to what it may relate; he will oppose it. There are always a number of men who, when a village outgrows the forms of village life and government, and seeks to be incorporated as a city, will oppose the change, though urgently needed. They get used to a set of forms of any kind, and cling to them with foolish fondness. They stand by a minister long after the period of his usefulness has expired, simply because they are used to him. They cling to a political party long after the issues which called it into being have been left behind, simply because they dislike change. The new revision will meet with opposition from conservatives, as a matter of course. They prefer their truth in the old form, and the new form will be offensive to them.

Another class will oppose the new revision from motives very much less respectable. They are necessarily ignorant people. To them, the King James version of the Bible is the inspired Word of God, in all its language. They regard a revision as a tampering with the sacred text, and as essential profanation. The forms of language in which sacred truth has been presented to them are quite as sacred as the truth itself. These people cannot be reasoned with, because they do not know enough to use their reason. To this class belonged the bigoted fool who declared, in the presence of many bystanders, that the new revision would make more infidels than all the Bob Ingersolls living, simply by its admissions that there had been some mistakes in the English Bible hitherto preached to the world. The unchristian dishonesty of such an attitude as this is only equaled by its foolishness. We fear

that there is a leaven of this kind of dishonesty pretty widely scattered throughout the church—a feeling, or a fear, at least, that the exact truth, in a new revision, will remove some of the props from under old dogmas that had become precious, or are regarded as fundamental in their accepted schemes of belief. Some of these people make a sort of fetich of the Bible. They carry it in their pockets as a charm. No heathen ever gave the objects of his worship more superstitious reverence than these ignorant Christians do the Bible. Of course they would oppose any change in it.

Then, of course, there is a critical class, not large in numbers, but naturally and rightfully influential. The most of us are obliged to take the work of the revisers on trust, and it is not to be disputed, even by the critics themselves, that the men who have done this work are worthy of the public confidence. They are all well-known scholars, and men not likely to make mistakes. The numbers engaged in the work who, while likely to make some compromises necessary that would be prejudicial to the best unfolding of the meaning of a passage, would guard against all wide departures from the most perfect rendering. Still, their work is the legitimate subject of competent criticism, and this it will undoubtedly receive. The question, however, which the critics are to decide for themselves, and to help the people to decide, is not whether this verse in Matthew and that verse in John has been improved or harmed by the new rendering, but whether the New Testament, as a whole, is better or worse than the King James version, and whether, as a whole, the people will get at the truth in it easier than they will in the old form. We cannot for a moment doubt what their answer must be. It is impossible that, with the great advance of knowledge relating to the original Greek text that has been made since the King James version, and with the substitution of familiar words and phrases for those grown strange or obsolete, not to speak of corrected grammar, the new version should not be better, as a whole, than the old. This should settle the whole question of its universal acceptance. It is the best thing we have. It was made under circumstances which assure us that it is the best we can get.

We should all remember that there is only one thing sacred about the Bible, viz.: the truth there is in it. The language is the vehicle on or through which that truth is conveyed to our minds, and that version is best which most faithfully and forcibly conveys that truth. It would be a real benefit to Christendom to break up the idea that there is anything sacred and not to be touched in the language of the old English Bible—to kill out the reverence for the old forms in which truth has been conveyed. The only fault we have to find with the revision is that it is a revision at all. Wherever in the new revision the revisers have found it necessary to translate anew and present a new version, we find the most interesting and refreshing passages. The truth is that the new revision is a concession to the prejudices of all the classes of objectors to which we have alluded. It has been presented, as far as possible, in the old form, to conciliate the conservative, the bigot, the fetich-worshiper, and the critic, and in that fact abides what seems to us its only weakness. A fresh translation would have given to Bible study a tremendous impetus. For, fond as we may become of old forms of language, those forms wear out and become powerless by mere reiteration. We have no question that a retranslation would be stronger to-day before the people than the revision is, and would have before it a more splendid future.

Bossism.

POLITICAL parties naturally and necessarily have leaders, like all voluntary organizations and combinations of men. In England, leadership in a party is a matter of quite formal acknowledgment. Here it is otherwise, and it is very rare that any one man is regarded as the leader of his party. Here, however, as in England, the true political leader is one who unites with acknowledged ability the representation, in his own ideas and principles, of the ideas and principles of his party. Mr. Gladstone is not only highest in office: he is a political leader. He represents in his principles and opinions the liberals of England. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, of the old Whig party, were political leaders. William H. Seward was a political leader. So were Charles Sumner, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln, Thurlow Weed, Silas Wright, Horace Greeley, and others easily recalled and named. All these men were political leaders because they represented in themselves the opinions, sentiments, principles, and policy of the parties to which they were attached, and were men of power and foresight, whom the people trusted.

William M. Tweed was not a man who could legitimately be called a political leader. He was a man without principle, and, although he wielded great power at one period of his life, it was not through the force of political ideas, or because he was recognized as representing popular political principles. He was simply a "boss," according to the meaning now attached to that word among political men. He got the machinery of office into his hands and used it solely to buy and perpetuate power. It is true that he was corrupt, and used office to win money for himself and his friends, as well as power, but he represented no idea in politics, and was never a leader. Mr. Conkling, though less gross and less corrupt in his methods, has been never a political leader, but always essentially a "boss." He has never deserved any higher or better name than this, and his reputation as a man of great political power is as unreal a thing as ever existed in the realms of myth and moonshine. He has never been a man of ideas. He has shown a good deal of skill in manipulating the machinery of politics, in managing appointments to office, in working up the details of a campaign; but he has never led the people in political ideas, or taught them anything. By force of a strong will and an aggressive self-conceit, he has managed to make a good many

time-serving people afraid of him, and to keep up his power with them, but he is not, and never was, anything better or bigger than a political boss. His ideas of himself and of the people were well illustrated in the resignation of his office as senator. He had never been in the habit of leading: he was a boss—a driver. He undertook, at Chicago, to compel the Republican party to take General Grant for their candidate. The party would not be driven, and he was defeated. It was a question at first whether he would support the nominee, for the people were entirely uncertain whether he cared more for his own personal will than for his party. Then, when the newly elected President nominated a man very offensive to him to an office that formed an important part of his machinery as a political boss, he undertook to coerce the Senate into rejecting the nomination. When he found that he could not do this, and that the President could not be coerced into withdrawing it, he threw up his hand and resigned, leaving the Senate in the power of his political enemies, and compelled his colleague to do the same, thereby ruining himself politically forever, and came home to dragoon his followers into reëlecting him. Events have proved what most people apprehended at the first, that no political man ever made a more stupid blunder. He is not only out of office, but out of power as a political boss. A man who cannot manage his own affairs will no more be trusted by his party. The event shows, also, that the days of "bossism" are closing. It is an institution that can hardly survive an intelligent agitation of the subject of Civil Service Reform. The people are becoming tired of being used simply as machinery for the elevation of a pack of selfish and mercenary office-holders.

It is equally astonishing and instructive to see how hard bossism dies, and to witness the hold that in its dying moments it managed to maintain upon its serfs and slaves. When Robertson was nominated for collector of the port of New York, the legislature of the State, of which he was a much-esteemed member, immediately indorsed the nomination as one most fit to be made. Mr. Conkling came back to this legislature to be reëlected, on this very issue between himself and the administration. The President made the appointment, the legislature immediately indorsed it; Mr. Conkling opposed it, got angry with the Senate, resigned, and came back to the legislature to be returned, as an indorsement of his fight with the President and the Senate. That he could find thirty men who were ready, at his bidding, to swallow their own words, and humiliate themselves before the State and the nation by voting for his reëlection, shows how great his power was. Nay, more than this: that he could coerce the Vice-President of the United States into leaving his high seat, and ignoring the decencies and proprieties of his position, and going to Albany to assist in sending back to Washington a couple of renegades to fight the head of an administration of which himself was an important member—the alternate of the President himself—demonstrates the mischievous hold which bossism had given Mr. Conkling upon all whom he held to be his debtors. We suppose it is true that Mr. Arthur was nominated to the Vice-Presidency at Chicago in order to conciliate Mr. Conkling. It is probably true that, in consequence of this concession, Mr. Conkling assisted in the campaign, and that, directly and indirectly, Mr. Arthur owes his election to the boss. But how malign must be the power that would compel a man of ordinary sensibilities in the Vice-President's position to turn his back on the President, offend the public sentiment of his own State, trample upon the good-will of the body over which he presides, still stinging with the insult offered it by the retiring senators, and mingle in the canvass instituted to save his boss from political death! Nothing more indecent than this performance stains the annals of party warfare in the United States. Let us hope that any institution which is capable of producing so foul a birth as this is forever dead. With Conkling, his resignation was a case of actual political suicide. With Arthur, it is a case of indecency, for which it will take years of honest service to atone. For one it is defeat; for the other, shame and voluntary humiliation.

Purchasable Health.

It is often said, when a rich man dies, that all the money in the world cannot purchase the prolongation of life. It is often said, too, when a rich man's health breaks down, that money will not purchase health. As general propositions, however, both these statements are unsound. When expended at the right time and in the right way, money will purchase health and the prolongation of life. Money will not purchase peaches out of season, but money will purchase peaches when they are in the market. Money will not purchase health out of season, but health is to be had for money, under the proper conditions. When a machine is actually worn-out, it is beyond the reach of repairs. Nothing will do but complete renewal. So, when a man is worn-out, money will not renew him, but there are always times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, which is its equivalent, he can buy health and the prolongation of life.

There are thousands of men in New York City, and in every great city, who are perfectly aware that they are bankrupting themselves in health—that they are selling their health for money. The time will surely come, at last, when they will be willing to pay all this money back for the health they have parted with, but it will be too late. The object of this article is to induce these men, if possible, to buy health while it is in the market, and not to sell it under any consideration. Col. Thomas Scott carried his burden so long that the four millions he had won had no power to bring back the health he had parted with; but there were undoubtedly times in his life when, by the proper expenditure of money and of time, he could have bought health enough to last him a brace of decades longer, and to enable him to double the number of his millions for his heirs. A man crowds his powers through a series of years of excessive labor, and, some day, he drops

with paralysis, and from that day forward he becomes a powerless child, to be led kindly and carefully to the grave. The increase of this disease is undoubtedly the result of the increase of unwisely conducted labor. Money can do nothing for it when it befalls a man, but it can do everything to prevent it. "Nervous prostration" has become a too familiar phrase in these latter years. Money cannot restore a shattered nervous system, but, properly expended, at the proper time, it will prevent it, which is a great deal better.

There are two plans of life, by either of which money will buy health and prolong a comfortable existence. The first is, the setting aside of a part of every day for recreation. So far as this can be done, it ought to be done, but there seem to be some peculiarities in our American life that forbid it. Competition in business is cruelly sharp, and most men feel obliged to devote themselves to it, when they are in it at all, from morning until night. The sleeping hours are the only ones which give them release from active care. Now business, followed in this way, from year's end to year's end, is just as certain to ruin health and shorten life as the recurrence of seed-time and harvest is sure. The alternative of daily recreation is a yearly period of rest. There are always slack seasons in business, and these every business man should avail himself of, for rest and recreation. It is in these seasons that there is health in the market, to be bought for money. Two weeks of leisure are not enough for a man who works like a dog all the rest of the year. Two months are never too much, and there is not a slave of Wall street who would not only win health and save life by taking these two months of leisure every year, and enjoying them, but he would, in the end, make money by it. Suppose, however, he loses money by it; he wins that for which he will sometime be willing to give money, when money will not buy it. When a man gives health for money, he makes the poorest investment of his life. When he gives money for health, he makes, from every worldly point of view, the best.

There is a hallucination, cherished by a great multitude, that they must be constantly in their own business, or it cannot possibly go on prosperously. Some of these men are so unfortunately organized that they cannot believe that anybody living can do their work as well as they can do it. It takes an enormous self-conceit to come to such a conclusion as this, and there is a great misfortune in it. Of course, these men are never able to leave their work for a moment in other hands, and so they become the bond slaves of their own mistake. Now there is nothing in which a great business man shows his greatness so signally as in his ability to find men to do his work—to find competent instruments to execute his purposes. The greatest business man is always a man of comparative leisure. His own work is always deliberately done. It is, as a rule, the small man who never gets a moment, and who never can find a pair of hands as good as his own. If a man cannot leave his business, or thinks he cannot, he shows that he lacks the highest grade of business capacity.

The leisure of Newport and Long Branch and Saratoga, with its social excitements and attractions, is not that certainly which buys health in the cheapest market. Stillness, rest, freedom of action and of dress in the open air, distance from the marts of trade—these pay best; and, when these are properly and regularly enjoyed, the money that they cost buys health and the prolongation of life. Health and a reasonably long life can, as a rule, be bought by time and money, if men will take them in their season. Money avails nothing to a worn-out man, but to a man slowly wearing out it avails everything, when properly used. Time and money will buy health. Let every business man mark our words, and avail himself of the merchandise when it is in the market.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Theodore Thomas and Music in American Public Schools.

To the Editor of Scribner.

Sir: In the March number of Scribner, Mr. Theodore Thomas makes some very positive and sweeping statements with regard to our system of teaching singing by relative pitch in our public schools, when he says:

"So faulty is that system that it would be better to abolish singing entirely from the schools than to retain it under the present method; it does more harm than good. I consider the system at present followed in this elementary instruction, called the movable *do* system, fundamentally wrong, and experience has confirmed me in this opinion."

Upon this one point Mr. Thomas is in error, and, from his position and influence, will be likely to do much harm if allowed to go uncorrected.

I can readily understand why he and all other musicians educated by like training should see no reason, certainly no necessity, for ever giving the pitch of C, for instance, more than one name.

I think all good musicians will agree with me in the following statement: that the end to be desired is that the singer should be able, on looking at any musical composition, to hear mentally how it would sound if correctly sung or played upon an instrument. To be able to do this, is to be a musician, so far as singing at sight is concerned.

Now I wish to analyze the process by which, in all probability, Mr. Thomas (who will correct me if I am wrong) has gained this ability. If he played

the violin, for instance, the placing of a finger upon the G string at a certain place gave him the pitch of C, at another place gave him D, and so on all over the finger-board, and every time the bow was applied and those sounds produced, that violin said to Mr. Thomas's ear C, D, and so on with all sounds possible to be produced upon the instrument. The same process of training the ear holds good in the playing of all keyed instruments; the player knows the letter, touches the right key, and the instrument reveals to the ear how it sounds.

Now, when we consider the amount of practice necessary to become a first-class performer upon any instrument, when we realize the thousands, even millions of times that those sounds have been presented to the ear by these instruments, is it at all strange that a person so trained should gain the ability, on looking at the notes, to hear these sounds mentally without the instrument? All this knowledge of pitch is relative, as the pitch of the instrument may vary a semitone from the true standard. The practice with stringed instruments such as are used in orchestral music furnishes the best possible training of the ear, and I think I am safe in saying that no other man in the country has had greater advantages for such training than Mr. Thomas. That he has made the most of his opportunities there can be no doubt. At the same time, though he possess the most accurately trained ear to be found in America, nevertheless, should his orchestra ever be thrown out of tune, no positively accurate pitch being in possession of any of the players, would not even he prefer to use his tuning-fork with which to set the A string of the first violin, rather than to depend upon his memory for the pitch of the sound, providing he wished to use the English instead of the French standard? Until the members of Mr. Thomas's orchestra are able to tune their instruments on the principle of positive pitch; until some one can be produced who can tune a piano on that principle, which is to set the pitch of every note correctly without comparing it with any other note (for this is what positive pitch really means, as applied to singing), let us have no more nonsense about teaching singing by positive pitch.

If the principle of teaching singing by relative pitch is correct, then it follows that anything which tends to break up and destroy the relative association of sounds in the mind is a great hindrance to the learner, and this is just what the fixed *do* does.

Since the introduction of musical instruments has become so general, the number of good readers in singing is diminishing. Vocal music should be taught without an instrument; it should not even be used to "support the voices in pitch." If the singing is not in tune, the vocalization is faulty, and should be corrected. We shall never attain perfection in vocal training and chorus singing until the use of the instrument is dispensed with entirely in practice, except as a test; when the singing is perfect, the instrument as an accompaniment is a great addition.

In England, where the fixed *do* or positive pitch system prevailed, there has grown up a relative pitch notation called the Tonic *Sol Fa*, which is gaining ground very rapidly. It originated outside of the musical profession as a necessity, and was only intended to be used in elementary singing, and as preliminary to the staff notation. The people could not learn to sing by the positive pitch system. The result has been that nearly all of the oratorios and popular musical works have been published in the relative pitch notation, and this simply because musicians were ignorant of the fundamental principles of teaching singing without instruments.

There is no more need of a relative pitch notation in representing music, than there is of a new alphabet with which to represent the English language. Mr. Curwin told Mr. Mason (now in Japan) that had he known of the American system before he began to work with Miss Glover's Modulator, the Tonic *Sol Fa* notation would never have been known in connection with him. The success of that system is not due to their notation, but to their method of teaching and organization. Mr. Curwin knew not only how to teach but how to organize, hence the influence of the movement.

If there be any lack of results in the teaching of music in the public schools of this country when it is taught by the relative pitch system, it is not due to the system, but to the ignorance of those who have it in charge as to the fundamental principles of teaching singing without instruments. What results can be expected when teachers of music spend the most of the time the first half of the year in teaching notation, theory, transposition of the scales, etc., preparatory to singing the latter half of the year? when little children in the primary schools, before they have learned to read, are given all the different kinds of notes and their corresponding rests, with the staff clef, and letters on the staff to learn for their first music-lesson? So long as musicians think they are teaching music when they are teaching notation, so long as they think they are teaching time when they are teaching the relative length of notes, so long as the proficiency in singing is to be judged by a written examination and the children are supposed to understand what measure in music means when they say "a measure is the space between two bars," so long will the teaching of music in our public schools be unsatisfactory, let whatever system be used.

Mr. Thomas says the movable *do* system "shuts the door to a knowledge of absolute pitch." I will show him pupils taught by this system who, after hearing the pitch of E, for instance, will tell him readily any pitch within two octaves found in that scale, and will represent the same upon the staff, and he may test it on the piano or violin, or with his voice.

The objective method of teaching singing is the only true, natural method. Sounds can be properly taught only as relative mental objects. This method cannot be illustrated in a printed article; it must be learned by observation. I have no hope of convincing Mr. Thomas by any written argument, but if he will spend a day with me in my schools, I will endeavor to convince him that he is, to use his phrase,

"fundamentally wrong" in the position he has taken. He owes it to himself and to the cause of music in this country to inform himself, and if convinced of his error, I know he will put himself right. This is a matter of too great importance at the present time to be lightly treated. If we are to become a musical people, it must be through the instruction of the masses in our public schools. And it means just this: if the methods of teaching singing in the public schools of America are to be influenced, as they have been in England, by such musicians as Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hullah, great as they may be, who have learned to think music through the playing of instruments, and who seem to know comparatively nothing of the mental process by which children are to gain command of their musical powers without instruments, it will not be ten years before the field will be occupied by the Tonic *Sol Fa* notation.

We must not only retain our American system of teaching through relative pitch, but music teachers must know better how to teach it. Children who are not well established in three-part singing in all of the keys at twelve years of age are not making the progress in music that they should in our public schools, and graduates from our high schools should be able to sing oratorios with as much facility as the average member of our singing societies. This is not too high a standard, but it can never be accomplished with the fixed *do* or positive pitch system. Truly yours,

H. E. Holt,
A Director of Music in the Boston Public Schools.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Outdoor Parlors.

When I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although there may be no reasonable probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig-tree. The vine, especially, would be altogether figurative without the material support of a veranda. As good a rule would be, in building first make your piazza, then attach a house to it.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided for with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent—the accident of a day. "Shall we run out a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of a way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of store-house and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls, who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckle and wistaria, making a shady retreat through the long June days, and the horrid August noons,—fragrant, like carefully kept linen, with delicious country smells,—clover and fresh hay, in place of lavender and rose-leaves,—strong distilled sweetness of woodbine, faint whiffs of clematis, and roses.

And when the moonlight comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner,

> "Making earth's commonest things appear
> All romantic, poetic, and tender,"

the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging-place, where the odor of fragrant Havanas is apt to mingle with the honeysuckle, and the steps are frequently occupied by half-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call. How charming is its twilight darkness to a class of people who do most of their conversation in whispers, and who are seldom characterized as great talkers,—who look upon the brightness of the in-door parlor and its animated groups without any feelings of envy, assured that whatever good times there are in the world they are having them! What would lovers do if there were no piazzas?

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation: so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house. This is a great mistake; there should be at least *two* sides to a veranda, to allow of one corner, and three if possible; while it should certainly measure four yards in width. We are speaking now of the piazza for a moderate house—moderate in every way. Hudson River castles, and similar mansions elsewhere, have their full complement of generous verandas; it is the middle-class houses that suffer.

We recall one of these mansions, with its magnificent piazza, on which many happy hours have been spent; the delicate trellis-work forming Moorish arches each of which framed an exquisite picture in living green. When flooded with moonlight, the place took on a tone of superhuman beauty. There were many accessories, too, on that piazza—things out of the common way; and selected with an artistic idea of coloring. Hanging-baskets were suspended from every point of the arches, and their tangled vines were masses of verdure and blossoms; while rustic stands filled with plants stood, not in the way of promenaders, but well back against the house. Scarlet cushions on backs and seats made the bamboo chairs luxurious, and a pile of Moorish cushions in one corner arrested the eye and fascinated the sense. They must have been stuffed with poppies to account for their sleep-charming powers;

while the arabesque embroidery on a scarlet ground which adorned them, and the rug spread out below, were a most successful imitation of Moorish splendor.

This curious couch, on which one half sat and half reclined, was quite in demand among the inmates and visitors on those intolerable nights, which are not at all like angels' visits, between the 20th of June and the 20th of August; and the hostess would amiably wish that she had six Moorish beds instead of one. But a single duplicate of the novelty would have spoiled the effect, so far as appearances went.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, uncushioned, is, to a certain extent, picturesque on a piazza, but it is not comfortable; while a bamboo settee is neither one nor the other. Camp-chairs with gay-colored seats are very desirable, if the color and design are good; and two or three cushions in a corner will make a very good substitute for the Moorish pile. A bright-colored afghan thrown over the pile, or on the end of the settee, adds much to the effect. In fact, anything that makes a good contrast with green is desirable on the piazza. Prettiest of all is it to see a child asleep on a gay-colored rug, watched by a Newfoundland dog.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church."*

THE twelve popular lectures on the Old Testament, delivered during the first three months of the present year in Edinburgh and Glasgow by Professor W. Robertson Smith, and now published, form an important contribution to Biblical criticism. The friends of Professor Smith in the two cities named, to the number of six hundred, joined in a request for the delivery of these lectures, for which an opportunity was afforded in the enforced leisure of the Professor, caused by his temporary suspension from his work in Aberdeen. If, as the preface declares, the average attendance upon the course in the two cities was not less than eighteen hundred, the results of the newer criticism must have been pretty effectually spread abroad in Scotland.

The appearance of such a volume in this quarter of the world is a notable sign of the times. Coming from Germany or from Holland it would have occasioned much less remark; but when a professor in the divinity school of the most conservative religious body in the land of John Knox dares to utter theories like these, the significance of the fact is more than local.

Not that any destructive purpose can be discovered in this volume. The spirit of the writer is reverent and even devout; he handles these ancient writings with no profane or careless touch; his theory of their origin differs from the one that is generally received, but he still believes that they are sacred, and that they contain the germs out of which the doctrines and the institutions of Christianity have been developed. With his method it is equally hard to find fault. He has not evolved his theories from his own consciousness; they are the product of a purely inductive criticism; they rest wholly upon exegesis. It is by a careful study of the Old Testament, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, by rejecting traditional theories of authorship and date, and by letting the books tell their own story, that he has come to his present conclusions.

These lectures of Professor Smith are at once more popular in form and more full in treatment than the Biblical articles in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," out of which his fame and his misfortunes have arisen. Doubtless the article on the Pentateuch, yet to be written by his hand for that encyclopedia, will cover much of the ground of this volume; but the articles which he has already contributed, including those on The Bible, and on The Hebrew Language and Literature, are more cautious and less opposed to the common view than these lectures.

After indicating in his first lecture the method of a sound criticism, Professor Smith proceeds in the second and third lectures to show that the early Protestants, in their determination of the canon and of the authentic text, leaned wholly on Jewish tradition, and that this tradition is not trustworthy. The chapter on the Scribes makes it plain that the rules on which these great matters were settled in Palestine at about the beginning of our era were altogether arbitrary; while the chapters on the Septuagint and the other ancient versions show that there were many variations in the Hebrew text in the early days. The claim for the Hebrew writings of an almost miraculous uniformity and accuracy is thus shown to be ill founded. Before the time of the Scribes, the Scriptures of the Old Testament, like the Scriptures of the New Testament in later times, exhibited a multitude of various readings. The statement "that many of the Hebrew books have gone through successive redactions; or, in other words, have been edited and reëdited in different ages, receiving some addition or modification at the hands of each editor," is supported by a wide induction of passages,

* The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

After an interesting discussion of the Canon and the Psalter, the author comes to the question respecting the origin of the Pentateuch, to which the last half of the book is devoted.

Every careful student of the Old Testament must be struck with the fact that the Pentateuch, with its full and elaborate ritual, which Moses is said to have written out and deposited in a coffer in the side of the ark, and to which frequent reference is made in the book of Joshua, disappears wholly from sight at the close of that book. Throughout the books of Judges, Ruth, and First and Second Samuel, covering a period of more than four centuries, no reference whatever is made to any laws or writings left by Moses. The word law, the Hebrew *torah*, does not occur in these four books; the name of Moses appears in them barely six times, but nothing whatever is said of any legislation of which he was the author. If Saul or Samuel ever had in his possession any such books as those of the Pentateuch, no mention is made of the fact. Furthermore, the ritual of the Hebrews, so far as it comes to light in the contemporary history, was in continual conflict with that prescribed in Leviticus and Numbers. These facts are hard to explain on the traditional theory of the origin of the Pentateuch, and it is around these facts that the battles of the critics have been fought.

That the Levitical law was never fully enforced until the time of Ezra, is admitted by most intelligent students. It is expressly stated, for example, in Nehemiah viii. 17, that the Feast of Tabernacles was never observed in Israel from the days of Joshua until the days of Ezra. The Levitical law strictly forbids the offering of sacrifices at any other places than the one central altar, and by any other hands than those of a consecrated priest; the history shows that sacrifices are continually offered in many places, and by men who do not belong to the priesthood. These infractions of the ritual take place without rebuke or compunction; the best men of the nation practice them, and reveal no consciousness of any irregularity. The earlier prophets, too, display the same lack of knowledge respecting the observances of the Levitical system.

The striking discrepancy between the Pentateuchal legislation and the actual religious life of the people, as shown in the histories and in the books of the prophets, furnishes Professor Smith with a ground for his theory, which is, that the Pentateuch was not written until the days of Ezra. It is generally allowed that some additions to the manuscript may have been made by Ezra; but the position taken by this critic is that all the important legislation of the middle books of the Pentateuch was framed after the exile.

In his critical examination of the first five books of the Bible, Professor Smith finds evidence of the existence of three distinct groups of laws or ritual ordinances, in addition to the ten commandments. The first is included in Exodus xxi.–xxiii. This simple system of civil and religious polity, adapted to the wants of a primitive agricultural people, served the Israelites, in the opinion of this writer, until the time of King Josiah. It was under this system, which Professor Smith terms the First Legislation, that Samuel and Saul and David and Solomon and all the earlier kings lived.

In the days of Josiah, only a generation before the fall of the First Temple, the Deuteronomic Code, comprising Deuteronomy xii.–xxvi., was produced. This was the book whose discovery in the temple resulted in a great religious reformation. It embodied the substance of the moral teaching of Isaiah and the other prophets who had preceded him. This code was intended to supersede the First Legislation.

The third body of laws is that which is known as the Levitical Legislation. This is not a compact code; it is scattered throughout the three middle books of the Pentateuch; but, as a whole, these ordinances "are clearly marked off from both the other legislations, and might be removed from the Pentateuch without making the rest unintelligible." They include "directions for the equipment of the sanctuary and the priesthood, sacrificial laws, and the whole system of threefold sanctity in priests, Levites, and people."

Of this last body of legislation, Professor Smith finds the original sketch in the last chapters of the prophecy of Ezekiel. It was upon this outline, he supposes, that the elaborate system of the Levitical law was framed. Yet, a priesthood and sacrifices had been provided for in both the other codes, and, in addition to the ordinances prescribed in those codes, a body of ritual had, undoubtedly, been steadily accumulating, which had been transmitted from generation to generation in the priestly guild. Ezekiel was a priest, and in his sketch of a written law he may have incorporated many of these traditions. In great part, however, his scheme is intended to correct abuses that had existed in the worship of the First Temple. This written outline of a system of ritual was filled out between the time of Ezekiel and that of Ezra, and was then first given in its completeness to the people. It was not, therefore, until Israel "had ceased to be a nation" that the Levitical law in its fullness was accepted and obeyed.

This conclusion will seem rash and incredible to most reverent readers of the Bible, but it must be remembered that it rests wholly upon a comparative study of the sacred writings themselves. It is impossible to indicate in this place the arguments upon which the author bases his theory, but they deserve the attention of all who prize the Old Testament.

Although Professor Smith rejects the common theory of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, he yet regards all this legislation as Mosaic in a true sense, and as also in a proper sense divine. "This divine Torah begins with Moses. As all goes back to his initiative, the Israelites were not concerned to remember the precise history of each new precept; and when the whole system, developed under continuous divine guidance, is summed up in a code, that code is simply set down as Mosaic Torah. We still call the steam-engine by the name of Watt, though the steam-engine of to-day has many parts that his

had not." The Old Testament contains, therefore, the record of a ritual system developed in the Jewish nation under divine direction. Of this system Christianity is the fulfillment. "That the law was a divine institution, that it formed an actual part in the gracious scheme of guidance which preserved the religion of Jehovah as a living power in Israel till shadow became substance in the manifestation of Christ, is no theory but an historical fact which no criticism as to the origin of the books of Moses can in the least degree invalidate." No important theological changes result, therefore, from this new theory; all that is claimed is that the literary structure of the Old Testament fails to indicate the order of the development of Judaism, and that this order must be discovered by a patient application of the principles of historical criticism.

This theory makes some facts of the old record much more intelligible. But a few questions still remain unsolved. The fact that the Levitical ordinances were not observed before the time of Josiah is proof, the author tells us, that they did not exist before his day. But the feasts of the passover and of the tabernacles are enjoined in what Professor Smith calls the First Legislation, and they were not kept during this long period. The Decalogue, also, with its prohibition of graven images, is admitted by this writer to be of Mosaic origin; yet there were teraphim in David's house, and the cherubim over the ark were two symbolical winged figures. And in these glaring infractions of the law which Professor Smith represents them as possessing, the people, even the best of them, seem to be wholly unconscious of transgression. It is plain that the new scheme does not clear up all the old discrepancies.

There is still another objection to this theory of the late origin of the Pentateuch, to which only an allusion can be made. It cannot be denied that the Pentateuch is pervaded with Egyptian ideas and symbols. These are found, not only in what Professor Smith calls the First Legislation, but in the Deuteronomic Code, and in the whole frame-work of the Levitical system. If these ordinances were fashioned soon after Israel came out of Egypt, this fact could be easily explained. Under the divine direction, Moses might have incorporated the forms and emblems with which he was familiar into the ritual of the Hebrews. But if the Pentateuch was produced at so late a date as is here assigned to it, it is difficult on any rational theory to explain the large proportion of Egyptian elements found in its composition.

Talleyrand's Correspondence.*

TALLEYRAND occupies a peculiar position in the minds of many Frenchmen. He is intensely admired and thoroughly detested. It cannot be otherwise than a subject for national pride that the ablest statesman of the wonderful period between the Revolution and the second Restoration should have been a Frenchman. And particularly at the time of the Congress of Vienna, when France was beaten in the field, had lost confidence in Napoleon, and did not dare hope for anything from a Bourbon, whose restoration was the work of her foreign enemies,—particularly at that moment must it have been a salve to defeat that Talleyrand should take the place he did at the conference of kings and statesmen at Vienna. By audacity and cleverness, as well as by the force of past services and the sheer weight of his genius, he overtopped them all. At the same time, what Frenchman can regard with complacency the career of an ecclesiastic who violated all the rules of his church, and as a statesman served Napoleon and the Bourbons apparently without the slightest show of a sentimental preference for persons and principles? Rightly or wrongly, he was accused of speculations in various fields, by which he amassed a great fortune, and to become rich as well as successful is a little too much for poor human nature of the ordinary stamp to stand. The editor who has put out these letters between Talleyrand and Louis XVIII. belongs apparently to those in whose eyes the defects of Talleyrand outweigh his merits. He wishes to be impartial, but more than one hint leaves it plain that he at least does not set Talleyrand at the head of French statesmen.

M. Pallain is, however, an admirable guide, assisting the briefness of the letters with extracts from published correspondence of other participants, adding copious notes at the end of each letter, and supplying a most valuable index of the names of persons mentioned, each name bearing a short biographical sketch. Too much praise cannot be given to this feature; similar care would have greatly increased the pleasure of the Rémusat and Metternich memoirs, especially in England and America, where the events and actors of the Empire are not so well in mind as they may be on the European continent.

It is true that Talleyrand himself paints his effect upon the statesmen at Vienna in these letters. But how well he does it! And how cleverly, in a few words, he keeps his royal master impressed with the fact that Louis XVIII. is to him a great man as well as a good. The contrast could not be greater between the fussy, antiquated, dry replies of the King, and the clear and encouraging as well as deeply respectful epistles of Talleyrand. The latter knew well the ambition of Prussia and the inchoate designs of Russia. The wrangle was over Saxony. Should the King of Saxony be regarded as a traitor, and Russia take his land, or as a victim of Napoleon, and be restored to his throne? The quarrel was complicated by the desire of the Russian Emperor to make his part of Poland a semi-independent kingdom, without regard to the effect it would have on the other portions of Poland seized by Russia and Austria. It was regarded, very naturally, as either the scheme of a sentimentalist or the brand that was meant to start another European conflagration. Russia, Prussia, and England had pretty much agreed to terms, Austria being in her usual wavering condition, when Talleyrand pounced down upon the statesmen. His second letter to the King gives him the clew to

* The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna (hitherto unpublished). Preface, Observations, and Notes, by M. G. Pallain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the situation, and chronicles his dislike of and contempt for Metternich, which Madame de Rémusat also shared. He says:

"I am convinced that Russia and Prussia are making so much noise and talking so big merely to find out what is thought, and that if they see that they stand alone, they will think twice of it before they carry things to extremity. Unhappily, the person who is at the head of affairs in Austria, and who lays claim to the regulation of those of Europe, regards as the infallible mark of superior genius that levity which he carries on the one side to absurdity, and on the other to a point at which, in a minister of a great state, and in circumstances like the present, it becomes a calamity."

Evidently the humor of Metternich was of too heavy a quality to suit the grizzled veteran in diplomacy, who had known him intimately for a long time, and, doubtless, estimated him for what he was worth. He has little sympathy for the happiness that Metternich naïvely expresses in his own memoirs, at having fought all his life against Napoleon, and, according to his own account, at last worsted him. If we are to believe Talleyrand's account of the first informal meeting of the statesmen, as given the King in Letter III., it was Talleyrand who met this vanquisher of Napoleon, and disposed of him without trouble. After a sharp questioning as to why some embassadors were absent and others present, Talleyrand permitted the first approach to the all-important subject of the Congress.

"'The object of to-day's conference,' said Lord Castlereagh to me, 'is to make you acquainted with what the four Courts have done since we have been here.' Addressing M. de Metternich, he said, 'You have the protocol.' M. de Metternich then handed me a paper signed by him, Count Nesselrode (for Russia), Lord Castlereagh, and Prince Hardenberg (of Prussia). In this document the word 'allies' occurred in every paragraph. I pointed out the word, and said that the use of it placed me under the necessity of asking where we were, whether we were still at Chaumont, or at Laon, whether peace had not been made, whether there was any quarrel, and with whom. I was answered by all, that they did not attribute a sense contrary to the state of our actual relations to the word 'allies,' and that they had only employed it for brevity's sake. On which I impressed upon them that, however valuable brevity might be, it ought not to be purchased at the expense of accuracy. The tenor of the protocol was a tissue of metaphysical arguments, intended to enforce pretensions which were supported by treaties unknown to us. To discuss those reasonings and pretensions would have been to embark upon an ocean of disputes; I felt that it was necessary to repel the whole by one peremptory argument; so I read several paragraphs, and said 'I do not understand.' Then I read the same paragraphs through, very carefully, a second time, with the air of earnestly striving to penetrate the meaning of a thing, and said, 'I do not understand any the more.' I added: 'I hold to two dates, between which there is nothing: that of the 31st of May, on which the formation of the Congress was stipulated, and that of the 1st of October, on which it ought to meet. All that has been done in the interval is foreign to me, and does not exist for me.' The answer of the plenipotentiaries was, that they cared so little for the paper in question that they asked nothing better than to withdraw it; upon which M. de Labrador (of Spain) observed that nevertheless they had signed it. They took it back, M. de Metternich laid it aside, and there was no more about it."

Thus it was that Talleyrand "bulldozed" the embassadors of the Allies at the first meeting to arrange for the Congress. His acting seems to have been perfect, and he writes proudly of it. At an interview with the Emperor of Russia, he turned his face to the wall, and pretended to be convulsed with sorrow for poor Europe, since that potentate would not abate his favorite schemes for Poland.

"I turned toward the wall near where I was standing, leaned my head against the paneling, and exclaimed, 'Europe, unhappy Europe!' Then, turning once more to the Emperor, 'Shall it be said,' I asked him, 'that you have destroyed it?' He answered me, 'Rather war, than that I should renounce what I hold.' I let my arms drop in the attitude of one grieved indeed, but resolute, and with the air of saying to him, 'The fault is none of ours,' I kept silence, which for some moments the Emperor did not break. Presently he said, 'Yes, rather war.' I remained in the self-same attitude. Then, lifting up his arms, waving his hands as I had never seen him do previously, and in a manner which reminded me of the passage at the end of the *Éloge de Marc Aurèle*, he cried rather than said: 'It is time for the play; I must go. I promised the Emperor; they are waiting for me.'"

He could thus show an emperor in a ridiculous light, yet always maintain the right tone toward his master, the King. One letter is rounded with a compliment sweet to a character like that of Louis XVIII., and, on the whole, truthful. Speaking of the festivities at Vienna, he writes:

"Royalty certainly loses some of the grandeur which is proper to it, at these gatherings. To meet three or four kings, and a still greater number of princes, at balls and teas, at the houses of private individuals, as one does at Vienna, seems to me to be unbecoming. It is in France, alone, that royalty preserves the *éclat* and the dignity that render it at once august and precious in the eyes of nations."

In many ways, this publication is important and timely. It forestalls the Talleyrand memoirs, which have been again delayed; it supplements the other memoirs now out; it throws the most authentic light on persons and motives. To the ex-minister of Napoleon, that fallen adventurer is only "the man of Elba." Neither he nor the King is undignified when the "man of Elba" upsets their army, reaches Paris, and turns their guns on themselves. The letters will not alter opinions about any of the actors; they deepen the impression of Talleyrand's greatness and trickiness, of the pedantry of Louis XVIII., and his inefficiency, of the shallowness of Metternich. We touch solid ground in this book, instead of being at the mercy of conjectures as to the truth of documents, as we are in the Rémusat

memoirs, and as we may have to be again when those of the greatest of the statesmen of that day see the light.

John Burroughs's "Pepacton."*

SINCE poetical mottoes for books hold their own in spite of ridicule, and have of late shown a tendency to increase rather than lessen, Mr. Burroughs might have put out as the sign for his latest volume the lines of inimitable Herrick in the "argument" to the Hesperides:

> "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
> I sing of dewes, of raines, and, piece by piece,
> Of balme, of oyle, of spice and ambergreece."

But, perhaps, on the principle that good wine needs no bush to catch the eye of the wayfarer, Mr. Burroughs can dispense with the support of even so admirable a poet as Herrick. To speak of Herrick and a modern writer of prose in the same breath, may strike one as treason, rank and deep, yet the reader is always at liberty to make the *intervallum* as *longum* as he chooses. All that is necessary is to consider whether Burroughs has not a certain polished simplicity that reminds one of Herrick, if one can bridge with a comparison the difference between poetry and prose; between a city man who was forced to live in the country, and a countryman who is out of tune in a town; between a parson who writes verses savoring strongly of frivolity, and a layman who looks at nature with an enthusiasm not far from religious. Those who can leap these wide divergences will find a likeness in the pleasant fillip both give to the mind. If Herrick wanders in a stately English garden, varied, like Bacon's ideal country-place, with some spots less orderly and fine, and if Burroughs deals with the untrained life of American woods and fields, still it is nature that forms the teacher of both, and, therefore, the closer one looks at them the nearer they converge. Perhaps, after all, it is the common trait of simplicity which is and which is not the result of art, or else consists of a blending of art and artlessness which no one has yet been able to unravel.

Like Herrick, the least pretentious, the shorter chapters are often those that linger in the memory. This passage, for instance, has observation and moral blended charmingly:

> "Yet it is pleasant to remember that, in our climate, there are no weeds so persistent and lasting and universal as grass. Grass is the natural covering of the fields. There are but four weeds that I know of—milk-weed, live-forever, Canada thistle, and toad-flax—that it will not run out in a good soil. We crop it and mow it year after year; and yet, if the season favors, it is sure to come again. Fields that have never known the plough, and never been seeded by man, are yet covered with grass. And in human nature, too, weeds are by no means in the ascendant, troublesome as they are. The good green grass of love and truthfulness and common sense, are more universal, and crowd the idle weeds to the wall.
>
> "But weeds have this virtue: they are not easily discouraged; they never lose heart entirely; they die game. If they cannot have the best, they will take up with the poorest; if fortune is unkind to them to-day, they hope for better luck to-morrow: if they cannot lord it over a corn-hill, they will sit humbly at its foot and accept what comes; in all cases they make the most of their opportunities."

The writer whom Burroughs is perpetually compared with is Thoreau. The latter is more minute; perhaps he was more original. But to-day the style of Burroughs is more charming than that of the recluse of Walden Pond. His own charming style, not his discovery of the errors of others, is what attracts one to Burroughs. He catches poets in all ages tripping. Virgil is wrong in his account of the commonwealth of honey-bees. Bryant, who was before all else a cautious writer, either confounds the yellow and white violet, or is in error in giving distinct fragrance to the former. Presently some one will catch Mr. Burroughs tripping in his turn. Unless the present writer is greatly mistaken, Mr. Burroughs is hasty in his charge against Bryant's "Yellow Violet," for the yellow violet, like many other flowers reputed scentless, occasionally gives out a faint perfume if gathered in sufficient quantity. It is not every one who can detect the perfume of some wild flowers. Very probably there are days, and hours even, when the most scentless have more aptitude in that way than at other times, and it is almost a certainty that under some circumstances of soil and position, perfume is developed in flowers more abundantly than is the case with ordinary members of the same kind. Burroughs says nearly as much himself, for in "A Bunch of Herbs" he notices the fact of the occasional fragrance even of the common blue violet and the hepatica, and the short-lived fragrance of the sugar-maple.

But the main criticism to be made on Mr. Burroughs's criticisms is the fact that in our country the difficulty of knowing all the facts, even about one order of flowers, is enormous. What is true in the Berkshire hills may not be exactly the fact in the Catskills, and when one gets to New Jersey and Maryland, not to speak of Virginia and farther south, the field becomes so large that only the dryest scientific compiler of statistics on botany can hope to know a large measure of the facts. Add to the variations in birds and flowers of the same kind on the Atlantic sea-board the unrecorded facts about those of the Mississippi Valley, and then consider what a totally different flora and fauna the extreme West presents. European birds and flowers which were long supposed to have no cousins in America are now found to have near relations in the farther West. Hence Mr. Burroughs cannot expect, nor be expected, to prove always just in his strictures on American poets, unless he localizes each poem, and can point out that for that State or water-shed, the facts do not agree with the words. Everything is on such a large scale here that poets, critics, and readers have a hard time. What pleasure can there be for a Californian, who sees with his own eyes, and reads poetry, to be reminded of what he sees about him

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in the close observations of the rustic sights and scenes of Massachusetts, found in the poems of Bryant and Lowell? Audubon was a poet-naturalist, and made a wide sweep over the Atlantic and Mississippi States, yet he is often inexact and still oftener unsatisfactory. It teaches us that the closest observer of nature always has something more to learn, and that caution is never more necessary than when correcting the observations of poets.

Still, if care killed a cat, caution ends by killing the finest literature. If there be one quality more than another that makes Mr. Burroughs's papers on nature charming, it is their unpretentiousness. Dealing with such charming topics, it would be strange indeed if some of their perfume and reserve did not enter into his prose. "An Idyl of the Honey-bee," and "Springs," may be read again and again. Perhaps the paper of all to be recommended in the hot weather is the closing chapter, on "Winter Pictures."

Norris's "Matrimony."*

POSSIBLY it is the contrast which it forms to other novels of the spring, or, perhaps, merely because it has a family likeness to the novels of Thackeray, but the novel of Mr. Norris is very welcome, in spite of one or two drawbacks to its perfection. One disadvantage is its length—not excessive, it may be, when printed in the large type of the ordinary three-volume novel and read in those English country homes of which Mr. Norris is the satirist; but to the livelier tastes of citizens, and to the more ardent temperaments of Americans, so much leisure in the spinning out of a plot by no means elaborate constitutes a blemish. The flavor of Thackeray is too strong to be overlooked or ignored, nor has any reviewer failed to notice it. The trace of George Eliot is less perceptible, but it exists, nevertheless, and may add its share to the pleasurable sensation of the reader by reminding him of favorite authors without offering so much likeness to them as to suggest plagiarism. Mr. Norris looks about for himself with his own eyes, and has his own opinions on things in England and on the Continent. If the people he sees are, in the main, the same as those of Thackeray and George Eliot, it is not his fault, nor, when we consider how freshly he has redrawn them, need it be called his misfortune. The modern English country life, the daily existence of somewhat provincial people in the south of England, who do not go regularly to London for the gay season, find in Mr. Norris a new chronicler who has some of the sub-acidness (miscalled cynicism) that Thackeray displayed, mixed with an equal amount of kindliness on the larger lines of generalization. If he shows marriages unhappy in the greater number of cases, he has types of ridiculously happy unions; in those cases he often presents the well-known incongruity of partners which so frequently appears, as if to make game of the wiseacres who prophesy happiness or unhappiness in the future, according to the characters and circumstances of the married couple. The heroine, who is kept not too prominent, is a person of refined passion rather than of intellect. She is true to, and finally marries, a shallow-pate whom unscrupulous women can influence, but whose good-heartedness endears him to most people he meets. The dog-like affection and reverence he has for the heroine, whose character he cannot be supposed to appreciate except in general, and whose music-making charms him without his understanding what she would convey, show, in this secondary hero of the novel, a type of man of which every one can find an example. The heroine is made less shadowy by the episode of Hirsch, a gambler mixed up with the early life of Marguerite's step-mother, against whose rascality her friendship for him and his for her shine with a contrast that deepens the purity of the pure and lightens the iniquity of the knave. The hero is her brother, like herself brought up under peculiar circumstances, owing to the long residence abroad of their parents, to the fact that they are half Italian, and to the peculiar existence of their father, separated but not divorced from his little flibberty-gibbet of an untruthful Polish wife. Between him and Daniel Deronda there is a general resemblance. But it is to be noted that Norris allows it to be seen that people thought this youth a prig, and shows him a man at last, while George Eliot treated Deronda's priggishness without relief. The father has some of the characteristics of Grandcourt. But all these characters, their acts and speeches, are seen through the spectacles of an elderly bachelor—a gossip of London clubs, an amiable man of forty, who makes himself useful in country-houses and squares the account with himself by thinking tart things of his neighbors. On his shoulders Mr. Norris cleverly shifts the cynical views of life at English country-houses. Apparently, one may divide this existence into two rough groups—life in those houses where severity and gloomy respectability reign supreme and where scandal is of a ferocious and scowling type, and life in those where games and rude horse-play, practical jokes and romping are the order of the day and night, and where the scandals done outweigh the scandals talked. There seems to be, if we are to trust the old bachelor, who knows every house of Lynshire, no middle ground between these two, and the results, to those who have made an Arcadian estimate of English country life, are sure to be disastrous in the extreme. Those who revel in the rose-colored pages of "Bracebridge Hall" will do well to give this novel a wide berth. Irving certainly had a smoother style; the scenes he depicts are those on which any well-regulated mind loves to dwell, and what he says of English country life ought to be true, if it is not. On the other hand, Norris has an uncomfortable way of recalling the foibles of people about us, and of deepening those impressions of the naughtiness of human beings who have leisure and wealth which Fielding and Thackeray made before him. He disturbs our dream of the perfectibility of the family and township life, and gives a rude shock to scaffoldings built on the plan of Bracebridge Hall, if he does

*Matrimony. By W. E. Norris. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

not bring the roof-tree of that most respectable and desirable edifice about the ears of its ideal owners. But it is fair to say that Norris does not show that sympathy with things English that many of the greatest writers of English fiction have shown. He has foreign ideas. He knows the *boulevards* as well as the south of England, and criticises from a foreign stand-point. It is likely that his novels have small success in his own land, and will find chiefly, if not only, in America readers whose perspective is sufficiently distant to allow of an estimate of what is good in his work and what is overdrawn. His important figures in this novel are all of a mixed type,—not pure English,—changed either by blood or education, and they are opposed to strictly English types by no means to the advantage of the latter. Whether Mr. Norris has promise is a question. He certainly has achievement of no mean degree of excellence.

Dr. Robinson's "Studies in the New Testament."*

IT would not be strange if "Studies in the New Testament," by an active minister, should "seem like sermons"; but if they seemed to be good sermons that would not greatly discredit them. Though these papers of Dr. Robinson's were not prepared for the pulpit, they might well have been used in it; if they are a little more colloquial and pictorial than the average sermon, they are for this reason a little better suited to the pulpit than the average sermon.

Dr. Robinson's style is picturesque and entertaining; his illustrations are copious and generally pertinent; his sympathy with human beings is warm and genuine; and his insight into spiritual things often quick and sure. Some of his descriptive and hortatory passages border on the sentimental; the warmth of his imagination tends, now and then, to a perfervid rhetoric; but these slight blemishes probably add to the effectiveness and popularity of his essays.

Dr. Robinson's interpretations of Scripture are for the most part unusually felicitous, and his native wit and mental alertness make him an entertaining teacher. Many of the studies, as those on "Christian Love," "Piety Tested at Home," "The Christian Citizen," "Saving Faith," and "Love as a Force," are full of stimulating and practical suggestions. Against the unordained ministry, and its present assumptions of authority and function, he makes bold to utter a sturdy protest. "We do not believe," he says, "that the mass-meeting system is the best for converting souls, and retaining those who are apparently gathered. Some of us distrust this whole system of promiscuous assemblies in 'gospel' services, with laymen giving 'Bible-readings,' as flinging reproach upon the churches. Is there no gospel anywhere but in them?" And the story for whose truth he vouches—of the man who went into raptures over the preaching of Moody in the Hippodrome, declaring that "if the regular ministers would preach as that Moody does, they would have half the town running after them," and then discovered that the preacher whom he supposed was Moody was his wife's minister, whom he had never heard—gives point to the contention of the author that there is a savor of cant in the clamor for more popular "gospel" services.

Palustre's "La Renaissance en France."*

IN spite of civil and foreign wars, dismemberment through the policy of independent princes, and conquest by English kings, France still contains a wide range of ancient monuments in her churches, abbeys, town halls, and ruined chateaux. It is the pleasant task of M. Léon Palustre to describe, in the temperate language of a man of taste and with the quiet interest of an archæologue, such of these remains as belong to the great movement in the arts which the exiled Greeks are believed to have started in Italy in the fifteenth century. Though steam was not, and though travel was difficult and slow, both in France and from France into Italy, it did not take so very long, after all, for the fresh notes of the Renaissance to reëcho throughout the northern kingdom. Much more of the architectural and sculptor's work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has perished than remains behind, even in a mutilated condition. And for that result, unfortunately, the changing taste and want of good sense on the part of priests, monks, nobles, and kings, not to speak of well-meaning burghers, have much to do. Yet it is evident that from the large material left M. Palustre can pick very striking and suggestive examples; these have been handsomely and firmly etched for the work by M. Sadoux and others. He begins above the French line in Flanders, for the very good reason that to understand the architecture of the nearest French districts the reader needs to know something of the conditions of the building and the sculptor's art there. Flanders, Artois, and Picardy furnish pictures and interesting, lightly touched disquisitions for the first installment, while monuments in Isle-de-France occupy the following seven: Normandy, Brittany, Guienne, the Orléanais, Languedoc, and Burgundy with Franche Comté, are among those to be reviewed, each in two installments respectively, and the work will be complete with the thirtieth installment, and consist of three thick tomes. A word might be said of the colored initial letters, large type, and great wide-margined pages of this *edition de luxe*, were it not almost a matter of course that a book of the kind issued by Quantin would have all the tasteful accessories usual in such cases. It is only in France that such editions are not rarities. Yet attention may be called to the fine double-page picture by Sadoux Lancelot of the ruined bridge and gallery of the Château de Fère, in the Tardenois, for the etching; to that of the chapel of Tilloloy, for the sake of the curious façade itself,

* Studies in the New Testament. By Charles S. Robinson, D. D., pastor of the Memorial Church, New York City. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* La Renaissance en France. Par Léon Palustre. Dessins et Gravures sous la direction de Eugène Sadoux. Paris: A. Quantin. Tome I. Livraisons 1–3. New York: J. W. Bouton.

and, for curiousness of figure and face, to the portrait of the sculptor Jean Trupin, sculptured at Amiens by himself, with his chisel and mallet in hand, cutting out a figure in stone. Judging by the early numbers, this will be a most fascinating and instructive work.

Scudder's "Stories and Romances."*

THERE is a vein of healthy and unaffected sentiment in Mr. Scudder's stories. His characters, all vividly drawn, without any attempt at startling originality, trace themselves gently against a background of Boston brick wall or New England rural scenery. They are the children of the soil, and possess the mental and physical features which the literary tradition has seized upon as being especially characteristic of New England. The author takes a situation which appears to him interesting, and his quaint fancy and delicate humor never fail to make it equally so to his readers.

The first of the stories, or, we should rather say, of the romances (accepting the term in the sense in which Hawthorne used it in his preface to "The House of Seven Gables"), is entitled, "Left over from the Last Century," and must have been composed while Mr. Scudder was under the spell of the "Twice-told Tales," or the "Mosses from an Old Manse." At all events, no one would deny that the idea of a young man becoming so completely absorbed in his grandfather's history as actually to repeat a portion of his life under modified circumstances, belongs to the order of inventions which we have come to associate with the name of Hawthorne. There is not the remotest suspicion of borrowing, but merely an atmosphere, or spiritual *aura*, as Goethe called it, which agreeably recalls the master of romance. Especially quaint and charming is Antipos Wiggleworth's antiquarian courtship of the granddaughter of the lady whom his grandfather had loved, by means of the defunct lady's letters to the defunct gentleman. "A House of Entertainment," the second of the series, is distinctly not a romance but a novelette, and contains many pleasant and mildly entertaining pictures of Shaker life. "Accidentally Overheard" is the story of a young gentleman who hears a lady, whose face he fails to see, declare to a female companion that she is in love with him; and the rest of the tale is naturally devoted to the hero's efforts to clear up the perplexing mystery.

In "A Hard Bargain," Mr. Scudder is, we think, at his best. The description of the old, rusty-looking *habitués* of the ancient and respectable pharmacy, who eat lozenges and choke over their own feeble wit, suggests an intimate acquaintance with the life of small towns, and is so forcibly localized that one has only to shut one's eyes to make the whole scene, with its minutest details, vividly, and, as it were, corporeally, present. The old miser Bice, too, who has bartered away his soul, and is anxious to buy it back again, is a very happy inspiration, and the vengeance which overtakes him at the death of his child, which he has starved on cheap arrowroot, is as poetically just as it is psychologically true and convincing.

The remaining four sketches in the volume are inferior to those which we have selected for criticism, although "A Story of the Siege of Boston" exhibits a minute familiarity with pre-revolutionary men and manners, as, indeed, we would expect from the author. "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" points a sound moral, but we can find no special significance in the juxtaposition of the names of the four evangelists. "Do not even Publicans the Same?" deals with an original experiment, undertaken in good faith by a somewhat fantastically conscientious young man, who attempted to carry out literally Christ's injunction to invite the poor, the maimed, the blind, and the lame to dinner. Mr. Hapgood brought together a motley company of six, answering all the requirements of the Biblical command, and would undoubtedly have had a more successful dinner if the spirit of the present age were as sincerely democratic as that of the earliest Christian era.

We cannot but regret that this pleasant little volume ends with a discord. For "Nobody's Business" is utterly untrue, both to the laws of reality and of fiction, if interrupted at the point where the author drops the thread of his discourse. Of course frauds, like the one perpetrated by Bardwell, may be temporarily successful, but in that case, Mr. Scudder owed it to his readers to pursue his history up to the moment where the vengeance of Fate overtakes him, as inevitably it must.

An Exhibition of Wood-Engravings.

AN exhibition of wood-engravings is to be given in the Boston Museum next fall, under the management of that institution. For the following details we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony:

BOSTON, May 26, 1881.

The exhibition is to open October 15th. Proofs should be sent to the "Curator of the Art Museum," on or before October 10th. It is intended to make the exhibition representative of the present status of American wood-engraving.

It will embrace all contributions sent that come from responsible sources or from American publishers.

There will be three or more of the galleries devoted to the exhibition.

Should the number sent from any individual engraver be excessive, and the room devoted not warrant, then a jury shall select the best, in its judgment, unless special instructions are sent covering special conditions of the reproduction, giving every contributor an equitable space on the walls.

It is intended to give the name of the subject, the artist, the engraver, and the owner, in the catalogue. For this purpose it is desirable that the whole story should be written on the back of each proof, and the directions as to the place where they shall be sent at the close of the exhibition.

Later, the Museum will issue circulars, of which a number will be sent to your office, asking your kind coöperation.

I ought to add that, aside from the current status of the art, it is intended to make the exhibition historical; so, for that purpose, all engravings of the past will be gladly welcomed.

The Museum is fire-proof, and will carefully guard all contributions.

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Recent Progress in Iron Founding.

WHILE there is no change of importance to be observed within the past fifty years in the methods used in simple iron founding, it may be observed that American practice in this ancient art has recently risen to a remarkable degree of perfection. The very fine castings produced by some of our stove foundries suggested the application of cast-iron to the reproduction of various art-works in bronze, silver, and brass. Experiments were recently made in an ordinary stove foundry with such tools, materials, and labor as could be found, and using some antique brass-work for patterns. Very great pains were taken to secure the best materials for molding, fuel and iron, and the work was given to skillful stove-founders who had never been employed on any art-castings,—the aim in this respect being to bring the work to a commercial, as well as art basis. The result was sufficient to warrant an exhaustive series of experiments, to ascertain what degree of fineness could be obtained with such men and materials. Antique swords and ornamented helmets, brass sconces, Persian bronze and silver plaques, Japanese bronze trays with foliage in low relief, and many other fine works, were tried as patterns and with marked success. An examination of the foundry, while in operation, and a large number of castings in imitation of these and other works, warrants the belief that a new field of art-industry is now fairly established in this country. Among the pieces seen in cast-iron were the "Siege of Troy" shield by Cellini, a copy of a brass plaque with head of Shakspere, showing very fine work in imitation of fabrics, a work in *repoussé* after Teniers, some copies of medallions ornamented with foliage and flowers, and designed for wall decoration, and a copy in iron of a bronze Japanese tray, only one-sixteenth of an inch thick. All the work is in simple cast-iron and is not designed to have any special finishing. Some of the work was polished to show the natural color of the iron, and others were copper-plated and oxidized, or otherwise treated to imitate other metals. In the work no novelty of materials or methods is employed, and the results are obtained wholly by skill in manipulation and in choice of metal. The iron used is chiefly American, with a slight mixture of Scotch pig. The castings have already attracted great attention among architects and others interested in metal work, and will no doubt do much to bring fine copies of decorative work of this class within the reach of all.

Improvements in Boat-Building.

THE materials of which canoes are made in this country are wood, paper, and canvas, with a decided preference for wood. The method of putting the wood together has been copied from common row-boat building, and the greater part of the canoes here are made on the "lap-streak" plan. Within the last two years a new method has been tried, and sufficient time has now passed to enable canoeists to form an opinion of its merits. The idea underlying the new method of construction is to make a seamless boat of uniform thickness throughout, of the same finish outside and in, and without ribs. The materials are thin veneers, laid one over the other, and firmly fastened together with water-proof cement. The veneers, as far as can be learned from an examination of some of the boats, appear to be taken from the log by cutting round it as in making veneers for wall decoration. Three veneers are used, placed at right angles so as to break or cross the grain of the wood, the two outer veneers being placed with the grain at right angles with the keel of the boat. No joints or seams can be seen on the boats, and the inference is that, in cutting the veneer, a log as long as the canoe is used, and the strip is sufficiently wide to form one half or side of the boat. These veneers, when cemented and cut to shape, are placed under heavy pressure and molded into the exact shape of half a canoe. Two of these sides are then brought together over the keel, and the keelson is laid over the joint, and the whole is fastened together by screws passing through the keelson and through the veneers into the keel. By this arrangement, the joint between the two parts of the seamless sides is made secure from actual contact with the water either without or within. The keel is level, and continuous from stem to stern, and the joints between the two pieces of veneer at the ends are closed by brass moldings riveted on and making the stem and stern-post. This method of construction gives a seamless, water-tight boat, precisely alike on both sides, admirable qualities for speed, dryness, and cleanliness. There are no corners and hidden recesses where bilge-water may lodge. To insure strength and dryness, a deck of the same material is laid over the boat, the joint between sides and deck being closed by a bar on the inside and a light molding on the outside. In the canoes examined, sealed compartments at each end make them safe, as it has sufficient flotation for safety, even when full of water. Canoes of all models, both for paddling, sailing, cruising, and hunting, are made in this manner, and even row-boats of moderate dimensions. The canoes examined were of the "Shadow" model, and, while there appears to be some objection to this model for a paddling canoe, the general opinion seems to be that the method of constructing the canoes is admirable, as they are light, strong, safe, and durable. The workmanship and fittings of the boats appeared to be excellent.

Regenerative Gas-burners.

AT the time these gas-burners were first made the subject of experiment, some account was here given of the principle on which they were constructed. They have now been greatly improved, and

on trial have effected a great saving in gas by obtaining more light from the same quantity burned in the same time.

The gas and the air needed for combustion are heated by the flame of the lamp. In the center of the lamp is a glass vessel, having a metal top or chimney. Surrounding the top of this chimney is a cylinder of white porcelain, having a flange or projection around the lower end. The gas escapes through a ring of small holes just under this cylinder, and when lighted the jets unite and form a ring of flame all around it. The bottom of the glass vessel opens by means of a horizontal pipe into another pipe that passes outside of the lamp and upward to the chimney. The course of the draft is, therefore, downward through the cylinder, and on its passage it heats the gas and the air needed for combustion. This is the principle of the well-known regenerative furnace. The luminous intensity of a flame depends on its temperature, and by heating the gas before it is burned, and by heating the air needed to feed the flame, the temperature is raised greatly, at a decided gain in the light. From experiments made recently in Paris, it appears that the useful effect of one cubic foot of gas in an ordinary street burner equaled 2.59 candles. In the regenerative lamp, the same amount gave 6.76 candles.

Counter-Seat.

THE legislature of this State having passed a law compelling store-keepers to provide seats for their employés, it has been suggested that our inventors should bring out and patent a seat suitable to the narrow space behind a counter. The suggestion may have been made in a spirit of grim humor, yet it is true that patents are often given for things that never should be patented. This providing a store-seat seems to be one of these cases, because the royalty that might be charged on the seat would tend to check the introduction of a wise and humane measure now enforced by law. The space behind a counter is usually too narrow for a chair or stool. A flap-seat, hinged at the back and held up by cords or a hinged prop beneath, would take up valuable room when not in use, and would involve time and trouble in raising or lowering. There is a bracket-seat secured to an upright casting of iron, designed to turn freely on a pivot, and allowing the seat to swing under the shelves or cases. This seat is, however, patented. Now, as a suggestion made in print and freely given to the public becomes public property, it cannot be patented, and another plan is here proposed, in the hope that it may prove of general value. It has been suggested to us by a medical inspector in the navy, that a flat board be arranged in the casing holding the shelves or drawers, behind the counter, as a horizontal slide, designed to form a seat when drawn out, and to be pushed back when not in use. At the back of the seat should be a cord passing over a pulley and having a weight suspended from the end. By such an arrangement the person wishing to use the seat would draw it out, and keep it in place by sitting upon it. When no longer needed, the mere act of rising would release the seat and it would be drawn back by the weight. Such a seat should have a stop to prevent it from being drawn too far out to give a secure bearing, and a sunken finger-catch, for taking hold of it in pulling it out and to save the inconvenience of a projecting handle. It is believed that this suggestion covers the ground contemplated by the law, and it has the merit of cheapness and convenience. Unless patented by some one before the 20th day of July, 1881, this form of counter-seat is to be considered as public property, and any one can use it without let or hindrance.

Novel Gas-producer.

IN the manufacture of iron rods and wire it is the custom to pass the iron through a bath of sulphuric or muriatic acid, to clean it and remove the scale formed in rolling. This results in a formation of hydrogen gas, which is suffered to escape, as a troublesome and hitherto useless by-product. From recent experiments, it appears the escaping gas may be caught and made useful. A loose-fitting hood is placed over the bath, dipping into the acid and making a sealed cap for catching the gas as fast as it is formed. The gas from this simple producer is led by a pipe to a well formed of iron pipe loosely filled with charcoal, over which water is allowed to trickle. This makes a washer for the gas, extracting the sulphurous acid or other impurities. It is then carried through a second well, filled with coke, over which a stream of naphtha, or gasoline, is flowing. This answers for a carburetter, and the gas thus cleaned and enriched makes a good illuminating gas. In the wire works in which the new experiments were first tried, twelve pickling baths gave four thousand cubic feet of gas per day. This was more than sufficient to light the works at night, and the surplus was burned under the steam boilers. From the reports obtained, the utilization of the by-product of the pickling vats appears to be a practical success, effecting a material saving in fuel and gas.

Electrical Soldering-Iron.

THE rapid introduction of electricity in all our large cities naturally suggests new applications of the current and new tools for making the heat, light, or power available in useful work. One of the most promising of these tools is an electric soldering-iron for use in tin-shops and at the jeweler's or mechanical dentist's bench. It consists essentially of two metallic conductors placed side by side, with a small space between them for insulation, and joined at the end by a small piece of platinum or other refractory substance having a high electrical resistance. A handle is provided, having the proper insulation and binding screws for the wires. A simple form of switch is also provided, for regulating the current. When the current flows through the tool, the platinum point is raised to a high temperature, and may be used to melt gold, silver, or solders. The idea is an excellent one, and appears to have been suggested by the Jablochkoff candle. It will, no doubt, be ultimately applied in a number of modifications to a wide field of useful work.

Republicanism. (Three Generations.)

FIRST.

'Squire Cecil, at his high-arched gate,
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.
And when a neighbor, ragged, sad,
Unlearnèd, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
These kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

THIRD.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,
And swept in silken sheen;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beauteous ne'er was seen.
Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes;
"And I must patronize," she said,
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!
In Europe, now —— but oh!
In this republic, we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"

To a Critic.

My love is not as your love is,
Her eyes are brown, not blue;
Her ringlets rival jet itself,
Your love's are gold of hue.

My love is not as your love is,
She is a tiny thing;
Yours, Juno-like, steps stately by,
And men gaze, worshiping.

My love is not as your love is,
She sings at eventide;
Your love, with fair and placid face,
In silence doth abide.

My love is just as your love is,
She has a heart as true;
And my love—well, she loveth me,
And your love loveth you.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

It don't take no prophet to rickerlec' bad luck.

Dey don't hab no loafers in de martin-box.

De wire-grass lubs a lazy nigger.

Dar's right smart 'ligion in a plow-handle.

Twelve erclock nebber is in a hurry.

Nebber 'pend too much on de blackberry blossoms.

Don't bet on a 'tater-hill befo' de grabblin' time.

Heap o' good cotton-stalks gits chopped up fum 'sociatin' wid de weeds.

Many a nice corn-silk winds up wid a nubbin in de fall.

A chicken-roos' is de debbul's steel-trap, an' a grassy corn-row is his flower-garden.

De mornin'-glories aint pertickler lubly to a man wid de back-ache.

A sore-back mule is a poor hand to guess de weight ob a bag o' meal.

A fork in a strange road don't make a man any better Kwis'chun.

To-morrer's ash-cake is better'n las' Sunday's puddin'.

'Taint easy to find a man dat kin git mo' 'tention arter he's dead dan de Chris'mus 'possum.

Countin' de stars don't he'p de meal-box.

De man dat always takes de shortes' road to a dollar, ginually takes de longes' road fum it.

All de jestice in de wul' aint fastened up in de cote-'ouse.

A blind mule aint 'fraid o' darkness.

De dinner-bell's always in chune.

De wood-pile don't grow much on frosty nights.

A man dat pets a libe cat-fish aint crowded wid brains.

De Pen'tench'ry's got some folks dat knowed how to call horgs too well.

You can't spile a ripe punkin by 'busin' it.

De bullfrog knows mo' 'bout de rain dan de olmanick.

De little backer-wum is de bes' fixed for hidin'.

De cheapes' way to he'p a man 'long in de wul' is to pile up flowers on his tombstone.

Heap o' folks is like crawfishes; dey lub to back water, but dey wont stan' no crowdin' for all dat.

Dar's right sharp good schoolin' in de tail ob a 'possum: nebber let go a thing long as dar's a chance lef'.

'Simmons gwine take deir own time 'bout gettin' ripe.

Some corn-stalks is like lots o' folks—dey fling all deir power into de blades an' tassels.

You can't medger a nigger's wuk by de 'mount o' singin' he does at de shuckin'.

A good 'possum-dog may tell a lie by accident, but you can't proobe it on him ef de tree's holler.

De farmer dat nebber smells de day-break kin git 'long wid a mighty little gin-'ouse.

A fat mule an' a straight furrer.

De 'coon puts up de bes' fight; but de 'possum is heap de smartes' an' is got de bes' edication.

We have learned that the sonnet by Benjamin Disraeli published in this department for June, originally appeared in 1839, in Heath's "Book of Beauty."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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A BOY IN GRAY.

THE DINNER PARTY.

IT must have been in the summer of '62—yes, I am sure it was—that I first met Jack. We were then lying in camp down on the Charles City Road, slowly recovering from the fatigues and depletions of the Seven Days' Battle, just fought. Things had not yet straightened themselves out very much on the "lines"; the various arms of the service were huddled together in pretty much the promiscuous fashion in which the end of the fighting had left them, and the bugles of the cavalry and artillery chimed in with our own fifes and drums at reveillé and tattoo. Drilling had not been resumed, and there was little to fill up the day in camp; besides roll-calls, breakfast and dinner were the only episodes, and the bill of fare held no surprises. Every one already knew by heart all the different versions of the recent battle which our own command could supply, and we were still too listless and relaxed from the late severe and pro-

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longed strain to be capable of any very active speculation as to the future. The sultry hours of those July days dragged more and more heavily, until, by degrees, we came to seek some relief from the dull monotony in visiting among our neighbors.

Jack was in the artillery. His battery was parked along the edge of some pines which skirted the "old field"—partly grown up in persimmon and sassafras, and overrun with dewberry-briers—in which our tents were pitched. It was easily within sound of drum-call, and this consideration forestalled any scruple I may have felt as to the propriety of accepting an invitation to return with one of his mess who had spent a morning in our camp. It is, perhaps, due to candor also to mention just here that something which had been said concerning "*pies* for dinner" was even more potential in determining my acceptance.

If we concede that no man can be a hero to his valet, it will readily be seen that my first impression of Jack held in it nothing of epic suggestion. When we arrived at the fire which defined, somewhat vaguely, the local habitation of his mess, he was in the midst of his toilet—a preliminary to dinner which was less an empty tribute to conventionalism than a necessary feature of the transition from public to domestic functions. In his enlisted capacity as driver in the battery, Jack had lately performed a similar office for a pair of horses, and it being furthermore his cook-day in the mess, without squeamishness, something was due to the occasion, as emphasized by pie-crust, to say nothing of invited company! What my first glance took in was a slender figure, bare to the waist, stooping forward and scrubbing energetically while a comrade poured a trickling stream of water from a canteen upon the nape of his neck. Dingy, threadbare trowsers of gray Virginia cloth, adorned with a stripe of faded "Turkey red" down the outside seams, hung bagging from his gaunt hips, and constituted his only visible attire. At the mention of my name, he straightened up, wrung the water from his face and hair with both hands, and hastily drying the right on a rough towel, extended it in greeting with perfect *aplomb*, a good-humored grin and a twinkle in his bright dark eyes attesting the while his recognition of the humor of the situation. Apart from the last-named feature, it was a face in nowise very remarkable, yet fairly typical of the class of which I have chosen him as the representative. He was evidently still in his teens, with but a faint foreshadowing of adolescent beard on lip and chin—not enough to conceal unsightly black dots about the corners of the mouth, which bespoke an undue proportion of ration bacon and soda biscuit in his diet, and possibly the too frequent substitution of tobacco for both food and rest. Other evidences of hardship already undergone were to be seen in the incipient lines as yet faintly sketched rather than graven upon the forehead and about the eyes, in the pallor beneath the sun tan, which imparted a tinge of sallowness to his complexion, and, beyond all, in a general nervous look, as of dissipation or of overwork, not easy to define. For the rest, a clean built young fellow enough, though somewhat low in condition; deep in the chest, thin in the flank, and going off fine and bony toward the extremities—the form which turfmen love to see in a horse which they have backed heavily for "the four-mile heats."

While I noted these observations as to his *personnel*, he had completed his toilet by the addition of a shirt of faded calico, arranging his lank, wet locks with about three inches of comb, taken from his pocket, and surmounting them with a cadet cap of the same color and material as his trowsers—a smart head-piece originally, no doubt, but now dingy and soiled, and so shrunken out of its pristine proportions by many rain-soakings and sun-bakings that it was only kept in its place by the expedient of passing the chin-strap behind the back of the head. As an indication of the social grade of the wearer, this make-up did not count for much, certainly, nor could it be said precisely that his language gave the clew. That, while grammatical enough, was replete with the slang of the camp, and, moreover, was garnished with such irrelevancies as the care of horses, superadded to the military calling, proverbially engenders. But there was an easy, off-hand alertness in his manner, which, apart from all extraneous token, told of breeding—of that indefinable something whose every manifestation is an unconscious sign of freemasonry to the initiated, while it has ever in reserve some test to which the most studious counterfeit is at a loss to respond. I did not then know how bravely the good Scottish stock of which he came had borne itself in the wars of the covenant; still less did I dream how worthily this "slender scion" was destined to uphold the honor of his name and lineage—but I anticipate; without such testimony, and even in defi-

A CAMP TOILET.

ance of much that was adverse, it was still manifest, almost at a glance, that this shabby and barefoot young cannoneer was a "son of somebody."

There was little enough in the aspect of our group there under the pines to call to mind the tragic things of war, and even the military character of the party might have escaped an unpracticed eye; saving the tethered horses of the battery, a fragment of uniform here and there, and especially the absence of the gentler sex, the occasion might easily have been mistaken by a novice for a picnic of a primitive sort. The larger front taken up by the parked guns permitted a roominess in the domestic arrangement of my companions quite distinctive, and in agreeable contrast to our crowded infantry quarters. A wide frontier of unoccupied territory environed each mess, and kept its privacy inviolate, though the battery men, more progressive than we of the line, had risen above the superstition which includes tents among the essential articles of its belief. These points I noted while Jack and his associate busied themselves with culinary preparations, and the rest of us sprawled upon the fragrant matting of "pine chaff," smoking and swapping yarns, drawn for the most part from recent experiences of the campaign. An abundant seasoning of "horse-talk" imparted a novel and complex interest to the circumstances of the others—easily understood by every boy who has—as what boy has not?—enjoyed the delightful society of grooms and stablemen. I became profoundly interested in a discussion touching the draught qualities of the "off-sider in the swing" of number three caisson as compared with those of the "near wheeler" of piece two; gained much useful information as to the

sanitary effect of green clover forage, and followed the history of a galled shoulder or of an obstinate case of scratches as a young mother might hang upon the utterances of matrons of longer standing in matter of teething or croup. Then, too, the familiar way in which they spoke of their formidable arm was re-assuring, while it gave them no slight prestige in my eyes, accustomed as they were to the contemplation of these grim war-dogs from another point of view—on the wrong side of their muzzles. I found myself rapidly falling in love with the "red artillery" facings, and inwardly devising ways and means whereby a transfer might be compassed.

"Oh! you'd better be at home with the girl who loves you dear,
Than be risking your life as a bold cannoneer!"

parodied Jack, to the air of the "Assembly," when some admission of my hankering at last escaped me.

I objected that it was not a question as between the society of the young lady thus generously provided and the accidents of war; and that, since I must risk my life in any case, I would prefer to take my chances "as a bold cannoneer," to dying with harness on my back.

"Speaking of harness," retorted Jack, "reminds me of horses. When you fellows get through with your day's march, there you are! You don't have to feed and water and rub down a pair of dirty brutes, before you can think of your supper."

"But only the drivers have that to do; and then, the horses pull you and the guns. You are better off than we are, tramping all day with a musket on our shoulders."

Jack paused in the act of rolling out crust with an empty bottle on the lid of a cracker-box, pushed his cap back with the elbow of a floury arm, and assumed a less devout attitude, as he replied:

"If you'd seen us coming through Williamsburg, on the retreat from Yorktown, may be you'd have gotten a wrinkle or two as to that riding business. Horses up to the girths in mud, no two of them pulling together; axles dragging, and the whole detachment tugging at the wheels! You see, we carry *our* guns by 'right shoulder *shove!*'"

He grinned enjoyment of what was a stock joke, evidently, as he cut out a disk of the pastry with the lid of a tin pail, and proceeded to fill in his pie from the contents of the vessel itself.

This picture was far from alluring, but I still demurred:

"I don't see what use your horses are——"

Cue for another "old reliable." Jack suspended the operation of stamping an intaglio ornamentation upon the seam of an apple-turnover with an old friction-primer, and his eyes twinkled appreciation of a fresh audience, as he replied:

"What use? Oh, well, you see they have to carry the harness. We don't expect more than that of them nowadays, poor devils! Why, they even talk about not letting us pack our blankets on the limbers and caissons any more! As for riding on the ammunition chests, that's a youthful illusion we've outlived—a memory of the happy days gone by, when we dwelt in tabernacles and drew coffee rations, and when this old cap was new," perorated Jack, in a melodramatic voice, while he applied the last-named souvenir of the past to the practical and present use of lifting a hot oven from the fire for the reception of his pastry.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, with a change of manner, as he distributed some tin plates, cups, and spoons, and set the steaming camp-kettle before us, "the bill of fare consists of *soupe à la Commission Sanitaire*, of our own importation from the United States, with crackers kindly supplied for this festive occasion by the courtesy of General McClellan's commissary; to be followed by a collation of dried-apple pies and genuine coffee, with 'long sweetenin'.' You may as well commence firing on the first course while the pies are baking. Pass up your plates; you with cups can dip for yourselves. It's as hot as Hades,"—only Jack put it rather less classically.

Somebody says the perfection of dinner-society is to be found in a military mess. However this may be in the general sense, it is certain, at least, that this particular dinner stands apart in my memory from all others, as a pronounced success. The wit, like the more material part of the entertainment, might have been choicer in kind; but in neither respect were our appetites too fastidious. The combined crop of all our chins would barely have furnished a decent beard, and we looked at all things with the complacent vision of youth, which finds each day too full of enjoyment to leave room for prospective trouble. "Why should we be melancholy, boys?" Had we not just beaten the enemy? Was not "the demoralized remnant of his 'grand army' cowering under the protection of his gun-

JACK.

boats, its vaunted commander even now clamoring for reënforcements"?—here was the Richmond "Examiner" for it! We did not exactly carry Malvern Hill, to be sure; but there were good reasons, and—in short, we had whipped them, could do it every time, and were veterans and "bully boys" henceforth. The proof of the pudding was here, under our very noses; how else should we be dining on Yankee portable soup, luxuriating in pies sweetened with Yankee sugar, and washing down this dainty repast with coffee—*genuine* coffee, mind you, none of your wretched rye decoctions? The conclusion was self-evident.

So, with feast and fun and mutual admiration, interspersed with much offering of nicotian incense, the hours sped along. The sun's rays fell more and more aslant through the stately pines, making lanes of brilliant color on the chaff-strewn ground, touching out the groups in strong effects of light and shadow, and blazing here and there on tire or trunnion in the parked battery beyond. A bugle brayed out clear and resonant above the subdued murmur of the camp, and broke the spell of our after-dinner *dolce far niente*. To linger longer would be indiscreet, and there were personal reasons, in the imminence of the evening parade, demanding my return. So, with cordial invitations to call again, I took my leave and bent my quickening steps homeward, where the buzzing of drums already admonished me that a certain name would presently require an owner, "present or accounted for."

* * * * *

A year had passed since the day I dined with Jack's mess among the pines below Richmond, and it was again midsummer. The event of Gettysburg was two days old, and still the blue lines of our old adversaries held fast on Cemetery Ridge. Our division had opened the battle and been heavily engaged on the first, but had borne no part in the furious fighting of Thursday, which we heard but could not see from our position in reserve, near the Chambersburg road. Toward evening, however, we had been moved rapidly to the right, to aid Longstreet's attack upon the Round Top, but arriving too late, had bivouacked after dark upon our arms, in utter ignorance as to our locality, or the state of affairs. The ground in our front sloped gently upward to a low ridge, thinly wooded, and crowned by a ruined stone-wall, which, while affording some slight protection from the enemy's shot, also screened from our view his position and the intervening valley, where the morning mists, still reeking with the fumes of yesterday's conflict, were already breaking into billows and rifts. Away to the right, the rugged crown of Round Top rose frowningly, like an island, out of this vaporous sea—silent, dark, and formidable, keeping well the ghastly secrets

AN ARTILLERY DUEL.

of its rocky slopes. Along the crest in front, we could descry vaguely, through the openings in the timber, silhouette forms of artillery in position, and upon the gentle acclivity nearer at hand were limbers and caissons, without their teams; their square outlines and somber hue giving them a look indescribably ominous in the gray, uncertain light. A desultory cannonade to feel our position had been our reveillé, but as our guns had no ammunition to waste in reply, this had gradually died out, but now, as the "awful rose of dawn" bloomed more and more ruddy in the eastern sky, and the fog lifted in the valley, the skirmishers there were getting to work; the dropping, irregular reports came up to us with a muffled sound and at ever shortening intervals. As we had learned from experience to consider this a strictly normal symptom, significant of nothing imminent of direct interest to us, we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable according to the conditions about us—mainly in the direction of breakfast. Water was the first essential, and there was none at hand, and while the details from each company were dispatched to fill the canteens, we improved the time by throwing up a slight breastwork of fence-rails, stones, and turf—for the prudent foresight of men grown wise in the ways of war discounts every risk, and though "neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door," our defenses might prove handy for the stoppage of a stray shrapnel ball or fragment of shell. In the intervals of this occupation, a few of the more curious among us sauntered from time to time toward the front, to have a look at the enemy's position, and to pick up such scraps of information about yesterday's fighting as the artillerymen could furnish.

Suddenly there was a stir among the groups upon the crest, and all our reconnoitering party came trooping down the hill with far more alacrity than had characterized their advance. Something was to pay in front, and without waiting for word of command, bayonets which had been on special service as intrenching tools or toasting-forks slid into their scabbards, and the disjointed fragments of our line of battle ranged themselves in order by the time the stragglers had arrived with their intelligence. Some sharp-shooters of the enemy, from the cover of a barn well in advance of their

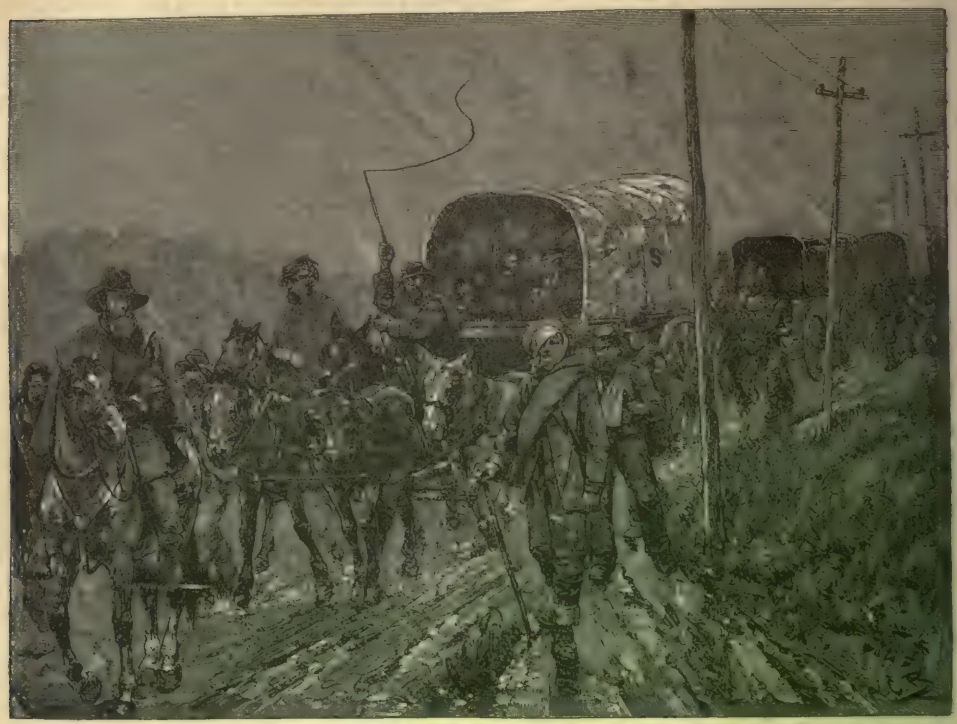
picket-line, were making it warm for our skirmishers, and a few shells were needed to dislodge them—that was all. We knew very well what the process implied, and *ventre à terre*, behind our little fortification, we awaited the issue. We had not long to wait; there was a portentous assemblage and certain mysterious movements about the gun just in front of us; then the figures broke to right and left, leaving the skeleton forms of wheels again clearly outlined against the bright morning sky. The next moment the image was effaced by dense white smoke, and the sharp report of the piece succeeded. Directly, as if it had been an echo, a sullen growl sounded from across the valley. "Look out!" was the cry, as a few seconds later a round white "powder-puff" appeared in mid-air just above the crest, and a spatter of bullets rattled down among the caissons. A line shot, and well gauged at that. It grew warm all at once, and as we hugged our trusty little dirt-pile, we had an animated scene before us. The groups about the guns met and separated with ever-increasing alacrity, disappeared, re-appeared as the smoke drifted back down the hill-side, and the sponge-heads swayed to and fro with methodical energy above them; the "powder monkeys" passed from limbers to pieces on the trot; the air resounded with the deep, metallic bellow of Napoleon guns, the sharp, cracking reports of the Parrotts, and the rush and explosion of the missiles of the return fire, and grew sulphurous and pungent with mingled dust and gunpowder. Now and then, a cheer went up from the battery men at some telling shot, the effect of which we could not see, and again, by the delay in the fire of one or another of the guns, we knew that a casualty had occurred in its service, and that a substitution was being made from among the drivers.

All at once the earth trembled with a deafening shock louder than the report of gun or shell; a thick, hot, white ring shot straight up into the air, as if the mouth of the bottomless pit had opened before us; shapeless fragments of wood and iron were hurled high above the trees and fell on all sides in an irregular shower. The lumber of the nearest caisson was a wreck; its ammunition chest had disappeared, and one wheel lay upon the blackened ground, in the midst of shells, momentarily exploding as the fuses burned down to their charges. The two near chests had escaped destruction, but threatened to follow the fate of the other, for the cannoneers had packed their personal effects upon the seats and foot-boards, and some cotton shelter-tents were ablaze within an inch of their dangerous contents. Already the dry, seasoned wood was snapping and crackling as the hot flame licked around it; any one of the bursting shells might open a passage for the fire to the interior, and we gazed helpless and in instant expectation of the catastrophe which seemed inevitable. Then a buzz of half-uttered, half-suppressed exclamations ran up and down the line. A man was there close to the burning caisson; whence he came no one knew; the smoke had concealed his approach; but he was jacketless and bare-armed—an artillery-man evidently—besides, he carried a sponge-bucket in his hand. With his back toward us, he was fighting the fire at close quarters; we saw him tear away the blazing tents and throw them behind him; then with his hollowed palm he bailed the water from his bucket—coolly and carefully, not wasting a cupful—all along the ignited portion of the chest, remaining at his perilous post until the last spark went out in hissing steam.

And then our pent-up excitement found vent. Such a cheer burst from our ranks as must have been heard in the Federal line from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, for never in mid-charge did the brigade give tongue with a better will or more sonorously. As he started back up the hill to his gun, the plucky cannoneer turned, acknowledged the tribute with a wave of his free hand and a saucy shake of his head, and I caught a glimpse of his face—it was Jack!

* * * * * *

The great battle had been fought and lost; the tide of Southern invasion, which had poured through the mountain passes and surged northward to the Susquehanna, had touched its high-water mark; and now, freighted with *débris*, which the war billows had gathered in their shock against Cemetery Ridge, the ebbing current set steadily toward the Potomac. An interminable throng of wagons, ambulances, worn-out horses, and wounded men choked the highways leading southward, and ever passing, still came and came. All arms of the service were there commingled without distinction: hundreds of Stuart's troops, dismounted or rendered temporarily unserviceable for active duty with their commands, and driving or leading their broken-down chargers, were marching afoot, as train-guards; but by far the greater part of this doleful procession bore slung arms, or bandaged heads, or



THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

hobbled painfully as they went, while the transportation was taxed to its utmost capacity for the conveyance of the more severely wounded. A dismal rain had been falling since the day after the battle, and still the low, gray, spongy clouds showed no break overhead; on either side the short, dreary perspective of drenched fields ended in driving mist, or in a dull blur of wooded hills; the incessant travel had cut and churned the road into a muddy paste, which flowed like thin batter; through this the teams, with dripping girths, plodded and splashed their weary way, sending showers of the hideous mixture right and left over the pedestrians toiling in single file along the narrow, slippery footpath, or by twos and threes in the fields beyond. It was a vast moving panorama of misery; the stolid farmer-folk by the road-side almost forgot their ruined harvest in the contemplation of so much suffering, and women who had come to their door-ways to see the discomfited "rebels" go by,—remembering, possibly, husbands, sons, and brothers back yonder, and as yet unheard from,—turned away from the spectacle with tears in their honest eyes.

Such a compassionate soul I had chanced upon, when about night-fall I found myself entering the little town of Greencastle, and halted for rest and refreshment at a small cottage in the outskirts. I intended to travel all night, though I had passed the night before in wet clothes, and with no softer bed than a pile of refuse iron in a corner of a farm shed, and was utterly worn-out with pain and fatigue. The motherly old lady readily acceded to my request that she would make me some coffee, of which I had a small private store in my haversack, and having assisted her granddaughter, a pretty barefoot girl of fifteen or thereabouts, to fill a bucket at the pump, I lit a pipe and sat in the open door-way smoking until my coffee should be ready. As I sat there, looking absently and languidly out into the gathering gloom and toward the road where the dusky stream of travel passed continually, I took vague account of an ambulance which had drawn out of the train and stopped before the gate. A man got down and came into the yard with some canteens, but it was only when he passed close to me on his way toward the pump, that I recognized one of my dinner com-

panions of the day among the pines—a sergeant in the battery.

"Sam!"

He turned as I came out of the little porch, and I saw that his usually cheery face was anxious and haggard.

"Hello, old fellow!—what are you doing here?" Then, with a glance at my bandage—"Ah! I see—much hurt?"

"Not very bad, thank you—how did you fellows make out?—anybody hit that I know?" I asked, with some misgiving, for his face, which had brightened a little, fell again as I spoke.

"Yes; E—— and Jack—both mortally, I'm afraid. They are out there at the gate. I want to get them over the river if I can, but I'm not sure they can hold out. Any water in that pump, do you know?"

"Plenty of it, but ——"

"Go out and see Jack. I'll come as soon as I fill these canteens. Try to cheer him up a little, if you can,—he's pretty weak with his wound, and jolting over this infernal road, but I reckon he'll know you."

The last words filled me with foreboding, but before I could ask further, my companion had left me, and I followed his suggestion. The waning gray light, and an air of funeral quiet which hung about the dingy vehicle, seemed to keep it quite apart from the vague murmur of travel only a few yards distant. The patter of the rain, falling upon its top and making little rills of clear water down its mud-splashed side-curtains, sounded with startling distinctness, and with each movement of the wretched horses, munching some green forage which the driver had thrown down before them, it creaked dolefully. Passing around to the rear of the sorry trap, I looked in. In the midst of a confusion of blankets, gum-cloths, knapsacks, and damp straw were two prostrate figures, and as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the one nearer me was Jack, now wofully altered. The dark eyes, whose merry twinkle I remembered so well, were sunken and half-closed, and all the light had gone out of them; the dry lips were drawn and rigid, and a pallor as of death was upon his face. A dark fringe of hair showed beneath the discolored bandage about his head, and from the ends of the matted and stiffened locks, one or two brownish, sinuous streaks extended downward in a ghastly tracery upon the sallow skin. But for a slight movement of his nostrils and a faint moaning as he breathed, I would have said it was Jack's corpse lying there.

I touched his cheek, and the drooping lids went up a very little way, while a weary,

GOOD-BYE!

half-fretful, half-puzzled look came into his face.

"Jack — old fellow — don't you know me?"

The eyes rested upon me for a moment with the same puzzled, querulous expression, steadied themselves at last, and the set lines of his face relaxed in a pitiful grimace which was meant for a smile. Then a yellow hand came slowly out from under the rough army blanket and feebly clasped my own. With the other he touched his lips, while he made a weary sign of negation with his head.

"He has a ball from a case-shot in his brain, and his tongue is paralyzed," was whispered close beside me.

It was my friend with the canteens, who had returned, unobserved, in time to interpret Jack's last gesture. He must have heard the words; I felt the clammy grasp upon my hand tighten a little; some plaintive, inarticulate sounds came from his lips; then, as he scanned our blank faces, the same ghost of a smile came over his own; he moved his head slowly and painfully from side to side, and his eyelids drooped again. Once more they unclosed, as we raised him to give him a swallow of water and to re-arrange the rude pillow of knapsacks and blankets under him, and I tried to say some hopeful words, which were the vainest of lip-service; but the wistful look, when I spoke to him of home, was more than I could bear, and I broke down in the effort.

The moment of our parting was at hand, —they must go on, the sergeant said, in order to try to reach the Potomac by daybreak and cross early in the morning,—but it was a reluctant farewell, for I knew Jack was journeying toward the river which flows between time and eternity. With a heavy heart I stood looking after them until the ambulance was absorbed in the confused throng and disappeared in the murky twilight.

STARS OF THE SEA.

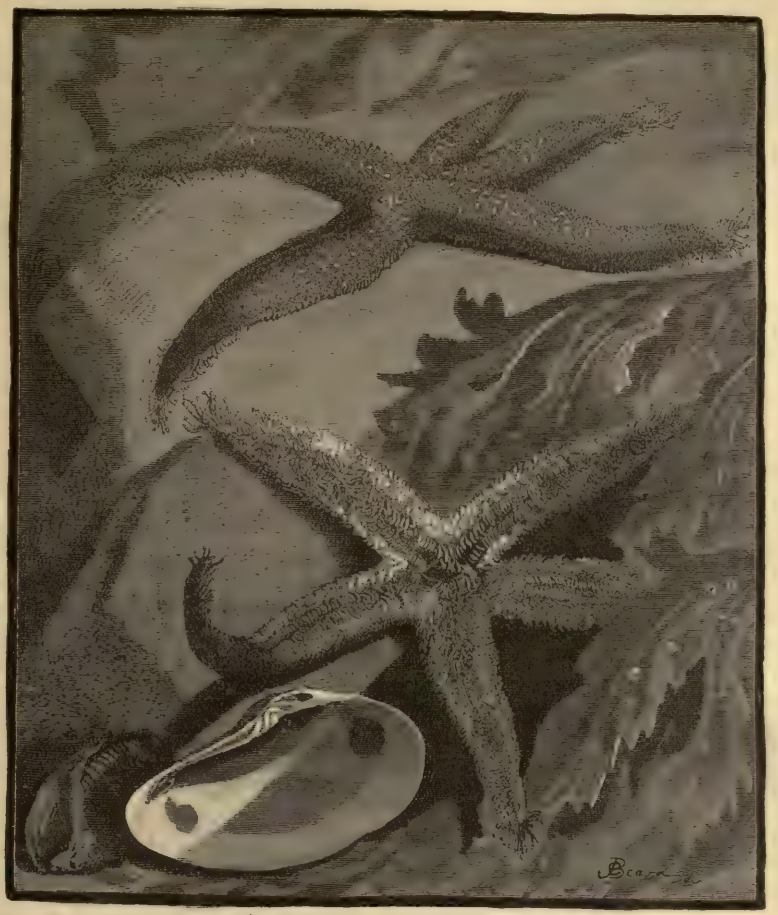
STAR-FISHES have always been objects of curiosity to visitors upon the sea-shore; but since the extension of oyster-culture in America they have become, also, of economical interest. Some account of their habits and the damage they do may, therefore, be worth the while.

The star-fish passes under various names among fishermen and oystermen. In England, he is known most frequently as the "cross-fish," "sun-star," and "sea-star." In the United States, the names most often heard are "five-fingers," "star-fish," "sea-star," or simply "star." None of these words distinguishes between the various species, except in the case of the "basket-fish" *(astrophyton)* of Massachusetts Bay. This ignorance practically does not matter to the oysterman, since all are alike his enemies to the full extent of their powers and opportunities.

The common name, as is usually the case, well describes the animal's general form. "As there are stars in the sky, so are there stars in the sea," remarked old John Henry Link, a century or more ago. From a central disk of small dimensions radiate five pointed arms, composed of a tough substance, unlike anything else flexible that I remember in the animal kingdom. "When it is warm in one's hand," wrote Josselyn, first and quaintest of America's advertisers, "you may perceive a stiff motion, turning down one point and thrusting up another." This was correct; but he adopted an error when he added: "It is taken to be poysonous."

The upper side of the star-fish presents a rough, tuberculous surface, of various dull colors, chiefly mottled greenish, or reddish-green, which, when dried, turns yellowish-brown. It is the leathery membrane covering the skeleton of the creature, which consists of limestone plates so hinged together by cartilage as to admit of a slight movement. This frame-work is like a chain-armor to protect the soft parts within the arms and underneath the body. On the lower side, this frame-work becomes a double series of larger plates, which are braced against one another like rafters, from base to extremity of each ray, and sustain the whole structure by a sort of arch. This armor is sufficiently flexible to allow the star-fish to bend itself clumsily around any object it wishes to climb upon or to grasp.

Although so tough and spiny above, underneath it is soft, except where the strong



UPPER AND UNDER VIEW OF THE STAR-FISH.

spines along the edges of each ray protect the tender parts between them. In the very center of the disk is the opening of the mouth. It contains no teeth, but is surrounded by the hard, sharp edges of skeleton-plates. From this center run five furrows, one down each of the arms.

The star-fish belongs to that great class of animal life so appropriately designated Radiates by the elder Agassiz; and throughout all the branch of the Echinoderms, whence our subject hails, the reigning number is five. "Among the problems proposed by that true-spirited but eccentric philosopher, Sir Thomas Bradoe," remarks Professor Forbes, "is one, 'Why, among Sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?' and in his 'Garden of Cygnus' he observes: 'By the same number, five, doth Nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that order and number disposeth those elegant gum-circles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog.'" Through all the subordinate anatomy of all the echinoderms runs this same mystic number, so that the total of each radiate is a sort of multiple of five; but this is a digression.

Each of the furrows I have mentioned is filled, excepting a narrow avenue down the middle, with scores of small, fleshy tubes, terminating in minute suckers. These are his "feet," in so far as that word signifies means of locomotion. He uses them in this way: On the back of the star-fish, near the center, will be seen a little sieve-like opening; it admits water to a system of internal ducts, which spread along each side of every arm, and whence minute vessels communicate with each of the little filmy sucker-tubes. These water-vessels are constantly

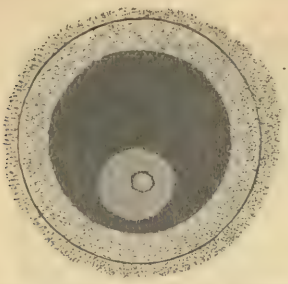


FIG. 1. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

supplied; indeed, water so fills the body, and enters so much into the size of a star-fish, that a bushel of fresh specimens will shrink to a scant peck when dried. But the creature can control the supply to the tube-feet, and when he wants to move he has only to withdraw the water from the most advanced ones, which causes the dozen or two of suckers there to attach themselves to the surface he moves upon, when he drags the rest of his body forward as far as possible. Filling the tubes with water causes their suckers to let go, whereupon he can reach forward to a new hold, and repeat the former movement. The continuous motion resulting is not an ungraceful—though a very slow—glide, which adapts itself to the inequalities of his path. He is not of an excitable disposition, and has plenty of time.

In addition to this extensive water-system, a star-fish possesses a heart, blood-vessels, probably a slight respiration, and certainly nerves, which terminate in eyes visible as red specks at the tip of each ray, and which are certainly of considerable service to him. His digestive organs consist of a mouth, a gullet, and a stomach so capacious that it cannot all be contained in the central disk of the body—large, extra, folded pouches being stowed away in the cavities of the arms, ready to accommodate any unusual

FIG. 3. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

gluttony the animal may wish to engorge, and at the same time distribute the digested food to all parts of the system. Filling most of the remaining space within the arms are the berry-like clusters of the generative organs, which here—as in other inferior animals, whose progeny must care for themselves from the very start—are of great size in proportion to the creature's bulk, so as to provide a great number of young, to offset the innumerable risks to which their infancy is subjected.

Few persons, probably, suspect that in so low a grade of beings the sexes are divided; yet this is the case in star-fishes, and Pro-

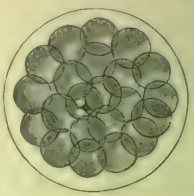


FIG. 2. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

fessor Alexander Agassiz affirms that the males and females can readily be distinguished, at least in our common New England species—the bluish ones being females, while the reddish ones are of the opposite sex. Dissection also shows ovaries to be bright orange, while male spermaries are a dull cream-color.

The two species common on the New England coast are *Asterias arenicola* and *A. vulgaris*, and though much alike otherwise, they have a very different time of spawning.

Their period of spawning comprises only three or four days in each case. The eggs of the female (as well as the spermatozoa produced by the males) find exit from the body through five very small holes in a series of large plates on the back, at the angles of the arms. Many or all of them are thence passed to the under side of the body and held there in bunches by the mother. Such of these eggs as are so fortunate as to meet with floating spermatozoa before being overtaken by destruction, are fertilized, and immediately begin a very curious progress in embryonic growth. It is believed that the star-fish mother exercises a degree of watchfulness over these eggs altogether unusual among marine animals of so low a grade. Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz relates that a gentleman of her acquaintance removed the attached bunch of eggs from a star-fish in his aquarium, for examination, and afterward put them back

FIG. 4. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

again. To his surprise, the star-fish at once crawled toward them and gathered them again into a cluster under her. Curious to test how far this apparently maternal solicitude was a reality, he again took away the eggs and put them in a distant part of the aquarium. A second time the animal spread herself over them. Once more removing the eggs to the opposite end of the tank, he set a piece of stone in front of them. The distressed mother immediately began to search for her lost treasures, and when, after circling the obstacle, she seemed to catch sight of them, she made straight for the eggs and a third time enwrapped them in her embrace. This incident is remarkable not only for the strong maternal attachment displayed, but also for the sharpness of eyesight it implies.

The larva that hatches from the star-fish's egg is entirely unlike its parent, being a ragged, transparent little creature, permeated through and through by water-tubes. It is called by naturalists *Brachiolaria*, is of microscopic minuteness, and goes bobbing and whirling through the water for several days, a prey to all the chance currents and breezes that get it into their power.

These larvæ are to be found in large numbers at night (but never by day) near the surface, among the cast-off skins of barnacles, which furnish them with subsistence. At such a time they are fit food for shell-fish, and no doubt many fall into those treacherous small currents that lead down the throats of oysters, clams, and mussels. This helps to even up the account the adult star-fishes are making in their onslaught upon the precious bivalves.

The jaunty, free-roving career of the Brachiolaria, however, is soon over. Before he knows it, he has changed his shape to a five-rayed form, and finds himself acquiring the stiff armor and dignified mien that mark his coming of age. He ceases his gay wanderings, and sinks to the bottom or crawls upon the frond of some floating seaweed. This occurs when he is about three weeks old. But now he grows slowly. By arranging the star-fishes, big and little, found upon our rocks in series according to size, Mr. Agassiz roughly estimated that it required fourteen years for them to attain their full development. During the earlier years the growth is more rapid than later. One young specimen in his aquarium doubled its diameter in five months. They begin to spawn when six or seven years old; but how long they live afterward, granting that a peaceful old age is allowed them by the treacherous deep, nobody knows. The largest in this country (or in the world, I think) are found at Eastport, Maine, and in the Bay of Fundy, where *Asterias vulgaris* has been seen three feet in diameter. South of Cape Cod, it is rare to find one more than eight or at most ten inches across.

The destructiveness of star-fishes to oyster-beds has long been recognized. Many years ago, the Admiralty Court of England laid heavy penalties on those "who do not tread under their feet, or throw upon the shore, a fish which they call five-finger, resembling a spur-rowel, because that fish gets into the oysters when they gape and sucks them out." Not only oysters, but various other mollusks, crabs, anemones, nereids, worms, and all sorts of carrion are devoured by them—for which last item they certainly deserve our thanks; they have even been caught with the hook and line, having seized the bait.

In Great Britain, some curious superstitions prevail in respect to them. For example, Forbes records that at Scarborough the fishermen call the big *Asterias auvantiaca*

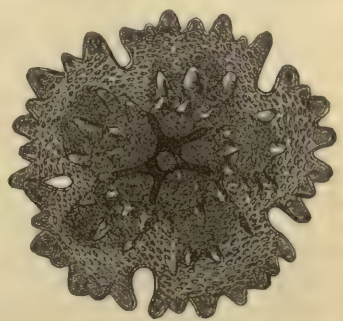


FIG. 5. IMMATURE FORM OF STAR-FISH.

STAR-FISH ATTACKING AN OYSTER.

—a very destructive species—the butt-horn. "The first taken," he says, "is carefully made a prisoner, and placed on a seat at the stern of the boat. When they hook a but [halibut] they immediately give the poor star-fish its liberty, and commit it to its native element; but if their fishery is unsuccessful, it is left to perish." In County Down, star-fishes are called Devil's fingers and the Devil's hand, and the children have a superstitious dread of touching them. The error, still widely credited, that the star-fish will painfully poison the hand holding it, is very old. Pliny, who lived during the first century of the Christian era, asserted that star-fishes "can burn all they touch," which proves he took hearsay evidence—a thing a naturalist should never do—instead of trying it himself. A writer of the Middle Ages gravely recorded that "their nature was so hot they cooked everything they meddled with." Even lately, some persons have been trying to find a hot, acrid fluid, by the help of which to account for the star-fish's success in killing his prey.

The real manner of his marauding is this: Having met with an oyster, scallop, or other thin-shelled mollusk,—and young ones are preferred because their armor is weak,—the star-fish folds his five arms about it in a firm and deadly grasp. Then, protruding the muscular ring at the entrance of his stomach out through the circular opening in the under side of the body, he seizes the thin, newly grown, posterior edge of the shell, which oystermen call the "nib" or "bill," and little by little breaks it off, using the hard rim of the mouth and the aid of the neighboring suckers in this operation. An entrance is thus speedily made into the mollusk's stronghold. Into this breach the burglar pushes the distensible mouth of his stomach until it can seize upon the body of the occupant. The consumption of this first morsel begins at once; no animal is more economical of its powers in eating, for the star-fish here combines biting, swallowing, and digesting in one act. As fast as the poor oyster or scallop's body is drawn within its folds, the great stomach is pushed farther and farther out of its own shell and into that of the prey, until at last, if the mollusk be a large one, the pouches are withdrawn from the rays, and the sea-star has substantially turned himself inside out. I have seen one, disturbed at his feast, whose everted stomach was half as large as my fist; but he quickly retracted it into safe keeping, though not without the loss of most of his dinner. Young and small oysters, however, are enveloped, shell and all, in the distended stomach, the soft parts being dissolved out, and the hard crust thrown away.

When oysters first began to be cultivated and the star-fish manifested itself as an enemy, the oystermen used to save all they caught in their tongs or dredges, and pile them in a corner of their boats until evening. Then they would collect them into small packages, and draw a cord around each lot tightly enough to cut through it. This done, the remnants were cast overboard, and considered done for. But this was altogether a mistake, as presently was found out. Five out of six of those frag-

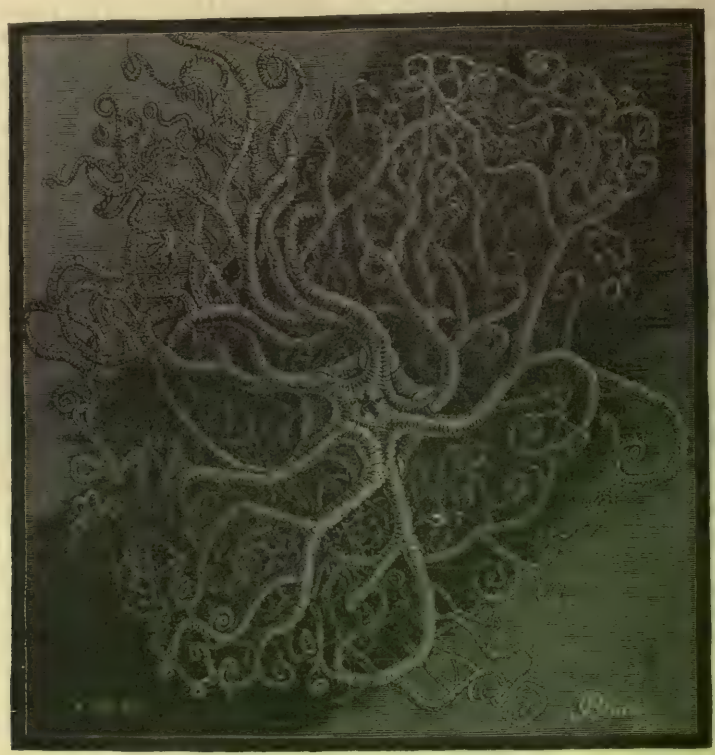
ments not only retained life, but renewed the lost parts and became active again. Thus, instead of diminishing the pest, these men were directly increasing it, since they were making two or three new star-fishes out of every captive. It was a case of multiplication by division, which may be an invariable paradox in mathematics, but is by no means always one in zoölogy.

Star-fishes often lose one or more of their rays, and reproduce them. Forbes figures one where four out of the five arms had been broken off in some way, and had just begun to be replaced, giving the animal, with one full-sized limb and the rest only little stubs, the appearance of a spike-headed bludgeon. Indeed, there are certain members of the family, dwelling in all seas, known as Ophiurans, or snake-armed sea-stars, which are liable to commit apparent suicide and dissolution—hurling themselves all to pieces the instant they are disturbed. This fragility belongs, also, to a few larger forms on foreign coasts, and is humorously described by Professor Forbes, in his account of the "lingthorn" *(Luidia fragillissima)*. Having been cheated out of a previous specimen by its breaking to pieces, Forbes took with him, on his next collecting expedition, a bucket of cold fresh water, to which article star-fishes have as great an antipathy as did Falstaff's crew. He says:

"As I expected, a Luidia came up in the dredge—a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded, in the most gentle manner, to introduce Luidia to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not; but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair, I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm, with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

The brittle-stars, as the Ophiurans are well named, cause great trouble on the French and English coasts. They are described as congregating in armies on the borders of scallop-banks. It is a most curious sight to see a large dredge-load of them emptied on the deck—the little creatures, writhing with the strangest contortions, creeping about in all directions, and often flinging their arms in broken pieces far from them. Their

ASTERIAS VULGARIS, REPRODUCING RAYS.



THE BASKET-FISH (ASTROPHYTON).

snake-like and threatening attitudes are by no means relished by the boatmen, who have a half-superstitious dread of them. The cod-fish finds brittle-stars an important article on his bill of fare.

Star-fishes avoid both mud and clean sand, when they can, and are to be looked for on rocky coasts, where submerged reefs afford plenty of craggy points for them to cling to, and crannies which shall prove hiding-places, both for the animals they feed upon and for themselves. Beds of jingles or amber-shells *(Anomia)*, deck-heads *(Patella)*, limpets, and other rock-loving mollusks, are strongholds of star-fish life. Thence, when oysters are planted in the neighborhood, they recruit their forces for an attack upon them, and have even been known to essay successfully so seemingly impregnable a victim as the quahaug. It is north of Sandy Hook, however, that the harm to oyster-beds occurs. Southward of that point they are few in numbers, and confined mainly to the mussel-beds in the inlet, through the outer reaches, while the oysters occupy the inland sounds and shallows, whose muddy bottom is hated by the marauder.

At Eastport, Maine,—and, indeed, all along the eastern half of the Maine coast,—every attempt to grow oysters, or even to leave them under water during the summer, to keep fresh for the fall trade, has proved ineffectual, solely because of the hordes of giant star-fishes, which ate them up almost as fast as they could be laid down. All along that coast, and in Massachusetts Bay, are to be found enormous beds of extinct oysters. The cause of their extinction has been the source of much speculation; but I am not sure that the ancestry of these same troublesome star-fishes could not give us a good explanation of the matter. They are fully capable of perfecting a ruin which hydrographic changes may have begun or helped along.

South of Cape Cod, however, where oysters spawn and grow naturally, and beds of cultivated oysters, also, are raised both from eggs and from transplanted "seed," the star-fish finds his best feeding-grounds, and consequently is found in the greatest abundance.

Buzzard's Bay, Narraganset Bay, Providence River, the whole of Long Island Sound, and the East River are infested with them. The south shore of Long Island and Raritan and New York bays are less afflicted, but do not want any more; and the known damage done from Staten Island to Cape Cod every year will probably amount to over one hundred thousand dollars, not to speak of all harm on the sly which cannot be traced directly to their doors.

Their attacks vary with different years, and occur under diverse circumstances; but a steady increase in their numbers has been observed wherever oyster-growing is carried on. This might be expected, in view of the enormous addition to their food thus provided. At intervals of a few years, moreover, an excessive invasion of star-fishes occurs. Such a sudden and disastrous visitation came to Providence River, Rhode Island, about 1860, and "burnt up everything," as one of the sufferers told me—not only ruining completely all the oysters in a large district, but causing the total abandonment of that part of the river for several years. The only two men who escaped were one whose beds went dry at low water, so that he could set men to picking up the enemy; and another planter, who had supposed himself already ruined by a gale which buried his oysters under drifting seaweed, until a second lucky storm uncovered them before they had died out, and he found they had been protected from the five-fingered thieves. In the general scarcity that ensued, these two men made large profits; but the losses to the rest from that one raid probably aggregated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no end to it, indeed, until a heavy fall of rain and snow so freshened and chilled the river as to kill the pests all off.

Similar traditions exist all along the "Sound" coast, and the oystermen stand in constant dread lest the regular army of the enemy they daily fight may at any time be reënforced, from some invisible quarter, to an extent which shall render resistance vain. In 1878, for example, after some rough and gloomy weather in the latter part of October, a planter at Pocasset, Mass., discovered that the star-fish had seized upon his bed under cover of the storm. Taking an eel-spear as a weapon, he forked up from the shallow water two thousand five hundred by actual count within the next two days, and later, five hundred more. In spite of this, they ate on his beds alone three hundred bushels within a week. Adding what his neighbors suffered, he estimates the sudden loss entailed in that locality at between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars. I have heard it said that the Narraganset beds lose fifty thousand bushels of oysters annually to feed the pestiferous sea-stars.

It is in the latter part of the summer and in early fall that this chiefly occurs. The star-fish themselves are then done with spawning and have renewed their vigor, and the young of all sorts of mollusks, crabs, and other prey abound upon the shore and invite to an easy repast.

It is believed all along the shore, in order to account for the sudden, unforeseen appearance of these hordes of star-fishes in the midst of an oyster-bed, that they come rolling in from the deep sea in a compact ball, all clinging tightly together. This ball may be as big as a barrel, sometimes, and is rolled in by the force of the tide. When it strikes the feeding-ground it goes all to pieces, and the individual members at once begin to forage by seizing what is nearest. I discredited the truth of this statement—though it behooves science not to be *too* arrogant in disputing laymen's statements of alleged facts—because I never could find an actual witness of such a phenomenon. The nearest I have come to it was the statement of Captain Eaton, at New Haven, that he once loaded his boat by hauling in a cylindrical roll of star-fishes clinging solidly together. This "string," as he called it, was a foot in diameter, he said, and so long that they did not get it all. How much of this wide-spread belief is "yarn," and how much fact, I cannot judge; there are arguments for possibility, if not probability, in favor of it. The only reference in books, that I am aware of, to anything of the sort, is Forbes's quotation of a French writer (1825), who says that on the French coast, when the tide was out, and while two or three inches of water remained on the sand, "he saw balls of *Asterias rubens*, five or six in a ball, their arms interlacing, rolling out. In the center of the balls were *Mactra stultorum* [a large clam] in various states of destruction, but always unable to close the valves, and apparently dead."

The only offsetting value in this pestiferous star-fish, that I am aware of, is its usefulness as manure, for which purpose those dredged by oystermen are now saved. More are secured for this purpose in Great Britain and France than here.

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-YACHT.*

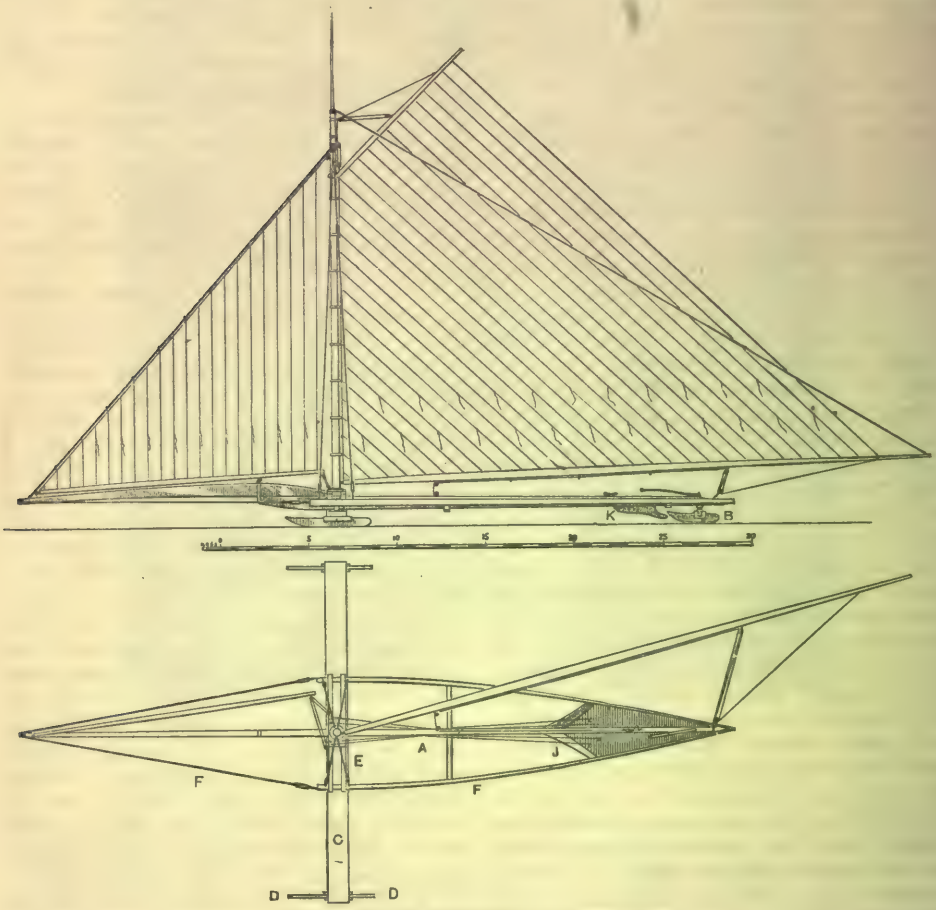


FIG. 1. PLAN AND ELEVATION OF AN ICE-YACHT.

THE construction of an ice-yacht is quite simple, but no craft requires a nicer balance of parts, better materials, or more thorough workmanship.

The Hudson, undoubtedly, has now the finest ice-yachts in the world, after an expenditure of about thirty thousand dollars in building them during the past fifteen or twenty years. The accompanying working drawings represent one of the best yachts of this region; and as the pages of a magazine do not admit drawings large enough to be a sufficient guide in themselves, a full and accurate description of its various parts is added. As no two yachts are alike, there is room for variation in some particulars that will be explained farther on. Her various timbers, of light, strong wood, are beveled and tapered wherever they can be without producing undue weakness, and the irons and other parts are all neatly proportioned. As the principal timbers are subjected to severe strains, they are not often notched or cut to let in other parts; and all the joints are accurately fitted. The chief timbers of an ice-yacht are arranged in the form of a cross, to which some braces are added to strengthen the whole, and support the spars; and a large skate is placed under each end of the T. Her general appearance is shown in Figure 1, where A represents the center-timber; B, the rudder under the

* See "Ice-Yachting on the Hudson," in SCRIBNER for August (1881), for a picturesque and popular treatment of this subject.—ED.

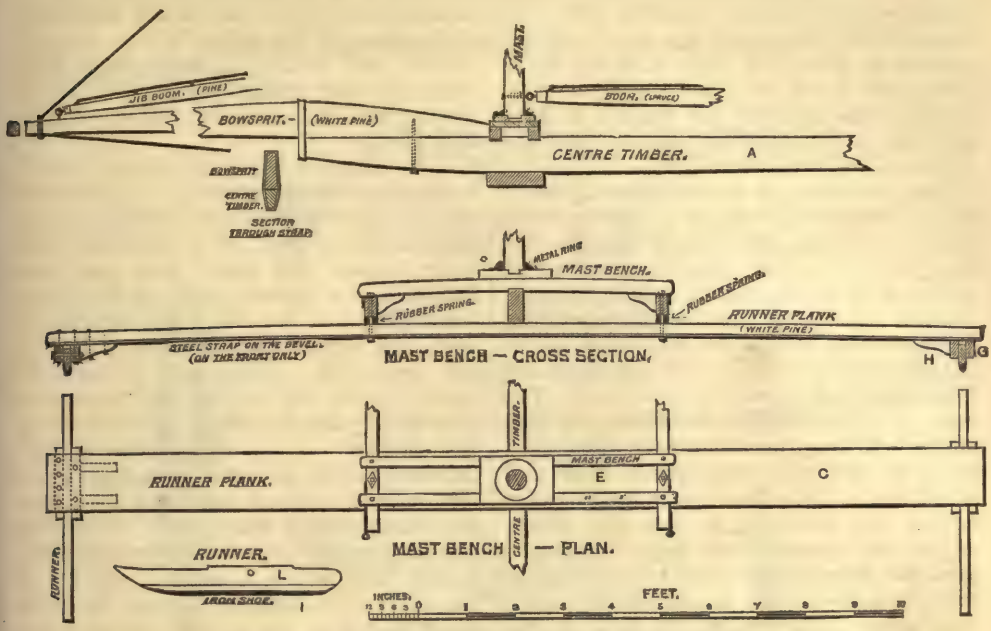


FIG. 2. PLAN AND ELEVATION OF MAST-BENCH AND RUNNER-PLANK.

stern; C, the runner-plank, with the runners, D D, under the ends of it; E, the mast-bench, to support the mast and bind the frame together; and F F, the side-rails, meeting at the deck, or box, at the stern.

The center-timber, A, of white pine, is twenty-six feet nine inches long; distance from center of runner-plank, or of the mast-step, to center of rudder-hole, twenty feet five inches; distance from outside of stern to rudder-hole, one foot eleven inches. On the under side it is three and a quarter inches thick from the stern to the runner-plank, then tapers to one inch and a half at the forward end. On top, it tapers from three inches and a quarter at the mast-bench to two inches and a quarter at the forward point of the box, and to one inch and three-quarters just forward of the top plate at the rudder-hole. Besides this beveling of the sides, it is tapered in depth each way from the mast-bench, the curve being on top toward the stern, and on the bottom forward of the mast-bench; eight and three-quarters inches deep at the mast-bench, eight inches at the forward point of the box, five inches and a half at the rudder-hole, and six inches at the forward end under the bowsprit.

The runner-plank, C, is made, generally, of spruce, or strong white pine, but ash is better; length, nineteen feet three and a half inches; distance from center to center of the runners, eighteen feet six inches; from center to center of side-timbers, six feet six inches; width, one foot two inches; thickness in center, three inches and a quarter; at ends, three inches; it is cut from a five-inch timber to give it an arch of one inch and a half on under side; the front lower corner is beveled, and sometimes faced with a light iron strap; it is sometimes covered on top with canvas glued on and tacked along the edges.

The chocks, G, for holding the runner-skates, are of white oak, one foot six inches long, two inches thick, and four inches deep; the outer one is held to the plank by four wood-screws, five and a half by one-half inch, or else by carriage-bolts; the inner one is fastened by two such screws passing through the tenons of the braces, H; these braces are eight and a half inches long, two inches thick, and three inches and a quarter deep at the chock. They are let a quarter of an inch into the plank, and mortised into the chocks and held by three-eighth inch screws. And all these joints of the chocks and braces must be very carefully fitted and glued, for they meet with great strain. The skate, or runner, D, is held between the chocks by a five-eighth inch bolt seven inches long, passing through the chocks two inches and a half below the plank; it passes through the

skate two inches and a quarter below its top, and one inch abaft the center of the bearing or sharpened edge of the shoe, I. The plank is cut out a quarter of an inch at the edges between the chocks, to give the runners a chance to play up and down four inches at the forward end.

The skates are a very important part of the ice-yacht. The wood of the runner-skates, L, of white-oak, is four feet eight inches long, two inches thick, and four inches and a half deep at the center. Although their shape is a matter of taste, yet the rise of the forward curve should be gradual, to allow the skates to pass easily over obstructions. This curve is shod with an iron strap. The shoe, I, of cast-iron, is four feet one inch and a half long, one inch and three-quarters wide next the wood, and one inch and a half deep. Both the forward and the after curves rise gradually in flat, not sharp, edges; the forward curve begins ten inches from the nose or point, the after one about three inches—in each case measuring along the curve. The shoes are held to the wooden part of the skate by four five-eighth inch bolts, tapped into the shoe; they are respectively three inches, five inches, five inches, and five and a half inches long, beginning with the after screw. The sides of the shoe descending from the wood are beveled to produce a width of about three-quarters of an inch at a point about three-eighths of an inch above the bearing edge. From there the bevels, each about half an inch wide, descend to the sharp edge, and meet at an angle of one hundred and five degrees—a little more obtuse than a right angle. The sharp edge, which is about two feet eight inches long, has a curve or rock of at least one-eighth of an inch, and the flat surfaces of the rising curves very gradually narrow as they descend to the edge. The bevels of the cast-iron shoe are planed straight, of course, and the curves of the edge are finished by filing and whetting. The edge should be keen enough to readily scrape a shaving from the back of a finger-nail. Every first-rate ice-yacht has two sets of runners—one very sharp, and the other blunter, but smooth on the edge. For a blunt runner runs rather better than a sharp one in a light wind and on soft ice; and a sharp runner goes better on hard, smooth ice and in a strong wind.

A sharp rudder-skate is needed on every kind of ice. After the skates have been used awhile, they show where the curve can be reduced or increased, to give a better bearing than can be had at the first filing. If the edges of the skates be true, properly curved, and exactly parallel, each skate, when the boat goes straight, makes only a single fine line, scarcely visible on hard, black ice.

The mast-bench, E, of ash or oak, is made of two pieces: the length of the forward one is about six feet nine inches; the after one is a little shorter, as the side-rails converge toward the stern; they are three inches and a quarter thick at the center, three inches at the ends, and three inches wide, and arched one inch and a half on the under side. They are let into the center-timber half an inch, and fastened to it by a six by one-half inch lag-screw in each; and fastened on top of the side-rails by a half-inch bolt at each end. The bench, one foot wide, is covered amidships by a two-inch black-walnut piece called the crown, eighteen inches long by eleven and a half inches wide, which is screwed on top of the bench. A block is screwed on to the center-timber to fill up the space between the halves of the mast-bench and make a solid, level bed for the mast-step. This crown has some beads or moldings turned on its upper surface about the center, to surround the mast-step, and give it a finish. As the mast is held up by the shrouds, the step is only one inch deep,—a square hole in the crown.

The bowsprit, of white pine, is seventeen feet seven inches long; depth at the mast-bench three and one-fourth inches, at the end of the center-timber nine inches, and at the forward end four inches. Its width on top is three and one-fourth inches at the mast-bench, tapering to three inches at the end; and on the under side it is three and one-fourth inches wide along the center-timber, and tapers to three inches at forward end. It has an arch of one and one-half inches on the under side, and the forward end drops three inches, so that its upper side here is on a line with the top of the center-timber. It is mortised into the mast-bench and held to the center-timber by a twelve by five-eighths screw, and by an iron band one and one-fourth inches wide by three-eighths of an inch thick. Each of the bowsprit shrouds, of three-eighths of an inch iron rod, is welded to a flat strap one-half inch thick by one and a half inches wide and six or seven inches long. These straps are each bent square, so as to meet in the center of the end of the bowsprit, being let into the wood. They are then held by a cast-iron

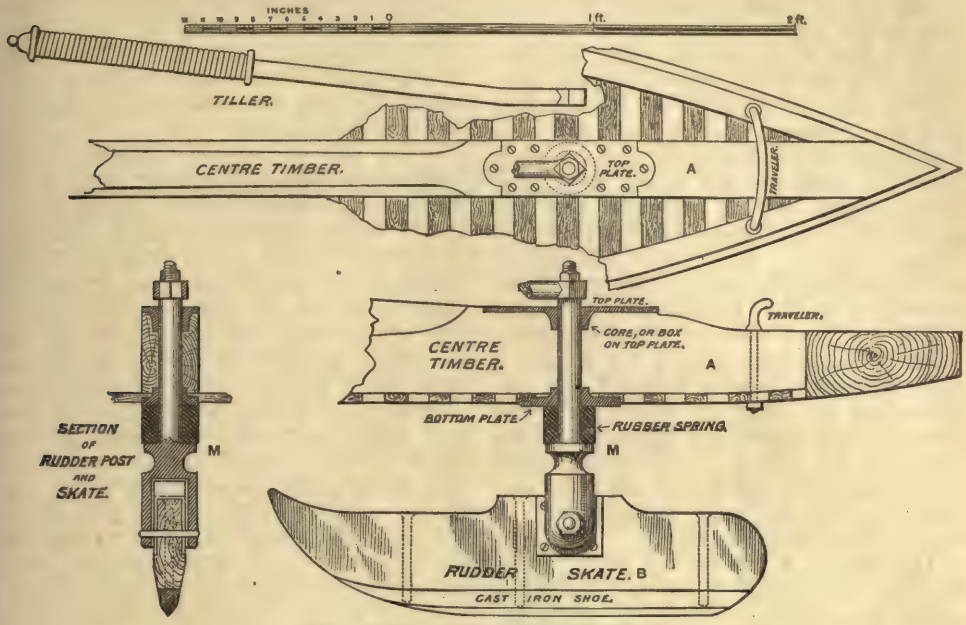


FIG. 3. DETAIL OF STEM AND RUDDER-SKATE.

cap, which covers the end of the bowsprit. The bowsprit is stiffened by a spreader for the shrouds and the jib-stay. The arms of the spreader are welded to a collar or band slipped on the bowsprit; or, the spreader may be fastened to the bowsprit by a rod passing through it and resting on the jib-stay, passing aft under the bowsprit.

The after ends of these shrouds pass through an eye in the end of a strap two feet long, two inches wide, three-eighths of an inch thick, which is screwed on to the outside of side-rail and covered with the casing.

The side-rails, of pine, cased on the outside with black-walnut or butternut and a spruce bead, are twenty-three feet one inch long; the thickness from forward end to the outer corner of the box is two and one-fourth inches; on top, from this point to the after point of the box, it is one and one-eighth inches thick, beveled on inside; on the under side, at this outer corner of the box, it is one and five-eighths inches thick, and tapers to one and three-eighths inches at the stern. The depth at the mast-bench is four and one-fourth inches; at the outer corner of the box, four inches; at the stern, three and one-half inches. Each side-rail is fastened to the runner-plank by a bolt one foot four and one-half inches long by seven-eighths of an inch. A brass-top plate with a thimble for passing this bolt through is let into the top of the side-rail. Another plate or strap of iron, one-fourth of an inch thick, two and one-fourth inches wide, and two feet one inch long, is put on the under side of the side-rail, to which are fastened the eye-bolts for the shrouds, the bolts holding the mast-bench to the side-rails, and through which passes the bolt holding the side-rail to the runner-plank. A pattern of this plate is readily made while building. Put under the rail a piece of one-fourth inch stuff, of the right length and width, and bore the holes for the eye-bolts, etc., through the rail and pattern. The pattern may then be sent to the machine-shop for an exact guide in making the plate. A washer protects the under side of the runner-plank from the nut of the latter bolt. A three-inch by three-inch round rubber spring surrounds this bolt between the plank and the rail; or a more solid arrangement is to raise there a block of rubber to extend clear across the runner-plank. If no rubber spring be used, a block of wood on top or underneath the side-rail builds up between the runner-plank and the end of the mast-bench. The side-rails are strengthened by an ash brace half-way between the forward end of the box and the mast-bench; it is generally two and one-fourth inches wide, one and one-fourth inches thick at the center, and one inch thick at the ends. It is screwed on (not let in) the bottom of the center-timber and the side-rails.

The box or deck is nine feet six inches long on the center-timber, and one foot six inches wide at the corner, inside measurement. The floor is alternate strips of five-eighths inch red cedar or black-walnut and pine (without beading), one and one-fourth wide, running straight across. They are let in flush with the under side of the center-timber and the side-rails; they are put on with screws, and the ends are covered with the casing. The curved bulkhead, J, of black-walnut (steamed) or butternut, flares or inclines forward; it rises about seven and a half inches up the center-timber, against which it is screwed, and it fits against a slight shoulder beveled outward and forward from the lower and inner edge of the side-rail. Its upper edge projects over the side-rail to the casing. The floor is screwed to its lower edge, and it is made solid and firm, to stiffen the stern of the boat. A hair-cushion covers the floor.

The jumper, K, is an oak prong under the floor and center-timber, to prevent the rudder from catching on the edge of the ice when the boat jumps a crack or some other obstruction. It is two feet one inch long, of which one foot three inches is the straight bearing part on the floor. The lower side of the prong is seven inches below the floor. It is two and a half inches wide or thick on the floor, and one and three-fourths inches at the end of the prong. Its lower front side is shod with a half-inch half-round band of iron at each edge. It must not interfere with the point of the rudder, and the prong must be so low that the point of the rudder cannot drop below it.

The under side of the floor is provided with an arc of oak half an inch thick by two and a half wide, placed above the point of the rudder, so as to receive the blows from this when it is suddenly thrown upward by rough ice.

The wood of the rudder-skate, B, of white oak, is two feet five inches long, five and a half inches deep, two inches thick. The cast-iron shoe is two feet and one-half inch long, one and a half inches deep, one and three-eighths inches thick. Its bevels are the same as those of the runners; the bearing edge, one foot three inches long, begins six inches from the forward end of the shoe, and has a curve of one-eighth inch. It is held on the wood by three five-eighth bolts tapped into the shoe. The wood has a square plate of one-quarter inch iron set in flush on each side; and the skate is pivoted snugly between the jaws of the post by a pin passing through these plates, two inches below the top of the wood and plates, and one inch abaft the center of the sharp edge of the shoe. The forged rudder-post is nine inches long above the shoulder, M, and one and three-eighths inches in diameter; it is one and five-eighths inches in diameter just below the shoulder, M. The shoulder is two and three-fourths inches in diameter. The jaws are three inches long in the clear inside, with a spread of two inches to hold the wood snugly; they are half an inch thick in the center, and about two inches and a half wide; the whole is turned up true, and a square head made to fit into the tiller, and a nut on top. The pivot for the rudder passes through the jaws about two and one-eighth inches from their top, to allow the point of the rudder to play up and down about seven inches below the floor, or drop two inches below a level line. The shoulder or the skate can be filed off to secure this play. A rubber spring, two inches and a quarter deep by three inches in diameter, is placed on the shoulder, with an iron washer above and below it. A top-plate of brass with a thimble, on the center-timber, and also a bottom-plate of iron with a thimble on the floor, give the rudder-post firm and snug bearing. As the top-plate, of a diamond shape, six inches long by two and five-eighths inches wide, is let into the center-timber where it slopes down to the stern, the hole for the rudder-post must be bored on a corresponding slant. The tiller, two feet nine inches long, and one inch in diameter near the post, increases in depth toward the end, to take a secure hold of the square head of the post. It may taper toward the handle, which is wound with cord.

The rigging of an ice-yacht is as important as the skates, for if the sails are not flat and properly balanced, she will be a slow and unmanageable craft. The sloop-rig is the most common; but the cat-rig is occasionally used. The lateen-rig was tried with very promising success the past winter. The sail was hoisted between a double mast rising from the ends of the mast-bench and meeting aloft as the legs of the letter A. The masts must be high enough to allow the yard on the head of the sail to fall off as much as the boom does; and yet the sail must not sag much on to the masts. The boom and yard are linked together; the boom is made fast, either at its forward end to the end of the bowsprit, or else at the mast-bench. The long boom may be stiff-

ened by spreaders, but they are found to be unhandy attachments. The frame of such a yacht may consist of only a strong center-timber, a bowsprit, and a runner-plank; and wire-rope stays may run from the stern to the ends of the runner-plank, and forward to the end of bowsprit, to stiffen the whole. The mast would rest on the plank, and the box would be built on top of the center-timber. This rig, presenting a single surface of canvas that can be kept uniformly flat and trimmed close, enables the yacht to point very close to the wind, and to obtain the full power of the wind without back drafts.

For the ordinary sloop-rig of the yacht previously described, the mast is twenty-two feet six inches long, five inches in diameter at the foot, four and a half inches at the rigging,—which is three feet below the head,—and three and a quarter inches at the head, which is ferruled or hooped. The mast is not shouldered for the rigging; a couple of hounds are put on. The topmast, four feet long, fits into a two-inch hole in the mast-head. The boom is thirty-two feet ten inches long, two and a half inches thick at the ends, and five inches vertically in the middle. In all the spars the vertical diameter is greater than the horizontal—in the proportion of five to four—the point being downward. They have a walnut ribbon, or jack, to which the sails are laced. The blocks are of lignum-vitæ, with brass sheaves and patent bush. The boom is held to the mast by two (three-eighth inch iron) eye-bolts; the shanks of each are square; that going into the boom is ten inches long. The gaff is ten feet five inches long with the jaws, two inches thick at the ends, and three inches vertically at the thickest part. The jib-boom is held to the bowsprit by two eye-bolts; that going through the bowsprit has a collar two and a half inches from the eye, to keep the jib-boom up off the bowsprit. It is sixteen feet two inches long, two and a quarter inches thick at the ends, and three and a quarter inches, vertically, at the thickest part. The jib-stay, starting from the mast-head, or the band of the peak halyard-block, passes through a hole in the bowsprit four inches from the end. The jib-sheet passes through a hole in the mast-step, and runs aft. The cleats for the halyards and sheets may be either just forward or just abaft the bulkhead. Usually the throat-halyard and jib-sheet are on the port side, and the peak and jib halyards on the other.

The standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire-rope, one-half inch in diameter, galvanized; and it is rigged with ordinary turn-buckles. The iron-work is generally covered with silver-bronze powder, dusted on to varnish when it has dried enough to be sticky.

The dimensions and shapes of the sails are shown in Figure 1. The lift of the mainsail is one foot, that of the jib six inches. The canvas must be much heavier than that used for a sail of the same size for water-craft. Number six duck, single-bighted, is the best; number eight also is used. The sails, when furled, are protected by canvas covers.

The best order of operations in building an ice-yacht is: set up the center-timber, put on the side-rails and mast-bench, put in the bulkheads; turn the frame over and put on the floor, turn it back and put on the casings, fit on the bowsprit; true up the runner-plank on one edge and see that there is no wind in it, fit it on the side-rails, square across the center-timber, the ends being equally distant from the rudder-hole; put on the inside chocks for the runners, square across the plank; make the runners and lay them against the chocks; they must be carefully adjusted to be parallel with each other by laying a straight-edge or other stick across from one to the other, first at the forward end of the sharp edge of the shoe, and then at the after end of this edge; when they lie true, against the inside chocks, put on the outside chocks so that the skates are held snugly but can be swung a little up and down. The rudder and rigging are then completed. The easiest way to ship and unship the mast is to turn the frame—without the plank—on its side, then the mast can be stepped and rigged in a horizontal position; she is afterward righted and put on the runner-plank. In storing an ice-yacht, take down the spars, unship the rudder, runners, and runner-plank; the frame, then quite flat, is put on even bearings, to keep its true shape. The runner-plank is laid on its top, with a block under each end to prevent it from twisting or losing its arch. The shoes are coated with varnish, or blue ointment, to prevent rusting.

The ice-yacht here described is one of the medium size, belonging to the first class: length over all, fifty feet ten inches; width between runners, eighteen feet six inches; area of sails, five hundred and thirty-eight and a half square feet; weight, complete, eight hundred and fifty pounds; thickness of clear-water ice required to run

her, four inches. Mr. Jacob E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., builds such a boat for four hundred and fifty dollars. There are larger boats, one of them having these dimensions: length over all, sixty-eight feet ten inches; width between runners, twenty-five feet seven inches; weight, complete, two thousand three hundred and sixty pounds; area of sails, one thousand and seventy square feet; thickness of ice required, seven inches. One of the smallest size has a length of thirty-four feet five inches over all, a width of eleven feet three and a half inches, and carries two hundred and forty-eight square feet of canvas.

There are, of course, still smaller ice-boats, cobbled together by boys out of whatever odd pieces of stuff they can collect. The largest ice-yachts are the fastest and the steadiest in their motions; but they require more outlay, more ice, more men to handle them, and more trouble generally. It is, therefore, generally conceded that small yachts—say from fourteen to sixteen feet length of frame—afford the most amusement, by running on thinner ice, being more readily pushed in a calm, by requiring only a couple of men to put them on or off the ice, and, in short, by being more convenient in many ways. And as many persons would not care to build so expensive a yacht as these large ones, I add here the dimensions of a small yacht, suited to the average conditions, and a few hints about some different and some cheaper ways of building. Some men do not desire an ice-yacht to be very light; they prefer the above yacht to weigh eleven or twelve hundred pounds, instead of eight hundred and sixty pounds. They say that the momentum of a heavy boat carries her through calmer currents of wind and rough places on the ice; and that she thus sails faster, even in light winds; but on very short tacks she does not get headway so quickly. Those who favor lightness say that they can add ballast or passengers in heavy winds, and have her light in light winds, to push and handle. As far as one can judge, the question is still unsettled, but the majority of sailors prefer light yachts. Most of the boats built heretofore have round sterns; but the pointed stern, considered the strongest and cheapest, is less likely to bear on the ice when the yacht heels over or "lifts" very much. The radius of the round stern for the above yacht is ten inches and a half to the outside, with the rudder-hole as the center; the side-rails are twenty-one feet three and a half inches long from the forward end to the center of the lap-joint, about opposite the rudder-hole, by which the semicircular piece forming the stern is joined to the side-rails; the center-timber is twenty-five feet eight and a half inches long. The mast-bench may be a straight two-inch pine-plank instead of two arched pieces; the side-rails may be of the same depth and thickness from bench to stern; a chock or brace may be placed on the under side of the side-rails, to bear against the after edge of the runner-plank and relieve the strain on the bolt holding the side-rails to the plank; a simple eye-bolt may be used instead of a traveler for the main-sheet block at the stern; a back-stay may be placed about three feet six inches abaft the runner-plank; a truss can be screwed on top of the center-timber if this prove to be weak; or it may be strengthened by passing a rod from the forward end of the timber, under the plank, and attaching it in front of the jumper. One of the latest improvements is a bobstay of half-inch wire-rope, running from a hook let in under the band or cap at forward end of the bowsprit, passing through a groove in an oak block screwed to the under side of the runner-plank, and made fast to a hook on the center-timber just forward of the jumper. This bobstay, by keeping the bowsprit from lifting, keeps the jib-stay taut. Many yachtsmen desire the whole craft to be stiff enough to be lifted by the bowsprit without springing the latter perceptibly; but in most yachts the bowsprit will spring up about six inches when the yacht is lifted by it. There should be considerable spring in the runner-plank; the wider the side-rails are apart, the thinner the runner-plank may be.

A smaller yacht is of the following general proportions, the details and methods of construction being the same as those already given, and some allowance being made for the decrease of size: length of the center-timber twenty-one feet seven inches; length from outside of stern to the rudder-hole, twenty-six inches; length from rudder-hole to mast-step, fifteen feet; length from mast-step to forward end, four feet; thickness on bottom, three inches. It tapers on the upper edge from three inches at the mast-bench to two inches just forward of the rudder top-plate. It is eight inches deep at mast-bench; seven inches and a half at forward point of box; five inches and a half at rudder-hole; and six inches at forward end. The runner-plank is fourteen feet six inches long, four-

teen inches wide, and two and three-quarters inches thick in the center. The distance between runners is thirteen feet six inches; distance between side-rails, five feet. The chocks are eighteen inches long, two inches thick, and four inches deep. The braces are nine and a half inches long, one and three-quarters inches thick, and three inches deep. The wood of the runner-skates is four feet six inches long, one and seven-eighths inches thick, and four inches and a half deep at the center. The shoe is four feet long, one and three-quarters inches wide, and two and a half inches deep. The mast-bench is about five feet three inches long, and three inches thick at the center; the bowsprit twelve feet six inches long, three inches deep at mast-bench, six inches deep at the end of the center-timber, and three and a half inches deep at forward end. It is as thick on the bottom as the top of the center-timber along this timber, and tapers to one and seven-eighths inches thick at forward end. The side-rails are three and a half inches deep, and one and three-quarters inches thick at the forward end; they taper in depth to two and seven-eighths inches at the box, to two and a half inches at the stern. The jumper is twenty-four inches long. The wood of the rudder-skate is twenty-eight inches long, three and a half inches deep, two inches thick. The shoe is twenty inches long. The rudder-post, etc., are of the same dimensions as those of the larger yacht. The tiller is thirty inches long. The mast is twenty feet long, four and a half inches in diameter at the foot; the boom is twenty-four feet long, gaff, ten feet, the jib-boom, eleven feet six inches long. The mainsail is twenty-three feet on the boom, nine on the gaff, fifteen on the hoist, and twenty-eight on the leach. The jib is sixteen feet six inches on the hoist, and eleven feet on the foot.

THE MISFORTUNES OF BRO' THOMAS WHEATLEY.

He is our office-boy and messenger, and, my senior tells me, has been employed by the firm in this capacity for about thirty years. He is a negro, about sixty years old, rather short and stout, with a mincing, noiseless gait, broad African features, beautiful teeth, and small, round, twinkling eyes, the movements of which are accompanied by little abrupt, sidewise turns of the head, like a bird. His manner is a curious mixture of deference and self-importance, his voice a soft, sibilant whisper, and as he was born and bred in Alexandria, Virginia, it seems almost superfluous to add that he and the letter "r" are not on speaking terms.

He has a prominent characteristic, which always attracts attention at first sight. This is the shape of his head, which is immensely large in proportion, very bald, and so abundant in various queer, knobby excrescences about the forehead and sides, and so unnaturally long and level on top, that for some time after I made his acquaintance I could never see him without finding myself forming absurd conjectures as to whether his cranium and the hydrostatic press could ever have become acquainted at some early period of his life; and so strong is this association of ideas that, even now, his sudden appearance invariably suggests to me the study of natural philosophy. Poor fellow! his chagrin was great when this peculiar conformation of his skull was first brought to his notice. He had been telling me for some time past of the "splendid piccha" he had had "took," and I had been promised a sight of it just as soon as it arrived from the photographer's. I confess I had not been sanguine as to the result, although I knew a handsome portrait was confidently expected by the sitter. One morning he deposited the photograph before me.

"Hello!" I cried, taking it in my hand; "here you are, hit off to the life."

"Do' say *that*, Mist' Dunkin, *do*' say hit. seh," he replied, in a tone of deep mortification. Then, catching a glimpse of the picture, his ire broke forth: "Nevvah wuz like *me* in de wueld," he cried, in an elevated key; "nevvah *wuz* ha'f so ugly ez that. I'm—I'm a bettah-lookin' man, Mist' Dunkin. Why, look at de color of de thing," contemptuously. "Cain' tell de face f'om de coat. I nevvah set up to be what you'd call *faih*-cumplectid, but disha things iss same is that thaih ink; jess iss same. My hade do' look that a way, neitha; Naw, *seh*, 'taint s' bad 's that."

"Why, Thomas," said I, "*I* think it a very good likeness—the complexion *is* a

little dark, to be sure, but do you know I particularly admire the head. Look at that forehead; any one can see that you are a man of intellect. I tell you it isn't every one who can boast of such a forehead."

"The—the 'mahk you make 'bout me, has been made 'fo'; I may say, has been made quite frequent—quite frequent; on'y lass Tuesd'y fohtni't, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins—a promnunt membeh of ouh class (that is, Asba'y class, meets on Gay street), Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins, she ups an' sez, befo' de whole class, dat she'd puppose de motion, dat Bro' Thomas Wheatley wuz 'p'inted fus' speakah in de nex' 'Jug-breakin' an' Jaymiah's Hamma,' by de i-nanemous vote of de class. I'm clah to say I wuz 'stonished; but ahta class wuz ovva, Bro' Moss tole me de 'p'intment wuz made jes' f'om de 'peahunce of my hade, 'Cause,' he sez, 'no man cain't be a po' speakah with sich a fine intillec' which we see expressed in de hade of Bro' Thomas Wheatley,'—but, same time, I knowed all time de fus' motion come f'om Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins,—she's a ve'y good friend o' mine, Sistah Ma'y Ann Jinkins—thinks a sight o' me; I 'scohts heh to class ev'y Tuesd'y—ev'y Tuesd'y, sine die."

"You do? What does your wife have to say to that?" I asked, maliciously.

He stared at me an instant, then replied:

"My wife!—oh—oh, Law bless yoh soul, seh, *she* do' keeh. Bro' 'Dolphus Beam, *he* sees ahta heh: you see, seh, she's l-o-n-g way 'moved f'om Asba'y class; 'twont admit none but fus'-class 'speience-givvahs in Asba'y, an' my wife she wa'n't nevvah no han' to talk; haint got de gif' of de tongue which Saul, suhname Paul, speaks of in de Scripcheh—don't possess hit, seh."

"She must be a very nice person to live with," I remarked.

"Well, y-e-es, seh," replied Thomas, after reflecting awhile. "I haint got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse; she's quite, an' ohdaly, a good cook, an' laundriss, an she's a lady,* an' all that, but sh' aint not to say what you'd call a giftid 'oman."

"Like Sister Mary Ann Jinkins, eh?"

"*Egg*-zac'ly, seh. Mist' Dunkin, you put hit kehrec', seh. Ailse haint possessed with none of the high talence, cain't exhoht, naw sing with fehveh, naw yit lead in praieh; heh talence is mos'ly boun' up in napkins—as Scripcheh say—mos'ly boun' up in napkins; foh I do' deny she kin do up all kines o' table-linen, she kin indeed. Naw, seh, I cain't say I got nuth'n' 'g'in' Ailse."

He was, I think, the worst manager of finances that I have ever known. He cleaned all the offices in our building, and earned, as near as I could estimate, about thirty-five dollars a month. Three of his four children were self-supporting, and his wife was honest and industrious, taking in washing, and getting well paid for her work. Yet, he was perpetually in debt, and his wages were always overdrawn. Whenever I came into the office after my two-o'clock lunch, and found him seated on his wooden chair, in the corner, gazing absently out at the dingy chimneys opposite—apparently too abstracted to observe my entrance, I knew I had only to go to my desk to find, placed in a conspicuous position thereon, a very small, dirty bit of paper, with these words laboriously inscribed upon it: "Mr. Dunkin Sir cen you oblidge me with the sum of three dolers an a half [or whatever the sum might be] an deduc thee same from mi salry i em in grate kneed of thee same yours mos respecfull thomas wheatley."

The form was always the same, my name in imposing capitals and the remainder in the very smallest letters which he could coax his stiff old fingers to make, and all written on the tiniest scrap of writing-paper. I think his object was to impress me with his humiliation, impecuniosity, and general low condition, because as soon as he received the money—which he always did, I vowing to myself each time that this advance should be the last, and as regularly breaking my vow—he would tiptoe carefully to the mantel-piece, get down his pen and ink, borrow my sand-bottle, and proceed to indite me a letter of acknowledgment. This written, he would present it with a sweeping bow, and then retire precipitately to his corner, chuckling, and perspiring profusely. He usually preferred foolscap for these documents, and the capitals were numerous and imposing. Like the others, however, they were invariably word for word the same, and were couched in the following terms:

"MR. DUNKIN
SIR I have Recieved thee Sum of Three Dolers an a half from Your hans an I Recieve thee same with Joy an Grattetude. Yours respecfull
"THOMAS WHEATLEY."

I said his applications for money were always granted. I must, however, make an

* A virtuous woman.

exception, which, after all, will only go to prove the rule. One bright morning he met me at the office-door, his face as beaming as the weather. He hardly waited for me to doff my overcoat and hat, when he announced that he had bought a second-hand parlor organ the evening before, on credit, for seventy-five dollars, to be paid in installments of twelve dollars and a half each. He had been very hard up for a month past, as I had abundant occasion to know, and it was therefore with a feeling rather stronger than surprise, that I received the announcement of this purchase.

"But you haven't fifty cents toward paying for it. And what on earth can you possibly want with a parlor organ? Can you play?—can any of your family play?"

"Well, naw, seh," scratching his head reflectively. "I cain't say they *kin* not to say *play*"—as if they were all taking lessons, and expected to become proficient at some not far distant day. "In fac', seh, none on um knows a wued o' music. I didn't mean, seh, I didn't 'tend the—the instrument fu' housekol' puhpasses—I—I 'tended hit as a off'in' to ouh Sabbath-school. We—we has no instrument at present, an' ——"

I am afraid I uttered a very bad word at this juncture. Thomas started, and retired in great discomfiture, and I thought I had made an end of the matter, but that afternoon I found the small scrap of paper on my desk—really, I think, with a little practice, Thomas might hope to rival the man who goes about writing the Lord's Prayer in the space of half a dollar. My name was in larger capitals, the rest in smaller letters, than usual, and I was requested "to oblidge him with the sum of twelve dolers an' a half." I knew then that the first organ-installment was due, but I think it needless to add, his application was refused. About a week afterward, I learned that the Sabbath-school was again without a musical instrument, the organ having been pawned for twenty dollars, Thomas paying ten per cent. a month on the money. It was so with everything he undertook. Once he gave me elaborate warning that I must furnish myself with another messenger at once, as he was going to make a fortune peddling oranges and apples. Accordingly, he bought a barrel (!) of each kind of fruit, sold half at reasonable rates, and then, the remainder beginning to decay on his hands, he came to me, offering really fine Havana oranges at a cent apiece.

"I'm driffin' 'em off et coss—driffin' 'em off et coss," he whispered, speaking rapidly, and waving his hands about, oriental fashion, the palms turned outward and the fingers twirling; this peculiar gesture seemed intended to indicate the cheapness of his wares. "Dey coss me mo'n that; heap mo', but I'm faih to lose um all now, en I'm driffin' 'em off, sine die."

After that, some dozen or more of the large wholesale houses engaged him to furnish their counting-rooms with lunch, and he began with brilliant prospects. He brought his basket around to me for first choice. Everything was very nice; a clean new basket, covered with a white cloth, wherein lay piles of neatly arranged packages done up in letter-paper, with a strange-looking character inscribed upon each.

"What do these letters mean?" I asked, taking up one of the packages, and trying in vain to decipher the cabalistic sign upon it.

Thomas chuckled.

"Oh, that's to show de kine of san'wich dey is, Mist' Dunkin. You see, seh, I got th'ee kines—so I put 'B' on de beef, 'H' on de *hahm*, an' I stahtid to put 'H' on de hystehs, too, but den I foun' I couldn't tell de *hystehs* f'om de *hahm*, so den I put 'H I' on de hystehs."

"Oh, I see," said I, opening one of the "hysteh" packages. It was very good; an excellent French roll, well spread with choice butter, and two large, nicely fried oysters between. I ate it speedily, took another, and, that disposed of, asked the price.

"Ten cents, seh."

"For two!"

"Yes, seh; fi' cents 'piece."

"Why, Thomas," I exclaimed, "you mustn't begin by asking five cents apiece; you'll ruin yourself. These things are *worth* at least twice as much money. Why, I pay ten cents for a sandwich at an eating-house, and it doesn't begin to have as good materials in it as yours. You ought to ask more."

"Naw, seh; naw, seh; Mist' Dunkin; as' less, an' sell mo'—that's my motteh. I have all dese yeah clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock—clean sole out 'fo' two 'clock."

I interrupted him, asking the cost of each article, and then proving to him by calculation that he lost money on each sandwich he sold at five cents. But I could not convince him—he received the twenty-five cents which I insisted on paying him with many expressions of gratitude, but he left me reiterating his belief in "quick sales and small

profits." "Be back yeah clean sole out by two 'clock, sine die," he exclaimed, brightly, as he departed.

This venture brought him six dollars in debt at the expiration of a fortnight, and after that, by my advice, he abandoned peddling, condemning it as a "low-life trade," and agreeing to stick to legitimate business for the future.

One of his famous expressions, the most formidable rival of *sine die* (which, as the reader has doubtless discovered, he intended as an elegant synonym for *without fail*), was entirely original—this was, "Granny to Mash" (I spell phonetically), used as an exclamation, and only employed when laboring under great mental excitement.

As I was proceeding homeward one evening, I spied him standing on a street corner, holding forth to a select assemblage of his own color, who were listening to him with an appearance of the profoundest respect. His back was toward me, and I stopped and caught his words without attracting observation. He had assumed a very pompous, hortatory manner, and I could well believe he held a prominent position in Asbury class. "Yes, gentlemun; yes," he was saying, "ez Brotheh Jones 'mahks, I *do* live in a ve'y *su*-peeiaw at-mos-pheeh—suh-roundid by people of leahnin', with books, pens, blottehs, letteh-pess, *en* what not, ez common ez these yeah bricks which I see befo' me. But thaih haint no trueh wued then ev'y station has its hawdships, gentlemun, en mine ah not exemp', mine ah *not* exemp'.

"Fus'ly, thaih's the 'sponsebility. W'y, this yeah ve'y mawnin' I banked nigh on to a thousan' dollehs fu' de young boss. En w'en I tell you mo'n two hundred stamps is passed my mouth this yeah blessid evenin', 't will give you some slight idee of the magnitude of the duties I has to puffawm. W'y, gentlemun, I is drank wateh, an' I is drank beeh, but my mouth haint got back hits right moistuh yit."

The day of the 20th of July, 1877, was very quiet. We had heard, of course, of the "strikes" all over the country, and the morning papers brought tidings of the trouble with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad employés at Martinsburg, but no serious difficulty was apprehended in Baltimore.

That afternoon I was detained very late at the office. I intended beginning a three weeks' holiday next morning, and was trying to get beforehand with my work. My senior was out of town, and Thomas and I had been very busy since three o'clock—I writing, he copying the letters. After five, we had the building pretty much to ourselves, and a little after half-past five, the fire alarm sounded. The City Hall bell was very distinctly heard, and Thomas—who had finished his work and was waiting to take some papers to the office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for me—took down a list of the different stations, to ascertain the whereabouts of the fire.

"1—5," he counted, as the strokes fell; "that makes fifteen, and that is," passing his finger slowly down the card, "that is Eastun Po-lice station, cawneh—naw, *on* Bank street. On Bank street, seh."

I listened an instant.

"1—5—1," I said, "151; it isn't fifteen."

Another five minutes elapsed, while he searched for "151," I busily writing the while.

"Hit's—w'y, Lawd-a-massy! Mist' Dunkin, hit's fu' de milinte'y."

"Let me see," said I. "Yes, so it is; but they only want them to go to Cumberland. There's a strike there, and the strikers are getting troublesome."

He made no reply, and as the bells ceased ringing soon afterward, I resumed my work, which kept me busy until seven o'clock. I then placed the papers in an envelope, and took up the letters.

"Be sure you see the Vice-President himself, Thomas," I said. "You know him, don't you?"

Receiving no reply, and turning to ascertain the cause of his silence, I saw he was leaning out at the open window, gazing earnestly northward toward Baltimore street.

"Thomas! Thomas!" I shouted.

He heard me at last, and withdrawing his head, apologized for his inattention.

"I thought—I heehed sup'n nutha like a hollehin' kine of a noise, an'—some guns, aw sup'n, an' I wuz look'n' to see, but thaih don't 'peah to be nuthin' goin' on."

"They're mending the railroad on Baltimore street," I said. "I suppose that is what you heard." And I gave the papers into his hand, repeating my directions: "If the gentleman is not there, don't leave them on any account. I'll wait here until you get back—but go first to the post-office and mail these."

He wrapped the papers carefully in his handkerchief, placed them in his vest-pocket, and started off.

After he left, I leaned my elbow on the

dusty window-sill and lounged there awhile, watching him as he trotted busily down the deserted street; then, rousing myself, I stretched my weary limbs and set about arranging my desk, closing the safe, etc. At last everything was put in order, and I seated myself in an arm-chair, rubbing my cramped fingers and wrist, and afterward consulting my watch, more for something to do than to ascertain the time, which the clock on the mantel-piece would have told me.

Only quarter-past seven, and he might be detained until half-past eight. I leaned back and closed my eyes. How still and hot it was! I believe I was the only human being in that whole long block of big buildings on that July evening. Everything was as quiet as the typical country church-yard. I had a lethargic sense now and then of the far-off tinkle of a car-bell. I could catch a distant rumble from a passing vehicle a block or two away. And, yes, I *did* observe the presence of a dull, continuous drone, which proceeded from the direction of Baltimore street, but just as I sat up to hearken, some one passing whistled, "Silver Threads among the Gold," the melody tracing itself upon the stillness like phosphoric letters in a dark room. I listened with vivid interest, but the tune presently grew fainter, faded, and was dissolved into the dusk, leaving me lonelier than before, and too sleepy to give my attention to the strange hum, of which I again became dully conscious. It is tiresome work waiting here with nothing to do, was my last drowsy thought, as I folded my arms on the desk, and rested my head upon them, to be aroused by a knocking at my door.

"Come in," I called.

The door creaked on its hinges, and somebody entered. I waited an instant, when an adolescent voice of the colored persuasion asked:

"Do somebody name Mist' Dunkin live here?"

"Yes. I'm here; what do you want?"

"Dey wan's you down-y street."

I stretched myself, reached mechanically for a match, and lighted the gas, which disclosed a small yellow boy, standing in the door-way, some fright and a good deal of excitement in his aspect. I then detected that he had something important to tell, and that his errand was a source of gratification to him.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, after we had stared at one another.

"Aint yer yeared nuth'n' 'tall?" a shade of contempt in his tone.

"No, what is there to hear?" I asked, rather irascibly.

"Dey's a big fight down-town; de folks dey done tore de Six reggimen' all ter pieces, an' dey's wuk'n' 'long on de Fif' now."

"Whereabouts?"

I started up, and got on my hat in an instant.

"Dey's et Camd' street depot, now. Ole colored gentlemun he's ben hurtid, an' sent me atter you."

It did not take half a minute to lock the door, and we proceeded down-stairs together.

"He's down yere on Eutaw street," continued my informant. "Dey's fightin' all 'long dere—I come nigh gittin' hit myself—*he* gimme ten cents to come tell yer—may be he's done dade now," he added, cheerfully, as we gained the street, and began to walk.

"Dey fet all 'long yere," was his next breathless remark, made some time later. We were now proceeding rapidly up Baltimore street, as rapidly, at least, as people can who are pushing against a steady stream of agitated humanity. "Dey fawr'd a bullet clean through de Sun-paper room," pursued the boy, "an' dey bust up dem dere winder-glassis ——"

Pausing involuntarily to look, I caught stray scraps of additional information.

"Twenty-five people killed."

"As many as that?"

"Oh, yes; fully, I should say. The Sixth fired right into the crowd, all along from Gay to Eutaw street."

"Well, I hear the Sixth are pretty well cleaned out by this time, so it's tit for tat."

Then—

"The Fifth must be there now ——"

"The Fifth?—what are they—two hundred men against two thousand?—Lord knows how it will end. I hope this old town wont be burnt, that's all." The boy, listening, turned fearfully around, looking with distended eyes into mine. "Come on," I responded, and we spoke no more until we reached Liberty street. Then, all at once, above the street-noises—the rumbling of fugitive vehicles, the jingle of street-cars, and the hum of excited voices—rose a deep, hollow roar; a horrible sound of human menace in it, which was distinguishable even at that distance. The boy pressed closer, clutching timidly at my hand.

"Is yer—is yer gwine ter keep on?" he faltered. "De ole gentlemun, he 'lowed puticler you wa'n't to run no resk 'count o' him."

"Where *is* he?" I asked. "In the thick of it?"

"No, sir; he's lay'n' down in a little alley—clean off d' street."

"Come on, then; you'll have to show me where it is. I wont let you get hurt."

When we first wheeled into South Eutaw street, I was conscious of an almost painful stillness, more noticeable after the tumult of confused sounds from which we had just emerged. The houses on either side were fast closed, doors and windows. Some of them were even unlighted, and not a vehicle was in sight. The street was partially unpaved, where new gas-pipes had been laid, and piles of paving-stones were heaped on the edge of the sidewalks. The place seemed deserted.

But presently, far down in the immediate vicinity of the depot, I perceived accumulated a dense, dark mass, like a low-hanging cloud, from which a low, hoarse murmur seemed to proceed. It swayed slightly from side to side, with the inevitable motion of a large crowd, while at the same time it kept well within certain bounds. We walked quickly along, block after block, without encountering a single soul. I had been so engrossed with the dark, muttering pulsation in front, that I failed to attend to the sounds from behind, until the boy, jerking my hand, bade me listen to the drum. I heard it then plainly, as soon as he spoke, and the approaching tramp of disciplined feet was soon after distinctly audible. I turned and looked. The Fifth regiment was marching down the middle of North Eutaw street, having not yet crossed Baltimore street, the drum corps in front, the colors flying, and crowding the sidewalks on either hand was a motley van and body guard, consisting of street loafers and half-grown boys, who had come along to see the "fun," and whose sympathies were plainly with the rioters. The foremost of these soon reached the spot where I stood, and as I drew aside to let them pass, I heard a *gamin* say to his neighbor:

"I say, Bill, these yere putty little soldier-boys hadn't better make ther las' will an' testyment—aint it?"

"I dunno 'bout that," replied the other, a veteran of fourteen, who was chewing tobacco, and whom I recognized as a certain one-eyed newsboy. "These yere men hez fought in the late war, yer see, plenty of 'um, an' you bet they don't carry no bokays on *ther* bayonits."

As the column advanced, I glanced anxiously toward the human sea down yonder. At first, no additional movement could be detected, then, as the drums approached nearer, a quick stir, like a sudden gust, struck its troubled waters; the hoarse, horrible cry tore raggedly through the summer air. And then I hastily drew the terrified child with me into the shade of a receding door-way—for the mad flood came raving over its bounds toward us.

The mob was mostly composed of men in their working-clothes, with bare arms and gaunt, haggard faces. There were some women among them—wretched, half-starved creatures—who kept shrieking like furies all the time. As the regiment, still moving resolutely onward, approached within a few yards of them, there fell the first volley of stones, accompanied with hoots and jeers of derision.

"Thuz only two hundred of 'um, boys," shouted a rough voice. "They'll run quick enough if you give it to 'um good," and a second shower of missiles fell into the ranks, the mob arming themselves with the paving-stones at hand.

But the little band of soldiers did not once falter, although here and there in their ranks you could discover a man leaning against a comrade, who gave him support as they moved on together. The crowd seemed a little dashed. The dispersion of the Sixth regiment had been such a mere bagatelle, and their own number had, since then, been reënforced by half the professional rowdies in town. They redoubled their cries, which, from jeers, now became shouts of rage and mortification.

"Wot are you 'bout? Give it to 'um *good*, I tell yer. They daresn't fire," howled the same brawny giant who had spoken before.

As they continued the attack, a pistol-shot could be heard now and then from the crowd. The regiment did not return the fire, but as the mob pressed closer, an order from the front was passed along the line.

"Fix bayonets."

The opposing parties were now only a few feet apart, and a rain of stones was falling so thick and fast as to darken the air, when all at once I saw the colonel's sword flash out, the blunt edge striking one of the rioters who was pressing on him.

"Clear the way, there!" he cried.

Then, wheeling and facing his command, his voice rang out, clear as a bugle:

"A-r-m-s, 'port! Double-time, march! Ch-ar-ge, bayonets! Hurrah! Give 'em a yell, boys, and you can do it," added the colonel.

I cannot describe the shout which followed—a clear, ringing, organized whoop; fresh and vibrant; of a perfectly distinct quality from the hoarse, undisciplined howl of the mob,—sounding cool and terrible, like the cry of an avenging angel.

The mob turned and fled, appalled, melting away like wax before the blue flame of the glittering bayonets, and the regiment entered the depot.

Then I took time to breathe, and remembered Thomas.

"He aint fur f'om yere," said the boy. "Right 'roun' d' corner."

And we passed out of the shelter of the door-way to a small, dirty alley, about twenty-five yards distant, where I found the old man resting against a lamp-post, the blood streaming down his face from a ghastly wound in the head, and his eyes closed. I made the boy get some water, and after bathing his face for a few moments, I succeeded in rousing him.

"Is that you, Mist' Dunkin?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes. How do you feel, Thomas?"

"Dey's tuhibul times down-street," he gasped. "I like to got kilt."

A pause.

"Dey 'lowed dey wanted dem daih papehs—an'—dey didn't git 'um—an'—den—den dey hit me side de hade—with a brickbat—an' I come 'long tell I git yeah—an' den, disha boy he come 'long ——"

His voice was very faint and his hands very cold.

"Don't talk any more now," I said, chafing them in mine, while I wondered perplexedly how I should get him home. Presently he spoke again:

"But de papehs is all right, seh. I hilt on to 'um, sho'. Dey—dey couldn't git 'um nohow, wid all de smahtniss," he said, with feeble triumph. "Dey's right yeah in my wescut pocket." Then he added, with a sudden change of tone: "But I'd like to go home, Mist' Dunkin; Ailse'll be oneasy 'bout me."

I had to leave him with the boy while I went for a doctor and a vehicle, neither of which was easy to be had, but finally a milk-wagon was pressed into service, and although the mob had gathered together again, and were besieging the depot, yet, after some delay, we succeeded in conveying him to his home. I saw him safe in bed, his hurt dressed; then, after bestowing a reward upon the colored boy who had rendered me such efficient service, I left him in charge of the doctor and his wife.

The latter was a small, plump yellow woman, with large, gentle black eyes, and the soft voice so often found among Virginia "house" servants. After watching her as she assisted the surgeon to dress the wound, I came to the conclusion all of her talents were by no means "bound up in napkins," and I went home assured my faithful old messenger was left in very capable hands.

Next morning, directly after breakfast, I sallied forth to inquire concerning his condition. After passing along the crowded thoroughfares, where everybody was occupied with the riot, it was a relief to find myself turning into the obscure little street where he lived.

"Here, at least, everything seems peaceful enough," I said, aloud, as I approached the house. I was just in the act of placing my foot on the one door-step, when the door was thrown violently open, and a tall black woman bounced out, colliding with me as she passed, her superior momentum thrusting me backward across the narrow pavement into the street. She was too excited to heed my exclamation of astonishment. I don't think she saw me, even, for she turned immediately and faced some one standing in the door-way, whom I now perceived to be Ailse, looking dreadfully frightened.

"*Good*-mornin', Mis' Wheatley," said the Amazon, with withering sarcasm; "*good*-mornin', madam. I *think* you'll know it the nex' time I darkens your doors, I *think* you will. Served me right, though, w'en I *demeaned* myself to come; I might 'a' knowed what treatment I'd 'ceive from *you*. Ef I hadn't ben boun' by solemn class-rules to pay some 'tention to Brother Wheatley's immortal soul,"—these words were uttered at the very top of her voice,—"you wouldn't 'a' caught *me* comin'; but I'll never come ag'in, never; so make yourself easy, Mis' Wheatley."

A shade of relief passed over Ailse's features as this assurance was repeated, and I coming forward at this moment, the representative of the church militant betook

herself off, while I entered and spoke to Ailse, who, fairly dazed, sank into a chair, and stared me helplessly in the face. There was a moment's silence, when she suddenly rose and offered me a seat, remarking, as she did so, that "Sisteh Ma'y Ann Jinkins ca'in' on so" made her forget her manners.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"I dunno, seh, 'cep'n' she's mad 'cause docteh wont leave heh stay and talk to Mist' Wheatley; *he* made heh go, an' I s'pose hit kindeh put heh out."

"What was she doing?"

"Talkin', seh; jiss talkin' and prayin'."

"And exciting the man into a fever," said the doctor, entering at that moment. "I came here half an hour ago," he continued, turning to me, "and found this woman—who really is a good nurse—turned out of her husband's room by that termagant who has just gone, and whom I found in the act of preparing the man for death, *she* having decided his hours on earth were numbered; in fact, I actually chanced in upon a species of commendatory prayer, which, if continued another half-hour,—and I have every reason to think it would have been,—would almost inevitably have ended the man's life."

"I suppose I had better not see him this morning, then," said I.

"Oh, yes; *you* can see him; he's doing well now, and if he doesn't talk too much, I think the sight of a cheerful face will do him good," and I left him giving some directions to Ailse, while I proceeded upstairs to the room where Thomas lay. He was awake, so I walked up to his bedside, and asked him how he felt.

"I'm tollubul, thankee, seh; de medicine makes me kind o' sleepy, that's all."

I seated myself beside him, there was a moment or two of silence, then he asked, fretfully:

"Whai—whaih's Ailse? I like to see the 'oman 'roun'; s'haint got no speshul great gif', but she's kind o' handy wen a body's sick."

"You don't seem to care so much for gifted women in a sick-room, Thomas?" I remarked, somewhat mischievously, after I had summoned his wife from down-stairs.

"Well, naw, seh," a little shamefacedly. "Not so much. You see, seh, dey—dey's mos' too much fu' a body, sich times. Dey *will* talk, cou'se dey will, an' 'livah 'scouhcis, an' a sick man he haint got de strenth to—to supplicate in kine, an' hit kind o' mawtifies him, seh."

Once more there followed a silence, when I asked:

"Thomas, why didn't you give up those papers to the mob, when they attacked you last night? Your retaining them might have cost you your life. I didn't mean you to endanger your life for them."

He smiled slightly, as his glance met mine.

"I dunno, seh," he replied, with his old reflective air. "You tole me mos' pehticaleh to hole on to 'um, an' 'twouldn't be doin' my duty faithful to let 'um go 's long ez I could hole on to 'um."

"But suppose they had killed you?"

"Well, Mist' Dunkin, ef dey had, I hope I'd been ready to go. I ben tryin' to lead a godly an' Chris'chun life, ez Scripcheh sez, fu' fawty yeahs, now, an' I hope I'd a foun' dyin' grace at de las'. You see, seh, thing hoped me mos' was de thoughts of a tex' Bro' Moss preached on las' Sund'y; 'peahed like hit kep' on jinglin' in my hade all time dey was jawin' an' fightin' with me."

"What text was it?" I asked.

But he was almost asleep, and his wife signaled me not to wake him. So I was stealing away toward the door, when he opened his eyes and murmured, drowsily:

"De tex', oh yes, seh. I fo'got—'twas a Scripcheh tex'—'Be thou faithful unto——'"

He then turned over, settling himself comfortably in his pillows, and in a moment dropped asleep.

In due course of time, he made his appearance in the office again, being anxious to "resume his duties," he said. But that blow on the head has proved to be a serious affair, affecting the old man's memory permanently, and giving a violent shock to his system, from which it will never entirely recover. He is no longer the clear-headed messenger he was, when he was wont to assert—no idle boast either—that he could "fetch an' cai' eq'il to any man." Now and then, in these latter days, he confuses things a little, always suffering the keenest mortification when he discovers his mistakes. As I said in the beginning, he is still our office-boy and messenger, although a smart young mulatto is hired to come betimes, make things tidy, and leave before the old man gets down, so his feelings mayn't be hurt. He sometimes remarks on our being the "cleanis' gentlemun in de wueld," but we contrive that no whisper of the real state of the case ever reaches his ear, and he is allowed to sweep and dust a little to satisfy his mind.

A RUSSIAN ARTIST.

(BASIL WERESCHAGIN.)

A CHORUS OF DERVISHES.

"HE resembles an elegant American," says Claretie of Wereschagin. The ready-writing Frenchman goes on to describe him as "tall" (which must be taken as a strictly relative term), "slender, quick, vigorous, with a long beard of *blond foncé*" (my poor palette of an English word-painter has no pigment for that tint), "a finely chiseled nose, blue-gray eyes," "sparkling" yet "dreamy"—"dreamy," yet somehow "glowing with fire"; and with "a high, full forehead, superbly modeled," for his crowning charm. This, then, though it is said of a Russian who has never seen the United States in his life, is the typical American of "Our First Families" in Parisian eyes.

America has yet to make his acquaintance; France and England—the former in particular—know him well. The exhibition of his works in the Rue Volney was

the event of the season. It was a *Tour du Monde* in oils. In one room you were in the thick of the Turco-Russian war; in another you explored British India; in a third, by means of photographs from the canvas, you explored mysterious Asia to the Kara Tau. Every composition was the work of Basil Wereschagin, and the exhibition represented almost the total outcome of his two-and-twenty years of painting, and of his eight-and-thirty years of life.

Wereschagin was a stranger, and yet artistic Paris soon remembered that he was an old friend. He had passed through the Beaux Arts years before; and had left there one of those reputations which only require a touch to harmonize them with either fortune in after life. He was *sauvage*, in the French sense of shy, and very self-willed. There was danger in his look; he was the only new-comer in whose favor the lads waived their immemorial right to fag. Such characteristics, of course, might be equally prophetic of the career of a genius or a fool. Wereschagin having turned out a genius, his old fellow-students gave him a dinner, enlivened by joyous recollection of traits which showed that he could not possibly have been anything else.

He was born in the province of Novgorod, in 1842, of a well-to-do family of land-owners. The son wished to be an artist; the father wished to make him an officer of marines. As the shortest way out of the difficulty, he became both. He passed his work-hours at the naval school, and his play-hours at a school of design, working at both so well, that he left the naval school as first scholar, and eventually won a silver medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. He entered the service, but only for a short time, and he was still two years under twenty when he left it to devote himself wholly to art. He had already had a peep at the world in the course of a short visit to London; he now found time to catch glimpses of Paris and the Pyrenees. A year after, he made a more serious excursion—to the Caucasus, pen and pencil in hand. A capital account of the trip, illustrated by himself, appeared in the *Tour du Monde*. He went from Stavropal to Tiflis, to Shusha, and far beyond, and everything he saw was almost as new to the world as to him. At Shusha he saw the Caucasian Tartars, a people whose chief delight in life is the ghastly ceremonial in honor of the martyrdom of Hussun and Hussein, which they celebrate with one-half of the Mohammedan world. Persia shows her sorrow in one fashion, India in another; at Shusha they torture themselves within an inch of their lives. The Balafré, or Scar-Bearer, is the leading figure in this sacred rite. He turns his body into a pin-cushion for charms, stuck so closely together that, when his toilet is quite complete for the procession, you could hardly get an extra point into his quivering flesh. He carries a great saber in his hand, with which he gashes himself freely, lest by chance one nerve should be without its pang. A small boy training for the same exalted ministry follows at his heels, and pursues his theological studies by making a duplicate of every gash.

In 1864, Wereschagin took all his raw material of genius to Paris to be worked up. It was in two parts—one a good deal of rough, indiscriminate practice in rendering what he saw; the other, and the more valuable, the most downright sincerity in the way of looking at it. He went to Gérôme, and bluntly asked the great painter to take him in.

"Who sent you to me?" asked Gérôme, kindly.

"Your paintings," said the other; "I will learn of you or nobody."

This was, of course, enough, and for the next two or three years he worked at the Beaux Arts under this master. It was at this period that he made the school, by exception, break with its tradition of fagging. It is the pride of these youngsters to take all the pride out of a "new man." He has to answer meekly to a nickname, bestowed at the moment of his entry on a swift artistic perception of his most painful physical defect. He has to show a cheerful alacrity of obedience to the order to pick up a fallen maul-stick, or to fetch a slice of sausage from the pork-butcher's for the midday meal. Refusal entails the most degrading punishment, and even the most severe, for there is a legend of the school that the infliction once resulted in death. There is no way out of it, no consolation but that all-sufficient one to the average mind, that the tormented will advance to the dignity of the tormentor on the entry of the next novice. Wereschagin, however, thought he saw a still shorter cut to freedom, by playing carelessly with a pocket revolver on the receipt of his first order of comic abasement. He was at once excused from further probation.

He was a hard-working student, though he always showed a strong disposition to insist on working in his own way. When

Gérôme sent him to the antique, he was half the time slipping away to nature. He played truant from the Athenian marbles to flesh and blood. In the meantime he was true to the instinct—as yet you could hardly call it a principle—of wandering from the beaten track in search of subjects. Every vacation was passed, not at Asnières or Barbizon, but in the far east of Europe, or even in Persia, among those ragged races not yet set down in artistic black and white. He had been on the borders of a quite fresh field of observation in these journeys; and he was soon to enter it for a full harvest of new impressions. It was in 1867; Russia was sending an army into Central Asia, to punish the marauding Turkomans for the fiftieth time, and General Kauffmann, who commanded it, invited the painter to accompany him as an art volunteer. He was not to fight, but simply to look on. It was the very thing: Wereschagin at once took service on these terms with the expedition, and in faithfully following its fortunes, with many an artistic *reconnaissance* on his own account, he saw Asia to its core.

He started from Orenburg, and, skirting the northernmost point of the Sea of Aral, followed the line of forts which the Russians have named by numbers, like American streets. He passed through Chemkend, Tashkend, and Khojend, and entered Samarcand with the victorious host. Both sides fought like demons. Wereschagin saw the fighting, sketched it, and often lent a hand in the work, though for his purpose heroism was a wicked waste of time. For centuries a thick veil had hidden all this region from the art world. Many a literary traveler had sketched it, but no painter really worthy of the name had as yet brought it to book. Wereschagin was the lifter of the veil. He was on a virgin soil of the picturesque; there were sapphire lakes with shores of rose color, the finest mountains in nature, some of the broadest plains, and a people vegetating in the decay of an old civilization. In the cities he found abounding wealth in character, and he helped himself to it with both hands. His "Dervishes" might give point to a Benedictine of the tenth century in the art of getting through life with a minimum of care. The holy men, comfortably packed in layers of patchwork garments, all too seldom removed, would intone their morning song under his window. It was a song of praise, and it was also a song for breakfast. How were those burly frames to be kept in condition without the eleemosynary morsel? But to Wereschagin's ear it was something more than song or petition; it was a signal that the model was ready; and he set to work. With such sitters truthfulness must have been catching; they are idle impostors, but no one will accuse them of trying to conceal the fact.

Besides these he saw the "swell" of the region, the owner of many camels, equipped for the chase. This gentleman does not himself hunt: he gets his falcon to hunt for him. It is the Eastern principle of sport—it is the Eastern principle of life. His dress is not made for movement; he has arrived at trowsers, but they are evidently only a petticoat-maker's second thought. The very falcon has been skillfully treated, to bring his nature into artistic keeping with the Eastern mind. In the earliest stage of that teaching-process they bind him to the wrist of an active boy, who is charged to shake him day and night. He must know no full and perfect rest, but be rattled to and fro, as it seems to him, forever, until his few ideas form a wretched amalgam of terror and powerless rage. Blindfolded, as he is all the time, and half-starved, the falcon at last begins to wonder whether things are quite what he used to think they were, and whether his old simple estimate of the sole facts of interest in nature—a free course, a bright morning, and a quarry in the blue—does not need enlargement by the addition of man's inhumanity to birds. Once he is brought to that point, the rest is easy. Scientific pedagogy may not disdain to borrow a hint from this simple process. Perhaps the readiest way of getting something into a man's mind is to begin by shaking something out. The politicians come next in Wereschagin's review. They are not the politicians who get the places, but the politicians who talk about them; and in Central Asia, as in most other parts of the world, they wear rags as the uniform of the order. While the balance of power in Turkestan is in question, how should a man find time to mend his clothes? Wereschagin saw them discussing the grave questions of the hour without the disadvantage of news to add to the multiplicity of issues. They have a horror of all angularity of mind, and where the sharpness of their impressions is not sufficiently worn down by nature, they take the edge off by a plentiful use of drugs. They are stupid, dirty, ignorant, and lazy, ready to be made the slaves of any man—

A KIRGHIZ GENTLEMAN, WITH FALCON (TURKESTAN).

and they are the stuff of the civic population of Turkestan. One glance at them shows how a handful of Russians holds Central Asia down.

In the fighting, Russia is not invariably the winner; and when the luck is on the other side, the horde will celebrate its victory in the slow, deliberate, prolonging way suited to the enjoyment of all rare delights. As soon as the field is clear, these carcass-butchers of glory will cut off the heads of all the Russians who are left behind, put them in sacks, and take them to the Emir's palace at Samarcand. Here they will be tumbled out for princely inspection in the inner court-yard, amid contrasted effects of

CENTRAL ASIAN POLITICIANS.

pale marble, and columns carved as minutely as the intaglio of a precious stone. His Highness needs these contrasts to heighten his sense of the exceptional advantages of his own position; and his foul and noisome dungeons—one of which Wereschagin has painted—are, artistically speaking, as much a part of his pleasure-house as his marble courts. When the heads are heaped, he will graciously come out to inspect them, with a few courtiers in his train; and if any head attract his curiosity, he may turn it up to the light with his foot. When he has done with them, the trophies will be taken down into the Reghistan, or great square, to form the chief attraction of a

public *fête*. It will be holiday in Samarcand that day. They will be set up on poles before the Mosque of Shirdari—almost too beautiful, in color and carving, to form a background even for such materials of artistic composition. The people will form around in a natural amphitheater, the innermost row sitting cross-legged on the ground to give the others a fair view of the scene. All classes will meet and mingle here on the common footing of patriotic satisfaction —dervishes and beggars who are not in holy orders, magnates of the district on horseback, languid invalids on camels, and in the foreground still more languid dogs, whose lolling tongues are in themselves a pictorial effect of sunlight and summer heat. In the very midst of the throng, and as the main point of interest, is the fashionable preacher of the day, improving the occasion by the citation of passages from the Koran, which point the moral of this crowning mercy. The name of Tamerlane will be invoked almost as often as the name of the Deity. The celebration is in the true spirit of that hero's work, who saw no more in humanity than something to kill; and these poor "dim populations" reverence him as all peoples reverence the men who have taught them what they believe to be essential truths of national well-being. His mosque and tomb are objects of pious veneration. Wereschagin has painted them, with their pear-shaped domes without and their blocks of marble within, huge and solid, as if to keep the dreaded man-destroyer in his trap.

Wereschagin's first merit is individuality. No living painter treats character in the human subject better. He seems to see the innermost meaning of a face. That is the form of his intense reverence for fact, the given line in which he is preferably true. His blunt way of putting down what he sees makes him, as a painter, rather regardless of composition, as taught in the schools. Nature does not always compose, so he sometimes leaves her in her ruggedness; and he has been known to go further, and to leave in uncertainty what she has not taken pains to define. In some of his scenes there are mere hints of hands and faces, and painters have made this a reproach. As a colorist he loves striking contrast, and within those limits of taste has a good eye. No man can better flood a picture with light. At a first glance, some of his paintings seem all black and white, all intense light and shadow, but it is absolutely what he has seen on these great sun-baked plains; and no one who knows the Mediterranean will decline to take on trust the intense blue of his Central Asian lake. He has sometimes succeeded in more delicate effects, but they are rare in his work. His passion for contrast shows the influence of Munich, where he has painted a good deal—his drawing of the figure, and his taste for Eastern character, the influence of Gérôme. It is still too early to say whether he will develop a true national style, and take away from Russian art its peculiar reproach. The Russian voice in art, say the French, is but an echo. The Academy students of St. Petersburg and Moscow make haste to leave home for Munich and Paris, and their work is generally no more than a clever lad's remembrance of a lesson well learned. Russian art in subject is latent in history and manners; in treatment it has yet to be. Wereschagin's example may teach it the courage which of all qualities it most lacks.

He returned from a second Asiatic journey to settle at Munich for three years; and here he built his first "open-air studio." "If you are to paint outdoor scenes," he says, "your models must sit in the open;" and so he fashioned a movable room on wheels, running on a circular tram-way, and open to sun and air on the side nearest the center of the circle, where the model stood. The artist, in fact, worked in a huge box with one side out, while the thing he saw was in the full glare of day; and, by means of a simple mechanical contrivance, he made his room follow the shifting light.

After a long rest at Munich, he was impatient for action once more, and in 1873 he set off for British India. Here he broke fresh ground for himself, and for all the art world. It is extraordinary that such an El Dorado of art should have been left so long unexplored. There is color in India, there is costume, there is variety of type, there is architecture, there is even landscape, there is every possible element of the picturesque, —and yet, for years and for centuries, men have found nothing newer to paint than Italy and Spain. Régnault was on the verge of this great discovery, but death prevented him from accomplishing it. He had traced a sketch chart of the voyage, but he was never to set sail.

Wereschagin filled one entire room at the exhibition with his Indian studies. They form a definite part of his collection, a section of his life-work. Amazing studies they

are, though they are still inferior to those dealing with Central Asia. The end of his sojourn coincided with the visit of the Prince of Wales, and he saw India both at its best and at its worst. In one immense canvas he has represented the royal entry into Jeypore, the prince and his native entertainer on a richly caparisoned elephant, and a long line of lesser magnates similarly mounted in the rear. A scene of prayer in a mosque is noble in feeling, and it exhibits an amazing mastery of *technique*. The Temple of Indra, the Caves of Ellora—all the great show-places—are there, with their furniture of priests, deities, monsters, and men-at-arms; still the general effect of the collection is that of a vague longing left unsatisfied. Perhaps the painter made a mistake in trying to take all India in his grasp. He made a prodigious journey—from St. Petersburg by Constantinople to Egypt, Hindostan, the Himalayas, and Thibet.

On his return from India he found a great national subject at last—the late Russo-Turkish war. He followed the armies, and saw it all, still as a civilian in name, but as a soldier in fact. He could not keep out of it, both from patriotism and from artistic conscientiousness. He wanted to study the effect of a gun-boat in the air, and so he shipped himself on one of the torpedo launches detailed for service on the Danube. They stole up to a Turkish craft; the sentries saw them, and gave the alarm; there was a hail of shot. They pushed on, thrust the torpedo under the bows, and—it did not go off. The launch had to turn tail, and the Turkish fire redoubled in intensity. Wereschagin suddenly felt a sickening sensation, as if he had been roughly pushed, and putting his hand to the place found a wound that would admit his three fingers. This very nearly finished his artistic career. He lay between life and death for weeks, but a devoted Russian nurse of a religious order brought him around. Of course he went back to work as soon as he could move, and in one way or other saw and painted nearly all of it, especially Shipka, and the final rush on Constantinople.

As a war-painter he is a great moralist, and he is a great moralist because he is quite sincere. He paints exactly what he sees on the battle-field, and he is far in advance of the French, who are the fathers of this species of composition, in his rendering of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about this bloody sport of kings. There was a whole wide world of difference in spirit between his little military gallery and the big one at Versailles. The earlier Frenchmen give us pretty uniforms, a monarch prancing on his steed in the moment of victory, an elegantly wounded warrior or two in the foreground, obviously in the act of crying, "*Vive la France!*" a host in picturesque flight, a host in picturesque pursuit, waving banners, and a great curtain of smoke to hide the general scene of butchery, with supplementary puffs for every disgusting detail. Wereschagin's manner, on the contrary, passing like a breeze of wholesome truthfulness, lifts this theatrical vapor, and shows us what is below—men writhing out their lives in every species of agony by shot and bayonet wounds, by the dry rot of fever, by the wet rot of cold and cramp; and finding their last glance to heaven intercepted by the crows or the vultures, waiting for a meal. All this is very shocking, but looked at in the right way it is supremely moral.

After the war he settled definitely in France. He had his own ideas about a studio, and he carried them out at Maisons Laffitte, a charming place, the home of many painters, within an easy railway journey of Paris. His house is surrounded on all sides by trees; in fact, he lives in the clearing of a wood, with no one but his wife to share his solitude.

His manner of life is becoming the basis of legend in the neighborhood. This mysterious foreigner, who takes his walks with a couple of blood-hounds by his side, and speaks to no man, rather alarms the French peasant. What does he do inside that house? One who has crossed the threshold may tell. He is painting from morning to night in, perhaps, the largest studio in the world. These are the figures: The floor is one hundred feet by fifty, the roof is thirty-three feet high, the door twenty-three feet, and the window measures forty feet by twenty-seven. The painter is a mere speck in it; his lightest word raises an echo. It dwarfs his largest compositions to the proportions common to *genre*.

Beyond is a smaller room on wheels, thirty-three feet square, a copy of the open-air studio built at Munich. Part of the larger studio is boarded off to form a lumber-room for canvases,—some of them as large as stage scenes,—and at the other end there are dressing-rooms for models, and an art wardrobe, rich in the sartorial spoils of the East. The studio walls are hung with weapons, shields, suits of chain-armor, masks worn

IN THE TRENCHES AT SHIPKA.

in the religious festivals of India—eagle-beaked and goggle-eyed; chains for slaves, etc. To the master of house and treasures, we might apply the form, though certainly not the substance, of Napoleon's *mot* on the Russian race: Scratch this outside of eccentricity and moroseness, and you would find a true and gentle heart.

INVOCATION IN A LIBRARY.

O BROTHERHOOD, with bay-crowned brows undaunted,
Who passed serene along our crowded ways,
Speak with us still, for we, like Saul, are haunted—
Drive the dark spirits from these later days!

Whate'er of hope ye had for man your brother,
Breathe it, nor leave him, like a prisoned slave,
To stare through bars upon a sight no other
Than clouded skies that lighten on a grave.

In these still alcoves give us gentle meeting,
From dusky shelves kind arms about us fold,
'Till the New Age shall feel her cold heart beating
Restfully on the warm heart of the Old:

Till we shall hear your voices, mild and winning,
Steal through our doubt and discord; as outswells
At fiercest noon, above a city's dinning,
The chiming music of cathedral bells:

Music that lifts our thought from common places,
And mean confusions that around us lie,
Up to the calm of high, cloud-silvered spaces,
Where the tall spire points through the soundless sky.

HOW I KEPT HOUSE BY PROXY,

AND WHAT CHEK SAÚ GAVE US FOR THANKSGIVING.

But who was Chek Saú, and how came he to be associated with anything having so genuine a ring of New England as "Thanksgiving"? He was a cook, and a real Chinese—the very prince of cooks we thought him; and I hardly know whether even the "Celestial Empire" can produce many specimens quite equal to our Chek Saú. So, you see, I could afford to make him my proxy, especially as he was forty years old, and had spent nearly all his life in traveling, and studying cookery as a real profession, practicing, too, as he learned; while I was just out of school, and a complete novice in all the mysteries of the culinary art. During this, the first year of my married life, we had been roaming over the Orient, drifting hither and thither as new scenes attracted, and luxuriating in the thousand fascinating wonders that so beguile the tourist in Eastern lands, though seldom tarrying long in any locality. But now we were "at home" in Bangkok, and I was to make my first essay in housekeeping. How strange and impossible it seemed, with my total lack of experience—the *cuisine*, from beginning to end, an unsolved problem, and the vernacular of the country, in which I must communicate with my servants, if at all, wholly unintelligible to me, since I had not yet taken my first lesson in either Siamese or Chinese. Everywhere in the East, China alone excepted, so strong are the national and religious prejudices against any mingling of household avocations that an oriental can seldom be found to undertake more than one kind of labor. If he sweep, he will do nothing else; if cleaning lamps be the vocation he has selected, to that alone will he apply himself; and if he can be idle two-thirds or nine-tenths of his time, he likes it all the better. "Small work and small pay" he considers every way preferable to even a single year of mixed labor, with an assured competence at the end. So there are, in every household of ample means, cooks, dining-room servants, body-servants, washermen, a tailor, a keeper of the bath, a porter, a lamp-cleaner, a yard-sweeper, two watermen,—one to bring and another to cool and take care of the water,—one or more to run of errands, a *syce* to run with each horse, and another to cut grass for him, either palanquin-bearers or boatmen, as may be needed in that particular locality, and so on, even to male and female sweepers, as some parts of a house must be swept only by a man and others only by a woman. What a retinue of servants for a family of two or three people! Every foreigner, on first arriving, votes the whole arrangement a nuisance, and declares he "will not submit to such absurd nonsense." But he is quietly informed that "it is the custom of the country"; and finding that he cannot help himself, he submits philosophically to his fate, deeming it useless to quarrel with the inevitable. Fortunately for the heads of these vast establishments, wages are low, and the employer has nothing to do with feeding or clothing any of his dependents. In an Anglo-Oriental *ménage*, the chief cook is always head servant of the establishment and purveyor-general of the household, buying everything that is needed, employing such other servants as are required, superintending their daily duties, paying their wages, and making such changes as become necessary from time to time. In fact, he holds in charge the entire domestic arrangements of the family, which are well or ill managed just in proportion to the ability and fidelity of this most important personage. If he be faithful and competent, the whole machinery moves regularly as clockwork; but disaffection or incapacity in the chief cook is inevitably attended with confusion and annoyance in every department. The master and mistress deal only with their head man, holding him responsible for the good conduct of all, and expecting him to account, in his regular weekly or monthly statements, for the number of servants employed, and for all outlays, except marketing, which is settled daily. Hence the vast importance, not only of making an appropriate selection of a head cook, but almost equally of being able to communicate freely with him. The former I thought just possible, but the latter I scarcely dared hope for, until I had time to acquire one of the many languages spoken at Bangkok. My joy can, therefore, be imagined at meeting with a cook who was able to speak even the mongrel dialect that a Chinaman calls

"talkie Amelicane." It happened on the very day we had taken possession of our first oriental home. As I stood on the veranda of our pretty bungalow, giving orders to the English boatmen about the placing of some furniture, I was accosted by a remarkably pleasant-looking Chinaman, who, with a profound salam, inquired whether "the lady *sahib* would engage a cookie." He was dressed in sky-blue silk trowsers, gathered, *à la Chinoise*, full around the waist, with a long silken girdle, the ends of which were very richly embroidered. His white cambric jacket fitted loosely, and was fastened by a multitude of tiny gold buttons, placed very near together, from throat to hem, and from wrist to elbow. A broad-brimmed straw hat, from beneath which I could see the glossy black hair, braided and tasseled, hanging almost to his feet, stockings made of white cambric, and the clumsy, silk-embroidered shoes of his country, completed the quaint costume, that attracted me at once by its neatness and adaptation to that sultry clime. In one hand he carried a fan, and in the other an account-book, the insignia of his office; though he looked far more like the perfect type of an oriental gentleman than an aspirant for the office of cook. But he proceeded at once, in a sort of mongrel Anglo-Chinese dialect, which he interspersed with many profound salams and protestations of devotion to my interests, to inform me that he was a perfect adept in all the mysteries of the culinary art; that in English and Chinese, French and American, Bengal and Malay cookery he was equally *au fait;* and that "if the Amelicane lady *sahib* would condescend to accept him as her servant, he would devote to her forever the varied talents and untiring fidelity that were now laid at her feet, in the humble hope that she would not reject them, and send away their possessor in despair." What a speech for a cook to make! Can it be supposed, for a moment, that I had the heart to turn away from so rare a combination of all the excellences that could be desired in the head of our domestic *ménage?* If I had thought of permitting such a Godsend to go unappropriated, the Celestial's long, low salam—made by placing his joined hands over his heart and then bending his whole person forward till his head nearly reached his knees—would surely have caused me to relent. But I was only too glad to veil my own deficiencies as a novice housekeeper behind such marvelous skill as my new acquaintance professed; and, feeling assured that if he could work only half as well as he could talk, I should possess a rare treasure in my head cook, I engaged him, without hesitation, to come to us on the following morning. As he bowed himself out, I drew a sigh of relief that my dreaded mountain had been only a mole-hill after all, and the knotty question that had given me such a world of trouble in anticipation had been so easily disposed of. But my self-congratulation was of short duration, for, as the Celestial passed out, our friend Dr. J—— entered, his beaming face fairly aglow with fun.

"So, so!" he said. "You have had an application for the post of honor in your household. I knew Chek Saú would call, as he always does on every new-comer, and I meant to warn you against him. He will, no doubt, seek to entertain you with a description of his varied accomplishments, but I caution you to have nothing to do with him. Of course you did not engage him?"

"Of course I did," was my reply. "But what is the trouble about him? I like his looks, and he certainly promises fairly. I was just thinking what a rare treasure had come to me, without even the seeking."

"A treasure indeed," said the Doctor—"if possession were identical with profession, and promises were always faithfully kept. But this man will leave you the moment you presume to give an order in your own house. He has always acted so with every family that employed him, seldom remaining a week—never, I think, an entire month—with any. So you had better send him word that you have made other arrangements, and I will see what can be done."

"Impossible," I replied. "My word is given, and there is nothing for me to do but to bear heroically whatever the frowning heavens shall decree."

An ominous shake of the head was my friend's only reply as he left me to ponder, now that it was too late, the consequences of my foolish haste. I could have cried with mortification at the dilemma into which my precipitancy had plunged me. But it was of no use. The dreaded Celestial must come, that was clear; and I could only promise myself that the next time I would be more cautious. The next morning, bright and early, Chek Saú came, full three hours in advance of the appointed time. Having given no orders for the

morning meal at home, we had expected to breakfast with a neighbor; but, on entering our own drawing-rooms at nine o'clock, our cook-elect made his appearance from the piazza, where he had been watching for our coming. With a profound salam, he informed us that breakfast was already served, and that, though the notice had been somewhat brief, he ventured to hope that this first repast in our new home would not prove altogether unworthy our acceptance. Savory odors were already greeting us from the open door of the pretty little breakfast-parlor, which was a cheerful, airy room, covered with India matting, and having long windows opening to the floor, from which were looped back fresh muslin curtains, revealing the beautiful creepers and flowering shrubs that completely surrounded the verandas on the four sides of the house. On the round table in the center of the room was spread a repast that a king might have feasted on, every dish garnished with choice flowers, fair, fresh, and fragrant as the morning itself, while over the table was a huge *punkah*, pulled by a servant outside, and serving the double purpose of fan and fly-brush. In hissing urns on the side-table were such tea and coffee as are seldom seen this side of the Cape of Good Hope; while the raising of cover after cover revealed broiled and fricasseed chicken, pork-cutlets served *en papillote*, shrimps, oysters, eggs, omelets, and, to crown all, the invariable concomitant of every oriental meal—rice and curry. Everything was perfect, and, deeming any interference with such a jewel of a cook wholly uncalled-for, I retired, when breakfast was over, without venturing on a single order for the future. But Chek Saú followed me, apologizing for the intrusion, and asked for his "orders" for twenty-four hours; and also the number of servants we wished engaged, the hours for meals, and the amount to be expended daily at the bazaar. The next morning he again sought my presence at the same hour, gave an account of the expenditures of the previous day, and received his funds and orders for the next. And so on every day, as the weeks grew into months, and the months to years—with never a trouble or disturbance in our model household, of which my accomplished cook was the mainspring and prime motive power. We had never an inferior or badly cooked dish, meals were served always promptly, every room in the house was well kept, and our servants all faithful and obliging; while I sat all day long in my quiet sanctum, poring over musty volumes with my quaint old teacher, and conning the mysteries of "*Kŏk, kuk, kàk*," with no more concern about the arrangements of my table than if I had been boarding at the Saint Nicholas. Can you wonder that I prized my cook?

On one occasion, we happened to have an unusually large party of Americans assembled at Bangkok; and we decided to "keep Thanksgiving" after the New England fashion, and dine all together as one large family. But who would undertake to provide the banquet for so many, was the question. Rather exultant of the superior qualifications of Chek Saú, I petitioned for the privilege, which was very readily accorded, especially by those before whose mind's eye rose unwelcome visions of incompetent servants, half-prepared dishes, and the Herculean labors that in such cases devolve on the unfortunate mistress. So, calling in my trusty Chinese, I explained to him the manner of keeping "Thanksgiving" at home, and expressed my desire that he would do his very best to honor the occasion, and give our friends a hospitable reception. By this time I had the language at my control, and could give utterance to my wishes; so Chek Saú readily caught the idea, and placing his hand over his heart, as he always did when he wished to express his fidelity and devotion, he bowed himself out, while I returned to my study. I gave the subject no further thought, well assured that my accomplished Celestial would do all that was possible to be done, and fully vindicate his right to the appellation of the "best cook in the city."

The next morning we attended early church, and my lady friends all returned with me to spend the remainder of the day. At one, lunch was served—a dainty little repast of tea and sherbet, sandwiches and cake, at least forty varieties of fresh fruit, and an incredible variety of sweets. At two, came the invariable afternoon *siesta* in which everybody indulges in the East; then the bath and fresh toilets for the evening, after which we all went out in our boats on the river, for a mouthful of fresh air; and at six the gentlemen joined us at dinner. We were forty in all,—including the children and some English officers we had invited to dine,—and a cheery, happy party we were as one could meet at home or abroad, exiles though we called ourselves, and thousands of miles from the land that gave us

birth. When dinner was announced, I really knew no more of what was to compose the repast than did my guests, but firm faith in the ability of my incomparable cook left no room to fear that the creature comfort of our guests would not be duly cared for. As usual, Chek Saú, cambric jacket, gold buttons and all, was at the sideboard to superintend the carving, having, as I afterward learned, left a brother cook (hired at his own expense for the occasion) to send up such after dishes as might be needed. For the first course, we had genuine oriental *chowdah*, turtle, chicken, and bird's-nest soups—the latter cooked as only a native-born Celestial can prepare them. Then came fish in many varieties, all dressed and seasoned to suit the veriest epicure. When the second course had been removed, then came really the dinner *par excellence*, consisting of boned ducks, and capons stuffed *à la Bengalee*, pork and kid chops *en papillote*, fricasseed fowls, game of several kinds, stewed shrimps, baked lobster, vegetables, native and foreign, in many varieties, and over and above all, that special delight of every true-born Celestial, *i. e.*, pigs barbecued *à la Chinoise*, standing on all fours, holding huge lemons in their gaping jaws, and their heads adorned with fantastic flowers formed of chillies, salads, and celery. When these had been duly discussed, everybody finished off with a plate of rice and curry, taken at the conclusion of dinner "because it is the custom," just as everybody takes soup to begin with, whether he wants it or not. Then came the massive dessert—and such a medley it was that one would have been puzzled to know in what quarter of the globe he happened to be dining. Short as was the notice, Chek Saú had found time to visit all the ships in port, and procure from his brother cooks in English and American families whatever was rare and foreign. First he gave us English plum-pudding with genuine cockney sauce; then pies made from pumpkin grown on Connecticut soil; peaches canned in the Empire State, floated in Bangkok cream; crystallized pears grown in the Celestial Empire had found their last home on our "barbarian" table; and towering above all was a pyramid of luscious fruit-cake, to which the good "Old Dominion" had contributed the flour, Scotland the butter, Siam the sugar, classic Greece the raisins and currants, Spain the citron, Arabia the almonds, and Singapore, the fairest gem of the ocean, its many spices, while the flowers that adorned the lofty pile had been gathered, that morning, sparkling with dewy gems, from my own fragrant *parterre*, in this grand old metropolis of the "sacred and great kingdom of Siam." The confectionery, upon which my tasteful and ingenious cook had lavished unsparingly time and skill, fully vindicated his assumptions on our first acquaintance, and proved the culinary arts of all countries to be equally familiar to him. Nothing was wanting save ice-cream, which, under that fierce tropical sun, would have been most acceptable of all. But as on account of the lack of ice, that was clearly impossible, we sipped our cool sherbet and pomegranate-juice, feasted on ripe, luscious fruits, and voted ices decidedly unwholesome.

Dr. J——, who was one of our guests, said jocularly, when we had adjourned to the drawing-room:

"'Tis said 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' and to-day, for the first time in my life, I have learned that ignorance may be a good thing. Certainly it has served my friend here a kind turn; for had she known Chek Saú's antecedents, she would scarcely have employed him; and had she been a good New England housekeeper, she assuredly could not have kept him—since the very first attempt to impart to this accomplished Celestial any item of culinary lore would inevitably have disgusted and ultimately driven him off. But a novice in housekeeping, who knew nothing to teach, suited him exactly, and so the whole machine works to admiration, and unquestionably produces good dinners."

Shortly after Chek Saú came into our service, he heard us mention casually, at the dinner-table, that the day was the anniversary of our marriage. It was, of course, too late then for any special demonstration in honor of the occasion, but on retiring we found twin wreaths of white lilies twined with ivy reposing in fragrant beauty upon both our pillows, and we readily guessed whose hand had placed them there. The faithful servant also made a note of the day, and never afterward, while we remained in the country, forgot to celebrate its return. At each anniversary our chairs at the dining-table were wreathed with ivy, and a crown of fragrant flowers, or, rather, two crowns woven in one, adorned the center of the board. Whether we had company or not, dinner on these occasions was always gotten up with extra care; and the crown-

ing glory of the dessert was a huge pyramid of cake—wedding-cake, Chek Saú said, and certainly a very marvel of beauty and excellence. This cake was regularly presented by our cook, with the compliments and good wishes of the day, and its cost was never included in the household accounts.

Once, on the return of the Chinese New-Year, the grandest gala in all the calendar for John Chinaman, Chek Saú asked permission to give us a real Chinese dinner. Nothing loath to test the skill of our cook in a new line, we gladly consented. So the viands, cookery and all, even the plates and dishes, were genuine Chinese, and all was served in Celestial fashion. In the soup line there were clam-chowdah and bird's-nest, *lucksar*, or Chinese vermicelli, and a delicate, fragrant compound called *tow-gay*, which is produced from a sort of bastard pea, known in the East as *gram*. The peas, being kept moist for a few days, shoot forth their tiny sprouts, and then, when about two inches or more in length, are gathered and compounded into a soup, with the addition, I suppose, of as many delicacies as the Frenchman put into his stone-soup, for our *tow-gay* was altogether too luscious ever to have been produced from pea-sprouts alone. The second course was fish, including many varieties of shell-fish, lobster, turtle, crabs, and shrimps. But that which most attracted me in this line was the *páràug*, or "knife-fish," with its long, round body and beautiful silvery skin, which had, however, all been peeled off, the denuded fish securely rolled in banana-leaves, and baked between hot stones. It was very delicate and nice, but we could only taste it, as there was such a legion of other dainties demanding a like courtesy. Boiled capons with oyster-sauce, turtle-steaks, roast pork, venison, and rice-birds variously cooked, and a *ragôut* of sharks' fins came next, served with egg-plant, onions, tara-root, yams, radishes, greens, and rice. The curry, on this occasion, was composed of *biche-de-mer*, or sea-slug! I did not taste it, savory, golden-hued, and tempting as it looked. How could I, under such a name? But had Chek Saú ever dreamed of either name or dish exciting disgust, he would certainly never have placed it before us. Among his countrymen the *biche-de-mer* is esteemed a rare delicacy, and, as such, he had selected it on this occasion. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," and why is not a sea-slug as fit to be eaten as an oyster, and a rat or dog as the swine, the most filthy of all filthy brutes? Our little feast *à la Chinoise* wound up with tea, served in tiny tea-pots and cups that held about half a wine-glass, used without either spoon or saucer, and the tea without sugar or cream. So orientals always take it; but they eat cakes and sweetmeats with their tea, and we had several courses of fruits and confections served with ours. Among them were oranges pressed and dried like figs, preserved nutmegs, and a beautiful transparent jelly made of sea-weed, or *agar-agar*, as it is called by the Malays.

One day, when somebody's age happened to be spoken of, Chek Saú remarked that he could never guess the age of foreigners—ladies especially—they all looked so much alike. The fact was that he had seen only very young foreign ladies, and could scarcely imagine how those of mature years would appear. When I asked him how old he thought I was, he would not venture a guess; but when I told him that I should be eighteen on the fifth day of the next month, he exclaimed, with surprise: "Why, I did not think you were near that old! You seem to me so very young—almost like a little girl." He was evidently sorry for the discovery he had made, and, I have no doubt, thought me already *un peu passé*, perhaps fearing that the increase of years might bring a desire on my part to assume the reins of government and usher in such an era of discord as would compel him to resign. However, his fidelity was proof against even the discovery of my eighteen years of age, that had at first so astounded him; for, when my birthday came around, though it had not been again spoken of, and I supposed Chek Saú had forgotten it, we found the dining-room decorated with wreaths and arches of evergreen, and choice bouquets of cape-jessamine and magnolia all over the house. In the evening the table was brilliantly lighted with wax-tapers, we had a grand dinner, and one of Chek Saú's most tasteful deserts. And so every time the anniversary came around, my husband's birthdays being always celebrated in the same way, and without even a suggestion on our part.

When our first baby came to us, Chek Saú overwhelmed my husband with congratulations, illuminated the house, and would have made a grand feast in honor of this first-born son of the house. As the little one grew, our cook was never weary

of watching him, tossing the baby form in his strong arms, or twining the soft golden curls about his tawny fingers. Had our darling chanced to be a girl, how Chek Saú would have pitied us, instead of congratulating! But this son, he said, was an omen of good.

So sped the years, under the peaceful administration of this faithful servant, rendering our home in that foreign land so pleasant, and saving my inexperienced youth from the manifold cares that might otherwise have been my portion. I seldom had a special interview with my cook more than once a day, and that was immediately after breakfast, when he came for his orders and funds for twenty-four hours. But if I chanced, in any emergency, to call for him at other times, he promptly answered the summons, arrayed in the spotless jacket, silk trowsers, and embroidered girdle, his whole appearance neat and tasteful, as if he were just starting for a festival, instead of being buried in the mystic rites of the *cuisine*. If we expected never so large a company of guests, I had only to notify our incomparable cook of the number, and all was sure to be *comme il faut*; or, if they came in unexpectedly, just at lunch or dinner time, Chek Saú's ready invention devised something; so that I was never, in a single instance, put to the blush for my housekeeping—if mine it were when I was only the recipient, not the provider, of its many comforts. But highly as we prized our cook, it was not until a season of affliction came that we fully realized his priceless value. My husband and myself were both stricken down with fever at the same time, and lay in helpless agony, in separate apartments, neither knowing of the other's illness. From the first we were both very ill—alarmingly so, the doctor said; and but for the untiring devotion of our noble cook, probably neither would have recovered. By his ever-watchful care, every footfall was hushed, rooms were darkened, servants kept out of the house, while Chek Saú himself assumed their duties; all passing to and fro near our apartments was prohibited, and day and night this humble friend hovered about my husband's bed, soothing, nursing, tending, as a loving mother would her tender babe. He had brought his young wife around to nurse our little one, and she was also the ministering angel of my sick-room. When the fever left my husband, he did not seem to rally from its effects, and the physician said he must have change of air. Nothing else could save him, and he must go down on shipboard, outside the bar, for the benefit of salt air and bathing. But how could he go, in his weak, almost helpless, state? I was still so weak that I should have been only an incumbrance; yet I should have gone had not Chek Saú volunteered his services to take care of my husband, while his wife remained with me. And so it was arranged: Chek Saú went to the ship, watched over the invalid, nursed him back to life, and, by the blessing of God, brought him home in three weeks, well. Then this faithful servant resumed his duties in the household, preparing all manner of dainties to tempt invalid appetites, replacing disarranged furniture, and bringing order out of confusion, till everything was again in its old routine.

A year or two later we had occasion to visit Singapore, and, as we expected to be absent some months, an American family at Bangkok begged the privilege of hiring Chek Saú in our absence. Somewhat reluctantly he consented to go; but we were scarcely domiciled in Singapore before we learned that the arrangement had fallen through, and that our cook, having retired in disgust, positively refused to accept another situation. This reminded us of what Dr. J—— had formerly said, and we were more than ever curious to learn why this man would serve us so faithfully, and, apparently, no one else, at all. On our return, Chek Saú met us at the landing—the first to welcome us home. During the next day, he went from room to room with quiet dignity, arranging everything,—his deft fingers constantly busy, and his broad face absolutely radiant with smiles. He was evidently glad to be at his old post again, but made no allusion to the recent experiment. At length, my impatience to solve the problem of our cook's unaccountable preferences led me to broach the subject, and then, for the first time, I mentioned what Dr. J—— had said of his never remaining a month in any family. Silent, and evidently amused, Chek Saú listened to the end, and then said:

"It is every word true, my lady, yet I do not think the fault was mine, though I always retired voluntarily, and usually without assigning a reason. But knowing my proficiency in the art to which my life has been devoted, I could never consent to be instructed by those who had not acquired even the first letter of its alphabet. Surely,

after nearly forty years of study and practice in my profession, I do not need to be instructed how to compound a syllabub, or the requisite quantity of butter or spices to be used in a pudding. I am always willing to be told *what* to do, but never *how* to execute the order—especially when, in that department, I happen to know far more than my teachers. Most of those I have attempted to serve disgusted me by such interference; and had I followed their directions, every dish would have been spoiled and my reputation tarnished. So I left, of course. But I saw the very day I came to you that I was trusted, that you recognized my ability, and relied on my fidelity to do what I had undertaken, and you left me without interference to manage the department committed to my charge. I was grateful for this confidence; it has developed my talents, increased my skill, and attached me forever to your interests. If my honored lady is still satisfied with these humble services, no effort on my part shall ever be wanting to meet her approval."

With these words, accompanied by a perfect volley of salams, my cook bowed himself out, leaving me to ponder in immeasurable surprise his strange speech—so marvelous a compound of self-appreciation and jealousy for his art. Several years passed—years laden with the inevitable chances and changes from which no earthly lot is exempt; but they brought no shadow of change in the fidelity of our tried and trusted servant. Then came the preparations for our final departure from Siam—an event watched and waited for by Chek Saú in silent abstraction. During the last days his eyes looked heavy with unshed tears, and often I saw his hand drawn hastily across the bronzed cheek, if I came upon him suddenly, while he packed and arranged the baggage for our long journey. The day of the departure, he followed us to the wharf, handed our baby-boys, one after the other, into the boat, where he had already bestowed his parting presents of flowers, fruits, and confectionery; and then with tremulous voice bade us adieu, wishing us "a safe and prosperous voyage, a joyous reunion with all our friends, and, above all, a speedy return to Siam."

I have entered thus into details to show how warmly attached to their employers these oriental servants become, if trusted and treated with due consideration, and also the wisdom, in dealing with them, of "letting well enough alone." There can be no question but that the Chinese, when skillfully managed, make the most capable, intelligent, and reliable servants in the world, not excepting even the thoroughbred domestics of the "Old Dominion," generally admitted to be the best on this side the waters. A Chinaman's powers of imitation and adaptation are boundless; he can learn anything, and is not afraid of work, if thereby he may accumulate a goodly pile of "Mexican dollars." (Paper-money orientals regard with supreme contempt.) Nor does John Chinaman care a baubee how many trades are united in one, if he be only left to fulfill his duties in his own way. The grand bugbear of the East, "mixed" labor, has no terrors for him. As cooks, butlers, nurses, washermen, or even seamstresses, we have in this country no class of operatives that can begin to compare with the Chinese. I have had them filling all these positions; and knowing them well—their dispositions and habits—I feel confident that their introduction into our families is the greatest blessing to be hoped for by American housewives. Let alone, the Celestial will serve his employer faithfully—a very prodigy of neatness, industry, and honesty; but if interfered with, he gets bewildered, and sometimes obstinate. His work explained to him when he first comes, the *modus operandi* shown him, if necessary, the first time, and then the employé left to himself, without watching or interference, and in nine cases out of ten there will not be found a single neglected duty during the entire term of service, whether it last ten years or a life-time. Trusted, and kindly treated in the families where they are received, these dignified, courtly orientals will soon inaugurate an era of restful peace scarcely to be conceived by the households now held in bondage to poor, untutored, slovenly "Biddy," with her "reign of terror" and its attendant discords. What a woful contrast are her slovenliness and irregularities to the cheery air and deft, cleanly ways of the native-born Celestial; and who, having once tasted the untold comfort of seeing an efficient Chinese at the head of his domestic *ménage*, could be induced to lapse again into "barbarian," *i. e.* Irish, misrule!

VICTOR HUGO AS A DRAMATIST.

In the year 1778, there was acted in Paris, at the Théâtre-Français, "Irène," the last tragedy of Voltaire, whose first play, "Œdipe," had been brought out at the same theater in 1718—sixty years before. On March 31st, at the sixth performance of "Irène," the aged author was able to be present, amid the greatest enthusiasm. It was, as it were, to the yet living Voltaire a foretaste of literary immortality, and he was much affected by the demonstrations. "You smother me with roses," he said, "and kill me with pleasure."

In our day, we have seen but one sight like unto this. On February 25th, 1880, at the same Théâtre-Français where Voltaire was honored, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of "Hernani," a play by Victor Hugo. In the half-century it had been acted over three hundred times in that theater. The list of those present at this semi-centennial performance holds nearly all the notable names of modern France. The house was full and enthusiastic. After the acting of "Hernani," the curtain drew up again and discovered that incomparable company of actors, the Comédie-Française, grouped around a bust of Victor Hugo in the center of the stage. Then, from the ranks of the performers, each of whom was dressed in the costume of the character he had acted in one of the poet's plays, came forward the chief actress of tragedy, and recited, in the most musical of voices and amid the plaudits of the audience, the poem written for the occasion by one of the foremost of younger French poets—a poem which proclaimed that Victor Hugo would have long life before he had immortality, and which declared that his drama and Glory had celebrated their golden wedding.

Voltaire has been dead only a century, and already the dust lies thick on his dramatic works; but a hundred years is a long life for anything in literature. What may befall Victor Hugo's dramas in a hundred years it were vain to prophesy. Shakspere has been dead two centuries and a half, and his plays are as young as the day they were born: Victor Hugo does not lack partisans who declare him to be of the race and lineage of Shakspere. Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, for instance, is an English poet and critic who cannot mention M. Hugo's name without dithyrambic rhapsodies; and the late Théophile Gautier was a French poet and critic who, when almost on his death-bed, told a friend that if he had the ill-fortune to find a single line of Hugo's poor, he would not dare to confess it to himself, all alone in the cellar, without a light. Gautier, at least, had the excuse that Hugo had been his leader in a fierce fight, and that it ill becomes a soldier to doubt the captain who brought the battle to an end.

It is needless to tell again, and at length, the tale of the battle. It is enough to remember that, toward the end of the first quarter of this century, the younger generation in France began to rebel against the rigid rules in which all art was restrained —especially all dramatic art. In combat against classicism, the theater was the chief battle-ground. Now, for an assault on the stage, Hugo was the best possible leader. He was a born playwright. Although only twenty-five years old when he put forth "Cromwell," in 1827, he had already published two novels and two volumes of poetry. Novelist and poet then, he has revealed himself since as critic, orator, historian, and satirist; but in every disguise he shows his strong native bent toward the theater. His poems are often but the lyric setting of a dramatic motive; his novels are but plays told in narrative, instead of put upon the stage. All the elements of the play are to be found in the novel,—situations, scenery, effects, even to the exit speeches,—all are there. No reader of the "History of a Crime" need be reminded how dramatic, not to say theatrical, he can make history. As an orator, also, his stage-training stands him in good stead; his oration becomes a play with only one part, and he uses, as best he may, the scenery which chances to surround him. In 1851, for example, pleading in court against the death-penalty, he pointed to the crucifix over the judge's head and appealed to "that victim of capital punishment." It is in his novels, however, that his dramatic instinct is most plainly seen. His methods are those of a melodramatist. He plans and paints his scenery himself—and far better than the material brush of the scenic artist could do it; and he delights in the violent contrasts always effective on the stage, in the cut-and-thrust repartee of the theater, and in the sharply

outlined characters whose complexity is only apparent.

Abundant proof of the dramatic tendencies of his youth are to be found in the curious book, "Victor Hugo; Raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie," which is at least semi-autobiographical. In this we are told that he wrote a tragedy—"Irtamène"—at the age of fourteen, and an *opéra-comique*—"A Quelque Chose Hasard est Bon"—before he was sixteen. Between the two—at fifteen—he had written a more elaborate tragedy—"Athalie." The witness of his life tells us that it was "perfectly regular, in five acts, with unities of time and place,* dream, confidants, etc." At nineteen he planned a play—"Amy Robsart"—taken for the most part from "Kenilworth." Seven years later he gave it to his brother-in-law, Paul Foucher, not thinking it fit that, after the publication of "Cromwell," he should borrow a subject. The play was acted anonymously and hissed. Hugo at once came forward and claimed his share of the failure. None of these early dramatic attempts of M. Hugo has been published; but the witness of his life prints in full another play—"Inez de Castro"—written at the age of sixteen,—apparently just after the composition of the *opéra-comique*, and three years before the adaptation from Scott.

"Inez de Castro" is a remarkable production for a boy of sixteen, and it has never received the attention it deserves from critics of Hugo's literary career. We can detect in this youthful sketch the germ of his later dramatic work. Here, in fact, is Victor Hugo, the playwright, in the chrysalis. "Inez de Castro" is a melodrama in three acts and two interludes. These latter are spectacular, merely, and call for no comment. But the three acts of melodrama repay study. The story of the play need not be told here at length; it has a juvenile want of profundity, and it shows a juvenile love of the marvelous and astounding. But the effects are not altogether external, and there is a willingness to grapple with weighty subjects not a little characteristic. Here are the firstlings of Hugo's theatrical genius, and we can see here in embryo some of his later qualities. The scene is laid in Spain, where the poet had passed part of his wandering childhood, and there is a lavish use of local color. That the young poet had already broken with the unity of place is shown by the frequent change of scene. There is the commingling of the comic and the serious which, nine years later, in the "Cromwell" preface, he declared to be essential to a proper dramatic presentation of life. The humor is not grim and grotesque, as it became in some of his later plays, but frankly mirthful. There is the use of the prattle of little children to relieve the strain of tense emotion—repeated half a century later in "Ninety-three." There are intriguing officials, recalling those in "Ruy Blas"; and there is a liberal use of spies and poison, recalling "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Angelo." There are lyric interludes, and antitheses, and violent contrasts, and a seeking of startling effects by the sudden disclosure of solemn situations. There is one scene in the tomb of the king which, perhaps, suggested the act of "Hernani" in the tomb of Charlemagne; and another in a vast hall, hung with black draperies, and containing a throne and a scaffold, around which are grouped guards in black and red, and executioners in the black robes of penitents, with torches in their hands. This scene seemingly has served as raw material for one in "Marie Tudor," and also, it may be, for the famous supper scene in "Lucrèce Borgia." And last of all there is a ghost, which I am glad to say Victor Hugo has made no attempt to utilize in any of his later works.

After Victor Hugo had begun to be recognized as the chief of a new sect, his liking for the stage prompted him to plan a play which should exemplify what the drama of the future ought to be. He sketched out "Cromwell," intending it for Talma, who heartily approved of the new principles. Unfortunately, the great actor died, worn-out with giving form to the emptiness of the plays he had to act. Bereft of the one actor who could do justice to his hero, Hugo gave up the thought of the stage, and elaborated the play until it is well-nigh as long as Mr. Swinburne's interminable "Bothwell." However, the original acting-play remains visible, though imbedded in a mass of superabundant matter. Although the scenes are unduly prolonged and the char-

* The trade-mark of a classicist tragedy was the blind obedience paid to the Three Unities. The French critics pretended to derive from Aristotle a law that a dramatic poem should show *one* action happening in *one* place in the space of *one* day; these were the unities of action, place, and time. As to the unity of action, there need be no dispute: a work of art should have a single distinct motive. But both the unity of time, which compelled the hurried massing of all the straggling incidents of a story into twenty-four hours; and the unity of place, which forbade all change of scene,—these were absurdities.

acters developed at needless length, careful cutting would make its performance a possibility. It is to be judged frankly as a play for the stage, and not as that half-breed monstrosity, a "play for the closet." Of course, it marks an immense advance on the "Inez de Castro" of nine years before; but it is far inferior to the "Hernani" of three years later. The restrictions of actual stage representation are wholesome to Hugo's exuberant genius. As a historical drama, "Cromwell" is not quite so accurate as its author pretends, but it presents vividly the superficial aspects of a man and a time still waiting for a dramatist who can see their great capabilities. The plot, the incidents of which are not so closely serried as in Hugo's later plays, turns on the Protector's intrigues for the crown he afterward refused. There is the familiar use of moments of surprise and suspense, and of stage effects appealing to the eye and the ear.

In the first act, *Richard Cromwell* drops into the midst of the conspirators against his father—surprise; he accuses them of treachery in drinking without him—suspense; suddenly a trumpet sounds, and a crier orders open the doors of the tavern where all are sitting—suspense again; when the doors are flung wide, we see the populace and a company of soldiers and the crier on horseback, who reads a proclamation of a general fast, and commands the closing of all taverns—surprise again. A somewhat similar scene of succeeding suspense and surprise is to be found in the fourth act. The setting off of the Roundheads against the Cavaliers is rather French in its conception of character, but none the less effective. There is real humor in the contrast of *Carr*, the typical Puritan, with *Lord Rochester*, the ideal courtier; and the improbable, not to say impossible, disguise of *Rochester* as *Cromwell's Chaplain*, is fertile in scenes of pure comedy. The fun, light and airy and graceful in *Rochester*, gets a little forced and farcical in *Dame Guggligoy*. The effort is obvious and the hand rather heavy.

As Dryden says: "They who would combat general authority with particular opinion must first establish themselves a reputation of understanding better than other men." Now, "Cromwell" was unactable. Its preface irritated many and converted few. It remained for Hugo to prove his superior understanding of the stage by his own works acted on the stage. In the spring of 1829, eighteen months after the publication of "Cromwell," Hugo was asked to write a play for the Comédie-Française. He had two subjects in his head. He chose to write first "Marion Delorme," a task which took him from June 1st to June 24th, the fourth act having been finished in one day's steady labor. Accepted by the theater, the play was interdicted by the censors. Hugo at once turned to his second subject, and in three weeks he had completed "Hernani." It is a coincidence that Voltaire wrote "Zaïre," much his best tragedy, in just the same space of time that Hugo took to write "Hernani," his most popular play.

In explanation of this wondrous improvisation,—for "Hernani" is a play in five acts of full length,—one may venture to suggest that the plot had been slowly matured in the author's head, the situations had linked themselves together in order, and that, when the poet sat down at his desk, he had but to clothe his conceptions with verse. To him this was a task of no difficulty, for Hugo has superabundantly the gift of metrical speech, his vocabulary is surpassingly rich, and he has lyric melody at his beck and call. His muse responded nobly. In no other play of Hugo's is the verse finer or firmer. The lumbering and jingling rhymed Alexandrine is not the best meter for dramatic poetry; it is not even a good meter; but it is here handled by a master of verse. Though no carelessness betrays the improvising, the verse retains the rush and impetus of its making. The whole work is full of the freshness and vigor of youth.

Although the French cannot be accused of taking their pleasure sadly, the first performance of any important play at the national theater is a solemnity. The production of "Hernani," at the Théâtre-Français, on the evening of February 25th, 1830, was a national event. Space fails to tell again the oft-told story of that night. It was the first pitched battle between the Classicists and the Romanticists. The pit was filled with bands of young artists of all kinds, who had volunteered in place of the salaried applauders of the theater, and who were admitted on the presentation of a special ticket—the word *hierro* (Spanish for iron) stamped in a bold handwriting on a little slip of red paper. Chief among these young enthusiasts was Théophile Gautier, resplendent in a flaming crimson waistcoat. With the first line, the conflict broke out. The hisses of the conservatives

were met by the plaudits of the reformers. Phrases which now pass without notice were then jeered and hooted. Extra-hazardous expressions were cheered before they were fairly out of the actors' mouths. When the curtain fell, the victory lay with the young author. But the end was not yet. The fight was renewed with the same bitterness at every performance. Speeches, roughly received one night, were rapturously applauded the next. A scene, lost by the Romanticists to-day, was taken by assault to-morrow. At last there was not one single line in the whole five acts which, at one time or another, had not been hissed. The theater was crowded night after night. The excitement was not confined to the capital, and provincial towns echoed the animated discussions of Paris. At Toulouse, a quarrel about "Hernani" led to a duel, in which a young man was killed.

It was the position of the play as a manifesto, and not its merits, remarkable as they were, which called forth such demonstrations. Yet it needs no wide acquaintance with the works then holding the stage in France to understand that a play as fresh and as full of force as "Hernani" would make a strong impression. The rapid rush of its action carries the spectator off his feet; the lyric fervor of its language is intoxicating; and it is only a sober second thought which lets us see the weak points of the piece. If this is its effect now, when the play has no longer the charm of novelty,—when, indeed, its startling innovations have been worn threadbare in the service of second-rate and often clumsy followers,—we may guess what its effect was then on the ardent generation of 1830, surfeited with the sickly inanities of the self-styled Classic school. Whatever we may now think of *Doña Sol* and her three lovers, the young artists of half a century ago took them for types of a dramatic renascence. What we do now think of them is that all four characters, although full of movement and rich in color, are hollow and without real life. They live, move, and have their being in a world that never was; in brief, they are operatic impossibilities, ruled by an inexorable fate and the firm hand of the author, who has decided on ending a picturesque play with a pathetic situation.

The plot may be recalled briefly. *Ruy Gomez* intends to marry his niece, *Doña Sol*, who, however, loves a mysterious bandit, *Hernani*—own brother to Lord Byron's "Giaour." The King of Spain also loves *Doña Sol*, and bears her away with him. *Hernani* owes his life to *Ruy Gomez*, to whom he gives his hunting-horn, agreeing to take that life himself whenever he hears the horn; and then *Ruy Gomez* and *Hernani*, for revenge, join in a conspiracy against the King. But *Don Carlos*, the King of Spain, is elected Roman Emperor, and he surprises the conspirators. Changed by his higher office, he pardons. *Hernani* is restored to all his rank and titles, and *Doña Sol* is wedded to him. In the midst of the marriage feast comes the sound of the horn; *Ruy Gomez* is implacable; *Hernani* has sworn to die; and his poison serves also for his bride. "Castilian Honor," the sub-title of the play, seems a very queer thing when we consider this story in cold blood. For the plot not to look ludicrous, one must be almost as hasty and hot-headed as the hero himself. And the incidents are as like each other as the whole play is unlike life. As an English critic has remarked, every act ends with somebody sparing the life of somebody else, save the last, in which all the chief characters, except *Charles V.*, die together. The catastrophe, although it is the logical sum total of the situations, would be revolting if it were not so extravagant. The lugubrious tooting of the horn it was that Goethe, doubtless, had in mind when he called "Hernani" "an absurd composition."

But to detect these demerits takes afterthought. While the play is acting before us, we are under the spell; we are moved, thrilled, excited. The pleasure it gives is not of the highest kind intellectually, if, indeed, it may be termed intellectual at all; but as to the amount of pleasure it gives, there can be no question. The quality of its power may be doubted, never the quantity. It is a very interesting play—melodramatic in its motive, poetic in its language, and picturesque at all times.

The same phrase describes fairly enough "Marion Delorme," and "Le Roi s'Amuse," which followed "Hernani" upon the stage. "Marion Delorme," forbidden by the Bourbon censors, waited a few months till the revolution of 1830 overturned the Bourbon throne; and then, in a few months more, on August 11, 1831, it was brought out at the Porte St. Martin Theater. It was received with the same outburst of contending prejudices and preferences which had been let loose upon "Hernani." To my mind, it is a better play than its predecessor on the

boards. To the full as moving and as picturesque, it bears study better. For one thing, it mingles humor and passion far more skillfully. It may, perhaps, be called the only one of Hugo's plays which fulfills the conditions of the new drama, as laid down by the author in the preface to "Cromwell." And from this freer use of humor results a great superiority in the presentation of character. In no other play of Hugo's are the characters as natural as in "Marion Delorme." They are not mere profile masks set in motion to face each other in a given situation. *Louis XIII.* and *Saverny* are real flesh and blood. The King is a royally well-conceived character. Hugo brings before us, by a few light and humorous touches, the feeble, melancholy, pious, moral, fearful, restive, and helpless monarch, chafing under the iron curb of his red ruler, and yet inert in self-assertion. True to history or not, the portrait is true to itself—which is of greater importance in dramatic as in other art. The scene between *Louis* and his solemn jester, who seeks to gain his end by playing on the King's failings, is in the true comedy vein, and would greatly surprise those who, knowing only Hugo's later works, say that he does not know what humor is. *Saverny* is a figure filled in with a few easy strokes of an airy fancy; he is the embodiment of light-hearted grace and true-hearted honor. He is a young fellow who wears feathers in his cap, it is true, but he bears down in his heart the motto of his order,—"*Noblesse oblige*,"—and he acts up to it when time serves. His is a poetic portrait of a characteristic Frenchman, with the national quality of style and a capability for lofty sacrifice. There is true comedy, again, in his attitude when his friend *De Brichanteau* tries to console *Saverny's* uncle for his supposed death, by pointing out his faults and dwelling on them at length, until at last *Saverny* revolts. There is, perhaps, a slightly too epigrammatic emphasis in the final self-possession of *Saverny*, which lets him coolly point out three mistakes in the spelling of his own death-warrant. Emphasis and epigram, however, are kept more subordinate in "Marion Delorme" than in any other of Hugo's plays.

Marion Delorme, the heroine, and *Didier*, the hero, are simpler figures, and more like those to be found in the "Hernani." *Didier* is another brother of the giaour—mysterious, melancholic, misanthropic. Like *Hernani*, he is a wanderer on the face of the earth, and has great capacity for suffering. *Marion Delorme* is one of the fair and fragile beauties who has come down to us from history, leaving her character behind her.

In the next piece,—"Le Roi s'Amuse,"—the protagonist is the court-fool, *Triboulet*, the jester of Francis I. of France. This play was brought out at the Théâtre-Français, in Paris, one evening in November, 1832. Before the first-night audience it failed, and it had no chance of recovery, for, the next morning, the Government forbade the performance of the play on the ground that it libeled Francis I. So "Le Roi s'Amuse" has had but one performance, and yet the plot of no play of Hugo's is so well known out of France, for it served Verdi as the libretto of "Rigoletto." Space fails to consider it here in detail. In form and spirit it does not differ from "Hernani" or "Marion Delorme," although it rises to a greater height of passion than they. If any one wishes to see how a strong story can be watered into symmetrical sentimentality, he may take up the "Fool's Revenge,"—a drama in three acts, by Mr. Tom Taylor,—just after putting down "Le Roi s'Amuse." The essential tragedy of the motive is weakened to a triumph of virtue and conversion of the vice. The desperation and death which are the vitals of the French play, are in the English anodyned for the sake of the conventional happy ending.

Now we come to a curious change of manner. "Le Roi s'Amuse," "Marion Delorme," and "Hernani" are all written in a rich and ample verse, full of fire and color; but the three plays which followed—"Lucrèce Borgia," "Marie Tudor," and "Angelo"—are in prose; and the effect of the change of medium is most surprising. Of course verse is not always poetry, and prose may aim as high and be as lofty as verse; but in Hugo's case the giving up of verse seems like a giving up of poetry. The elevation, the glow, and the grace of "Hernani" are all lacking in "Lucrèce Borgia" and its two companions in prose. There is no falling off in the ingenuity of invention, or in the constructive skill of the author; but the plays in prose seem somehow on a much lower level than those in verse; and this is in spite of the fact that the meter Hugo used, the rhymed Alexandrine, is hopelessly unfit for the quick work of the stage. Before Mr. Matthew Arnold, Stendhal* had dwelt on the insufficience of

* "Les vers italiens et anglais permettent de tout dire; le vers Alexandrin seul, fait pour une cour dédaigneuse, en a tous les ridicules." (*Racine et Shakspere*, p. 36, note.)

the Alexandrine for high poetry. The jigginess of the meter, and the alternating pairs of male and female rhymes, are fatal to continued elevation of thought. Shakspere and Dante could not have been sublime in Alexandrines; yet the meter has a certain fitness to the French intellect—to its love of order and balance; and, moreover, it is the recognized and regular meter of the higher theater; so a French dramatist must needs make the best of it. Victor Hugo is a master in versification; it has no mysteries for him, and in his hands even the stubborn Alexandrine is bent to his bidding; so, when he drops verse, he gives up a great advantage. His plays in verse may pass for poetic dramas, but his plays in prose are of a truth prosaic.

A garment of verse veils "Hernani" and "Marion Delorme," but "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor" are naked melodrama, without any semblance of poetry. "Lucrèce Borgia," written in the summer of 1832, immediately after "Le Roi s'Amuse," and acted in 1833, is strangely like "Inez de Castro," its predecessor in prose. It is simply a melodrama, owing its merit mainly to its simplicity. We have an adroit and cunning handling of a single fertile theme. There is none of the involute turgidity of the ordinary melodramatic playwright; but, for all its simplicity, the play is a melodrama —even in the etymological sense, which requires the admixture of music. With all her accumulated vices, *Lucrèce Borgia* herself has no grandeur, no touch of the wand, which transfigures the wicked woman of Webster or Ford. It is not imaginative, it is not poetic, and it is immensely clever. In spite of the magnitude of her crimes, and the force with which she is depicted, she remains commonplace, and arouses the latent instinct of caricature. When, in the first act, she tries special pleading for herself, and lays the blame and the burden of her sins on her family,—"*C'est l'exemple de ma famille qui m'a entrainée*,"—one involuntarily recalls the fair Greek heroine of M. Offenbach's "Belle Hélène," who complains of "*la fatalité qui pèse sur moi!*"

Coincident with the change from verse to prose is a sudden falling off in the humor which lightened the somber situations of the metrical plays. The romantic formula which prescribed the mingling of comedy and tragedy to make the model drama is disregarded already in "Lucrèce Borgia," in the *Gubetta* of which the humor we found frank and free in the *Saverny* of "Marion Delorme" becomes grim and saturnine. It is less frequent and more forced, as though the author was beginning to make fun with difficulty. In "Marie Tudor," written and acted in the same year, 1833, the humor has wholly disappeared, and hence we may detect a growing extravagance of speech and structure. The *Marie Tudor* of M. Hugo is the *Queen Mary* of Mr. Tennyson; and the poets themselves are scarcely more unlike than the pictures they present to us of the miserable monarch who went down to history as "Bloody Mary." Mr. Tennyson could probably give chapter and verse for every part of his play. M. Hugo has no warrant for dozens of his extraordinary assertions and assumptions as to the manners and customs of the English. Mr. Tennyson is patriotic, and always seeks the subjects of his plays in the national history, which he has reverently studied. M. Hugo has laid the scene in France of but two of his plays; he prefers foreign countries, which offer more frequent opportunities for sharp contrasts and strange mysteries. Spain, Italy, England, even Germany, can be taken by storm with less fear of the consequences. But, in "Marie Tudor," the joke is really carried a little too far. The play is absurd where it is not ridiculous. It is a caricature of history, a wanton misreading of records, and, worse yet, a passing over of the truly dramatic side of the reign to invent vulgar impossibilities. The play, as a play even, is inferior to all its predecessors. It has action, and it is shaped solely with an eye to effect before the foot-lights; but the piece is cheap, even as a specimen of journeyman play-making. There is no touch or trace of poetry anywhere. The unfortunate queen is transformed into a sanguinary and lascivious virago, a *Madame Angot* of a monarch, scolding like a fish-wife and threatening like a fury.

The third play in prose, "Angelo," written and acted in 1835, though inferior to "Lucrèce Borgia," is superior to "Marie Tudor," because it does not make history to suit itself, and because its story is simpler and more pathetic. The contrast of the chaste patrician lady with *Tisbe*, the lawless woman of the people, is capable of development into affecting situations. The two parts were originally acted by Mlle. Mars and Mme. Dorval. *Tisbe* was afterward acted by Rachel, and in America an adaptation was played by Charlotte Cushman.

Outside of these two parts, there is little in the piece. *Homodei* is not very like a man of God, though he is represented as the personification of ubiquitous omniscience. It is one of Hugo's first attempts at embodying an abstraction, or rather at clothing a really commonplace character with marvelous attributes. He looms up as something far more wonderful than he appears when seen close to. There is an effort to pack a quart into a pint, to the resulting fracture of the vessel. "Angelo" has no more humor than "Marie Tudor," so the extravagance has a chance to grow. There is a perceptible increase in the affectations of plot and dialogue, and an equally perceptible increase in Hugo's fondness for mystic devices. In all his plays there are sliding panels and secret passages and hidden staircases in plenty; spies and hireling bravos and black mutes are to be found in them; subtle Italian poisons and sudden antidotes thereunto, and strange narcotics, at an instant's notice are ready to hand; in short, there is no lack of tools for the most Radcliffean mysteries and mystifications. Of poison, especially, is there no miserly use. *Hernani* poisons himself, and so does his bride; *Ruy Blas* takes poison; *Angelo* thinks to poison his wife; and *Lucrèce Borgia* poisons a whole supper-party. In fact, to read Hugo's plays straight through is as good as a course in toxicology. And the dagger is abused as freely as the bowl. To call the death-roll of all the *dramatis personæ* who die by the sword or the ax would be as tedious as unprofitable.

In 1838, three years after "Angelo," came "Ruy Blas," in many ways Hugo's finest play. It is a happy return to verse and the earlier manner. The plot—suggested possibly by the story of Angelica Kaufmann, and slightly similar to Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons"—is at once simple and strong. Verse again throws its ample folds over the characters, and cloaks their lack of the complexity of life. And again we have the wholesome and lightsome humor which kept the metrical dramas from the exaggerations and extravagances of the prose plays. It is as though the exuberant genius of Victor Hugo needed the strait-jacket of the couplet. There is true comedy in the conception of *Don César;* and very ingenious and comic is the scene in the fourth act when he drops into the house occupied by *Ruy Blas* (who has assumed the name of *Don César),* and is astonished at the adventures which befall him, and does, in everything, the exact reverse of what would be done by *Ruy Blas,* for whom the adventures were intended. It is only in this scene, and in one or two in "Marion Delorme," that we can see anything in Hugo's work approaching to large and liberal humor. Wit he has in abundance, and to spare. Grim humor, ironic playfulness, grotesque fancy, are not wanting; but real comic force—the enjoyment of fun for its own sake—the *vis comica* of Molière, for example, or of Shakspere or Aristophanes—is nowhere to be found. I have already dwelt on the utter absence from the prose plays of any kind of comedy. If it were not for "Ruy Blas," which seems to come out of its proper chronological order, since it is closely akin to its fellow metrical dramas, and not to the prose plays which preceded it—if it were not for "Ruy Blas," we might trace the gradual decay of Hugo's feeling for the comic. After "Ruy Blas," after 1838, neither in play nor in any other of the multifarious efforts of Victor Hugo can I recall any attempt at comedy, or even any consciousness of its existence. It is as though, born with a full sense of humor, in the course of time he had allowed his vanity to spring up and choke it; for, oddly enough, as his humor died, his vanity grew apace. It is an aggressive vainglory, and may best be seen in his prefaces. In that to "Cromwell," he is defiant, and not on the defensive; in those to later plays, we can see the undue humility which is the chief sign of towering vanity. Just after "Hernani," Chateaubriand, who was gifted with no slight self-esteem, hailed Victor Hugo as his fit successor. And Hugo has inherited, not only some of the literary methods and some of the authority of Chateaubriand, but a full share of his intellectual arrogance.

It was this intellectual arrogance which prompted him to withdraw from the stage after the popular failure of his next play. The "Burgraves," written in October, 1842, and acted in March, 1843, is an attempt to set on the stage something of the epic grandeur of mediæval history. It sought to make dramatic use of the legend of the mighty and undying Barbarossa. As a poem, it is one of Hugo's noblest; as a play, it is his poorest. We have a powerful picture of Teutonic decadence and of imperial majesty; but, in aiming high, Hugo naturally missed the heart of the play-goer. There is nothing human for the play-goer to

take hold of and carry away with him. The plot, with but little of the melodramatic machinery Hugo directs so effectively, is uninteresting, and, in its termination, undramatic. The characters, grandly conceived as they are, seem like colossal statues, larger than life, and not flesh and blood. No real passion was to be expected from such stony figures, perfect as may be their cold and chiseled workmanship. The "Burgraves" is the most ambitious of Hugo's dramas and the least successful in performance. Its career was short. Besides, an anti-romantic reaction had set in, and Ponsard's "Lucrèce" was hailed as a return to common sense. Victor Hugo took umbrage, and declared that it was unbecoming to his dignity to submit himself to the hisses of a chance audience. Although he had two plays nearly ready for acting, he has never again presented himself as a dramatist. One of these plays, "Les Jumeaux," was about finished in 1838; and since then he has written "Torquemada," a drama of the Spanish Inquisition—a most promising subject for his peculiar powers—neither of which is to be acted until after Hugo's death. A recent biographer refers to still other pieces of the poet, among them a fairy play called "La Forêt Mouillée," in which trees and flowers speak.

In this enumeration of Hugo's plays I have omitted only one—the libretto of an opera, "Esmeralda," produced at the Opéra of Paris, in November, 1836. It was a lyric dramatization of his romance, "Notre-Dame de Paris," made for Mlle. Bertin, the daughter of a friend, after he had refused to do it for Meyerbeer. Dramatizations of the same story and of "Les Miserables," by one or the other of his sons, have been acted; the former recently ran over a hundred nights in Paris. If his own libretto chanced upon an incompetent composer, certain of his dramas are better known to the world at large as Italian operas than in their original and more literary form as French plays. "Hernani" and "Le Roi s'Amuse" served Verdi as the books of "Ernani" and "Rigoletto." "Ruy Blas" has been turned into a libretto several times, latest for Marchetti; and "Lucrèce Borgia," the final act of which, full of contending emotions and scenic contrasts, and culminating in the thrilling commingling of the bacchanalian lyrics of the supper-party with the dirge for the dying of the approaching priests—a situation which almost sets itself to music—has been turned to excellent account in the "Lucrezia Borgia" of Donizetti. These transformations were not always to the poet's taste, as was shown in one of his later plays by the savage way in which he warned off the librettist.

All Victor Hugo's plays are the work of his youth; he was not forty when the "Burgraves" was acted; and they are thus free from the measureless emphasis which is the besetting sin of his later work. And, unfortunately, Hugo has not obeyed Goethe's behest not to "take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects." This is just what has happened to Hugo. No author of his years and fame has ever changed so little since he first came forward; there has been extension, of course, but there has not been growth. So, although Hugo stopped short his dramatic production, we may doubt whether the future would have had any surprise in store for us. Had he written more for the stage, we may fairly enough discount what manner of plays they would have been. We should have found the lively feeling of situation and the power to express it which, Goethe tells us, make the poet; but now and then the situation would have been overcharged, and the expression extravagant. We should have had plays in the highest degree ingenious in device, thrilling in incident, and, if they chance to be in verse, full of lyric melody. But these are not the chief attributes of a great dramatic poet. Indeed, excess of ingenuity is fatal to true grandeur—as Hugo himself seems to have felt, for in his one attempt at a lofty theme, the "Burgraves," he instinctively cast aside cleverness and strove for a noble simplicity. In the three chief qualities of a great dramatic poet—knowledge of human nature, power of creating character true to nature, and unfailing elevation of thought,—in all these Victor Hugo is deficient.

If one seek proof that Hugo is not a great dramatic poet of the race and lineage of Shakspere, but rather a supremely clever playwright,—an artificer of dramas, not because the drama was in him and must out, but because the stage offered the best market and the most laurels,—one has only to consider "Marie Tudor," or "Angelo." No great dramatic poet, no one who was truly a dramatic poet, could have written such stuff; in spite of all their cleverness, they are unworthy of a poet who has any sense of life. That these plays are so inferior to the metrical dramas goes to show

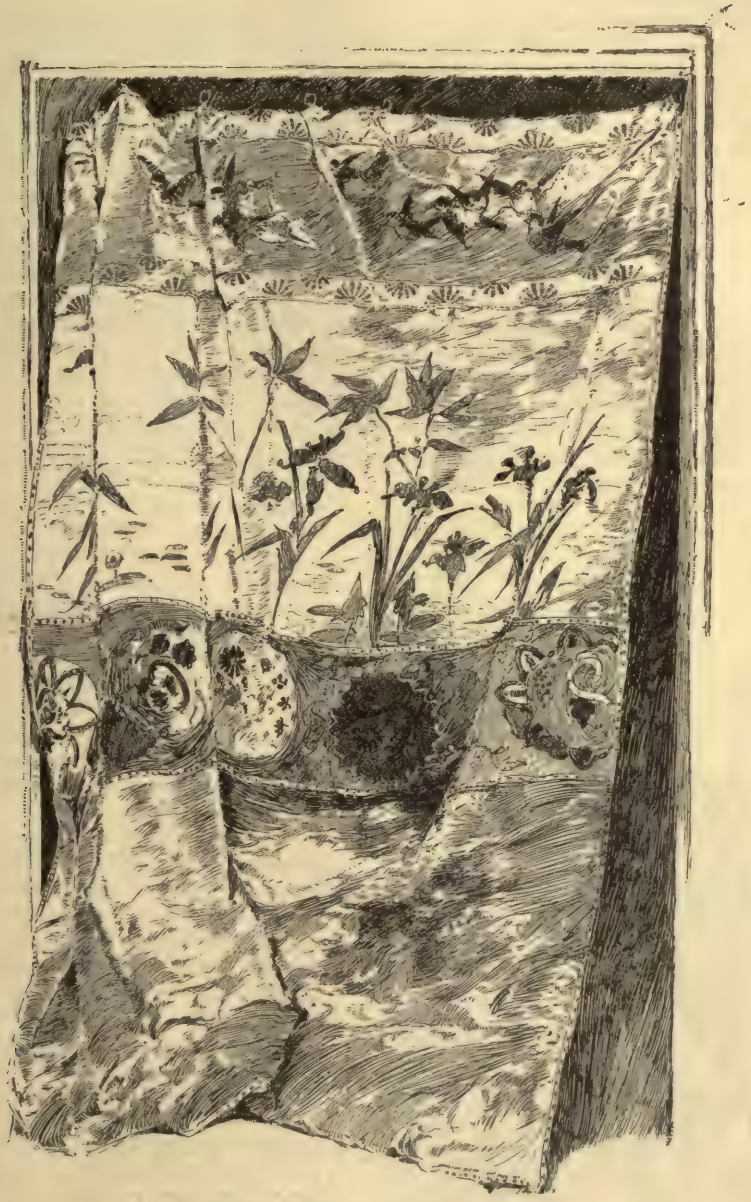
that Hugo needs the restraint of verse, and that he is at his best when working under the limitations of the Alexandrine—limitations which, as I have said, are fatal to dramatic poetry of the highest rank. Putting this and that together, I find that Hugo's plays are melodramas, written by a poet, who is not, however, a dramatic poet. In Molière's plays, as in Shakspere's, the man is superior to the event; but in Hugo's, as in Calderon's and in Corneille's, the situation dominates the characters. Unlike Calderon's and Corneille's, Hugo's plays are not poetic in conception, however poetic they may be in verbal clothing. Neither the plots nor the personages are poetic in conception. The plot is melodramatic, but the best of melodramas because of its simplicity and strength, and because it is the work of a man of heavier mental endowment than often takes to melodrama. Nor are the characters more poetic than the situations; they are not saturated with the spirit of poesy and lifted up by the breath of the muse. Most of Hugo's people, especially the tragic, are drawn in outline, in monochrome; they are impersonations of a single impulse. Miss Bailey wrote a series of Plays of the Passions; Hugo gives a passion apiece to each of his people, and lets them fight it out. Take one of Hugo's villains, the *Don Salluste* of "Ruy Blas," say,—a sharp silhouette, all black,—and set it by the side of *Iago*, and note the rounded and life-like complexity of Shakspere's traitor. Or compare Hugo's characters to Molière's, and see how thin their substance seems, how petty their natures, in spite of their attempts to stand on tiptoe; they have not the muscle and the marrow, they have not the light and the air, of Molière's poetically conceived creatures.

But, melodramatic as situations and characters are, the best of Hugo's plays are still poetic—in appearance, at least. And this is because Victor Hugo is a great poet—although not a great dramatic poet. It is because his plays, although melodramas in structure, are the work of an artist in words. The melodramatist, when he has once constructed the play, calls on the poet to paint it—for in Hugo are two men, a melodramatist doubled by a lyric poet. The joints of the plot are hidden and the hollowness of the characters is cloaked by the ample folds of a poetic diction of unrivaled richness. And it is the splendor of this lyric speech which blinds us at first to the lack of inner and vital poetry in the structure it decks so royally. Although, therefore, his plays are immensely effective in performance, and his characters wear at times the externals of poetic conception, Victor Hugo is not that rare thing, a great dramatic poet—a thing so rare, indeed, that the world as yet has seen but a scant half-score.

There is no need to say that Victor Hugo's glory does not depend on his dramas, nor, indeed, upon his work in any single department of literature. His genius has, turn by turn, tried almost every kind of writing, and on whatsoever it tried it has left its mark. He is a master-singer of lyrics and a master-maker of satires. The song is as pure as the spring at the hill-side, and the satire is as scorching as the steel when it flows from the crucible. He is mighty in romance, and moving in history; giving us in "Notre-Dame de Paris" historical romance, and in the "Story of a Crime" romantic history. Even in criticism and philosophy he has done his stint of labor. But his best work is not merely literary. Literature is too small to hold him, and the finest of him is outside of it. The best part of him has got out of literature into life. What he has done in politics and philanthropy is on record; and he who runs may read, if he will. The politics may at times have been a little erratic, and the philanthropy may have seemed sentimental and opinionated; but these defects are but dust in the balance when weighed against the nobler qualities of the man. In times of doubt and compromise, it is worth much to see one who holds fast to what he believes, and who stands forth for it in lofty and resolute fashion. During the darkest and dirtiest days of the Second Empire, a beacon-light of liberty and hope and faith flashed to France from a rocky isle off the coast, where dwelt one exile from the city he loved, one man at least who refused to bow the head or bend the knee before the man of December. Beyond and above Hugo's great genius is his great heart. He is the poet of the proletarian and of the people; he is the poet of the poor and the weak and the suffering; he is the poet of the overworked woman and of the little child; he is the friend of the downtrodden and the outcast, and his is the truly Christian charity which droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven.

THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

(NEW YORK.)



PORTIÈRE DESIGNED BY SAMUEL COLMAN.

THE recent exhibition held by the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art at the American Art Gallery could not have appeared to the casual visitor—and still less to even the cursory glance of the trained observer—particularly inspiriting. It chiefly consisted of competitive designs for prizes of different descriptions offered by the Society; and, though several of these were excellent, and a few of them—such as Miss Townsend's charming opaline *portière* and Mr. Maynard's allegorical panels, representing the four seasons,

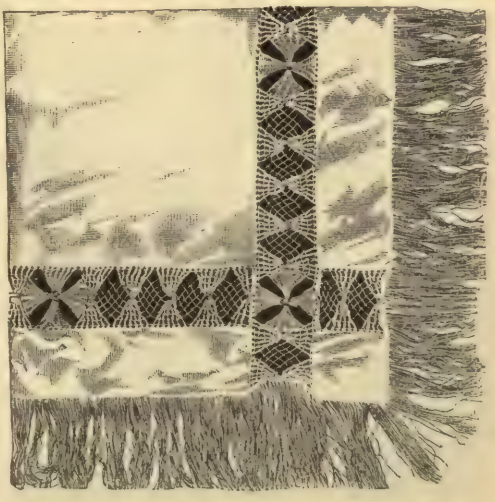
for a screen—were really beautiful, nevertheless the majority, and the majority clearly preponderating, bore witness to the rather meager sense of decorativeness which we suppose Americans, as a people, must for a while yet own to. The designs submitted came from all over the country, and one could hardly help drawing the same inferences from them, as to the national faculty for the lighter qualities of fine-art, that the exhibition in the same rooms, some months before, of the Prang Christmas-card competitive designs induced. Though certainly in a smaller degree, there was evident the same lack of spontaneity of conception, and a similar lack of freedom in execution. In many of the designs, the limitations of machine-work were traceable, betraying the fact that the eye had been thoroughly familiarized with machine-work only; in many others, a rather unnatural variety, evidently due to the easily obtained notion that variety is the sign manual of hand-work, betrayed an affectation perfectly innocent, to be sure, but on the whole as uninteresting as machine monotony. But the real point to be observed is that a few years ago any exhibition at all of this kind would have been an impossibility. When any one who knows what it is possible to do, or, at all events,—which is much the same thing, we suppose,—what has already been done in art, reminds us, with the tone of a pessimist, of the actual æsthetic condition of America outside the circles of influence of the studios of two or three cities, it is considerations of this sort that are encouraging. It is not that a few of our painters—and we may now add sculptors, and perhaps architects—compare favorably with the analogous few of England or Holland or the Latin countries, which gives us the most satisfactory ground for gratulation; but the general and truly popular æsthetic progress that has been made here within a very few years—a progress which is, relatively speaking, surprising, and which really affords some reason for assuring ourselves that there is something particularly sympathetic and apprehensive in the American infusion in Anglo-Saxon character, that discloses itself as soon as it becomes convinced of the seriousness and dignity of any department of human effort. It would be an extravagant thing to say that we now have many painters superior to Stuart and Allston, for example, taking them all around, and laying stress upon the most dignified and severe of the intellectual qualities; but it is certain—and this, as we say, is the significant circumstance—that Allston and Stuart themselves enjoy among their countrymen today an intelligent and critical vogue which neither in their own time nor even a decade ago was theirs. So with the lighter departments of art, to the development of American excellence in which the Society of Decorative Art has set itself. The Society's accomplishment is to be measured by comparative, rather than absolute, standards; and to judge the original work exhibited at their recent display with the same eyes which one would bring to the inspection of the admirable loan collection of Italian and other embroideries exhibited with it, would be obviously irrational. Indeed, we are inclined especially to remind visitors to that exhibition of the least captivating portion of it, viz., the three sides

A GLIMPSE OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS.

END BUFFET COVER. DRAWN WORK.

of the gallery upon which were exposed the contributions of amateurs who had only indirectly, in many instances, come within the Society's influence. The south wall was hung, in the main, with work done under the immediate supervision of, and designed especially for, the Society itself, and it made an excellent showing. A large *portière*, designed by Mr. Samuel Colman and executed by the Society's corps of workers, with its beautiful arabesques embroidered upon a ground of yellow chosen with the nicest taste—and any one who knows the widely different qualities of yellow, without, at the same time, having an acquaintance with what has been done in oriental work, will appreciate success in using this color as a basis, so easy is it to be disagreeable with it—was of itself enough to stamp the work of the Society as excellent work. It was natural that it alone should have overbalanced any contribution by a mere amateur. Mr. Colman is something more than an amateur, and work for which he provides the design and of which he overlooks the execution is sure to rival the very best work of the sort made. And, in a smaller degree, the same may be said of the other direct contributions of the Society. But the competitive designs sent were satisfactory evidence that the notion of attempting something in decorative art has penetrated many inhospitable regions of the country, and the manifest effort of many persons, without special aptitude and after little study, has been rewarded with a reasonable measure of success.

The growth of this department of household art may probably be considered to date from that really—to us—epoch-making event, the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The showing America then made in art of any kind was not too flattering to Americans, and in decorative art especially there was a noticeable inferiority which struck forcibly a few ladies of cultivation and public spirit. Hence the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art. At first, a single room in Madison Avenue was found sufficient to meet the demands of the new scheme, and at all events answered for the modest beginnings of a rivalry of South Kensington. Soon, however, such narrow quarters proved inadequate. The "popular response" to the initiative thus taken was prompt and really significant of the need and opportunity for such an institution. From all over the country inquiries began to be received, asking for information and work. There is certainly little that is surprising in this. Everybody remembers, though it has already become a distinct effort of memory to recall it, the general condition of our household art less than a decade ago. In many houses there was unquestionably a great deal of feminine taste and tact displayed; this had been the case since the good old colony days and afterward, when women took pride in the varied product of the spinning-wheel, in samplers and quilts and tidies, and so on. There is hardly a "home-



TEA-CLOTH. SPANISH DRAWN WORK.

END OF BUFFET COVER. JAPANESE AND DRAWN WORK.

stead" in New England in one of whose "chambers" or "best rooms" there is not a framed worsted representation of "Samuel Anointing Saul," or some similar object of feminine accomplishment, the relic of two or three generations back. But, aside from the primitive crudity of all this, which of course requires no mention, the object and pursuit of it related distinctly to what are called "accomplishments," and the idea of beautifying one's home by such work went to no greater lengths than could be comprised, also, in taking care of the India china and polishing the brass "skillets" and other utensils of housekeeping. To speak heroically, the household art ideal of that day was the notion of neatness allied with industry. When, a generation or two—varying according to place—later, the notion of beauty, of having pretty things, instead of having things ship-shape, succeeded, the notion of making anything at all lapsed, and household decorations were purchased almost altogether. This has lasted until within a very few years, and though it has not been universal, we are not here concerned with exceptions, but with the general view and practice. When, then, people in general began to hear about "the South Kensington stitch," and to see the Walter Crane books, and to learn of the existence of Japan, they naturally—being Americans—became interested in a novelty so interesting. The English college of propaganda upon such subjects had been for some time putting forth its literature; the pre-Raphaelite movement and its echo here

TEA-TABLE COVER. DRAWN WORK.

had done something to prepare the way for a new evangel, and so, before the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art had been a year in existence, or by the time, in other words, its existence had become generally known, it found more work awaiting it than it could well do.

As to what that work is, many people have, possibly, a rather vague idea. At all events, one of the main objects of the Society is less widely known than it deserves to be. And, considering its practical importance, one is inclined to esteem what may be designated as the benevolent and charitable work the Society has done, its chief title to honor and support. There is one detail of this upon which it is doubtless possible to

END OF BUFFET COVER. IMITATION OLD EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY ROOM.

be sentimental and which is naturally liable to exaggeration, but any one whose experience in life is at all wide must have met many members of the class of women describable as genteel dependents. If we had here a familiar literature like the second-rate novels produced in such quantities in England, it would doubtless show, as those works do, that, owing to certain peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon society, we have a large class of "distressed gentlewomen," whose limits it would be difficult, of course, to fix, but within the limits of which is a good deal of real distress. The many women absolutely dependent upon the charity, willing or grudging, of relatives and friends, and the many others who have just enough to "keep them," and yet experience something more serious than discomfort for the want of "pin money," have found the Decorative Art Society a very benevolent institution. It gives them, by letter or directly, instruction which enables them, if they have any faculty for the work, not perhaps to support themselves, but to supply just the amount necessary to bridge the gulf between dependence and independence; and it sells their work for them after it is done. The number of letters expressing a grateful recognition of these services that has been received by the Society since its foundation is very large; and, properly edited, a selection from them would, we venture to suggest, make an instructive pamphlet. But the main benevolent work of the institution is the instruction of professional needle-women, women who have little education and who would otherwise be obliged to work at millinery and dress-making, or even "plain-sewing," or enlist in the large army of "shop-girls"—the last of which may be said, without implying any criticism of its members as a class, to be, in the large cities at least, a peculiarly unfortunate body of working-women, owing to their long hours of work, their small pay, the hopelessness of bettering their condition, and other and different considerations. To

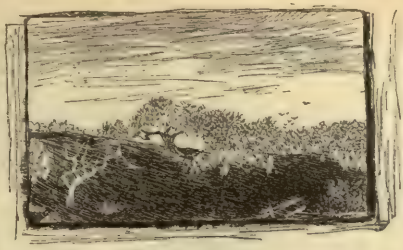
TIDY. IMITATION CRETONNE EMBROIDERY.

the women from whom this class is recruited, the Society offers both free instruction and employment. Employment, of course, can only be given to a comparatively small number, though this number is constantly increasing with the growth of the Society's work. This is becoming larger and more important all the time. Commissions from architects and professional decorators for the execution of their designs for the various decorative objects that needle-work in its different departments furnishes, have not up to the present time, to be sure, been frequent; but they have shown an encouraging progression, and the Society has nearly all the work of this sort that its present capacity is equal to, in spite of the amount now done at the rooms of the "Associated Artists," where Mrs. C. Wheeler, one of the Society's firmest supporters, presides over the department of embroidery. Trained workwomen are accordingly in increasing demand at the Society's rooms; they are as well paid as is possible in an institution which combines business enough to support it with its benevolence; and they are exceptionally well treated.

BENNETT AND VOLKMAR WARE.

The instruction is, however, the main thing. This they could get nowhere else, and it is invaluable to them. There are regulations which make it possible for a pupil who displays special aptitude—and embroidery is an art in virtue of requiring a special aptitude—to take an extra course of

PUSSY WILLOWS.

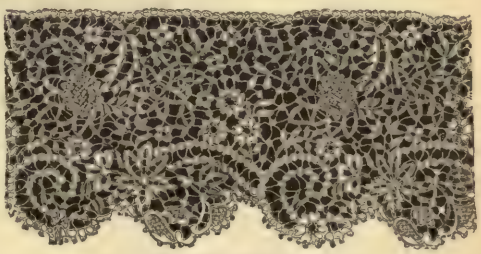


ORCHARD.

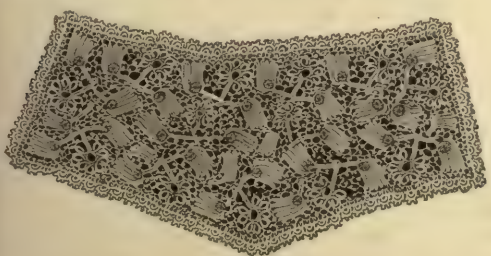
DRIFTING SNOW.

EMBROIDERIES BY MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

lessons and receive extra practice. Finally, being fully equipped, she is at the least a skilled artisan, whose work is always in demand. Often she becomes herself a teacher, and there are now in different parts of the country a large number of instructors in embroidery each of whom gained her own knowledge under Mrs. Pode at the Society's rooms; and in this way, it is clear, the Society's circle of influence is capable of indefinite widening, and "the diffusion of a knowledge of art-work among women and their training in artistic industries," which its circulars announce as one of its chief objects (the other being "to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of art-work"), is attained by indirect as well as by direct means. Probably in many cases the stream grows shallow as it gets away from the source, and the quality of the work approved by the Society deteriorates, to the disadvantage of the latter's reputation. Indeed, there is complaint of this at the rooms, where there is some sensitiveness in regard to the matter, the aims and accomplishment of the institution having failed to protect it against the criticism of irresponsible and disappointed persons who should certainly be rather co-workers with it. This trenches on gossip, and is mentioned here mainly because it is believed to proceed from the strict impartiality with which, in the preservation of a high standard, much work has been adjudged lacking. Nothing, one would say, could be of more importance than carefulness in this respect. The Society is in virtue of its position an authority, and to tolerate slipshod performances of any kind must in the end prove fatal to its good influence. In accordance with the object just mentioned, the Society's rooms have from the first been a kind of exchange, bringing



CROCHET IRISH LACE.



CUFF OF IRISH CROCHET LACE.

artists and buyers together and rendering possible the disposition of work, made in various homes from Maine to California, which might not, and in all probability would not, otherwise find a purchaser. To make of this exchange a curiosity-shop, or rather let us say a commonplace shop, receiving and attempting the sale of all sorts of women's handiwork, good, bad, and indifferent, would manifestly be for the

AN EXHIBITION OF EMBROIDERIES.

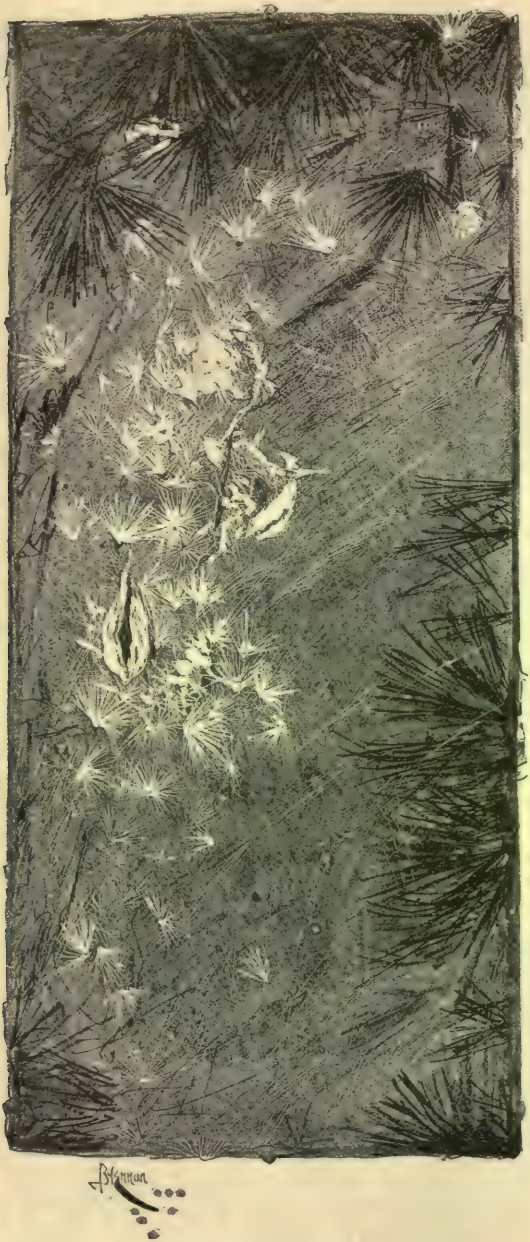
Society to enter into the business of brokerage. Such a place is in itself desirable, no doubt, and such a place "The Women's Exchange," in Twentieth street, is. But, of course, the stricter the standard of selection the Society can impose upon the "wares" it takes charge of, the better for the encouragement of excellence in such work. Every contribution that is sent here is examined by a committee of admission, who decide upon its merits without knowing the name of the author. To witness the impartiality of their decisions, it is related at the rooms—and the fact may be interesting to the hundreds of contributors whose work has been rejected—that a member of this committee recently felt obliged to resign, because she had grown familiar with the manner of certain regular contributors and so considered herself incapacitated from serving longer. There are many regular contributors to the permanent though constantly changing exhibition at the rooms, and, indeed, the number of these is excellent evidence of the practical success of the institution in furnishing an occupation for women, or rather in rendering their turn for decorative art profitable.

Needle-work, though the chief, and of a great variety, is of course by no means the only branch of decorative work taught and executed by the Society. Next in importance comes china-painting, in which, as in embroidery, there are both pay classes and free. Hitherto modeling and wood-carving have not proved practicable, though there was a persistent attempt made, some

time ago, to introduce the former, a competent teacher being engaged and every inducement offered to pupils to try to do something in a material which has undoubted decorative possibilities. The attempt failed, however, by reason of lack of interest, and though this is certainly to be regretted on many accounts, it is still to be said that any respectable degree of excellence in even the lighter kinds of sculpture demands a longer apprenticeship than the result would in most cases justify. Of wood-carving the same cannot be said, and the Society has more hope of getting something done in it. A great deal is done with it in Cincinnati, as is well known, and of what it is possible to do if one have a real feeling for what is artistic, the box by the Misses Eggleston, portions of which are here engraved, of itself furnishes a sufficient demonstration. It is an exceedingly pretty affair, and as well worth recognition as a work of art as expression in any material would be. The young lady who did the most important part of this work is a pupil of Mr. Wyatt Eaton, and, in the quiet sentiment here shown, apparently an apt one. The engraving is clever, but it could hardly be expected to exhibit fully the effect of the relief, which is extremely ingenious, the incisions being made to count with great nicety and preventing the whole from losing its appearance of a modulated plane surface, so to speak, in distracting inequalities of elevation. The design is also charming, and but for the lettering might be Renaissance work. Not that the lettering is awkward; on the contrary it is extremely graceful, and it has the main merit of an inscription, the essential prose basis of picturesque lettering—legibility, namely. But it is a little uncertain, and was probably a problem with the artists. Lace-making is not taught, the examples herewith

ONE END OF WOODEN BOX CARVED BY ALLEGRA AND BLANCHE EGGLESTON.

TOP OF BOX CARVED BY ALLEGRA AND BLANCHE EGGLESTON.



MILKWEED. EMBROIDERY BY MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

given being from Ireland, and simply consigned to the Society as a token of gratitude for American help during the Irish distress a year or two ago. When the library has been mentioned, which has heretofore been small but is now rapidly growing, and which is at the service of out-of-town correspondents upon payment of a small sum—indeed, a nominal sum to other than the class chiefly benefited by the privilege—the scope of the Society's work has been fully enough indicated. It is worth adding, however, as illustrating this still more explicitly, that drawings and sketches in crayon, pen and ink, oil and water colors (unless applied as decorations to some useful article, and excepting original pictures of merit as works of art), wax flowers and fruit (heaven be praised!), feather flowers, leather work, and the dreary ruck of pin-cushions, needle-books, and so on, are not admitted to the salesrooms. They are, of course, not art, and should be excluded. Pottery, porcelain, and tiles, when painted in oil and varnished, come properly into the same category. The following is a list of what is received and sold: "Pottery, china, tiles, plaques, and embroideries; hangings or curtains for windows, book-cases, and cabinets; mantel and bracket lambrequins; decorated table and other house linen; panels for cabinet-work, painted upon wood, leather, etc.; paintings upon silk, for screens, panels, fans, etc.; decorated *menus*, dinner-cards, note-paper, and articles of a like description"—the Society being doubtless as anxious as any possible contributor to have the list expanded to the utmost, provided its character as a catalogue of decorative art is not sacrificed. The accompanying drawings disclose sufficiently the excellence attained by various persons in different branches of work of this kind. They are all made from articles exhibited, and in some instances manufactured, by the Society. And attention may be directed, in passing, to the fact that the salesrooms have at one time and another contained a great deal of the material which illustrates and enforces Mrs. Harrison's recent interesting volume on "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes."

Nothing these rooms have ever contained, however, has equaled in interest the embroidered landscapes of Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., displayed here last April. These are absolutely original, and have a very great artistic merit besides. The imitation of natural objects in embroidery is as old, of course, as the art of embroidery it-

self. A rather theatrical scene in which figured a bull, a man, and a precipice, may be remembered at the recent exhibition of the Society, and testifies to the extent to which this sort of thing can be carried by clever workmanship without reaching the point at which it becomes of any interest other than curiosity. Mrs. Holmes's landscapes have also the interest of curiosity; this is undoubtedly the first feeling they excite; and even after examination it is still a subject of marvel and admiration with the observer that she can contrive to express such effects so adequately with such material. Nothing could be further from her "handling," as one may say with propriety, than precision and system. Technically speaking, her method is probably incommunicable. It was not a little amusing to observe the scrutiny her works received from curious ladies desirous of discovering the secret of the stitch. Doubtless some of these, finding there was no method discoverable, and that as embroidery *per se* the landscapes had small pretensions, conceived for them the disesteem which technical expertness is wont to cherish for whatever falls short technically of its expectations. Mrs. Holmes's "stitches," it is true, have nothing recondite about them. They have in this respect none of the excellence which marks the better order of Japanese embroideries, in which needle-work exhibits subtle expedients in a measure that testifies to the maturity of a classic art. But this is not at all the artist's design. There is between her aim and treatment the same correspondence manifest between the conventionalized motives and the highly developed technic of the Japanese. The latter treat landscape in the way which we all know, and which is, perhaps, the most perfect example to be found of a treatment free and vivid, and at the same time conventional and logical. Mrs. Holmes, however, treats it as do our own landscape-painters—that is to say, the abler of them. She renders, as has been said, natural "effects." The circumstance that to this end she employs crewels and a needle, instead of a brush and pigments, does not in the least prevent one from perceiving that this is her point of view. One may take leave to hope that the popularity of her exhibition has called the attention of many of our amateur decorative artists to this, and that the lesson so forcibly presented there of centering the interest of a decorative object in the art of it, instead of merely ornamenting an object otherwise undecorative, may be heeded. As soon as curiosity was satis-

DAISY-FIELD. EMBROIDERY BY MRS. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

FORMER ENTRANCE TO SOCIETY'S ROOMS, IN 19TH STREET.

fied and these works judged simply as works of art, or, in other words, from their own point of view, no one could fail to find them delightful. Some of them were exceedingly beautiful—the orchard, for example, of which a faint reflection is given herewith, but which every one who saw it will remember. It witnessed in the fullest measure the fact that Mrs. Holmes is one of the most sensitive colorists among American artists. The pearl tones of the sky and the deep green of the sloping sward are divided, or rather bound together, by a mass of pinkish apple-blossoms, and the whole effect is exceedingly lovely. Opaline tints, which, as every one knows, are absolutely flat and meaningless when brutally managed, Mrs. Holmes seems especially successful with. But in power as well as in delicacy, her works are noteworthy. A very marked dramatic sense is shown in the upright "Drifting Snow." And between these two instances there was a great variety of admirable work, which it is needless here to specify. Her delight in color is, perhaps, the most obvious of Mrs. Holmes's qualities, but her composition is in nearly every case extremely agreeable, avoiding the commonplace without attracting attention to itself, and always being very happy in concealing from the observer the origin of the picture—whether, that is to say, it is as nearly as possible a transcript, or is purely imaginative. Imaginative work, in the real sense of the epithet, hers is surely to be called, and her imaginativeness is clearly of a very poetic order. The sentiment of her landscapes is the first and last quality of them, considered as landscapes, that impresses one. All this being so, why does she not paint? is a question which has been asked, not a thousand miles away from the Decorative Art Rooms. And to people who are fond of pigeon-holing human effort in recognized categories, this question seems a perfectly natural one. Painting in oil is one thing, water-color painting is another, and surely embroidery is still another, they say, with complete justice. It is true that if Mrs. Holmes differs only from a painter of poetic sentiment and refined sense of color in the material she uses, one might say it mattered little what her medium was, but the logic by which other things stand and fall holds sway over fine-art, too, to some degree, and it would have to be acknowledged that there was something whimsical in her choice of crewels as a means of pictorial expression. But how can any one—save, of course, the experts in "stitches"—fail to recognize the very palpable charm of Mrs. Holmes's handiwork as handiwork? It is individual and unique. Some analogy it undoubtedly bears to water-color painting, the satin background being, like the white

paper in this art, taken as a key of tone, as well as used pictorially in general. Analogy to painting in oil it has not. The "quality" of the work, its particular mode of impressionist representation, its very substance, give it a place by itself, and should stamp it as "legitimate" in the esteem of those who are careful about many things. One point of it is worth mentioning to many of our own landscape-painters, namely, its complete success in attaining illusion by gradations and oppositions of color without any light and shade; but doubtless such as need to heed such a lesson regard the work as mere amateur trifling from beginning to end.

However, this is in some sort a digression, though an excusable one. Besides the special exhibitions spoken of, the two important loan collections in aid of the Society, displayed at the National Academy of Design in 1878 and 1879, will be fresh in every one's mind, and particularly in that of readers of this magazine. With the funds thus obtained, augmented largely by gifts from private sources and subscriptions, the Society was enabled to provide new quarters for itself as soon as it outgrew its old ones. Its first removal was from its modest single apartment in Madison Avenue to No. 4 East Twentieth street (the rooms now occupied by the New York Exchange for Women's Work), and its second to the house No. 34 East Nineteenth street, of which, as the place hitherto mainly associated with the institution, a view is herewith given. Last spring the larger house, No. 28 East Twenty-first street, was rented, and is now thoroughly equipped and decorated in admirable taste. On the ground floor at the rear are the salesrooms for materials (which the Society imports and selects for its patrons and *protégées*), and the room of the Committee on Admission; in front, on the right as you enter, is the committee room of the Board of Managers. On the second or main floor, the salesrooms proper run through from front to rear, the front hall room being the superintendent's office, and the rear one the library. The two front rooms on the third floor are devoted to china-painting and drawing, and those in the rear to stamping and the free classes in embroidery. The entire fourth floor is given over to embroidery. Every one who is familiar enough with the work of the Society to appreciate it must hope that ere long another house of the same size will be required for the adequate discharge of the beneficent engagements so generously undertaken, and hitherto so successfully carried out

OWL MOUNTED AS SCREEN.

THE CONIFEROUS FORESTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. I.

VIEW IN THE SIERRA FOREST.

THE coniferous forests of the Sierra Nevada are the noblest and most beautiful on earth. So short a time, however, has elapsed since they were first discovered, and so few comprehensive explorations have been made, that they are as yet but little known. Thousands of appreciative travelers have beheld them in the distance, stretching darkly along the range, the snow-clad summits towering imposingly above them, the great central plain of California outspread beneath; and many have passed through the lower and middle zones on their way to Yosemite Valley, obtaining fine glimpses of the yellow and sugar pines and silver-firs along the edges of roads and trails; but few, indeed, have gone far enough, and remained long enough, to gain anything like a fair conception of the real grandeur and significance of these glorious forests, as manifested in the harmonies of their distribution and varying aspects throughout the seasons, as they stand arrayed in their winter garb rejoicing in storms, putting forth their fresh leaves in the spring while steaming with resiny fragrance, or reposing heavy-laden with ripe cones in the rich sun-gold of autumn. For knowledge of this kind one must dwell with the trees and grow with them, without any reference to time in the mechanical sense.

The distribution of the general forest in zones is readily perceived. These extend, in regular order, from one extremity of the range to the other, a distance of nearly four hundred miles; and however dense and somber they may appear in general views, neither on the rocky heights nor down in

the leafiest hollows will you find anything to remind you of the dank, malarial selvas of the Amazon and Orinoco, with their boundless contiguity of shade, nor of the monotonous uniformity of the Deodar forests of the Himalaya. The giant pines, and firs, and sequoias hold their arms wide open to the sunlight, rising above one another on the mountain benches, marshaled in most imposing array, each species keeping its own appointed place, and giving forth the utmost expression of tree grandeur and beauty with inexhaustible variety and harmony.

The inviting openness of the Sierra woods is one of their most distinguishing characteristics. All the species stand more or less apart in groves or small, irregular groups, enabling one to find a way nearly everywhere, along sunny colonnades and through openings that have a smooth, park-like surface, strewn with brown needles and burs. Now you cross a wild garden, now a meadow, now a ferny, willowy stream; and ever and anon you emerge from all the groves and flowers upon some granite pavement or high, bare ridge, commanding glorious views above the waving sea of evergreens far and near.

One would experience but little difficulty in riding on horseback through the successive belts, all the way up to the storm-beaten fringes of the alps. The deep, precipitous cañons, however, that come down from the axis of the range, at intervals of eight or ten miles, cut the belts more or less completely into sections, and prevent the mounted traveler from tracing them lengthwise.

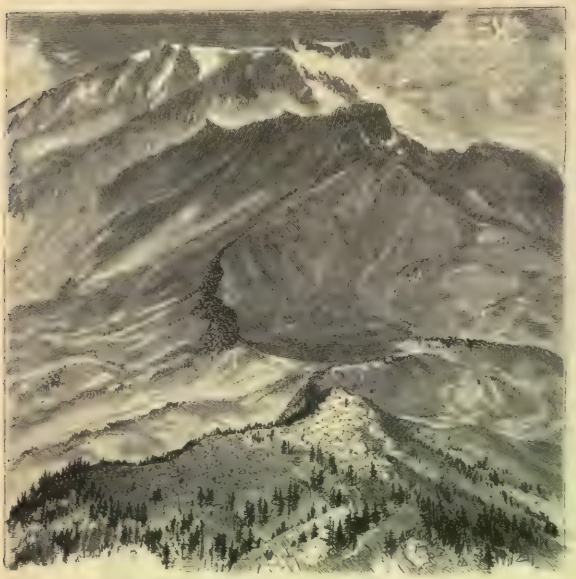
This simple arrangement in zones and sections brings the forest, as a whole, within the comprehension of every observer. The different species are ever found occupying the same relative positions to one another, as controlled by their various capabilities, soil, climate, etc.; and so appreciable are these relations, one need never be at a loss in determining, within a few hundred feet, the elevation above sea-level by the trees alone; for, notwithstanding some of the species range upward for several thousand feet, and all pass one another more or less, yet even those possessing the greatest vertical range are available in this connection, inasmuch as they take on new forms corresponding with the variations in altitude.

Crossing the level treeless plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin from the west, on reaching the Sierra foot-hills, you enter the lower fringe of the forest, composed of small oaks and pines, planted so far apart that not one-twentieth of the surface of the ground is in shade at clear noon-day. After advancing fifteen or twenty miles, and making an ascent of from two to three thousand feet, you reach the lower margin of the main pine-belt, composed of the gigantic sugar-pine, yellow-pine, Douglas spruce, incense-cedar, and sequoia. Next you come to the magnificent silver-fir belt, and lastly to the upper pine belt, which sweeps up the rocky acclivities of the alps in a dwarfed, wavering fringe to a height of from ten to twelve thousand feet.

It appears, therefore, that the trees forming the upper and lower margins of the general forest are somewhat alike, dwarfed and scattered by snow and frost, drought and sun-fire, while colossal proportions are attained only in the middle regions, where both soil and climate are most favorable.

This general order of distribution, with reference to climate dependent on elevation, is perceived at once, but there are other harmonies, as far-reaching in this connection, that become manifest only after patient observation and study. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the arrangement of the forests in long, curving bands, braided together into lace-like patterns, and outspread in charming variety from one end of the range to the other. The key to this singularly beautiful harmony is the ancient glaciers; where they flowed the trees followed, tracing their wavering courses along cañons, over ridges, over high rolling plateaus. The cedars of Lebanon, says Hooker, are growing upon one of the moraines of an ancient glacier. All the forests of the Sierra are growing upon moraines. But moraines vanish like the glaciers that make them. Every storm that falls upon them wastes them, cutting gaps, disintegrating bowlders, and carrying away their decaying material into new formations, until at length they are no longer recognizable by any save students, who trace their transitional forms down from the fresh moraines still in process of formation, through those that are more and more ancient, and more and more obscured by vegetation and all kinds of post-glacial weathering.

These studies invariably show that the soils on which the forests are growing were not produced by the slow erosion of the atmosphere, but by the direct mechanical action of glaciers, which crushed and ground them from the solid flank of the range, and,



EDGE OF THE TIMBER-LINE ON MOUNT SHASTA.

in their slow recession at the close of the ice-period, left them outspread in beds available for tree-growth. For, notwithstanding the many august implements employed by Nature as modifiers and reformers of soils, the glacier thus far has been the only great producer. But however great the quantity thus produced, had the ice-sheet that once covered all the range been melted simultaneously from the foot-hills to the summits, the flanks would have been left almost bare of moraine-matter, and these noble forests would as yet have had no existence. Numerous groves and thickets would undoubtedly have grown up on lake and avalanche beds, and many a fair flower and shrub would have found food and a dwelling place in weathered nooks and crevices, yet the range as a whole would seem a bare rock desert. The tattered alpine fringe of the present forest, composed of *Pinus albicaulis* and *P. aristata*, in many places extends above the upper limit of moraines upon lean, crumbling ledges; but, when they have the opportunity, these little trees show themselves keenly alive to the difference between rich mealy moraine-food and their ordinary meager fare. The yellow pine is also a hardy tree, capable of living on sunshine and snow, but it assembles in forests, and attains noble dimensions only upon nutritious moraines or other soil-beds derived from them; while the sugar-pine and the two silver-firs, which form so important a part of the main forest belt, can hardly maintain life in any form upon bare ledges, no matter what the climate may be.

VIEW IN THE MAIN PINE-BELT OF THE SIERRA FOREST.

INDIANS GATHERING NUTS OF THE DIGGER-PINE.

It appears, therefore, that the Sierra forests in general indicate the extent and positions of the ancient moraines quite as clearly as they do lines of climate. For forests, properly speaking, cannot exist without soil; and, since the moraines have been deposited upon the solid rock, and only upon elected places, leaving a considerable portion of the old glacial surface bare, we find luxuriant forests of pine and fir abruptly terminated by scored and polished pavements on which not even a moss is growing, though soil alone is required to fit them for the growth of trees two hundred feet in height.

Having thus outlined the forest as a whole, I will now endeavor to sketch the species of which it is composed, excepting the sequoia, which will be presented in a separate chapter.

NUT-PINE. DIGGER-PINE.

(Pinus Sabiniana.)

THE first coniferous tree met by the traveler in ascending the range from the west is the nut-pine, remarkable for its loose, airy, tropical appearance, suggesting a region of palms rather than cool, resiny pine-woods. No one would take it at first sight to be a pine or conifer of any kind, it is so loose in habit, and widely branched, and its foliage is so thin and gray. Full-grown specimens are from forty to fifty feet in height, and from two to three in diameter. At a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, the trunk usually divides into three or four main branches, about equal in size, which, after bearing away

NUT-PINE (PINUS SABINIANA).

from one another, shoot straight up and form separate summits; while the crooked subordinate branches aspire, or radiate, or droop in loose ornamental sprays. The slender, grayish-green needles are from eight to twelve inches long, loosely tasseled, and inclined to droop in handsome curves, contrasting with the stiff, dark-colored trunk and branches in a very striking manner. No other tree of my acquaintance, so substantial in body, is in its foliage so thin and so pervious to the light. The sunbeams sift through even the leafiest trees with scarce any interruption, and the weary, heated traveler finds but little protection in their shade.

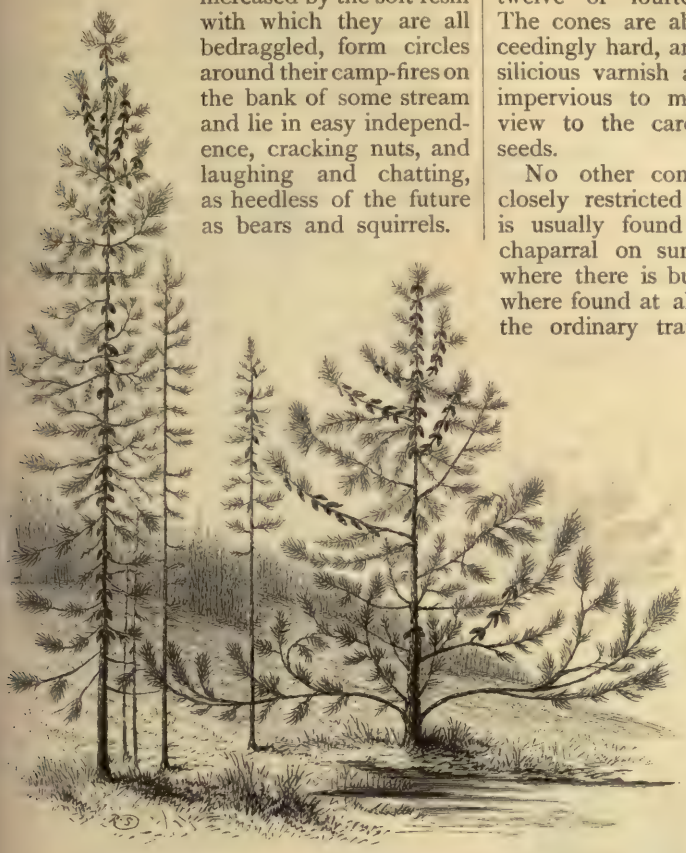
It grows only on the torrid foot-hills, seeming to delight in the most ardent sunheat, like a palm; springing up here and there singly, or in scattered groups of five or six, among scrubby white-oaks and thickets of ceanothus and manzanita; its extreme upper limit being about four thousand feet above the sea, its lower about from five hundred to eight hundred feet.

The generous crop of sweet, nutritious nuts which it yields, makes it a great favorite with Indians and with bears. The cones are truly magnificent, measuring from five to eight inches in length, and not much less in thickness, rich chocolate-brown in color, and protected by strong, down-curving hooks which terminate the scales. Nevertheless, the little Douglas squirrel can open them.

Indians gathering the ripe nuts make a striking picture. The men climb the trees like bears and beat off the cones with sticks, or recklessly cut off the more fruitful branches with hatchets, while the squaws gather them in heaps, and roast them until the scales open sufficiently to allow the hard-shelled seeds to be beaten out. Then, in the cool evenings, men, women, and children, with their capacity for dirt greatly

LOWER MARGIN OF THE MAIN PINE-BELT, SHOWING OPEN CHARACTER OF WOODS.

increased by the soft resin with which they are all bedraggled, form circles around their camp-fires on the bank of some stream and lie in easy independence, cracking nuts, and laughing and chatting, as heedless of the future as bears and squirrels.



THE GROVE FORM. THE ISOLATED FORM (PINUS TUBERCULATA).

Pinus tuberculata.

This curious little pine is found at an elevation of from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet, growing in close, willowy groves. It is exceedingly slender and graceful in habit, although trees that chance to stand alone outside the groves sweep forth long, curved branches, producing a striking contrast to the ordinary grove form. The foliage is of the same peculiar gray-green color as that of the nut-pine, and is worn about as loosely, so that the body of the tree is scarce at all obscured by it.

At the age of seven or eight years it begins to bear cones, not on branches, but on the main axis, and, as they never fall off, the trunk is soon very picturesquely dotted with them. The branches also become fruitful after they attain sufficient size. The average size of the older trees is about thirty or forty feet in height, and twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. The cones are about four inches long, exceedingly hard, and covered with a sort of silicious varnish and gum, rendering them impervious to moisture, evidently with a view to the careful preservation of the seeds.

No other conifer in the range is so closely restricted to special localities. It is usually found apart, standing deep in chaparral on sunny hill and cañon sides where there is but little depth of soil, and, where found at all, it is quite plentiful; but the ordinary traveler, following carriage-roads and trails, may ascend the range many times without meeting it.

While exploring the lower portion of the Merced Cañon I found a lonely miner, seeking his fortune in a quartz vein, on a wild mountain-side planted with this singular tree. He told me that he called it the hickory-pine, because of the whiteness and toughness of the wood. It is so little known, however, that it can hardly be said to have a common name. Most mountaineers refer to it as "that queer little pine-tree covered all over with burs." In my studies of this species I find a very interesting and significant group of facts, whose relations will be seen almost as soon as stated.

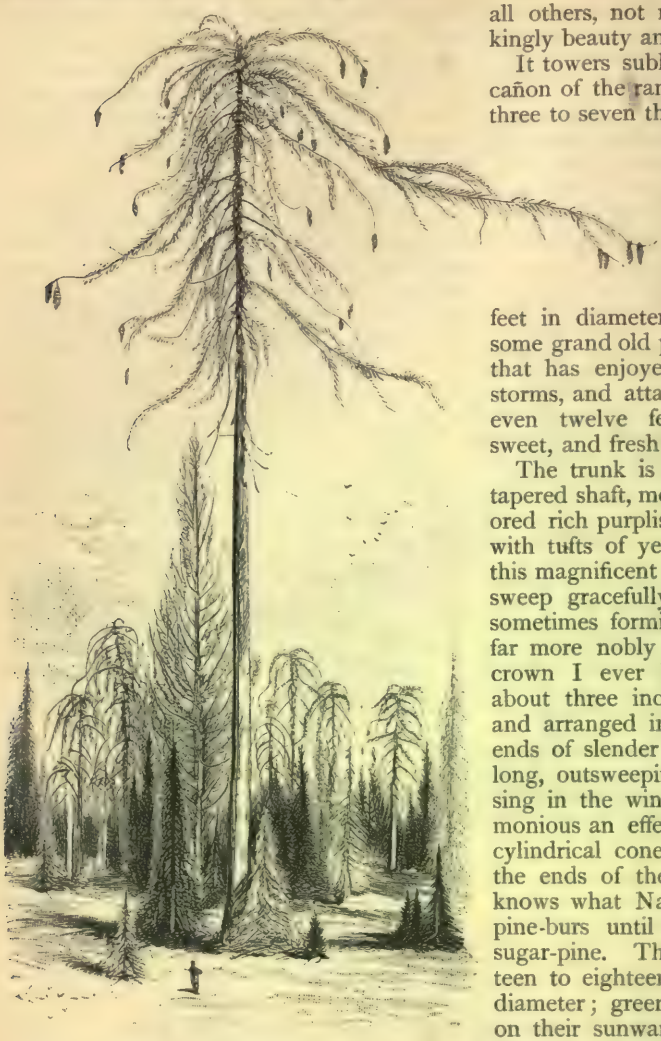
1st. All the trees in the groves I examined, however unequal in size, are of the same age.

2d. Those groves are all planted on dry hill-sides covered with chaparral, and therefore liable to be swept by fire.

3d. There are no seedlings or saplings in or about the living groves, but there is always a fine, hopeful crop springing up on the ground once occupied by any grove that has been destroyed by the burning of the chaparral.

4th. The cones, all of which are persistent through life, never discharge their seeds until the tree or branch to which they belong dies.

A full discussion of the bearing of these facts upon one another would perhaps be out of place here, but I would at least call



SUGAR-PINE 220 FEET HIGH.

attention to the admirable adaptation of the tree to the fire-swept regions where alone it is found. After a grove has been destroyed, the ground is at once sown lavishly with all the seeds ripened during its whole life, and which seem to have been carefully held in store with reference to such a calamity. Then a young grove immediately springs up out of the ashes—beauty for ashes.

SUGAR-PINE.

(Pinus Lambertiana.)

THIS is the noblest pine ever yet discovered in the forests of the world, surpassing all others, not merely in size but also in kingly beauty and majesty.

It towers sublimely from every ridge and cañon of the range, at an elevation of from three to seven thousand feet above the sea, attaining most perfect development at a height of about five thousand feet.

Full-grown specimens are commonly about two hundred and twenty feet high, and from six to eight feet in diameter near the ground, though some grand old patriarch is occasionally met that has enjoyed five or six centuries of storms, and attained a thickness of ten or even twelve feet, living on—undecayed, sweet, and fresh in every fiber.

The trunk is a smooth, round, delicately tapered shaft, mostly without limbs, and colored rich purplish brown, usually enlivened with tufts of yellow lichen. At the top of this magnificent bole, long, curving branches sweep gracefully outward and downward, sometimes forming a palm-like crown, but far more nobly impressive than any palm crown I ever beheld. The needles are about three inches long, finely tempered, and arranged in rather close tassels at the ends of slender branchlets that clothe the long, outsweeping limbs. How well they sing in the wind, and how strikingly harmonious an effect is made by the immense cylindrical cones that depend loosely from the ends of the main branches! No one knows what Nature can do in the way of pine-burs until he has seen those of the sugar-pine. They are commonly from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and three in diameter; green, shaded with dark purple on their sunward sides. They are ripe in September and October. Then the flat scales open and the seeds take wing, but the empty cones become still more beautiful and effective, for their diameter is nearly doubled by the spreading of the scales, and their color changes to a warm yellowish-brown; while they remain swinging on the tree all the following winter and summer, and continue very effectively beautiful even on the ground many years after they fall. The wood is deliciously fragrant, and fine in grain and texture; it is of a rich cream-yellow, as if formed of condensed sunbeams. *Retinospora obtusa, Siebold*, the glory of Eastern forests, is called "Fu-si-no-ki" (tree of the sun) by the Japanese; the sugar-pine is the sun-tree of the Sierra. Unfortunately it is greatly prized by the lumbermen, and, in accessible places,

SUGAR-PINE ON EXPOSED RIDGE.

is always the first tree in the woods to feel their steel. But the regular lumbermen, with their saw-mills, have been less generally destructive thus far than the shingle-makers. The wood splits freely, and there is a constant demand for the shingles. And because an ax, and saw, and frow is all the capital required for the business, many of that drifting, unsteady class of men so large in California engage in it for a few months in the year. When prospectors, hunters, ranch hands, etc., touch their "bottom dollar" and find themselves out of employment, they say, "Well, I can at least go to the sugar-pines and make shingles." A few posts are set in the ground, and a single length cut from the first tree felled, produces boards enough for the walls and roof of a cabin; all the rest he makes is for sale, and he is speedily independent. No gardener or hay-maker is more sweetly perfumed than these rough mountaineers while engaged in this business, but the havoc they make is most deplorable.

The sugar, from which the common name is derived, is to my taste the best of sweets —better than maple-sugar. It exudes from the heart-wood, where wounds have been made, either by forest fires or the ax, in the shape of irregular, crisp, candy-like kernels, which are crowded together in masses of considerable size, like clusters of resin-beads. When fresh, it is perfectly white and delicious, but, because most of the wounds on which it is found have been made by fire, the exuding sap is stained on the charred surface, and the hardened sugar becomes brown.

Indians are fond of it, but on account of its laxative properties only small quantities may be eaten. Bears, so fond of sweet things in general, seem never to taste it; at least I have failed to find any trace of their teeth in this connection.

No lover of trees will ever forget his first meeting with the sugar-pine. In most pine trees there is a sameness of expression, which, to most people, is apt to become monotonous; for the typical spiry form, however beautiful, affords but little scope for appreciable individual character. The sugar-pine is as free from conventionalities of form and motion as any oak. No two are alike, even to the most inattentive observer; and, notwithstanding they are ever tossing out their immense arms in what might seem most extravagant gestures, there is a majesty and repose about them that precludes all possibility of the grotesque, or even picturesque, in their general expression. The main branches are sometimes found to be forty feet in length, yet persistently simple, seldom dividing at all, excepting near the end; but anything like a bare cable appearance is prevented by the small, tasseled branchlets that extend all around them; and when these superb limbs sweep out symmetrically on all sides, a crown, sixty or seventy feet wide, is formed, which, gracefully poised on the summit of the noble shaft, and filled with sunshine, is one of the most glorious forest objects conceivable.

Commonly, however, there is a great preponderance of limbs toward the east, away from the direction of the prevailing winds.

No other pine seems to me so unfamiliar and self-contained. In approaching it, we feel as if in the presence of a superior being, and begin to walk with a light step, holding our breath. Then, perchance, while we gaze awe-stricken, along comes a merry squirrel, chattering and laughing, to break the spell, running up the trunk with no ceremony, and gnawing off the cones as if they were made only for him; while the carpenter-woodpecker hammers away at the bark, drilling holes in which to store his winter supply of acorns.

Although so wild and unconventional when full-grown, the sugar-pine is a remarkably proper tree in youth. The old is the most original and independent in appearance of all the Sierra evergreens; the young is the most regular,—a strict follower of coniferous fashions,—slim, erect, with leafy, supple branches kept exactly in place, each tapering in outline and terminating in a sharp, spiry point. The successive transitional forms presented between the cautious neatness of youth and bold freedom of maturity offer a delightful study. At the age of fifty or sixty years, the shy, fashionable form begins to be broken up. Specialized branches push out in the most unthought-of places, and bend with the great cones, at once marking individual character, which, being constantly augmented from year to year by the varying action of the sunlight, winds, snow-storms, etc., the tree is never again lost in the general forest.

YOUNG SUGAR-PINE BEGINNING TO BEAR CONES.

The most constant companion of this species is the yellow-pine, and a worthy companion it is. The Douglas spruce, libocedrus, sequoia, and the white silver-fir

FOREST OF SEQUOIA, SUGAR-PINE, AND DOUGLAS SPRUCE.

are also more or less associated with it; but on many deep-soiled mountain-sides, at an elevation of about five thousand feet above the sea, it forms the bulk of the forest. The majestic crowns, approaching each other in bold curves, make a glorious canopy through which the tempered sunbeams pour, silvering the needles and gilding the massive boles and flowery, park-like ground into a scene of enchantment.

On the most sunny slopes the white-flowered fragrant chamoebatia is spread like a carpet, brightened during early summer with the crimson sarcodes, wild rose, and innumerable violets and gilias. Not even in the shadiest nooks will you find any rank, untidy weeds or unwholesome darkness. On the north sides of ridges the boles are more slender, and the ground is mostly occupied by an underbrush of hazel, ceanothus, and flowering dogwood, but never so densely as to prevent the traveler from sauntering where he will; while the crowning branches are never impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and never so interblended as to lose their individuality.

View the forest from beneath or from some commanding ridge-top; each tree presents a study in itself, and proclaims the surpassing grandeur of the species.

YELLOW-PINE. SILVER-PINE.

(Pinus ponderosa.)

THE silver or yellow pine, as it is commonly called, ranks second among the pines of the Sierra as a lumber tree, and almost rivals King Lambertiana in stature and nobleness of port. Because of its superior powers of enduring variations of climate and soil, it has a more extensive range than any other conifer growing on the Sierra. On the western slope it is first met at an elevation of about two thousand feet, and extends nearly to the upper limit of the timber line. Thence, crossing the range by the lowest passes, it descends to the eastern base, and pushes out for a considerable distance into the hot volcanic plains, growing bravely upon well-watered moraines, gravelly lake-basins, arctic ridges, and torrid lava-beds; planting itself upon the lips of craters, flourishing vigorously even there, and tossing ripe cones among the ashes and cinders.

The average size of full-grown trees on the western slope, where it is associated with the sugar-pine, is a little less than two hundred feet in height and from five to six feet in diameter—though specimens may easily be found that are considerably larger. I measured one, growing at an elevation of four thousand feet in the valley of the Merced, that is a few inches over eight feet in diameter, and two hundred and twenty feet high.

Where there is plenty of free sunshine

PINUS PONDEROSA.

and other conditions are favorable, it presents a striking contrast in form to the sugar-pine, being a symmetrical spire, formed of a straight round trunk, clad with innumerable branches that are divided over and over again. About one-half of the trunk is commonly branchless, but where it grows at all close, three-fourths or more become naked; the tree presenting then a

more slender and elegant shaft than any other tree in the woods. The bark is mostly arranged in massive plates, some of them measuring four or five feet in length by eighteen inches in width, with a thickness of three or four inches, forming a quite marked and distinguishing feature. The needles are of a fine, warm, yellow-green color, six to eight inches long, firm and elastic, and crowded in handsome, radiant tassels on the upturning ends of the branches. The cones are about three or four inches long, and two and a half wide, growing in close, sessile clusters among the leaves.

The species attains its noblest form in filled-up lake-basins, especially in those of the older Yosemites, and so prominent a part does it form of their groves that it may well be called the Yosemite pine. Ripe specimens favorably situated are almost always two hundred feet or more in height, and the branches clothe the trunk nearly to the ground, as seen in the illustration.

The Jeffrey variety attains its finest development in the northern portion of the range, in the wide fountain basins of the McCloud and Pitt rivers, where it forms magnificent forests scarce at all invaded by any other tree. It differs from the ordinary form in size, being only about half as tall, and in its redder and more closely furrowed bark, grayish-green foliage, less divided branches, and larger cones; but intermediate forms come in which make a clear separation impossible, although some botanists regard it as a distinct species. It is this variety that climbs storm-swept ridges and wanders out among the volcanoes of the Great Basin. Whether exposed to extremes of heat or cold, it is dwarfed like every other tree, and becomes all knots and angles, wholly unlike the majestic forms we have been sketching. Old specimens, bearing cones about as big as pine-apples, may sometimes be found clinging to rifted rocks at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet, whose highest branches scarce reach above one's shoulders.

I have oftentimes feasted on the beauty of these noble trees when they were towering in all their winter grandeur, laden with snow—one mass of bloom; in summer, too, when the brown, staminate clusters hang thick among the shimmering needles, and the big purple burs are ripening in the mellow light; but it is during cloudless wind-storms that these colossal pines are most impressively beautiful. Then they bow like willows, their leaves streaming forward all in one direction, and, when the sun shines upon them at the required angle, entire groves glow as if every leaf were burnished silver. The fall of tropic light on the royal crown of a palm is a truly glorious spectacle. The fervid sun-flood breaks upon the glossy leaves in long lance rays, like mountain water among bowlders. But to me there is something more impressive in the fall of light upon these silver-pines. It seems beaten to the finest dust, and is shed off in myriads of minute sparkles that seem to come from the very heart of the trees—as if, like rain falling upon fertile soil, it had

SILVER PINE 210 FEET HIGH. (THE FORM GROWING IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.)

been absorbed, to re-appear in flowers of light.

This species also gives forth the finest music to the wind. After listening to it in all kinds of winds, night and day, season after season, I think I could approximate to my position on the mountains by this pine-music alone. If you would catch the tones of separate needles, climb a tree. They are well tempered, and give forth no uncertain sound, each standing out, with no interference excepting during heavy gales; then you may detect the click of one needle upon another, readily distinguishable from their free, wing-like hum. Some idea of their temper may be drawn from the fact that, notwithstanding they are so long, the vibrations that give rise to the peculiar shimmering of the light are made at the rate of about two hundred and fifty per minute.

When a sugar-pine and one of this species equal in size are observed together, the latter is seen to be far more simple in manners, more lithely graceful, and its beauty is of a kind more easily appreciated; but then, it is, on the other hand, much less dignified and original in demeanor. The silver-pine seems eager to shoot aloft. Even while it is drowsing in autumn sun-gold, you may still detect a skyward aspiration. But the sugar-pine seems too unconsciously noble, and too complete in every way, to leave room for even a heavenward care.

DOUGLAS SPRUCE.

(Abies Douglasii.)

THIS tree is the king of the spruces, as the sugar-pine is king of pines. It is by far the most majestic *abies* I ever beheld in any forest, one of the largest and longest-lived of the giants that flourish throughout the main pine zone, often attaining a height of nearly two hundred feet, and a diameter of six or seven. Where the growth is not too close, the strong, spreading branches come more than half-way down the trunk, and these are hung with innumerable slender, swaying sprays, that are handsomely feathered with the short leaves which radiate at right angles all around them. This vigorous spruce is ever beautiful, welcoming the mountain winds and the snow as well as the mellow summer light, and maintaining its youthful freshness undiminished from century to century through a thousand storms.

OLD AND YOUNG SPECIMENS OF PINUS PONDEROSA.

It makes its finest appearance in the months of June and July. The rich brown buds, with which all its sprays are tipped, swell and break about this time, revealing the young leaves, which at first are bright yellow, making the tree appear as if covered with gay blossoms; while the pendulous bracted cones with their shell-like scales are a constant adornment.

The young trees are mostly gathered into beautiful family groups, each sapling exquisitely symmetrical. The primary branches

OLD INCENSE-CEDAR.

are whorled regularly around the axis, generally in fives, while each is draped with long, feathery sprays, that descend in curves as free and as finely drawn as those of falling water.

In Oregon and Washington Territory it grows in dense forests, growing tall and mast-like to a height, it is said, of three hundred feet, and is greatly prized as a lumber tree. But in the Sierra it is scattered sparsely among other trees, or forms small groves, seldom ascending higher than five thousand five hundred feet, and never making what would be called a forest. It is not particular in its choice of soil—wet or dry, smooth or rocky, it makes out to live well on them all. Two of the largest specimens I have measured are in Yosemite Valley, one of which surpasses eight feet in diameter, and is growing upon the terminal moraine of the residual glacier that occupied the South Fork Cañon; the other is nearly as large, growing upon angular blocks of granite that have been shaken from the precipitous front of the Liberty Cap near the Nevada Fall. No other tree seems so capable of adapting itself to earthquake taluses, and many of these rough bowlder-slopes are occupied by it almost exclusively, especially in Yosemite gorges moistened by the spray of water-falls.

INCENSE-CEDAR.

(Libocedrus decurrens.)

THE incense-cedar is another of the giants quite generally distributed throughout this portion of the forest, without exclusively occupying any considerable area, or even

INCENSE-CEDAR IN ITS PRIME.

making extensive groves. It ascends to about five thousand feet on the warmer hill-sides, and reaches the climate most congenial to it at about from three thousand to four thousand feet, growing vigorously at this elevation on all kinds of soil, and in particular it is capable of enduring more moisture about its roots than any of its companions, excepting only the sequoia.

The largest specimens are about a hundred and fifty feet high, and seven feet in diameter. The bark is brown, of a singularly rich tone very attractive to artists, and the foliage is tinted with a warmer yellow than that of any other evergreen in the woods. Casting your eye over the general forest from some ridge-top, the color alone of its spiry summits is sufficient to identify it in any company.

In youth, say up to the age of seventy or eighty years, no other tree forms so strictly tapered a cone from top to bottom. The branches swoop outward and downward in bold curves, excepting the younger ones near the top, which aspire, while the lowest droop to the ground, and all spread out horizontally in flat, ferny plumes, beautifully fronded, and imbricated upon one another. As it becomes older, it grows strikingly irregular and picturesque. Large special branches put out at right angles from the trunk, form big, stubborn elbows, and then shoot up parallel with the axis. Very old trees are usually dead at the top, the main axis protruding above ample masses of green plumes, gray and lichen-covered, and drilled full of acorn holes by the woodpeckers. The plumes are exceedingly beautiful. No waving fern-frond in shady dell is more unreservedly beautiful in form and texture, or half so inspiring in color and spicy fragrance. In its prime, the whole tree is thatched with them, so that they shed off rain and snow like a roof, making fine mansions for storm-bound birds and mountaineers. But if you would see the *Libocedrus* in all its glory, you must go to the woods in winter. Then it is laden with myriads of four-sided staminate cones about the size of wheat grains,—winter wheat,—producing a golden tinge, and forming a noble illustration of Nature's immortal vigor and virility. The fertile cones are about three-fourths of an inch long, borne on the outside of the plumy branchlets, where they serve to enrich still more the surpassing beauty of this grand winter-blooming golden-rod.

THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM. III.

HOW TO SECURE A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT.

LET us see where the argument thus far has brought us. It has been an examination into the disease of our body politic, and its remedy.

As to the disease, its main features are these:

1. The existing system of having the people, in form, elect many public officers, voting, in their own persons, through large districts, at frequent elections, has made our political life a series of election contests, has taken the choice of our public officials from the people and put it in the hands of professional election managers, has made our public officials serve the election organizations instead of serving the people,—has, in short, turned our government into an election machine.

2. The attempt to enforce the responsibility of public officials by terms of office and periodical elections, thereby making it at all times necessary for our chief officials to carry the next election in order to keep their places, enforces responsibility to the election machine for election work, instead of to the people for the people's work.

3. The taking from executive officials the power of appointing and removing their subordinates has made them unable to give us good administration.

As to the remedy, its main features are so framed as to meet the precise disease which we find to exist:

1. The proposed system of having the people elect only their chief executive officials, and the members of the supervisory bodies which we call legislatures and common councils, by the votes of delegates, choosing those delegates at meetings of the citizens held in small election districts, where the citizens can meet and act as one body, electing only when there are vacancies, in-

stead of at fixed periods, will put the choice of our chief public officials really in the hands of the people themselves, and will make our public officials free to serve the people, instead of placing them under bonds to serve the election machine.

2. The simple and direct method of summary removal of the chief executive, as well as all subordinates, for a failure to do official work, not for a failure to carry an election, or for a failure to put a bill through the legislature (as in England), will enforce responsibility for official work instead of for election work or work in the legislature.

3. The giving to all executive officials the sole power of appointing and removing their immediate subordinates will put it in their power to give us efficient administration.

In short, we should have, under such a system, an organization where the selfish interests of each official would lead him to do the people's work instead of election work,—where the doing of the people's work, and not election work, would be the controlling purpose, where the will of the people, and not of the election managers, would be the controlling force. We should have, in short, a government, and not an election machine.

Let there be no misunderstanding. As has been said before, it is not meant that we have, under our present system, no good men in our service, or that the men in our service do no good work; but we have this powerful disturbing force, which operates at all times and with all men in the service,—especially with the men at the head on whom the efficiency of the service depends,—to defeat in a great measure the very ends for which the service has its existence. On the other hand, it is not expected that under the system here proposed we should never have bad men in the service, or that the men in the service would never use the powers of their offices for improper purposes. No system of government can be devised which will secure us to that extent. But the *influences* and *tendencies* of the system proposed would be in favor of good government, whereas the influences and tendencies of our present system are greatly against it.

So far as to the disease and the remedy.

But then comes the question: How is the remedy to be applied? How are we to secure the adoption by the people of this new system, or of any new system, of government? In order to give the argument more clearness, it will be well to state in order the questions which need here to be answered. These questions are, as it seems to me, as follows:

1. How can the people be brought to an agreement, on this scheme, or on any scheme which involves so great constitutional changes?

2. How can the people be persuaded to surrender power—their right of voting in their own persons at frequent elections, for their own public officers?

3. How can the people be persuaded to make what will seem to them a rash experiment, of which no man can foresee the results?

4. Is it necessary, even if it is practicable, to make any radical constitutional change in our system of government?

5. Even if it be shown that a radical change is needed, and that the people will agree to it, how can the people overthrow the power of the election machine?

To answer these questions is the attempt in the present paper.

I. The first question is: How can the people be brought to agree on this scheme, or on any scheme which involves so great constitutional changes?

As will be seen later, the agreement by the people to the scheme of constitutional reform which is to be adopted will be the last thing to be done, and not the first. The first thing in order is to frame the system to which the people are to agree. This framing of the new system, the devising a comprehensive, rational scheme of thorough constitutional reform, we shall accomplish by using the people's own method—the national convention, the simple old method of one hundred years ago, in combination with the wonderful new forces of to-day.

When men speak of the difficulty, the impossibility, of getting the people to agree on a new scheme of government, they forget our own history; they lose sight of what we have already done—of the great results we wrought with the most slender means in the earliest days of our national existence, in the days when, in fact, we had no national existence, before we became, even in form, a people, while we were still in embryo. It will be well to make a short study of the introductory chapter of our national history, to see what we then accomplished—the result; and how we then accomplished it—the process.

As to the result:

The result was a creation, out of a political chaos, of a large, comprehensive system

of national government. When the Constitutional Convention of 1787, which framed our present national Constitution, met, such a thing as a national government had no existence. The old Confederation was nothing but a league on paper. It was not even an election machine. There was a legislature which could not pass a law. There was no executive to enforce a law, had any been passed. There was a body called Congress, which had power to appoint a commander-in-chief for an army which it could not raise, to spend money from a treasury which it could not fill, to create a debt which it could not pay, and to make requests for men and money which it could never enforce. The old Continental Congress was nothing but a debating society, which spent its time in moaning over evils which it had no power to heal, and in well-intentioned, mischievous interference with the commander of our armies, whom it had no power to help. But out of this state of things there came a government, a legislature which could make laws, a judiciary which could interpret them, and an executive which could enforce them; a power was created which could raise money and armies and navies, which could regulate with authority the common affairs in which the people of all the States had a common interest—leaving in existence and in full strength the State and local governments to regulate State and local affairs; and these different governments were to exist together, and have their distinct operation, each in its own sphere, each within its own limits, giving, however, to the common national organization (within its limits) a complete supremacy. The whole made a harmonious system, flexible yet firm.

This supreme national government was voluntarily adopted by the peoples of thirteen independent sovereign States. Of their own will they established a central authority over themselves.

This new national government was an organization of which, as far as I am aware, no human being had any conception before the sittings of the Constitutional Convention began. Single individuals did indeed have an idea of framing some system which should be a modification of the Articles of Confederation—which should be something in the nature of a general government. But they were very few. The members of the federal Convention had before them a new problem. That Convention had, as it were, to evolve out of its own consciousness a free national government for a union of free States. The framing a government was a thing not originally intended when the Convention was called. The Convention was only to revise that thing of paper called the Articles of Confederation. The resolution for calling the Convention said, in so many words, that the Convention should meet "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation." The needs of the country were great, as many men were well aware. But few men had given careful thought to the practical measures which were required to meet those needs. And it is safe to say that no man had any clear idea of any system of government such as was finally adopted, such as was absolutely indispensable to cope with what seemed at the time to be a nearly hopeless state of affairs. Even after the Constitution was framed, the government which it was to create was an object of great fear and distrust to a very large proportion of the people who adopted it. There were probably very few individuals in the whole country who did not think that the establishment of this central national organization, with a power unlimited of raising money, of raising men, of keeping a standing army, was a step full of danger to the liberties of the people. Many men of that time had the fear that this establishment of a new government, superior to and independent of the State governments, was the first step toward the establishment of a new tyranny. This fear was wide-spread. It was held even by the members of the Convention itself. The expressions of that fear, as it then lay in the minds of very able men, now read almost like a burlesque. Mr. Yates and Mr. Lansing, two of the three New York delegates to the Convention, wrote of the new Constitution:

"Exclusive of our objections originating from the want of power, we entertained an opinion that the general government, however guarded by declarations of rights, or cautionary provisions, must unavoidably, in a short time, be productive of the destruction of the civil liberty of such citizens who could be effectually coerced by it, by reason of the extensive territory of the United States, the dispersed situation of its inhabitants, and the insuperable difficulty of controlling or counteracting the views of a set of men (however unconstitutional and oppressive their acts might be), possessed of all the powers of government, and who, from their remoteness from their constituents, could not be supposed to be uniformly actuated by an attention to their welfare and happiness; that, however wise and energetic the principles of the general government might

be, the extremities of the United States could not be kept in due submission and obedient to its laws, at the distance of many hundred miles from the seat of government; that if the general government was composed of so numerous a body of men as to represent the interests of all the inhabitants of the United States, in the usual and true ideas of representation, the expense of supporting it would become intolerably burdensome; and that if a few only were vested with the power of legislation, the interests of a great majority of the inhabitants of the United States must necessarily be unknown; or, if known, even in the first stages of the operations of a new government, unattended to."

George Mason, of Virginia, wrote:

"This government will commence in a moderate aristocracy; it is at present impossible to foresee whether it will, in its operations, produce a monarchy or a corrupt, oppressive aristocracy; it will most probably vibrate some years between the two, and then terminate in either the one or the other."

Of the fifty-five members who actually attended meetings of the Convention, sixteen (nearly one-third) were so strongly opposed to the Constitution, after its adoption by the Convention, that they refused to sign their names to it. Even the members who voted for its adoption did so in great doubt and anxiety as to the results which the new scheme of government would bring them. Franklin said:

"Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, *because I expect no better*, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. *The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good.* Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. * * * On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument."

Gouverneur Morris said

"that he, too, had objections, but considering the present plan as the *best that was to be obtained*, he should take it *with all its faults*. The majority had determined in its favor, and by that determination he should abide. The moment this plan goes forth, all other considerations will be laid aside, and the great question will be, Shall there be a national government or not? And this must take place, or a general anarchy will be the alternative."

Hamilton said:

"No man's ideas were more remote from the plan than his own were known to be; but is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion, on one side, and the *chance* of good [the italics are mine] to be expected from the plan, on the other?"

The letter to Congress which accompanied the Constitution said, among other things:

"That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State is not, perhaps, to be expected. But each will, doubtless, consider that, had her interest alone been consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable and injurious to others. That it is liable to as few exceptions as could reasonably have been expected, we hope and believe; that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish."

But the wonder of all was the space of time in which the work was done. Those men who met in that Convention were, no doubt, a body of very remarkable men. Such are always the men whom the people choose for their leaders, when the people make their own free choice. But the members of that Convention were not what we should now call men of learning; they were not, for the work they had in hand, men of experience. Yet they ushered in a new era of political history, created a new order of political existence, established a new law of political growth. Men say governments must grow. This national government, in its framing, was a growth of about four months. On the 25th of May the Convention had its first meeting. On the 15th of September the work of the Convention was finished. In less than a year, this new government was adopted by the peoples of nearly all the States. Here was the myth of ancient poets made true history of men; here was a new, living creation, not the toiling growth of centuries, but a thing struck, at a single blow, clad in complete steel, from the head of the people.

The result, then, was the creation out of a political chaos of a large, complex, comprehensive system, the voluntary adoption by the peoples of thirteen independent sovereign States of one supreme national government—a government the like of which had, so far as we now have any evidence, never before been seen on the earth; of which, so far as I am aware, no human being before had any conception; which was, at the time of its adoption, to a very large proportion of the people who adopted it, an object of great fear and distrust;—this new creation, this national government, was framed in its finished form in four months, and its adoption by the peoples of nearly all those thirteen independent States was brought about in little more than one year.

It has taken us one hundred years to grow up to it.

That was the result. What was the process? The process was the simple, direct, scientific process of agreement. It will be

well to examine it, and see what great results can come in a short space of time from the deliberations of a body of men who are laboring simply with one common honest purpose of serving the people.

The Convention was originally called for the 14th of May. It did not actually meet till the 25th of May, for the reason that a sufficient number of delegates were not at first in attendance. During that interval of time, however, there had evidently been a most speedy growth in the ideas of the members. Edmund Randolph has given us a statement of it in his own case:

"Before my departure for the Convention, I believed that the Confederation was not so eminently defective as it had been supposed. But after I had entered into a *free communication with those who were best informed* of the condition and interest of each State, after I had compared the intelligence derived from them with the properties which ought to characterize the government of our Union, I became persuaded that the Confederation was *destitute of every energy which a constitution of the United States ought to possess.*"

Although the original intention had been only to revise the Articles of Confederation, a resolution was passed by the Convention, on the very first day of its formal deliberations, in these words: "That a *national government* ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislative executive and judiciary." This was on the 29th of May. That was the growth which came from the discussion of only fifteen days. In that time the members had reached an agreement, as to what should be the general scope of the new system. That was the main point to be accomplished. Agreement on details was a thing which required a longer time. It was reached in this way: Single articles and clauses were discussed singly, and were adopted singly. The men who formed the majority in favor of one clause were found in the minority opposed to another. At the end of their deliberations, each single provision had been adopted by a majority vote. But no one man was in favor of them all. Probably no single member had voted in favor of as many as two-thirds of the different articles and clauses of the whole instrument. The paper as a whole was not what any one individual wished. But when they had finished their action on the single parts, the Constitution which they had thus formed was the only thing on which they could hope to agree. They agreed, therefore, on that. As Franklin said, in the passage before cited: "Thus I consent to this Constitution, because I expect no better."

When it came to procuring the adoption of the Constitution by the different State conventions, they had to go through the same process in each. In each State convention the common judgment was, in the beginning, thoroughly against the new Constitution. The opinions of individuals and the common opinion of each convention had to grow up to it. That growth was very quickly reached, under the same influence—that of common discussion. In the end, in each State convention, as had been the case in the national convention, men agreed to the new Constitution because it was the only thing on which they could agree. They took it, because they could get nothing else, with all its faults, with all their fears. Within one year, eleven States had adopted the Constitution. New York, the eleventh State, adopted it on the 26th of July, 1788. The adoption by Rhode Island, the last of the thirteen, was on the 16th of June, 1790.

The whole work—the appreciation of the existence of any need, the framing of a new national government to meet that need, and its adoption by the peoples of thirteen independent States—may be truly said to have been accomplished in the space of little more than five years. That there was any need of a national government was not learned, as we have seen, until the members of the Convention actually met, and had their common discussions. No doubt, during the war of the Revolution, many men were keenly alive to the difficulties of raising men and money. But those very difficulties were so great that no one had time to give thought to their cause. It was not till the war was over, in the year 1783, that men began to consider the defects of the Confederation, or the fact that any change in its organization was needed. And in less than six years from that time the work was done—the new government was framed, adopted, and in operation.

The whole process—the growth and adoption of the Constitution—was a process of selection, in its simplest, most natural form; but it was *selection by agreement*, not by a struggle. The members of the Convention were selected men, selected by an *agreement* of the people's voices. The work of the Convention was selected thought, selected by agreement, by the common judgment of the Convention, from the thought of individuals. As soon as the members of the

Convention began their discussions, the common presence stimulated individual thought, the common criticism made it change form and grow, and the common judgment selected from it what was wisest and best. The final result was the people's selected wisdom, wiser than the wisdom of its wisest man.

Where, then, is the difficulty in merely amending the Constitution, if the making of it was so quickly and easily accomplished? Let us examine the conditions of the existing problem.

Now, as was the case in 1787, men are not yet agreed as to the specific thing to be done. Nor is it necessary that they should be. That agreement can be reached only by a national convention, where discussion can be had by men from all parts of the country, representing all interests and all shades of thought. Thereby only shall we be able to get the common judgment of the people as to the cause of existing evils, and the nature of the remedy for them. Any remedy proposed by only one man would in all human probability be very incomplete, and in many points ill-fitted to accomplish its end.

But public opinion is now much farther advanced than it was in 1787. It has already reached a clear consciousness of the true nature of the evils under which we now suffer. Men generally are agreed that, under our present system of government, the people do not themselves select or control their public officials, but that their public officials are selected and controlled by a "machine," which, in its turn, is controlled by a "boss." The words are not pleasing words, but they mean things. Men, too, are generally agreed that what we now gain from an election is at most a new "machine," or a new "boss." The common use of these words means that the people are thoroughly aware that the things for which the words stand have an existence. When a people coins new words, or new meanings for old words, it signifies that new things have come into being, or at least that the people have gained a new consciousness of the things to which they give a name.

The work which is now to be done by the people is not nearly so great as that done in 1787. Then a new government was to be created out of nothing. All that we now have to do is to make modifications in a government which already exists.

The obstacles in the way of the constitutional changes now needed in our system, compared with those which were in the way of the formation of our national government, are almost none. The jealousies and fears of the peoples of the different States in 1787 were almost insuperable. Those jealousies and fears have now hardly an existence. We are one people, with common thoughts, feelings, and interests. The changes now needed in our system of national government, whatever they may be, will affect the peoples of all the different States in precisely the same way. Nor is there any question of State rights involved. It is not here proposed to increase the powers of the general government, but only to distribute those powers among the different officials in a different manner, to change the method of election, and to make elections come at different times—only at the times when they are needed for their proper purposes.

But it is in the forces at our command that we have our great advantage over the men one hundred years ago—an advantage which cannot be estimated. The adoption of our national Constitution was accomplished at a time when there were no railroads, no telegraphs—when, we can almost say, we had no public press. Compare the conditions to-day. Thought now moves with much greater speed. It is lightning against the stage-coach. Not only is this American people a people of common interests, but its daily thoughts are the same. Mr. Webster said that the drum-beat of the British army circled around the world with each rising sun. But it was not the same drum-beat. To-day, however, it is the same thought, over the same events, over the same daily history of all the nations of the earth, which the whole American people thinks each day. In 1787, no one knew what the Constitutional Convention was doing until long after its work was done. If a national convention were now to be held, every village in the land would think with it and discuss with it. It would be, in a new sense, a people's convention. Its action would be known and approved, as soon as it was taken, in every State, county, city, and town.

How, then, can there be a doubt as to the possibility, the thorough ease, of making whatever constitutional changes we need in our national Constitution and in our State constitutions? There is no difficulty in inducing the people to amend constitutions, if there is any sound reason for doing so; the work we now have to do is not nearly so large as the work done in 1787; the

obstacles in its way are not so great; the forces at our command are much greater; public opinion is much farther advanced. Where is the difficulty? Here is a problem in the Rule of Three: If, in the eighteenth century, the peoples of thirteen independent States, who were held apart by strong local fears and jealousies, who had no railroads or telegraphs or daily press, made a new central government in five years, how long, in the nineteenth century, will one people, who have common feelings, thoughts, and interests, with their land a net-work of railroads and telegraphs, with newspapers by the thousand, require to make a trifling modification in their methods of appointing and controlling their public servants?

II. How can the people be persuaded to surrender their power—their right of voting in their own persons, at frequent elections, for their own public officers?

The system here proposed is one whereby the people are to regain power which they have lost, instead of losing power which they have. They will give up a form, in order to secure a substance.

If, however, it were conceded that the system here proposed involved a surrender of power by the people, what then? Cannot the American people be persuaded to surrender power? Again we forget our own history. The political life of the people of the United States has thus far been a succession of surrenders of power by the people. Elsewhere governments have been a slow and tedious growth, the result of conquest, followed by long years of tyranny, ending in a violent revolution. With us (for what we call the Revolutionary War was merely a dropping off from the parent plant, and the late Rebellion was only a severe local disease), government has been at each stage a creation by the people themselves—a formal framing of a constitution, of a scheme for the establishment of a power over the people's heads, to which they promise submission. And it has always been the free act of a people which was already free. Other nations have, with a great price, purchased their freedom, but we were free-born. It was of our own free-will that we put on the bonds of the law. It is this submission to the power of the law which has made us bear so long and so calmly the evils of our present system of government.

III. But how can the people be persuaded to make what will seem to them a rash experiment, of which no man can foresee the results?

What was the Constitution itself but an experiment? And who could foresee its results?

We have, however, the results of that one experiment, where our fathers had substantially nothing but conjecture. They were the original inventors of the political locomotive. We have been operating their invention for a hundred years, and time has developed defects. We have been increasing the power and speed of the engine, and the size of the driving-wheels, and we find it is now absolutely necessary to have an air-brake. We find, moreover, that it does not conduce to the orderly progress of the railway train if we stop the train once in four hours, and have a grand pitched battle, in which engineer, brakemen, and passengers all take part, for the purpose of seeing who shall drive the locomotive during the next stage of the journey. We have found that that plan is too exciting; it is costly; it diverts the attention of the engineer; and, on the whole, it does not conduce to the safety of the passengers.

The question with us now is, whether we shall make a new experiment, which may or may not prove a thorough success, or continue an old one which we know has failed.

It is an experiment for us to continue our present system of government without a change; for we have new conditions. Can it be that political science is the only thing which has stood still in the last hundred years, and that those men of 1787, without any experience at all, knew more than we do, with the experience of a century?

IV. Is it necessary, even if it is practicable, to make any radical constitutional change in our system of government?

Our great difficulty lies in the fact that our political life is a never-ending struggle for office. How bitter that struggle can be, we have just had a most striking proof. Assassination, which we have fancied was a prerogative of the hopeless victims of despotism, has now for the third time been attempted against the elected chief magistrate of a free people. Who can say that the attempt will not be often repeated? It is one fruit, not at all times a necessary fruit, of the never-ending struggle for office, and that struggle is the necessary result of our present system of government. The United States Senate and the New York State Legislature have now for months been engaged in a mere struggle for the spoils of an election campaign. If that struggle has been carried on by certain United States

Senators on the one side, the President of the United States has been, perhaps unwillingly, and undoubtedly in defense of his prerogatives under the Constitution, a party to it on the other side. In the warmth of our sympathy for the victim of a great crime, we cannot afford to make false studies of political phenomena. Statutes and rules for the appointment of the lower grades of officials in our executive administration may do great good, but they will never reach the roots of this disease. The difficulty is, that our members of Congress and of the State legislatures, our mayors, and governors, and presidents, are compelled always to keep on foot these great election armies, to recruit them from our public officials, and to pay them from the public purse. I find in one of the latest of our daily journals the following extract:

"The President to-day sent for the Commissioner of Pensions, and told him frankly that the *pressure for his removal* was such that *he could no longer resist the demands made*, yet, at the same time, assured him with equal frankness that against his administration of the Pension Bureau there was not a shadow of suspicion. The Commissioner returned to his office, and promptly wrote his resignation, and sent it to the President."

The statement contained in that extract has been repeated in most of the newspapers of the day, and no one has taken the trouble to contradict it. The statement may not be literally correct. But how many appointments to office are made, either by the President of the United States, or by the governor of any State, or by the mayor of any city, except in payment for election work? We say the appointments are made for "party considerations." That phrase, disguise it as we may, means nothing more nor less than that offices are given in payment for election work. And in what respect does that differ from selling votes or offices for money? We have, in the extract just given, the true statement of the true difficulty under our present system: "the pressure is such that *he can no longer resist* the demands made." Every officer, from the top to the bottom, is under this same "pressure." But it is with the men at the head that the difficulty mainly lies. We may have civil service rules and statutes without number. But it is in the enforcing of rules, rather than the making of them, that the difficulty lies. The enforcing of rules is, and always will be, in the hands of the men at the top. And those men must be relieved from the pressure under which we now keep them, before they will enforce rules of any kind. The President of the United States would be glad to give us an efficient civil service, if he could. But human nature is not equal to resisting this pressure. We can, no doubt, somewhat improve our public service, by competitive examinations for subordinates. But what kind of a service is it, that has only efficient subordinates? It is the captain of the ship to whom we look for safety. There can be no efficiency or security unless the men at the head are men of ability and experience, and unless they are free to manage the ship according to their best judgment, without being compelled to handle the vessel according to the needs of the election organizations.

V. Even if it be shown that a radical change is needed, and that the people will agree to it, how can the people overthrow the power of the election machine?

The men now in office, who now control the election organizations, will themselves destroy the election machine, if we will make it for their interest to do so. We can make it for their interest if we will only make them free from their dependence upon the machine. We must put the men whom we now have in office under a new system, instead of continually trying to get a new set of men under the old system. The men we now have will do well enough under a proper system. The system we now have will ruin any set of men. We must say to these men who are now in our employ: "We will give you a fair chance—we will put you under reasonable, common-sense conditions, such as the experience of the whole human race has found necessary for a successful use of men. We say to you now, you shall stay in our service all your lives, so long as you serve us well, and you shall leave our service, not at the end of four years, but at once, if you serve us ill. We will no longer require you to carry the next election as a condition of remaining in our employment, for we know that on that condition you will give your time to carrying elections. We are, on our part, heartily tired of government by election machine, and we know that you are so, too. Let us try a new method. We see that, outside of our affairs, you are honest men. You keep your word; you do what you think you ought in your private dealings with other private individuals. It may be that you would deal honestly with us in the duties of your public offices, if we did not compel you to depend for your success in

life on doing some other work than ours. Let us make the experiment."

The plan, then, here proposed has as its main features the responsibility of the chief executive, the abolition of the term system, and the abolition of large election districts.

It is proposed, also, to abolish this term system for the men who now fill our public offices, and to have them continue to hold their places so long as they are faithful.

The reasons in favor of this particular last proposition are as follows:

It is only justice to the men who are now in our public employment to keep them there until they fail us. We have put them in those places—that is, we have adopted their appointments by the election machine. Although it may be said that they took office on an understanding that they might be required to leave it at the end of a certain fixed term, yet it is the fairer course toward them to allow them to remain in our service until there is some failure on their part for which they should be discharged. By entering our service they have, at least for a time, incapacitated themselves for other occupations.

They are the best body of men with whom to begin an attempt to reform the administration of our public affairs. Many of them are very able men. They have, indeed, been selected on false tests and trained in a false school. But they have won their places in a struggle where it has required ability to win. These men now in office have now had a longer experience in their official duties than any equal number of men whom we could select. And they will be ready to serve us well, if we will only allow them to do so.

But the chief reason in favor of putting these very men, the present President of the United States, the present governors of States, the present mayors of cities, with their present subordinates, on a new tenure, on the common-sense human tenure, instead of the tenure by solar time, is that thereby we can secure the coöperation of the men who now hold the control of the election organizations in favor of the reform of our government. Some of these men are Republicans, some are Democrats—together they control the two organizations. They will be very glad to support any scheme which will secure to them the holding of their present places. It is matter of great doubt whether any plan of reform can be carried in the face of the combined opposition of the leaders of the great election organizations. Thus far, their opposition has been combined, and it has been successful. As things are now, regulations for the reform of the civil service will not be honestly carried out, even if they should be formally adopted. The leaders on both sides are opposed to it. They will continue to give us platforms without performance as long as the present system of government remains. The reason is that, under our present system, they are always under the "pressure" that has been mentioned. They will give us good appointments as soon as we make it for their interest to do so, and not before. As soon as we give them the power of appointing and removing their subordinates, and give them the chance of keeping their places and of making a reputation for themselves by efficient service, they will make good appointments. For, otherwise, they will destroy their own reputations. At least, that is the way human nature works outside of public office.

The reasons, then, for beginning the abolition of the term system now, with the men whom we now have in public places, are, that such a measure would be simple justice to the men themselves; they would be the best men with whom we could begin a reform of our public service; and thereby we could secure their coöperation in making the reform. This would be "reform within the machine." This would be reform within both machines at the same time.

The system of term elections never was anything but a reactionary system—a reaction against the system of irresponsible hereditary power. The evils of the irresponsible hereditary system are two: It selects men on the wrong principle, selecting them by the accident of birth, instead of for fitness; it provides no means of removing the sovereign for inefficiency or misconduct, no lawful method of enforcing his responsibility. The way to meet those two evils is to meet them directly and simply—that is, to have the people elect their chief magistrate, and to provide the means of enforcing his responsibility by removal in case he uses his power wrongly.

But, in nearly all attempts thus far made to avoid the evils of an irresponsible hereditary chief magistracy, it has been the leading feature to substitute, for the irresponsible life tenure, tenure by term election. There is also that other weird, fantastic device called constitutional royalty, which consists in surrounding the chief ruler with twenty heads of executive depart-

ments, and removing all those heads of departments whenever they fail on a vote in the legislature. All these systems, if we are to grace them with a name so ill-deserved, are merely different forms of government by election machine. It is hard to say which form is the most pernicious. But the experience of the last hundred years has clearly demonstrated that they are all constructed on false principles, and that they are not equal to the needs of the age. They served the purposes of their day. They were temporary revolutionary, or evolutionary, make-shifts. But this American people has outgrown them all. Their day for us is gone.

We have exhausted the possibilities of the system which was founded on distrust. All human private affairs are transacted from day to day on the basis of confidence in men. Public affairs must be transacted on the same basis. They can be so transacted with perfect safety. The large majority of men are, as a matter of simple habit and instinct, faithful to their trusts. It is not from fear or compulsion that the private work of the world is in the main well and honestly done. Men who enter public life do not change their nature. They remain men of honor, if they were so before. Our security for honest public service must always be, in the main, the character of the men whom we put there. If we have our chief rulers chosen by the real voice of the people, we shall be certain of one thing, and that is, we shall have at the head of our public affairs, almost without an exception, honest men. The men in our public service have aids to honest conduct, such as no private individuals can have, from the greater degree of publicity to which they are exposed. That alone, in a country which has a free press, will keep our public men pure, if we only take *time*, if we have time to hold men to their official responsibility. But, with these never-ceasing elections, an official is out of office before we can find out who is responsible for the wrong working of public affairs. Public officials do not now fear exposure; they think it may not come till after the end of their term; if it comes, they think they can avoid its effects until the next election; and when the next election comes, it will be another grand carnival of banners, and platforms, and glorious old party principles.

Under the system which has been here set forth, we shall *trust men with power*. At the head of city and State and national affairs there will be a body of men, chosen by the people, whom the people will have to trust. Those men will have the power of voting the people's money, as they see fit. They will have the power of removing the people's chief magistrate, when they see fit.

Trusting men whom the people choose is entirely safe. We trust men now, under the system which we have. We are compelled to do so. We can trust these men more safely, if we leave them free, than we can if we compel them continually to do election work.

But if that be not so, if the people cannot be trusted to choose their own servants wisely, and if the servants whom the people choose cannot be trusted to serve the people truly, *then government by the people is a failure*—and we must go back to the methods of Constantinople and the dark ages.

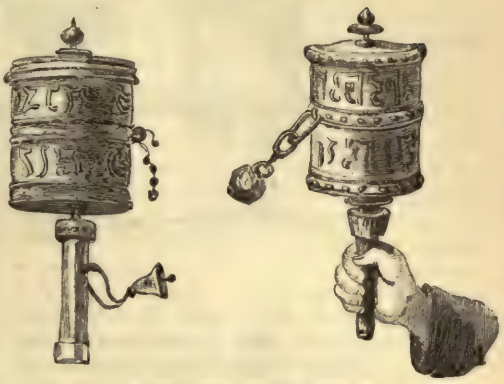
The movement of the age is not in that direction. Government by the people has not failed. We have not, indeed, yet found its perfect form. The men of 1787 did not do their work for all time. In these hundred years, something has been learned in political, as well as physical, science. This first experiment in a people's government for a great nation has not been, in every respect, a thorough success, but it has been fruitful in great lessons. Something is still to be done. And it is time for the people to hold their Convention, to take counsel on the situation. We need not yet despair of the Republic.

THE WHEEL AS A SYMBOL IN RELIGION.

Among the many strange developments of religion, or superstition, which I have traced in my wanderings in many lands, none appears to me so curious as that singular phase of mechanical devotion commonly called a prayer-wheel, which actually brings machinery to bear in multiplying the reiteration of certain formulas of invocation, or the recitation of sacred writings. It is, I believe, peculiar to those countries in which Buddha holds sway, in which he is worshiped as the Chakravarta Rajah, or King of the Wheel. It is not, however, found in all Buddhist countries, for during eighteen months' residence in Ceylon, where I carefully explored not only the principal temples now in use, but all the most ancient pre-Christian ruins, in the depths of the tropical forests, I failed to find any trace of its use.

It was not till we had traveled to the north of India, and had penetrated far into the mighty mountain-ranges of the Himalayas, approaching the borders of Chinese Tartary, that we observed men twirling little brass cylinders as they climbed the narrow, precipitous tracks by which we wound along those dizzy heights. What these toys were, we could not at first make out, till it was explained to us that the cylinders not only had sacred words embossed on the outside, but that the same mystic sentence was written again and again, perhaps many thousands of times, on strips of cloth or paper, which were wound around a spindle, the end of which formed the handle of the little machine. From the center hangs a small lump of metal, which whirls around and gives the necessary impetus, so that the little prayer-mill twirls with the slightest exertion, and goes on grinding any given number of meritorious acts of homage to Buddha, a tiny bell marking each revolution to remind the worshiper if he is unconsciously turning too fast. Of course, his mind ought to be all the time absorbed in meditation on the infinite perfections of Buddha, but as too much must not be expected from a busy working-man, it suffices if he repeat the sentence aloud at the beginning and end of his devotions, and between whiles continue to twirl slowly. There is one who speaks of prayer as that whereby

> "the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

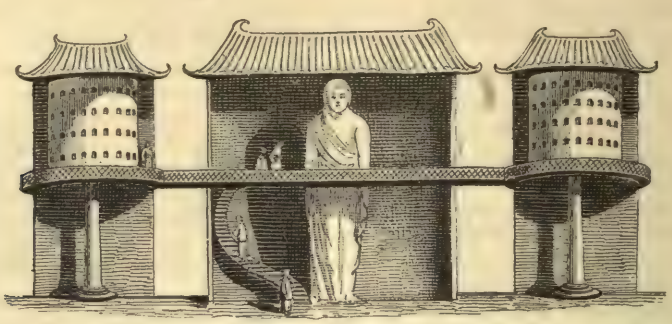


HAND PRAYER-WHEELS—THIBET.

But such material links as these gold, brass, or copper cylinders are, indeed, strange ties to bind earth to heaven!

But these are only little wheels, for the use of individuals who may be able to afford such luxuries. The devotions of the whole village—nay, the whole district—have to be provided for, and therefore prayer-mills must be prepared on a very large scale, to represent the worship of the whole people. Such an one we saw in the Lama temple at Rarung, where, beneath the shadow of the eternal snows, the village (resembling a cluster of Swiss *châlets*) stands perched on a crag overhanging the river Sutledge. We pitched our tiny white tents beneath the dark shade of grand *deodaras* (sacred cedars), and soon made friends with the old *bonze* (priest), who welcomed us cordially, and doubtless looked at us as curiously as we did at him—we being the first foreign women, with the exception of the wife of the Moravian missionary, who had found the way so far by this route.

Poor as was the little temple at Rarung, there was much gaudy drapery hung on every side, but it was neither clean nor fragrant. My companions beat a hasty retreat, but I stood my ground long enough to secure a sketch of what was to me an object of extreme interest, namely, a colossal prayer-wheel, resembling a very large barrel-organ, and turned by a great iron crank, which worked like a handle. It was a great cylinder, about twelve feet high and six or eight in diameter, painted in circular bands of gold and bright color, and on every band was inscribed the one oft-recurring Buddhist ascription, which usurps the place of all prayer—the ascrip-



SECTION OF LAMA TEMPLE.

tion of praise to the "Jewel on the Lotus." The cylinder was said to contain the same sentence written many thousand times, and as it slowly revolved on its axis, a most musical bell marked each revolution, and the worshiper was held to have laid up much treasure of heavenly praise.

As each man entered, he made a lowly obeisance to the head Lama, who laid his hand on the bowed head and pronounced words of blessing. Then the would-be worshiper sat on the ground before the great wheel, and turned the crank for his own benefit and that of all dear to him. Should many arrive simultaneously, the priest himself worked the machine, that all might share alike in this unspeakable benefit. It seemed really very hard work, yet we had no sooner arrived at Rarung than all our coolies, weary as they must have been with carrying us and our baggage over the steep mountain-tracks, repaired to the temple, where we found them grinding as diligently as if in very truth their hearts' desire was at stake. There was no prayer-wheel in the village where they lived, so they were making the most of their opportunities.

These wheels are believed to have been in use among the Buddhists for at least fourteen centuries, and originated in the idea of its being an act of merit to be continually reciting portions of the writings of Buddha. For the benefit of the unlearned, it came to be accounted sufficient to turn over the rolled manuscripts containing the precious precepts. This simple substitute was found to save so much trouble that the custom rapidly spread, and the action was further simplified by the invention of wheels, known as *tchu-chor*—great egg-shaped barrels full of prayers, with a cord attached to the base of the barrel, which, on being pulled, set the cylinder twirling. These are set up in all public places in Thibet, so that the poor, who cannot afford little pocket-wheels of devotion, may not lose their chance of thus heaping up merit. They stand at the doors of the principal dwelling-houses, so that every man entering may give them a spin for the good of the house; while in the monasteries there are many rows of small cylinders, so arranged that the priest, or any passer-by, can set them all twirling at once by just drawing his hand along as he passes. Sometimes the cylinders are so placed as to be turned by wind or water power. The former are provided with wings on the windmill principle, while the latter (see page 737) are placed over streams, so that the running water shall turn them ceaselessly for the good of the village. A wooden bar passed through the cylinder is fastened to a horizontal wheel, having the cogs turned diagonally to the water, just as in the curious little corn-mills still in use in remote corners of Scotland. These wheels rotate with the action of the water and so turn the cylinder, which must invariably stand upright. Several of these are placed abreast across the stream, and a rough wooden shed is built over them to represent a temple.

At the Lama temple at Darjeeling, the wind is made use of in offering ceaseless prayers for the dead. Long, narrow flags inscribed with the same sacred formula are fastened to tall poles, from twenty to forty feet high, the flags not exceeding four feet in width. As these flutter in the breeze, they are supposed to be offering ceaseless adoration on behalf of the dead whose names they bear. Within the temple stands a large wheel, similar to those of the Northern Himalayas, and the priests carry similar small hand-wheels.

Wherever we find these wheels, they are invariably placed so as to turn from right

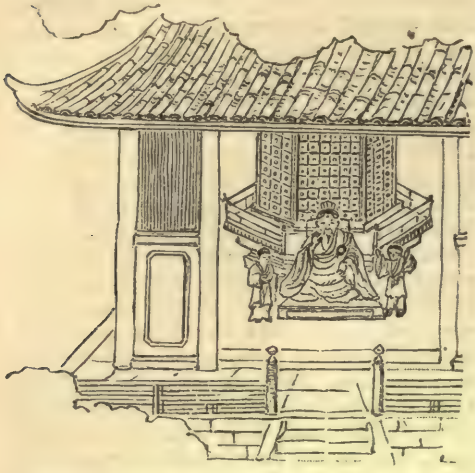
to left, following the course of the sun—that is to say, the right-hand must always be next to the pivot around which the object turns; to invert this order would not only involve ill-luck, but amount to a positive sin. This dread will be readily understood by any one who is versed in old Scottish lore, and remembers how the turn *widdershins* (that is to say, in a course contrary to that of the sun, or, as the Latins called it, *sinistrorum*, that is, with the left-hand toward the center) was only made when invoking a curse on some particular object or person, and so fully believed in, that malignant evil-doers were supposed invariably to begin their diabolic work by making so many turns from right to left instead of from left to right.

There was much delay before I succeeded in purchasing two of these, at a price which must have supplied the owners with new ones for every member of the family. One of these was procured for me by Mr. Pagell, the Moravian missionary at Poo,—a wild, desolate station far in the interior,—where he and his wife have for many years devoted their lives to the almost vain attempt to Christianize their neighbors, their labors being attended with the usual discouragement, and resulting in a very small handful of converts. Mr. Pagell told me that the mill he had procured for me contained a strip of paper, on which was written a short but very comprehensive prayer in Thibetan—a prayer for the six classes of living creatures, namely, the souls in heaven, the evil spirits in the air, man, animals, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell.

But, as a general rule, all worship begins, continues, and ends with one unvarying sentence, *Aum Mani Padmi Hoong.* These words are raised in embossed letters outside the cylinder, besides being written perhaps thousands of times on the strips of paper inside. They are engraved all over sacred places, on the face of the rocks, on the walls of the temples; in one great monastery in Ladakh the wall is literally covered with these words of sacred mystic import, ascribing perpetual adoration to Buddha as the jewel on the lotus, in reference to his lotus throne—that is to say, the pattern symbolical of the lotus or water-lily with which his throne is always adorned.

The literal meaning of the sentence is as follows: *Aum* or *Om*, equivalent to the Hebrew JAH, the holiest and most glorious title of the Almighty; *Mani*, the Jewel, one of Buddha's titles; *Padmi*, the Lotus; *Hoong*, equivalent to Amen. This "sixteen-syllabled charm," as they call it, is the sovereign balm of every conceivable ill. Some Buddhists vary this magic sentence. The Fo-ists in China pin their faith to the words *Aum-mi-to-fuh*, which is also a title of Buddha, and which every devout Fo-ist desires to repeat at least three hundred thousand times in the course of his life. To this end, many of their priests shut themselves up in the temples for months together, with no other occupation than that of repeating these words over and over again, day and night. As the laity go about their daily business, the same words are forever on their lips. The devout and the aged carry strings of beads, whereon they instinctively count their reiterations of the spell, and while they speak to you or to one another, on all manner of secular subjects, between each sentence comes a low murmur, *Aum-mi-to-fuh!* Then, as they pass away down the street, you see their lips moving and you know that they are still whispering the unvarying ascription of praise to Buddha, *Aum-mi-to-fuh! Aum-mi-to-fuh!*

This title *Aum* or *Om* is not peculiar to the worshipers of Buddha. The Brahmins also esteem it so holy that they will not utter it aloud, while the Yains, laying the hand upon the mouth, whisper it in deepest reverence. We are told that the same word was used by the ancient Celts to express the holy and mystic name of God. It is somewhat singular that these two races, so widely separated by time and by distance, should not only have adored the Almighty under the same name, but also have symbolized their worship of Him by the use of figures representing the revolving sun, generally under the image of a wheel. And this is probably the key to the wheels and various ceremonies still in use by the Buddhists, and points to some remote age when these dead customs were all instinct with life, and were to the worshipers merely symbols of some grand reality, well known to them all. Hence, the intensely strong feeling in favor of always following the course of the sun—of which (under the term *deisul*) we find so many traces still lingering in all lands—even, as I have just stated, in our own Scottish Highlands, and which in India and Thibet forces itself on our notice at every turn. In Scotland, it was till quite recently the custom to walk three times sunwise around people, cattle, houses, chapels, to insure good luck to them or to the walker, and at ancient Highland funerals it



SCRIPTURE-WHEEL. (FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD JAPANESE WOOD-CUT.)

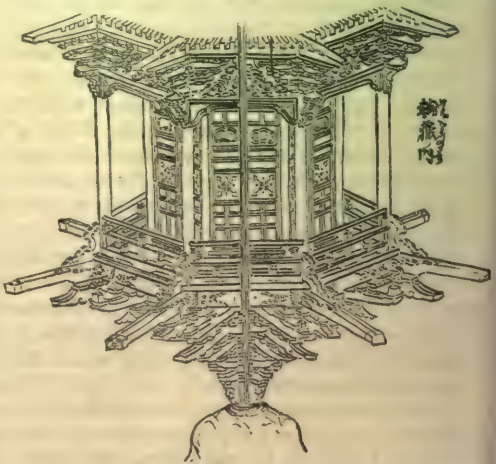
This wheel was invented about the year A. D. 500 by Fu Daishi (the priest Fu). His sons, Fu Sho and Fu Ken (Fu of the right and left), stand on either side of him. It contained Buddhist manuscripts.

was usual to carry the bier thrice around the cross or chapel, a custom which must have been continued without a break from the old pagan days. For in the life of St. Columba it is recorded that, when he took possession of the Holy Isle of the Druids, every funeral procession that came to lay its dead in Iona halted at a mound called Eala, whereon the corpse was laid while the mourners marched thrice solemnly around the spot.

This is precisely the same ceremony described at ancient funerals of Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, when the mourners first marched in sad procession around the funeral pile, then, mounting their steeds, again made the same sad circuit three times, amid wails of sorrow. To the influence of old custom is doubtless due the sunwise course insensibly but invariably adopted in ecclesiastical processions even in Christian lands, notably in Russia and Abyssinia, where the officiating priests, bearing the cross and incense, thus march three times around the altar with slow and solemn step at the end of each part of the service, and where, at the conclusion of the marriage service, the young couple must follow the priest thrice sunwise around the altar. The devout Mohammedan completes his meritorious pilgrimage to Mecca by making the circuit of the Caaba seven times sunwise, and it is well known that our own pagan ancestors deemed it a necessary act of worship thus to walk around their holy places. At Stonehenge, we can still distinguish the earthen path which the priests and people passed on their daily round outside the circle of great stones. Likewise we may see the followers of Buddha nowadays, whether in Thibet, Nepaul, Burmah, Japan, or Ceylon, heaping up merit by performing the sunwise turn around innumerable *dagobas* or relic-shrines, or other holy places, including the crater on the summit of Fuji-yama, the holy mountain of Japan. (See page 740.)

But by far the most singular instances on record are those in which these turns are mentioned in sacred writ—not as idle superstitions adopted by the Jews from their heathen neighbors (we are again and again told how they worshiped the sun and moon and all the host of heaven), but as having been performed by divine command. According to all laws of analogy, we may infer that the course taken by Joshua in the procession around the walls of Jericho was *widdershins* (that is, keeping his left-hand toward the city)—the direction followed when invoking a curse. To this day the Jews of many lands make the lucky turn *deisul* at various ceremonies—as when they march seven times around their newly coffined dead, or when, at the marriage ceremony, the bride first makes three turns sunwise around the bridegroom, who then does likewise around her.

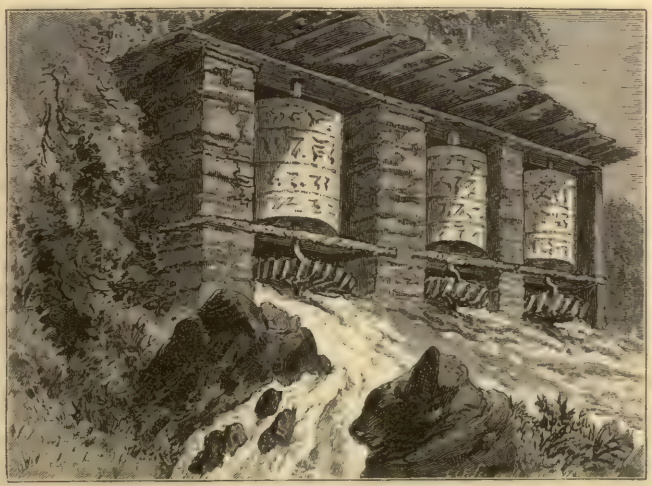
And yet there can be little doubt that this sunwise turn, like the use of a wheel as a symbol of faith, or of a rotating cylinder as an act of worship, sprang from the same original wide-spread reverence for the sun, the great wheel of light, or, as it is called in the Edda, the fair and shining wheel, of



COPY OF DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST, REPRESENTING THE SCRIPTURE-WHEEL OR REVOLVING LIBRARY OF FU DAISHI (FU THE PRIEST).

PRAYER-WHEELS IN THE TEMPLE AT RARUNG, INDIA, BORDER OF CHINESE TARTARY.

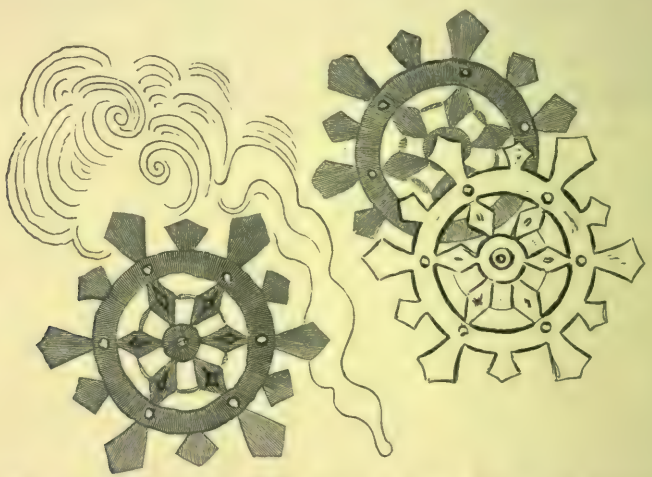
whose ceaseless revolution these were considered suitable emblems. On the old Clog almanacs, Yule-tide was marked by a rude wheel, and traces still exist in Britain and various parts of Europe of sports peculiar to the old sun-festivals, and plainly suggestive of the wheeling of time. Thus, in the early part of this century (and probably it is so to the present day), it was the custom of the villagers of Konz, on the Moselle, and of Trier, to mark Midsummer's Eve by carrying a large wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a hill, where it was set on fire and made to roll down, flaming all the way, and if it reached the Moselle before the flames were extinct, it betokened a good harvest and filled the people with gladness. In my own immediate neighborhood in Scotland we trace the same origin, when, at the Spring festival (still commonly called Beltane, from *Beil-teine*, which means Baal's fire, a poetic name familiar to every Highlander), the lads and lassies still assemble to dance sunwise around great bonfires. In certain districts they bake large circular cakes, which



WATER PRAYER-WHEELS, THIBET.

must be very smooth and flat at the edge, like the tire of a wheel, so as to run smoothly. These they carry to the top of a grassy hill, whence they are rolled down. One well-known gathering-point is the Bannock Brae at Grantown, where, from time immemorial, the young folk of Strathspey have assembled on May morning to roll their bannocks and their hard-boiled eggs. Another town in my immediate neighborhood affords a very curious instance of the old custom of carrying fire in sunwise procession around any given object. At the good town of Burghead, on the Moray Firth, the fisher-folk and seamen never fail to celebrate Yule-night (reckoned according to old style) by the burning of the "clavie." They are alike ignorant of the meaning of the word and of the origin of the custom, but they take half an old tar-barrel, fill it with dry wood saturated with tar, and fasten it to a strong pole. It must not be struck with a hammer or any tool of iron, nor may the fire be kindled with a lucifer match, but burning peat must be used. The clavie, thus prepared, is shouldered by one of the men, who, quite regardless of the streams of boiling tar which trickle down his back, starts to make the circuit of the old town, being, of course, relieved at intervals by his friends. Formerly the clavie was carried around every ship in the harbor, but this part of the ceremony is now rarely observed. At the close of the procession, the clavie is thrown down the hill, and a general scramble ensues for the burning brands, which are supposed to bring luck, and are carried home as a safeguard against all manner of evil.

It is curious to turn from these rude practices of the Western World, and to trace suggestions of kindred, if not identical, origin in the far East. Thus, in the Himalayas, the hill-men, of whatever creed, whether Hindu or Lama, all alike have *deisul* processions around their temples, lead their flocks sunwise around their villages, and dance sunwise around their idols. Not only must the prayer-mills be turned in the same course, but, in the case of those vast terraces built of hewn stone, on which the same holy words are engraved again and again in huge letters, a path is always made on each side, so that travelers may go to the left as they ascend the valley, and to the right as they descend, thus always keeping their right hand next the terrace.



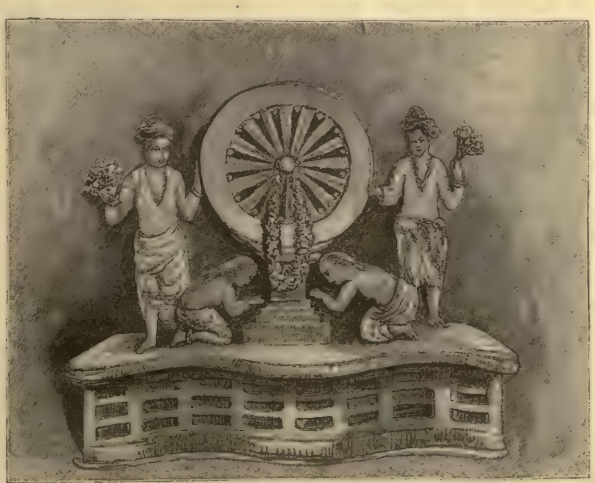
SYMBOLIC WHEEL AND CELESTIAL CLOUD WOVEN IN GOLD ON SILKEN HANGINGS OF BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

The same idea, in one form or another, may be observed in many of the ceremonies practiced by the Brahmins all over India, but it is more curious to trace it among such races as the Coles and Santhals —aboriginal tribes who sought refuge from the Aryan conquerors in the hills of Central India, and have there preserved unchanged the customs of their ancestors. Captain Sherwill, who was an eye-witness of their great Spring festival, tells us how a stage is erected, whereon sit the high chiefs, and this is, as it were, the axle of a wheel whence radiate living spokes—in other words, long strings of women, twenty to thirty in a line, each holding her neighbor by the waistband. In this way perhaps four

or five hundred women dance, chanting in measured time, while the men whirl wildly in a great outer circle, thus forming a huge living wheel which rotates on its own axis, slowly turning from left to right—that is, sunwise. That this dance is in some wise a symbol of the great wheel of light, may certainly be inferred from the fact that, at the beginning of the Santhal rebellion in 1855, the hill-tribes declared that their god had appeared to them as a flame of fire, in form like the wheel of a bullock-cart.

Many of the early races seem to have reverenced the revolving wheel of light as the most appropriate emblem of the Sun-god, for we are told that it was turned as an act of worship in the temples of the Greeks, who derived the custom from the ancient Egyptians—a fact which fully accounts for our finding the wheel carved on some of the gems of the Egyptian gnostics, and generally in connection with other recognized symbols of the sun. Sometimes a winged griffin is shown rolling the wheel of eternity, the griffin having the head of a cock and a coil of serpents forming his tail, the sacred horse sometimes appearing on the same gem.

The Scandinavians represent their god of time, "the Seater," as holding a wheel in one hand and flowers in the other. The image of the Saxon Sun-god has also a wheel of fire. The same idea is said to attach to the many great wheels of the car of Jagannáth and similar idol-cars common throughout India, which every midsummer are drawn forth and perform a solemn circuit, symbolical of the course of the heavenly bodies. The great car rolls on sixteen wheels, each measuring thirteen feet in diameter, and we all know how, in days now happily gone by, multitudes were wont to throw themselves before the car, that they might secure a quick transition to the world of light. Jagannáth, I need hardly say, is only another name for Vishnu, the All-preserver, who, in another incarnation, is worshiped as Krishna, the Sun-god. The temples of Vishnu are almost invariably marked by a mystic wheel, generally crowning the spire, just as the temples of Siva are marked by the trident. It is supposed that the Vishnuites adopted the wheel and other symbols and customs, such as the establishment of great monasteries, from their Buddhist predecessors, Buddha having for many centuries been worshiped as the "King of the Wheel," "the Divine Wheel," "the Precious Wheel of Religion." Mr. Simpson found a sculpture in the Bilsah Tope, at least eighteen hundred years old, where Buddha is represented simply by a wheel, overshadowed by the mystic *chattah*, or golden umbrella, which is a common emblem of his power. He also found the sacred wheel frequently represented in the Jain and Buddhist sculptures in the caves of Ellora and Ajunta, in most cases projecting in front of Buddha's lotus throne. In one instance, an astronomical table is carved above the



BASS-RELIEF. "ADORATION OF THE WHEEL." PANEL FROM THE SMALL TOPE AT SANCHI, BHOPAL, CENTRAL INDIA. FIRST-CENTURY BUDDHISTS.

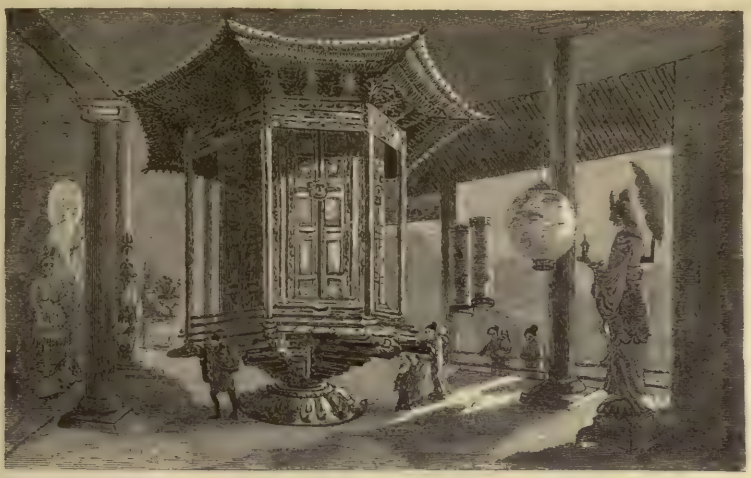
THE PILGRIMAGE TO FUJI-YAMA.

wheel. In another, it is supported on either side by a stag, supposed to represent the fleetness wherewith the sun runs his daily circuit. The ancient Buddhists (already degenerated from the purity of their founder's teaching) not only turned the wheel of the law, but also, when holding their great annual festival in honor of the Sacred Truth, placed it (whether represented by an image of Buddha or by the sacred books seems uncertain) on a huge wheeled car, and dragged it forth in sunwise circuit—a festival from which that of Jagannáth was undoubtedly copied, but which the Buddhists in their turn had probably adopted from the sun and nature worship of the aboriginal inhabitants.

When, therefore, it came to be accounted an act of merit merely to turn over the pages whereon holy words were inscribed, the adaptation of the already sacred wheel to this purpose might very naturally present itself, and the necessity of invariably turning it sunwise would follow as a matter of course.

Having been greatly interested by all we saw and heard on this subject while traveling in the Himalayas, on the borders of Thibet, and having, as I before said, vainly sought for any trace of this strange practice in Ceylon, either in the pre-Christian Buddhist cities or in the temples now in use, I naturally approached Japan with some curiosity as to whether I should find any proof of its having been adopted there. In no book of travels had I found any mention of the subject, and when, on first arriving, I made inquiries from several gentlemen, and all agreed in telling me that they believed nothing of the sort existed, I felt little hope of being able to trace any further link in that land.

Of the old sun-reverence there was abundant proof, Shintoism being the established religion of the empire, and turning chiefly on the worship of the deceased mikados



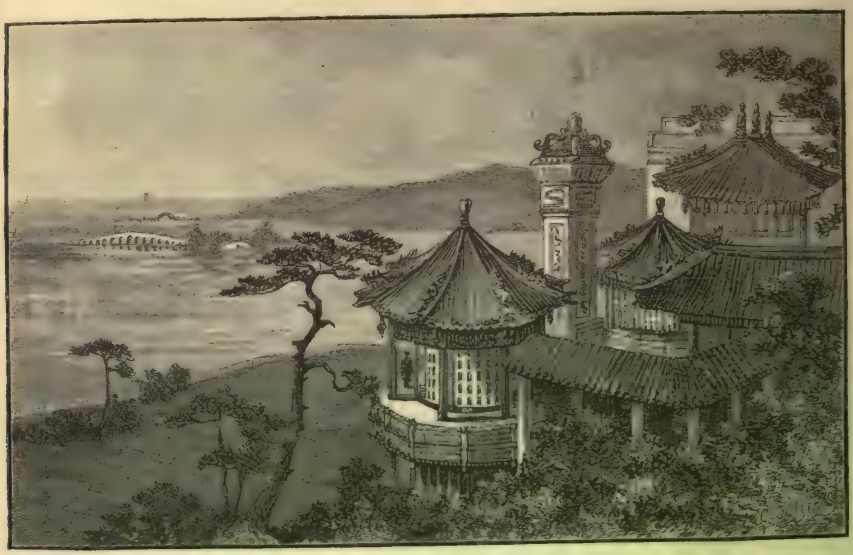
SCRIPTURE-WHEEL IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT ASAKUSA, TOKIO.

and their great ancestress, the Sun-goddess, whose image, in the form of a circular mirror of polished metal, is the only object of worship on the altar of a Shinto temple. The cock and the white horse, which in all ages and countries have been held sacred to the sun, are almost invariably found in connection with the Shinto worship. The former is generally carved on the temple drum, and carried in solemn processions, while a white pony, either a living animal or a wooden substitute, is generally stabled in some sacred building belonging to the temple.

WHEEL SUPPORTED BY KNEELING ELEPHANTS. FROM THE PILLAR IN THE AMRAVATI TOPE, FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

I succeeded in buying two very curious old pictures illustrative of Shinto mythology. One gives portraits of many mikados, descendants of a beautiful goddess, crowned with a great red sun, while above her are grouped all the hierarchy of heaven. The other represents the Shinto pantheon, with a winged sun and moon occupying the place of honor. The sun is in each case painted bright scarlet, as we so constantly see it represented on flags and lanterns at all national festivals—a scarlet circle on a white ground being the Japanese equivalent of the stars and stripes or the union-jack.

But the prayer-wheel was the special object of my quest, and the only chance of finding this was in the Buddhist temples, which besides, as representing the popular religion of the people, aroused my interest far more than did the cold, unemotional services of the Shintoists. So I quietly looked about me, peeping into all manner of dingy, neglected outhouses and small chapels attached to the great temples, where accumulations of dust and cobwebs, hiding the richly gilt and colored carvings, told of the evil days which have overtaken the Buddhist priests, in the forfeiture of their revenues and the establishment of Shintoism as the state religion. I had not long to search. From Yokohama, the foreign settlement where we first landed, one hour by railway (chief triumph of new Japan) brought us to Tokio, the great native capital, which



TEMPLE BUILDINGS AT THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN.

In the central pavilion is a miniature pagoda of porcelain. Those on either side of the upright stone contain revolving cylinders, with a multitude of niches for sacred images. On the lake are the "Camel Hump" and great marble bridges.

was formerly called Yedo, but has changed its name since the Mikado removed the seat of government from Kyôto, the old capital of the South. Here we saw true Japanese life to our heart's content, among the thousands of happy, good-humored, gayly dressed people, who seemed to be keeping continual holiday, thronging the temples and the surrounding tea-houses. The temples are legion, but many of them stand as empty and neglected as many of our own churches, while others are crowded with an ever-moving stream of worshipers.

Chief among the popular temples ranks Asakusa, a noble building, albeit only of carved wood, with heavily thatched roof, the usual form of architecture whether for civil or ecclesiastical use. We approached it by a long street, where only foot-passengers may pass, and lined on either side by small open shops and booths, for the sale of all manner of pretty and odd things,—playthings for the countless happy children, artificial flowers, rosaries, sweetmeats,—all doing a brisk trade for infinitesimal gains. We passed under a great gate-way, with heavy, overhanging thatch and five large lanterns of open-work brass, and before us stood the great temple, to me most fascinating from its strange, barbaric decoration. Lacking the exquisite refinement of high Japanese art, such as we had seen at the more aristocratic temples, we here beheld the true worship of the people—the shrines most highly esteemed, the votive offerings of many generations. From the rafters hang innumerable lamps; some are of beautiful brass-work, but those which add most to the general effect are enormous paper lanterns, of brilliant color and strange device, many of them from ten to twelve feet in depth. Huge bronze vessels, of diverse forms and uses, occupy conspicuous places, but the principal shrines and high altars to the great Buddha and his saints stand back in deep shadow, which lends gloom and mystery to the solemn ceremonial worship of the shaven priests, and of such of the congregation as have made offerings of sufficient value to entitle them to pass into the inner sanctum. Thence comes the sound of chanted litanies, and the fragrance of incense, and there one day for hours I watched the priests feeding quite a large bonfire of some special wood, before one of the idols, while chanting wild incantations. In this land of terrific conflagrations the proceeding appeared dangerous; I watched it with extreme interest, having seen the same ceremony in some of the Brahmin temples at Benares, where on one occasion I saw the worshipers leap through the flames, as was the custom of so many lands in the days of the old Baal worship.

But while the wealthier members of the

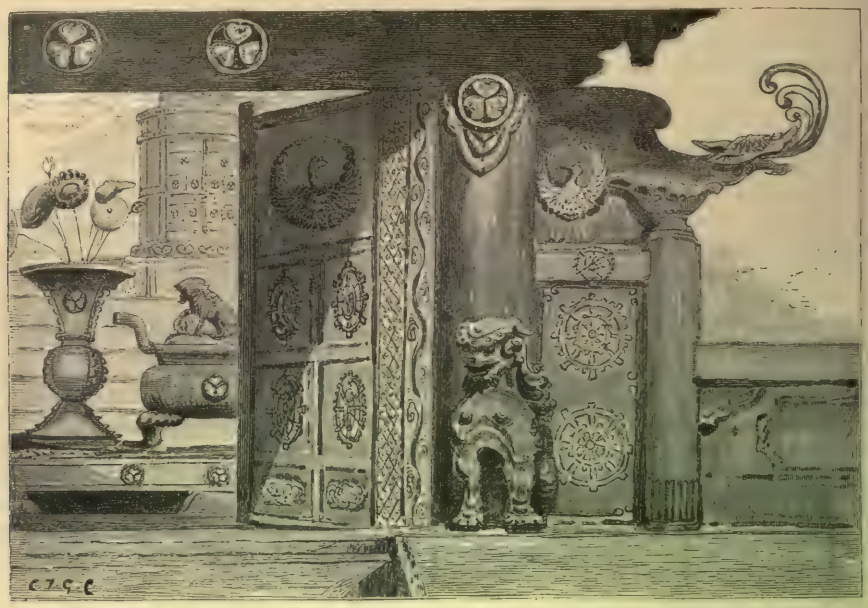
congregation kneel apart in the gloomy interior, the gay crowd moves ceaselessly in the outer court; groups of brilliantly dressed girls with glossy black hair, shuffling along on high wooden clogs, halt by turns before each shrine and rub their hands together as they repeat some little prayer, and then, casting their small offering of copper cash into the great coffer, pass on to enjoy the many strange shows always on exhibition within the picturesque temple grounds, or to buy a few measures of grain wherewith to feed the flocks of sacred pigeons which nestle on the thatch. The sick and sorrowful worship on bended knee, rubbing their foreheads in the dust, before the image of their chosen saint or god. That most in favor is a life-size image of Binzuro, the god of medicine, to whom come all afflicted with any manner of pain. They rub his head, feet, and stomach, and then their own, especially the suffering member. The image is of lacquered wood, but the extent to which the lacquer has been rubbed off tells plainly of the many generations of faithful believers who have sought his aid.

Among the many buildings connected with the temple, the most conspicuous is a tall, five-storied pagoda, of carved wood, painted red, with dark, projecting roofs. Within this is, of course, a shrine, not much in favor. Close by it stands a small temple, disused and neglected, generally locked. So far as I could learn, no foreigner had ever cared to inspect its interior. Yet, as I peered through the barred windows, I saw enough to convince me that, if prayer-wheels did exist in Japan, I had surely discovered one. The priest in charge of the building was absent, but after a while a younger one procured the key, and admitted us. There, beyond all doubt, was the object of my search—a very beautiful specimen of the rotating cylinder, about ten feet in diameter and twelve in height, resplendent with scarlet and gold lacquer. It rested on a stone throne or pedestal of carved lotus-leaves, which is invariably the distinctive mark of Buddha, "The Jewel on the Lotus." Long spikes projected around the base of the cylinder, as from a capstan, and by means of these the heavy machine was made to revolve on its own axis. Unlike the wheels of Thibet, this, and all others which I subsequently found in Japan and China, are not prayer-wheels, but libraries, containing all the sacred Buddhist scriptures. How far they may be complete we cannot say, since we know that these number eleven thousand volumes; but at least each cylinder contains a great many books, and the devout worshiper accumulates the merit of reciting the whole every time he turns the so-called wheel.

But in these days of degenerate faith, where in all Japan shall we find this particular act earnestly practiced? In my own limited experience, I can safely say that, of all whom I have seen turning wheels in various parts of the country, I observed only one who seemed to be doing it in earnest—one who seemed weary and heavy laden, apparently too abstracted to remember that he already bore a somewhat weighty burden tied on his back, before he began the hard labor of turning the heavy wheel, and who evidently was working out his task with resolute purpose. I observed, too, that in this case the priests seemed quite aware that they had found a true believer, and affected the greatest solemnity, taking good care, also, that he should show his faith by the amount of his offerings.

But on the occasion of this our first visit, no such affectation was attempted. The young priest showed us the wheel as if it were some curious relic of an obsolete ignorance (the same sort of feeling with

REVOLVING BRONZE LANTERN—MIDDLE COURT, NIKKO.



THE SYMBOLIC WHEEL ON THE BRONZE PORTAL LEADING TO THE SHRINE OF TYEASU, AT NIKKO.

which the young sportsman, proud of his breech-loading rifle, looks at the old muzzle-loader of which his father was so proud), and on our asking him to show us how it was worked, he proceeded to turn it *widdershins (i. e.,* against the sun)! This was a great shock to my carefully cultivated prejudices and preconceived ideas, so when the senior priest came in, my companion (a perfect Japanese scholar) questioned him on the subject. He admitted that it was against all rule, and, turning to his companion, remarked, "Well, you are a pretty fellow, to go and turn the wheel the wrong way." But they both laughed, and did not really care a bit.

In fact, with the exception of certain processions around the temples at Osaka, the only instance of the practice of the old sunwise turns that I saw being done quite in earnest, in any part of Japan, was the circuit of the crater on the summit of Fuji-yama, the holy mountain, an extinct volcano fourteen thousand feet in height, the form of which cannot fail to be familiar to the most casual observer of Japanese art, as it is lovingly represented on fans, porcelain, lacquer, in all native picture-books—in short, wherever it can possibly be introduced. Thousands of pilgrims annually flock thither on foot from every corner of the isles, and, halting to worship and present small offerings at many a Shinto shrine, they toil up the steep ascent to the summit, where they find a night's shelter in the rudest little stone huts. Just before sunrise they kneel on the bare, cinder-like rock, and, gazing eastward over the limitless expanse of isles and sea, watch for the moment when the Sun-goddess shall appear. Then all join in hymns of praise and chanting of solemn litanies. Their orisons ended, they walk in procession around the summit—of course keeping the right-hand toward the crater. This is a circuit of three miles. As a good pilgrim, I, too, duly made this sunwise tour, and obtained a magnificent view, not only of the vast panorama outspread on every side below me, but also of the crater itself, with its great crags of many-colored lava rising in bold relief from the white morning-mists which lay cradled in its depths.

The majority of the pilgrims consider that they have now accumulated sufficient merit, but those who desire to lay up special stores of sanctity, or to atone for heavy debts of conscience, descend to the base of the cone, or, rather, as the mountain is one vast cone, I should say to the point where vegetation ceases, and whence the mountain-top appears but as a huge cinder-heap. Diverging from the downward track, the earnest pilgrim now commences his second turn sunwise, and a hard task he has before him; for the circumference of the mountain at this point must be upward of twelve

miles, and the way is over a loose, crumbling soil of small cinders and volcanic ash, where every step plunges the weary traveler at least ankle-deep. It is a toilsome pilgrimage, and one which forcibly recalled to my memory the multitudes of Hindu pilgrims whom I had often watched wearily making the five-mile circuit sunwise around the holy city of Benares. They, too, travel from afar to perform this act of faith—coming far greater distances and enduring greater hardships than these Japanese pilgrims ever have to face; and when at last they have reached this, the object of their hearts' longings, and have worshiped a multitude of gods in innumerable temples, and knelt on the shores of the sacred Ganges to adore the rising sun, and made sunwise tours around many a shrine, they have still to accomplish the great "*panch cosse*," or five-miles' pilgrimage—a sunwise turn which may nowhere exceed a distance of five miles from given points. Here, too, the truly earnest pilgrims are readily discerned. The careless and easy-going take a simple and dry path within the boundary of the city, but the truly conscientious pass outside, and make their five-mile circuit wearily and painfully, men and women alike often wading up to the knees in the deep mud of the holy river.

The discovery of the great scripture-wheel at the temple of Asakusa having satisfactorily proved the existence in Japan of this singular form of worship, I continued my researches with renewed interest, and, after exploring many of the temples least visited by foreigners, I was one day attracted by the pleasant, shady grounds of an old temple near the Saido Bashi. The whole place appeared neglected, and I saw only one poor old priest, looking as dilapidated as the buildings themselves. But in a small temple standing a little apart was a large scripture-wheel. Worshipers there were none, and the wheel was fast going to decay.

The next place to which I directed my search was the temple of Ikegami, picturesquely situated on a wooded hill a few miles from the city of Tokio. It is a place of note, as the resting-place of the ashes of the sainted Nicheren, founder of a large Buddhist sect. Its votaries assemble here at stated times to hold high festival, and I was fortunate enough to witness one of these most fascinating *matsuris*. They are religious fairs, to which the people come from long distances, in their very prettiest dresses, quite as much intent on pleasure as on religion. For miles before we reached the spot, we were in the stream of holiday-makers, and of the large class of peddlers who hope to find a ready sale for a certain class of wares—food and sweetmeats, of course, but in this place they deal chiefly in all kinds of ornamental straw-work, very beautifully made. They also sell rosaries, for the use of the Nicheren sect, which, in some respects, differ from those of other Buddhists. These, I think, have only one hundred beads, and a different arrangement of large ones. The disciples of Nicheren have one hundred and eight beads, to represent one hundred and eight holy persons; four beads stand for saints or apostles, and two short strings of five beads recall the ten Buddhist commandments. Two very large beads represent the sun and moon, or dual principle. For prayer, the Buddhists do not tell their beads, but rub the rosary between their hands and twist it so as to form a Chinese character signifying success, which they reverently kiss. The quality of the rosary of course varies with its price, some wood being much more expensive than others. A dark, polished wood seemed most in request, but sandal-wood is sometimes used, and the principal balls are often of polished agate, or even more precious stones. I met a lady in this temple whose rosary evidently represented the family diamonds, so rich was it both in material and workmanship. She seemed much gratified at my evident admiration, and handed it to me for closer inspection. Of course we met and parted with a profusion of low bows.

One cannot imagine a prettier scene than that in which we found ourselves. The picturesque group of temple buildings stands on a hill crowned with dark pine-trees. The ascent is by a long flight of stone steps, up and down which came trooping crowds of brilliantly dressed women and children, and more soberly clothed men, all alike wearing heavy wooden clogs, which clattered as they walked. Brilliantly colored paper lanterns hung in festoons, ready for the evening festival. We passed through a long row of booths, where graceful Japanese girls were bargaining for artificial flowers and hair-pins, or buying sweetmeats for the happy little ones. Then we toiled up the long flight of stairs, passing rows of most miserable beggars suggesting rather than demanding alms, and receiving gifts of infinitesimal cash with profuse thanks and low bows.

They were all dressed in rags of blue material, blue being always the preponderant color in every assemblage of the poor, whether in China or Japan, on account of the cheapness of the dye. On reaching the summit, we found a group of temples and tombs all thronged with the devout, keeping holiday. Over all, towering even above the dark pines, rose the tall, five-storied pagoda of dark red carved wood, with heavy, overhanging roofs, whence dangle musical bells which tinkle with every breath of air.

Near the principal temple we found a great array of priests in many-colored robes and stoles,—some primrose, some lilac, some straw-color, some sky-blue, and some purple,—denoting their various grades and colleges. They were waiting for the high priest, who shortly appeared, followed by two black-robed priests. Over his head his attendants held the large scarlet umbrella, similar to that of a Romish cardinal, which occupies so important a place in all Buddhist ceremonies. All the clergy now formed in procession and followed the high priest to the temple, where a grand special service was held in commemoration of Nicheren, the founder of the sect. The high altar was decked with offerings to him, including not only pillars and pyramids of pink and white rice-cakes, resting on pedestals of sweet-potatoes, but also very handsome new brass lamps. Solemn litanies were chanted and hymns of praise were sung.

Then we passed on to the tomb of the saint—a simple stone monument, beneath the shadow of the pines, and here many worshipers knelt in devout adoration; but a far larger number were assembled around the *dagoba*, or relic-shrine *(Okotzudo)*, within which, in a smaller shrine of brass, exactly similar in form to the great stone building itself, are stored the ashes of the saint and one of his sacred teeth. This last scene was very picturesque, and we sat for half an hour on a tomb, watching the groups of fresh worshipers continually arriving.

Returning by the great temple, curiosity led me to explore the minor buildings, which seemed to offer no attraction to the people. One of these seemed as if it must have been built to contain one of the great prayer-cylinders; and here, sure enough, I found one—a large, handsome wheel, similar in general form to that at Asakusa—that is to say, a huge barrel standing upright and turning on a pivot, by means of long spokes, projecting as from the tire of a wheel. But whereas the cylinder at Asakusa is gorgeous with scarlet and gold and many-colored lacquer, and contains the sacred books in the form of upright scrolls, this at Ikegami is of plain, uncolored wood, very handsome in its simplicity, and divided into a multitude of small drawers, in which are stored the Buddhist scriptures, in the form of limp, stitched books.

This was the third of these strange objects which I had discovered. A fourth soon suggested itself while I was reading a translation of an old native account of the solemn ceremonies formerly enacted at Nikko, the finest group of tombs and temples in Japan, where art has exhausted itself in devising beauty of detail to enhance that of the most lovely natural scenery.

Once on the scent of these libraries for facilitating vain repetitions, the scripture-wheel was the first object of my search on reaching the beautiful mountain, where, in the deep shade of dark Cryptomeria forest, nestle shrines and temples almost without number, varying only in the beauty of their detail and of the exquisite wood-carving with which even the outer courts are adorned. No description can give the slightest idea of the marvelous panels representing every variety of bird and flower, carved not merely in relief, but, like transparent lace-work, so as to be equally perfect seen from either side. Within one of the chapels are immense pictures done in mosaic of different-colored woods—five representing groups of eagles and five of birds of paradise.

We climbed a succession of long flights of steep stone stairs, and, passing by a tall red pagoda with the usual series of dark roofs, and beneath the great *torii* (the quaint gate-way which marks every Shinto temple, and which Shinto rulers have erected near many of the Buddhist shrines now impressed into the service of the Government religion), we found ourselves in a large open court, surrounded by many buildings for sacred uses,—one of which precisely resembled those in which I had already found the scripture-wheels. Peering in through the gilded fretwork which acted the part of windows, I could faintly discern a massive piece, resplendent in scarlet and gold lacquer. Being now convinced that I had solved the mystery of those many thousand repetitions of the sacred canon, I asked to have the door opened, and after some delay the priest was found who had charge of the key; he soon came, and courteously did the honors of the wheel, though

without a particle of reverence for it. It resembled that at Asakusa, being, like it, a gorgeous piece of lacquer-work in richest colors, resting on a stone pedestal of lotus-leaves, and containing the holy books in the form of upright scrolls.

In the center of the court is another development of the wheel—namely, a very large bronze candlestick inclosed in a great bronze lantern, which revolves on its own axis. I noticed many persons turn this, with some difficulty, as it is very heavy, but with no apparent reverence, though they invariably made the turn sunwise. Evidently this phase of superstition has lost its hold on the people, and the priests make no effort to retain a form which they, too, have discovered to be but a hollow sham. I noticed the wheel in its simplest form as the symbolic decoration on the bronze gate-ways leading to the magnificent tomb of one of the Shoguns.

The next place at which I found a scripture-wheel was Fuji Sawa, near the sacred isle of Enoshima. Here there is a large temple, in excellent repair and frequented by crowds of worshipers. The great wheel, as usual, occupies a separate building, and is utterly neglected. I spent several days at this place, living in a charming little tea-house opposite the temple, and often watching the devout passing in and out; but I doubt if any entered the wheel-temple, except such as came to have a quiet look at me while I was sketching it, and who, of course, pretended to have come in on purpose to "turn the wheel of the law."

My next expedition was to Kyôto, the ancient capital of the Mikados—a city crowded with fine old temples. The very first of these which I entered was one called Choin, to which we were attracted by the beautiful tone of its great bell. It was the hour of service, and a multitude of priests were chanting "*Namu amida Butzu*" (which means either Glory be to Buddha, or Save us, O Buddha), the oft-reiterated prayer which everywhere meets the ear. They accompanied the words by striking small gongs with little hammers, and producing a deafening noise. Then the great solemn bell was struck repeatedly, each time followed by an invocation like a roar, after which the service proceeded more peacefully. We passed on to examine the other buildings, and in the very next we entered was a wheel as large as that at Nikko, and of brightly colored lacquer, but divided into innumerable small drawers, ticketed, not with the names of the Buddhist scriptures, but with such words as "water," "fortune," "fire." This wheel does not rest on the usual stone lotus-blossom, but on a broad base, the lower part of which is decorated with the images of divers gods.

We then passed on to the Honguangi, two huge Buddhist temples in another part of the city. Here I found another large scripture-wheel, similar to that at Choin.

A few days later, I was on the shores of beautiful Lake Biwa, which lies embosomed in mountains, in whose green, richly wooded valleys, as well as on many rocky ridges, cluster temples great and small. We halted at Midera, where some very old Shinto nuns, dressed entirely in white, came and gazed curiously at me, as I doubtless did at them. In the temple here I found a very large octagon wheel, with fifty-one small drawers in each of the eight sides. It was the first I had seen of this form.

At Ishiyamadera ("the stone-mountain temple"), a most picturesque group of temples nearer the lake, I noticed small wheels, like miniature capstans, inserted into the wooden pillars in the temple itself. I had noticed similar wheels in the gate-ways of other temples, as at the Temple of the Moon on the summit of a mountain at Kobe, and also at Tenoji, in Osaka, where they bear an inscription which I was told was in Sanskrit character.* Miss Bird relates that she observed sixteen of these wheels in the gateway leading into the cemetery at Hakodate, each inscribed with the name of some god, and the people who entered the cemetery turned all the wheels. My companion asked the priest at Ishiyamadera why they did so, and he replied that only weak and delicate persons did so, who had not strength to pull the bell which hangs over the entrance,—the invariable preliminary of prayer,—and took this easier method of calling the attention of the deity they wished to invoke. Probably in this matter, as in many other details of religious ceremonial, our informant was equally ignorant and careless concerning any deeper meaning which the action may in former times have conveyed.

Passing the gate-way with the little wheels at Tenoji, in Osaka, we came to a very fine five-storied pagoda, the roofs of which are

* They are fastened to the upright spoke by the tire, are from one to two feet in diameter, are generally of metal, and have three spokes. On each spoke are several loose rings of metal, which jingle as they revolve, and so attract the attention of the gods to the number of rotations made in their honor.

supported by a multitude of dragon's-heads. Just beyond it is a large scripture-wheel, standing on a broad base, instead of the usual lotus throne. Here, as, I think, in every other case, an image of a Chinese saint sits near the wheel, with two attendants standing by him. At several temples here I observed many persons practicing the old *deisul*, and learned that it is accounted an act of merit to walk a hundred times sunwise around certain sacred inclosures. Each person so engaged carried in his hand a bunch of one hundred short pieces of string, which he told off one by one, and so kept count of the number of his meritorious turns. Strange to say, however, even among these people, who were evidently doing this tedious work as a religious action, the usual carelessness was evident as to the direction in which they moved, and I saw many, who could not be suspected of malevolent intentions to their neighbors, making the accursed turn *widdershins*, and none of the priests interfered to correct an error which to their brethren of Thibet and elsewhere would be abhorrent.

I saw large scripture-wheels at several other temples in Osaka. The beautiful Hongangi temples, the eastern and the western, possess each one, though, as in other places, they have fallen into disuse.

In my wanderings in southern China I found no trace of it, but at Pekin, in several dusty, neglected corners, I again noticed the old wheels. The most important instance is at the great Lama temple, which is the home of one thousand three hundred monks, having a living Buddha at their head. They are intensely jealous of foreigners, and so offensive and insolent that many visitors fail to gain admittance, even by the help of liberal bribery. I owed the privilege of admission to the great influence and strong determination of the gentleman who escorted me, and who, after much difficulty, so pacified the rude monks that they allowed us to inspect all their temples and chapels, and even pointed out some objects of interest, including a stair by which we might ascend to a gallery on a level with the head of the huge bronzed image of Buddha. I had the pleasure of discovering for myself what I believe no one else had hitherto noticed, that from this gallery there is access to two circular buildings, one on either side, each containing large rotating cylinders, which apparently were neither prayer-wheels nor sacred libraries, but divided into a multitude of niches, each containing an image. Probably one turn of these wheels offered adoration to the whole Chinese pantheon.

A few days later, while exploring the ruins of the emperor's summer palace, I came on a cluster of small temples perched among bowlders of gray rock, and overlooking the lovely lake with its marble bridges. The temples, though sadly mutilated, still bear traces of their former beauty, in the days when they were probably reserved for the private devotions of the imperial family. Many colored china tiles lie broken on every side, but the roofs of brilliant green porcelain still gleam in the sunlight. Of what has apparently been the chief temple, nothing remains save a vast mound of bright-colored tiles, heaped in broken fragments on a great platform, which is approached by zigzag stairs. Near this, a small, very beautiful pagoda of porcelain stands within a temple, on either side of which are circular buildings containing the ruins of cylinders, which evidently have been just like those in the Lama temple, only on a miniature scale. There are the same niches, which evidently once contained many images, all of which have been carried off, either in the first ruthless pillage by the soldiers of the French and English army, or in the subsequent raids of relic-hunters, either Chinese or foreign. The whole place presents a pitiable scene of destruction. I duly made the circuit so often trodden in by-gone years by reverent feet, albeit of alien race and alien creed. Then, bidding farewell to Pekin, I turned my face to the east, with my right hand to the south, and so, crossing the great Pacific Ocean and the broad continent of America, and the stormy Atlantic, I performed the *deisul* circuit of half the world, and ended my travels by being wrecked on the shores of Old England, which says very little for the good luck which should have attended so exemplary a course of well-doing!

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* XI.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WORK OF SIX YEARS. 1712–1717.

For six years after the affair of the Pruth, the attention of Peter was chiefly occupied in trying to obtain peace either by diplomacy or by force of arms. The Swedish people were weary of the war, but King Charles, first from his imprisonment in Turkey, and afterward, when he had suddenly appeared at Stralsund one December morning in 1714, refused to listen to propositions of peace.

Some nobles of Mecklenburg, who were in the service of Hanover and Denmark, tried to create a belief that Peter had ambitious designs in Germany and on the southern coast of the Baltic. The Elector of Hanover, who had now become George I. of England, grew so suspicious that he worked on the Danes to prevent the expedition against Scania in 1716, and even wished the English Admiral Norris to take the Tsar's fleet, seize his person, and thus compel the retirement of the Russian troops. These fears and suspicions were all groundless. The Tsar had not the slightest idea of any permanent occupation in Germany. His only desire was for peace, and his greatest solicitude was how to keep for himself the province of Livonia, which was claimed by King Augustus, and the annexation of which to Russia was opposed by England and Holland. Finland, which had been entirely conquered in two campaigns of 1713 and 1714, he was ready to give back to the Swedes if he could keep Livonia. In the second of these campaigns the Tsar had won a great victory over the Swedish fleet at Hangö-Udd, on which he prided himself even more than on the battle of Poltáva.

During much of these years the Tsar was absent from his dominions. His shattered health required frequent visits to Carlsbad, to Pyrmont, and to Spa. His person and his character became well known at the courts of Northern Germany; the prejudices against him gradually disappeared, and many absurd stories about his manners and habits were seen to be without foundation. During 1716 he spent the winter in Danzig, most of the summer at Copenhagen, and then went to Holland, where he staid until late in 1717. During the summer of this year he visited Paris, more for diplomatic reasons and in the hopes of a French alliance than from motives of curiosity. None the less did Peter inspect everything that was curious and instructive. Everywhere he was received with respect and consideration. His history, his character, his achievements, his exact knowledge in so many directions, and his interest in everything that was scientific and technical, made a deep impression. A solemn reception was given to him at the Sorbonne. A medal was struck in his presence and in his honor at the Louvre. Rigaud and Largillière painted his portrait. The boy king, Louis XV., and the regent did all they could to make his stay agreeable. The Duchess of Orleans called him her "hero" and expatiated at length in her letters on his accomplishments. St. Simon thus describes him:

"He was a very tall man, well made, not too stout, with a roundish face, a high forehead, and fine eyebrows, a short nose—but not too short—large at the end; his lips were rather thick; his complexion a ruddy brown; fine black eyes, large, lively, piercing, and well apart; a majestic and gracious look when he wished, otherwise severe and stern, with a twitching, which did not often return, but which disturbed his look and his whole expression and inspired fear. That lasted but a moment, with a wild and terrible look, and passed away as quickly. His whole air showed his intellect, his reflection, and his greatness, and did not lack a certain grace. He wore only a linen collar, a round brown peruque without powder, which did not touch his shoulders, a brown tight-fitting coat, plain, with gold buttons, a waistcoat, breeches, stockings, no gloves nor cuffs; the star of his order on his coat and the ribbon underneath; his coat often quite unbuttoned, his hat on a table and never on his head, even out-of-doors. With all this simplicity, and in whatever bad carriage or company he might be, one could not fail to perceive the air of greatness that was natural to him."

The visit had its effect, and in the following August a treaty was made at Amsterdam between France, Russia, and Prussia.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TSARÉVITCH ALEXIS. HIS EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.

Alexis was still in his ninth year when the Tsaritsa Eudoxia was sent to the con-

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vent at Suzdal, and he was confided to his Aunt Natalia. But already at the age of six he had been given a teacher, Nikifor Viázemsky, to instruct him in the elements. Viázemsky gave to Alexis that love for Biblical and religious reading which distinguished him afterward, but he was not a man of sufficiently strong character to control him. Peter, after his return from abroad, thought to send his son to Dresden under the care of the Polish General Carlovitch, to be educated together with young Henry Lefort, but the death of Carlovitch in the attack on Dünamünde, in March, 1700, put an end to this plan. Carlovitch had recommended as teacher a certain Martin Neugebauer, from Danzig, who had been for some years in the Saxon service, and who had accompanied him to Russia. During the years that he had charge of the education of Alexis, Neugebauer performed his duties conscientiously enough, but with more zeal than discretion. He speedily came into conflict with the Russians, and his own hot temper and rough manners rendered it impossible for him to keep his position. He was succeeded by Huyssen, who had been brought into the Russian service by Patkul. Huyssen drew up a plan of education—which was approved by the Tsar—suitable for the education of the heir of a great empire, according to which Alexis was to devote much time to French, mathematics, history, and geography, as well as politics. He was to study Fénelon's "Télémaque," and the works of Puffendorf, to read the foreign newspapers, to be informed as to the duties and history of princes, especially of absolute monarchs, and finally to wind up with a course of artillery and engineering. He was, besides this, daily to read the Bible so that in a given time he would finish the Old Testament once and the New Testament twice. In his hours of leisure he was to look at atlases and globes, practice with mathematical instruments, and exercise himself in fencing, dancing, and riding, as well as in different games, especially ball-playing. Under Huyssen the studies of the young Prince made much progress, and his tutor seems to have been satisfied with his capabilities and his desire to learn. The reports made to the Tsar were generally favorable, and writing to Leibnitz, Huyssen says:

"The Prince lacks neither capacity nor quickness of mind. His ambition is moderated by reason, by sound judgment, and by a great desire to distinguish himself and to gain everything which is fitting for a great prince. He is of a studious and pliant nature, and wishes by assiduity to supply what has been neglected in his education. I notice in him a great inclination to piety, justice, uprightness, and purity of morals. He loves mathematics and foreign languages, and shows a great desire to visit foreign countries. He wishes to acquire thoroughly the French and German languages, and has already begun to receive instruction in dancing and military exercises, which give him great pleasure. The Tsar has allowed him not to be strict in the observance of the fasts for fear of harming his health and his bodily development, but out of piety he refuses any indulgence in this respect."

In Moscow, Alexis was thrown much into the company of those who preferred the old order of things and hated the innovations of the Tsar. The dislike to reforms and novelties was as strong among the upper classes, and even in the palace itself, as among the common people. There were step-sisters of Peter still living who in secret sympathized with Sophia, who died in 1704, and with Martha, who died only in 1707, in her convent cell at Alexandrovo. There were brothers of the repudiated Eudoxia, there were the great-uncles of Alexis, the Naryshkins, who confirmed Alexis in his distaste for carrying out the commands of his father. But most of all Alexis associated with the clergy, and his confessor, Jacob Ignátief, had as much influence of a similar kind as Nikon had at one time upon the Tsar Alexis.

The impression was made upon the common people that the Tsarévitch was opposed to his father, and he was looked upon as the only hope in the future. Ignátief came from Suzdal, and Alexis was, therefore, the more easily brought into communication with his mother, then in a convent at Suzdal. In 1706, he was taken to visit her. The Tsar received information of this journey from his sister Natalia, and immediately sent for Alexis to come to Zolkiew, where he reprimanded him sharply. After this Alexis was detained for several months in Smolensk, where he was charged by his father with the collection and provisioning of the troops. He returned to Moscow in the autumn of 1707, and found new duties imposed upon him in the defense of the city against a possible attack by the Swedes. Alexis returned for a while to his studies, but in the beginning of 1709 he abandoned them again to conduct a party of five thousand recruits to the Ukraine, where he had a dangerous fit of illness.

After the battle of Poltáva, it was resolved that Alexis should go to Dresden for his further education. Soon after arriving in

Dresden he went on to Carlsbad, and in the neighboring little town of Schlackenwerth he met for the first time the Princess Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel, whom it had been arranged that he should marry.

The house of Brunswick, one branch of which sat on the throne of Hanover, was connected with most of the reigning families of Europe. The Princess Charlotte, granddaughter of the reigning Duke Anton Ulrich, was sister of the wife of the Austrian Archduke Charles, then a claimant to the Spanish throne, and in 1711 Emperor of Germany. She was educated at the Saxon court by her aunt, the Queen of Poland. Although negotiations for this marriage had been going on for some years, Alexis had never been told by his father what he was expected to do. He knew well enough that he was to marry a foreigner, and he had hints from others of the person destined for him.

The interview at Schlackenwerth passed off pleasantly, and both Alexis and Charlotte seemed to be favorably impressed with each other. In a letter written soon after this, to his confessor, Alexis tells of the circumstances, and says that his father had written to him to know how she pleased him. "So now I know that he wishes to marry me, not to a Russian, but to one of those people, according to my choice. I wrote to him that, if it is his will that I should marry a foreigner, I will marry this princess, whom I have seen, and who pleases me, and who is a good fellow, and better than whom I cannot find. I beg you to pray for me if it is the will of God that this be accomplished, if not that it may be hindered, for my hope is in Him. What He wishes will happen." In the autumn of 1710 Alexis went twice to Torgau, and at last formally demanded the hand of the princess from the Queen of Poland. The marriage was deferred, and Alexis went back to his studies and his lonely life at Dresden. He was greatly troubled that he had no priest with him, and wrote to Ignátief to find one capable of keeping a secret. "He must be young, unmarried, and unknown to every one. Tell him to come to me in great secrecy, to lay aside all marks of his condition, to shave his beard and his hair, and to wear a wig and German clothes."

After the campaign on the Pruth, Peter, as we remember, hastened to Carlsbad, and, after his cure, went to Torgau, where, on the 25th of October, 1711, the marriage of Alexis and Charlotte was celebrated in the castle of the Queen of Poland. Four days after the ceremony, Alexis was ordered to go to Thorn and see to the forwarding of provisions for the Russian troops in Pomerania. A little respite was given, for he was allowed to visit Wolfenbüttel with his bride. With the spring, Alexis was obliged to go to the army in Pomerania, while the Crown Princess had to move to Elbing. Here she received frequent and regular letters from her husband, as well as a visit from the Tsar and Catherine, both of whom were most kind. She adds, in writing to her mother, that her joy was diminished by seeing how little the Tsar loved the Tsarévitch, and she begged Catherine to interfere in her husband's behalf. In October, the Crown Princess received orders from the Tsar to go to St. Petersburg. From all that she had heard, and from much that she had seen, she had fear of the Russians, and disliked to go alone to St. Petersburg. Then, too, certain things which had been said to her threw her into despair. She imagined that her husband never had loved her and that Catherine hated her. In this frame of mind, instead of going to Russia, she made a visit to her family at Wolfenbüttel, so that when Alexis passed through Elbing he did not find her. It was not until the spring of 1713 that she arrived in St. Petersburg, but her husband was then with the Tsar on an expedition in Finland, and did not return until late in the summer. The meeting of husband and wife after this absence of over a year was cordial and affectionate, and at first everything went well. Soon there came difficulties, a coolness with Catherine and with the Tsar's sister Natalia, troubles on account of the bad composition of the little court, and especially on account of want of money. Although Alexis was a good manager, yet he had not income enough to keep his household in the state in which he needed to live. To this we must add the love of the Tsarévitch for strong drink, his carouses with his friends, and his frequent fits of drunkenness, in which he not only treated his wife brutally, but spoke of her in terms of contempt to his servants. The health of Alexis failed, his physicians thought that he had consumption and that his condition was a serious one, and they advised him to go to Carlsbad. His wife was the last to know of his resolution, and it was only when everything was ready, and he was about to take his seat in the carriage, that he bade her good-bye

with "Adieu! I am going to Carlsbad." This was on the 15th of June, 1714. There were indeed reasons for reticence, because the country through which he had to pass was not without danger, and he wished to keep his departure a secret from the foreign ministers. He traveled in the guise of a simple officer. But the coldness and indifference affected Charlotte, and during the six months of his absence he never wrote her a word. On the 23d of July she gave birth to a daughter, Natalia, but Alexis did not seem to trouble himself about the matter. At the end of December Alexis returned to St. Petersburg. At first his conduct was exemplary. He was affectionate to his wife, and was delighted with his little daughter. A little later, Charlotte wrote to her family that he conducted himself as before, with the only difference that she saw him less frequently. He had fallen in love with Afrosinia, a Finn, and serf of his teacher Viázemsky, brought her to his house, and continued in relations with her during the rest of his life. Foreigners noticed that, in society, Alexis never spoke to his wife, and said that he scarcely saw her once a week. Nevertheless there were occasional glimpses of happiness—Alexis was fond of his child, and every mark of love soothed the heart of the mother. On the 23d of October, 1715, a son was born, who subsequently became the Emperor Peter II. Four days afterward the state of the mother took a turn for the worse, a fever set in, and toward midnight on the 1st of November she died. Alexis had not left her bedside during the last days, had fainted three times, and seemed inconsolable at her death. He took the children in his arms and carried them to his own room.

The day after the funeral, Catherine gave birth to a boy. The long smoldering conflict between father and son now broke forth.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FATHER AND SON.

THE opposition between Peter and his son was passive—was an opposition of character rather than of action. Peter was active, curious, and energetic. Alexis was contemplative and reflective. He was not without intellectual ability, but he liked a quiet life. He preferred reading and thinking. While it sometimes seemed as if Peter was born too soon for the age, Alexis was born too late. He belonged to the past generation. Not only did he take no interest in the work and plans of his father, but he gradually came to dislike and hate them.

With this opposition of temperament and character, with the lack of tenderness which Peter had always shown in his relations to his son, with the great fear which he inspired in him, it was not unnatural that Alexis always felt uncomfortable when he was with his father, hated to hear of his coming, and was glad to be away from him. Once he admitted to his confessor that he had frequently wished his father's death, and Ignátief replied: "God will forgive you. We all wish for his death, because the people have to bear such heavy burdens."

All who were discontented with the existing state of things naturally turned their eyes toward Alexis, and, without assuming such a position, he became the nucleus of the opposition to reform. Among the nobility, and even among those distinguished by the Tsar, many showed privately their sympathy with Alexis. Prince Jacob Dolgorúky, the senator, said: "Do not visit me, for they watch me to see who comes." And General Basil Dolgorúky once said to him: "You are wiser than your father. Your father is wise, but he has no knowledge of men. You will have more knowledge of men." This was an evident expression of the hope that, when Alexis came to the throne, the old families would be much more favored, and upstarts like Menshikóf and Golófkin would no longer hold the first places in the empire. The Galítsyns were friends of his, and even Field-Marshal Boris Sheremétief advised him to have some one always near the Tsar who could be intimate with his friends and inform him of what was going on. Prince Boris Kurákin, the diplomatist, asked Alexis in Pomerania whether his step-mother treated him well, and when Alexis said that their relations were most cordial, added: "As long as she has no son she will be good to you; but as soon as she has a son it will be quite otherwise."

Although Alexis was in thorough sympathy with the discontented, and showed them plainly that if he ever came to the throne things would not go on as then, that no active policy would be pursued, and that in all probability St. Petersburg would be abandoned, yet there was no conspiracy, no attempt to thwart the plans of the Tsar. The policy of all was to wait,

THE TSAREVITCH ALEXIS AND THE CROWN PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

and to hope for Peter's death. The Tsar's health had been so shaken for some years that it seemed as if this might occur soon.

On the day of the funeral of the Crown Princess Charlotte, the 7th of November, 1715, when the mourners, according to the customs of the country, had assembled again in the house of the Tsarévitch, Peter handed his son a letter, dated the 22d of October. It was written in strong and decisive terms, and contained an ultimatum. After speaking of the Swedish war, and how affairs had taken such a turn that the Swedes now trembled before the Russians, the Tsar continued:

"When I consider this joy come of God to our father-land, and look then on the line of my successors, a deep grief comes over me, because I consider you unfit to carry on the business of the Government. God is not at fault, for he has not deprived you of a sound mind, nor taken entirely away from you bodily strength; for although you are not of a strong nature, still you are not very weak. But you do not wish to hear anything about military affairs, although by this we have come from darkness into light, and those who knew nothing of us before now respect us. I do not demand that you should be desirous of making war without lawful reasons, but I expect you to appreciate military affairs and learn all that is most necessary in them, for this is one of the two necessary things for government, order, and defense. * * * You have no desire at all to learn anything. You know nothing of military affairs. * * * You excuse yourself by saying that your weak health prevents you from taking part in the fatigues of a campaign. But this is no reason. I do not wish bodily fatigue from you, but only the desire for the thing, and this can be weakened by no illness."

Then making a comparison with his own brother Theodore and Louis XIV., who himself took no part in campaigns, he continues:

"When I represent to myself all this and turn again to my first thought, I must say to myself, I am a man—I can die. To whom then shall I leave that which I have by God's help planted and increased? To him who is like the idle servant in the Gospel, that buried his talent in the ground? I think, besides, what a bad and obstinate character you have. How much have I scolded you for it, and not merely scolded but beaten you for it! How many years have I not spoken with you! Nothing has been of help; nothing has borne fruit; it has all been in vain; my words have been carried off by the wind. You wish to do nothing except to sit at home and to delight yourself if everything goes contrary. * * * Seeing, therefore, that I can turn you to nothing good, I have thought best to write you this last testament, and still wait a little to see whether, in truth and without hypocrisy, you change. If not, then know that I deprive you of your right to the throne, and cut you off like a blasted limb. And do not think that you are my only son, and that I write this only to frighten you. In very truth, by the will of God, I will fulfill it, for, as I have not spared my life for my country and my subjects, how can I spare you, who are unfit? Better a deserving stranger than an unworthy son."

When, the next day, Alexis heard of the

birth of his step-brother, he was much cast down, but he gradually came to a resolution, and three days afterward wrote to his father, saying that if it was his will to cut him off from the succession, he begged him to do so. "I see myself unsuitable and unfit for this business, for I am quite devoid of memory, without which it is impossible to do anything, am weak and do not possess all my intellectual and bodily powers, and have become unsuited to the government of such a people, for which it is necessary to have a man not so rotten as I. Therefore, to the Russian succession after you (God give you health for many years) I lay no claim, and in future shall make no claim (even if I had no brother, and now, thank God, I have a brother, to whom may God give health). I confide my children to your will, and as for myself, beg for support until my death." After receiving this letter, Peter had a conversation with Prince Basil Dolgorúky, on which the latter came to the Tsarévitch, read carefully through the Tsar's letter of the 22d of October, and said: "I have had a word with your father. I think he will cut you off from the succession. It appears that he is content with your letter. I have saved you from the scaffold. You can now rejoice, and need trouble yourself about nothing more." The expression of Dolgorúky about the scaffold shows with what excitement the Tsar had spoken about his son. There seems, however, no reason to believe that Peter was at any time satisfied with what Alexis had written. In the state of things at that time in Russia, renunciation of the succession was scarcely sufficient. It was necessary to determine on something beyond this, and at this step Peter hesitated.

For a whole month the Tsar kept silent, then, after a drinking bout at Apráxin's, he became so dangerously ill that during two nights the senators and ministers remained in the palace. On the 13th of December he was so weak that the last sacrament was administered to him, but after this the attack passed, he began to mend, and three weeks later, was able to go to church, looking better than had been expected, but pale and shrunken. During this time Kikin warned Alexis to be cautious, maintaining that the Tsar was feigning illness to see how he would behave, and had received the sacrament only for the purpose of creating a belief that his end was near.

On the 30th of January, 1716, Alexis

ENLISTMENT UNDER CHARLES XII. FROM A PAINTING BY G. CEDERSTRÖM. (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)

INTERVIEW BETWEEN PETER AND ALEXIS.

received a second and still more threatening letter from his father. The Tsar found fault with him for mentioning only the question of succession and his physical weakness, while silent with regard to his father's anger and discontent.*

"This leads me to write more decidedly, for if you do not fear me now, how will you follow my testament? I cannot believe your oath on account of your hardness of heart. David has already said that all men are liars, so that if you really wished to keep it you could be dissuaded by the long beards, who on account of their laziness are not now in favor, but to whom you are greatly devoted. And what gratitude have you shown to your father? Do you help me in my sorrows and troubles, so hard to be borne, although you have already reached ripe age? No, not in the least. It is known to every one that you hate my deeds, which I do for the people of this nation, not sparing my health, and after my death you will destroy them. For that reason, to stay as you would like to be, neither fish nor flesh, is impossible. Therefore, either change your character, and without hypocrisy be my worthy successor, or become a monk, for without this my soul will not be at peace, especially that I am now so ill. Therefore, on receiving this, give me immediately an answer, either in writing or in words; and if you do not do this, I will treat you as a criminal."

* Peter's excitement is evident, for he overlooked the fact that Alexis in his letter had expressly mentioned his intellectual disqualifications.

The friends of Alexis advised him to become a monk. Kikin, who had before counseled this, now said: "A monk's cowl is not nailed on a man. It can be laid aside again." Viázemsky urged him to send first for a confessor and say to him that the step he took was compulsory, so that he could inform the metropolitan of Riazan, and it should not be thought that he had been put into a monastery as a punishment for some fault. This advice he followed, and in three lines wrote to his father, excusing himself for not writing more explicitly on account of illness, but saying that he wished to go into a monastery, and begging his permission for this step; signing himself, "Your slave and unworthy son, Alexis."

Two days before Peter's departure for Danzig and the West, he visited his son, whom he found ill in bed, and asked him what he was resolved to do. Alexis called God to witness that he wished nothing else than to go into a monastery. Peter replied: "That is not easy for a young man. Think a little about it. Do not hurry. Then write to me what you wish to do. You had better turn about to the straight road rather than become a monk. I will wait for half

A FINNISH SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

a year." Peter could hardly have expected any important change in his son, but it was hard for him to come to a decision. The willingness of Alexis to comply with his demands disarmed him, and at the same time made him uneasy. This respite gave Alexis heart. He postponed the matter indefinitely, and began to think of flight, and of concealing himself somewhere abroad until the death of his father. Shortly after the Tsar's departure, his step-sister, the Princess Maria Alexéievna, went to Carlsbad, and Kikin, who belonged to her court, in bidding good-bye to Alexis, said: "Wait, I will find a refuge for you." Kikin is said further to have informed Alexis that it was the design of his father not to put him into a monastery, because there he might live a long time, but to wear him out by the fatigues of long journeys and hard work. On the 29th of June, 1716, the Princess Natalia died. Although Alexis's confidants told him that all his misfortunes had come from her, yet it is said that the Princess on her death-bed called for her nephew, and said to him: "As long as I lived, I have kept my brother from carrying out hostile designs against you. But now I am dying, and it is time for you yourself to think about your safety. The best thing would be that, on the first opportunity, you should put yourself under the protection of the Emperor." A speedy decision of some kind was indeed necessary. The half-year given for consideration had expired, and in October Alexis received a letter from his father, then at Copenhagen, asking for his decision, demanding either that he should tell the name of the monastery which he desired to enter, and the time when he would take the vows, or, if he had chosen to comply with his father's desires, that a week after the receipt of the letter he should start for the seat of war, and take part in the military operations—in any case to send a reply by the same courier, "for I see that you only pass your time in your usual idleness." Alexis had during these months written to his father, but had said nothing of his plans.

Alexis left St. Petersburg on the 7th of October, nominally to go to his father. He took leave of the Senate, begging one or two of his friends to continue faithful to him and look after his interests. His real purpose the Tsarévitch told to but two of his adherents. His intention was to go either to Vienna or to Rome, ask the protection of the Emperor or the Pope, and there live until the death of his father. He hoped that this would occur shortly, and he then expected, with the aid of his friends, to return to Russia and become regent dur-

ing the minority of his step-brother. He had resigned his claims to the crown, and he does not seem to have thought of renewing them. A few miles from Libau, he met his aunt, the Princess Maria, returning from Carlsbad. He sat for a while in her carriage and had a long conversation, broken with weeping. He told her that he was going to his father with great fear as to how he would be received, but admitted that he would be glad to conceal himself somewhere. She advised him to live in hope, and to talk with Kikin, who was still at Libau. With Kikin he had a confidential conversation, and on his advice resolved to go to Vienna, and ask the protection of the Emperor. Proceeding to Danzig, he disguised himself as a Russian officer, took the name of Kochánsky, and went by the way of Breslau, Neisse, and Prague to Vienna.

The vice-chancellor, Count Schönborn, late one evening, after he had retired, was surprised by a visit from the son of the Russian Tsar. He tried to excuse himself, but the occasion was announced to be urgent, and Alexis burst into the room before he had time to complete his toilet. The Tsarévitch, who was in a high state of excitement, at last succeeded in telling his story, and in explaining how his life was sought for by his father, by Catherine, and by Menshikóf, and begged for the protection of his brother-in-law, the Emperor. Schönborn promised to do what he could, and after a few days Alexis was sent, in disguise and under guard, first to Weierberg, near Vienna, and then to the castle of Ehrenberg, in the Tyrol, a region then little visited. After remaining here for nearly five months, he was transferred to the castle of St. Elmo, at Naples.

Meanwhile, from the time of his leaving Danzig, nothing had been heard of him by his father or his friends, who began to be seriously alarmed for his safety. Inquiries were set on foot, but nothing could be ascertained. At last, Veselófsky, the Russian embassador at Vienna, discovered his flight to that city under the name of Kochánsky, but here all trace was lost. Tolstói, the former embassador at Constantinople, and Rumiántsof were sent by the Tsar to assist Veselófsky. They traced Alexis to Ehrenberg, and stationed themselves in the vicinity to intercept him. They followed him through Italy, and finally, after many menacing letters on the part of the Tsar, Tolstói succeeded in procuring an interview with him at St. Elmo. The Emperor Charles VI., while wishing to protect him personally, felt disinclined to begin a struggle with Russia on his account, and Peter made vague threats of the invasion of Silesia. Tolstói frightened the Tsarévitch, partly with the withdrawal of the Austrian protection in consequence of a war with Russia, and partly with a journey of the Tsar himself to Italy, when he would not be able to avoid an interview. He guaranteed that, if Alexis returned to Russia, he would be allowed to lead a quiet life on his estates. This promise was subsequently confirmed by a letter of Peter himself. Finally Tolstói succeeded in persuading Alexis to proceed at once to Russia. At last, on the 10th of February, 1718, Alexis arrived at Moscow. On the 14th of that month there was a solemn assembly in the palace of the Krémlin, in which the Tsarévitch appeared without his sword, and formally renounced his rights to the throne. On the same day a manifesto was published, in which the whole series of facts and the conduct of the Tsarévitch were recounted, and it was stated that by them he had deserved death, but that he had been pardoned by the Tsar. At the same time, the son of Catherine, Peter Petróvitch, was proclaimed heir to the throne. During three days the people were called upon to take oath in the cathedral to the new Tsarévitch. Some refused, and a certain Dokúkin, a former official, dared to hand to the Tsar in the church his protest against the act of disheritment.

The conditions of the pardon were that Alexis should immediately declare who were his advisers and accomplices, and should conceal not even the least circumstance of what had happened. In reply to the list of questions which were given him, Alexis presented a rambling narrative of his life during the last few years, mentioning a large number of persons with whom he had had conversations about his fate, and who were privy to his flight. The Princess Maria Alexéievna, Kikin, Viázemsky, Basil Dolgorúky, Ignátief, the servant Athanásief, and many others, were arrested. Peter himself, with great coolness, conducted the whole proceedings, was present at the inquisitions, and sometimes at the tortures. As the investigation went on, new persons were daily arrested, and the trial took great dimensions. Finally there appeared among the accused, Peter's repudiated wife, Eudoxia. She was arrested on account of her intercourse with Alexis, but

it soon became apparent that she had in no way conformed to the rules of the convent in which she was immured as the nun Helena, had assumed a secular habit and the state of a princess, and had had for a long time an amorous intrigue with a Major Gliébof. Eudoxia and Gliébof confessed their intimacy, and the former Tsaritsa begged for pardon in a letter in which she said: "I throw myself at your feet. I ask your pardon for my crime. Do not make me die before my time. Let me return to a convent, where I shall pray to God for you till my last day. Your former wife, Eudoxia." The Tsar seemed to lay more stress on the political bearing, and what he thought a conspiracy, than on the offense to his honor. The Bishop of Rostóf, Dositheus, then in great repute, was accused of having prophesied the death of the Tsar within a year and of having publicly prayed in church for Eudoxia. While being degraded before being tortured, he said to his brother bishops: "Am I, then, the only guilty one in this affair? Look into your own hearts, all of you. What do you find there? Listen to what is spoken among the people—a name I will not pronounce." Torture, however, drew nothing from him except the vague acknowledgment of expressions of sympathy. No act of open rebellion could be proved. The council of ministers, constituted as a high court of justice, rendered a decision in the last days of March, 1718. Kikin, Gliébof, and the Bishop Dositheus were condemned to cruel death, some to death, and many others, after being publicly whipped, to forced labor and to exile in Siberia. Some women were sent to the convents of the White Sea; others were publicly whipped. The Tsaritsa Eudoxia was sent to a convent at Old Ládoga, near Schlüsselburg, where she lived till the accession of her grandson, Peter II.* The Princess Maria was imprisoned in Schlüsselburg until 1721, when she was allowed to return to her house in St. Petersburg, where she died in 1723. Gliébof, after having been tortured by the knout, by red-hot irons, by heated weights, was fastened for three days upon a plank with wooden spikes, and, as he confessed nothing, was impaled on the 29th of March, and died the next day. The Bishop of Rostóf was broken on the wheel and beheaded; his body was burned and his head fixed on a stake. Alexander Kikin was treated in the same way. He was tortured slowly, at intervals, so that he might suffer more. The second day the Tsar passed by him. Kikin was still living on the wheel, and begged the Tsar to pardon him and allow him to become a monk. His head was at once cut off and exposed on a stake. Dokúkin, who had protested against the oath of allegiance to the Tsarévitch Peter, died the death of a martyr; he was tortured three times and afterward broken on the wheel, constantly declaring that he was willing to suffer all for the word of Christ.

Peter returned to St. Petersburg in a gloomy frame of mind. The results of the trial had not appeased his feelings as a father nor dispelled the suspicions which haunted him as a sovereign. Nothing treasonable was proved, nothing which connected his son with a conspiracy. Alexis was given apparent liberty, and was installed in a house next to the palace. In the middle of May, Peter made an excursion to his new country residence of Peterhof, on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. He took Alexis with him, for he could not leave him out of his sight, and Afrosinia was conveyed thither in a covered bark. Here both of them were examined and cross-examined by the Tsar in person. Afrosinia was not tortured. Even without that, she confessed all that she knew, recounted all the particulars of the daily life of her lover during the whole time that they had lived together, especially during their stay abroad—all his expressions of discontent, every word or act that might be deemed treasonable and that was calculated to excite still further the suspicion of the Tsar. Her revelations were deemed sufficient. She was confronted with Alexis, and in face of what she had said, the Tsarévitch could do nothing but confess. She received the reward of her service. She, alone, of all who were implicated in the affair, was released without torture or further difficulty, and lived the rest of her life quietly in St. Petersburg, where she married an officer of the guard.

The case was now strong enough. The Tsar issued a manifesto, drawn up by his own hand, in which he recited the certainties which had been arrived at during the investigation, the deception practiced by his son in his previous depositions, and concluded that, as the pardon promised him had been on condition only of a full and

* On the accession of Alexis's son, Peter II., the Tsaritsa Eudoxia was released, and lived at the Maidens' Convent, at Moscow, occasionally appearing at court. She died in 1731, in the reign of the Empress Anne.

sincere confession, it was no longer valid. The bishops and clergy were called upon to indicate to a father what he ought to do with regard to the criminal violation of all laws, and he asked the ecclesiastic tribunals to take his place, in judging this Absalom. The bishops endeavored to evade the question, and in their reply brought many examples, from both the Old and the New Testament, to show that such a case should be judged by the secular, and not the ecclesiastical, courts. They showed that, if the Tsar wished to punish his son, he had authority from the Bible; and, if he deigned to pardon him, he had the example and precepts of Christ, especially as set forth in the parable of the Prodigal Son. A second manifesto was then issued to the Senate and the civil functionaries, ordering them to judge his son without feebleness, as well as without flattery. On the 28th of June, the high court of justice assembled, composed of one hundred and twenty-seven members, senators, ministers, officers of the guard, and most of those who were personally devoted to the Tsar. On the 30th, the torture was applied in the usual way to the Tsarévitch, and he received twenty-five blows of the knout. On the 2d of July, he was required to write answers to some further questions proposed by his father. Tolstói, the terrible Tolstói, who had overcome him at Naples, was charged with the whole investigation; and this time Alexis gave answers which were so apparently sincere that, had Peter taken advantage of the favorable moment, he might, perhaps, have brought his son to obedience. On the 5th of July, torture was again applied, and the Tsarévitch received fifteen blows. But he was exhausted, and little or nothing more could be obtained from him. That same evening the high court assembled, and declared the Tsarévitch culpable of having deposed falsely; of having concealed his attempts premeditated long before against the throne, and even against the life of his father; of having put his hope in the populace; of having desired the death of his sovereign, and plotted the ruin of his country, of his lord and father, with the aid of foreign arms. Unanimously, and without discussion, it condemned him to death. Peter was in great perplexity. He could not bring himself to sign the sentence, and, at the same time, he believed that his plans and the work of his life would be ruined if his son ever came to the throne. In spite of the sentence of death, Alexis was again interrogated. The next morning he was asked whether the extracts which he had made from Baronius were intended to be distributed among the people. To this he replied that he had made them only as memoranda for himself. The 7th of July there was a new interrogatory, attended by torture, in the presence of the Tsar and most of the members of the court, which lasted for three hours. Alexis was taken back to his cell very weak. In the afternoon his feebleness increased, and at six o'clock he expired, before his father, who had already received intelligence that he was dying, was able to reach him.*

It would appear to us that propriety, if not decency, demanded that a proper respect should have been paid by Peter to his dead son, even were he criminal. The day after the death of Alexis was the anniversary of the battle of Poltáva. The festivity was not postponed, but the day was celebrated in the usual manner, in the presence of the Tsar. That evening, the body of the Tsarévitch was transferred from the cell where he died to the house of the Governor, and on the next day to the Church of the Trinity, where it was exposed to public view. The subsequent day, the 10th of July, was the birthday of the Tsar. A new vessel, the *Forester*, designed by him, was launched at the Admiralty. Peter assisted at the ceremony, with all his ministers. There was a merry banquet, and the drinking was kept up until two o'clock in the morning. On the next evening, the 11th of July, the body of the Tsarévitch was buried by the side of his wife, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the fortress, with the usual pomp, in the presence of the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and of the ministers and high officers of state.

The people, however, refused to believe in his death, and for many years pretenders to the name of Alexis appeared in various parts of Russia.

The little Prince Peter, the step-brother of Alexis, who succeeded to his rights, survived him but a year.

* There can scarcely be a question that the death of Alexis occurred as a consequence of the torture inflicted upon him. Many versions, however, immediately became current, and it has been believed by many that the sentence of death was actually executed. Others have said that, in order to avoid it, the Tsarévitch was poisoned. Bruce and Rumiántsof both claimed to have been ocular witnesses, and to have taken part in the murder of Alexis; but their stories are utterly at variance, both as to the manner and the circumstances of his death, and it is impossible to give them credence.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

With here and there a hover,
Blush-rose and lily lover;
Darting, sparkling treasure,
Air-Arab, pinioned pleasure,
Ethereal thinker's notion
To prove perpetual motion,—
What may the muses say,
Bird-beam of summer day?
Tell, dainty, dainty sprite,
Tell, rainbow of delight,
Incarnate gem,
Live diadem:
What shall the burden be,
Thou heart of brilliancy?
I charge thee, bright-eyed top,
Plaything of baby flow'rs,
Make answer as ye hop
On backs of drowsy hours.

Flown—vanished—gone his way.
A star in open day!
Some deathless aim doth sorely tease
That gentlest enemy to ease:
The rarest rose that bares her breast
Invites him vainly to its rest.
Why should he scorn to fold his
wings
With loveliest of lovely things?
Was being never yet so small
That we could see and know it
all?
Perchance he was a dazzling thought
In gleams of highest rapture wrought—
A glance from eyes of beauty flown
To flash their passion in mine own—
Resplendent herald of desire
In plumes of azure and of fire.

QUEEN TITANIA.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," etc.

VIII.

DURING the remainder of February and all the month of March, Quintus kept up a hypocritical show of activity, always starting at the accustomed hour for the office, and spending the day in *cafés* and reading-rooms, and in aimless wanderings about the city. He once even fell asleep on one of the benches in the Union Square park, and on being awakened by a policeman, had much difficulty in persuading him that he was neither drunk nor a vagrant. Often he was seen trudging on through the dismal, chilly rain which New York rarely escapes during March, having apparently some serious purpose in view; but being utterly oblivious of the state of his clothes and the direction his feet were taking, he would sometimes find himself in the most dangerous and disreputable districts of the city. He attracted, however, no special attention. His tall hat looked shabby and weather-beaten, his coat was dripping wet, and he was shivering from head to foot—the normal condition of the inhabitants of these neighborhoods. He would have much preferred to remain at home, seated in his easy-chair in his comfortable library, but in that case Tita would have drawn her inference, and an explanation would have been inevitable.

Tita, in the meanwhile, was not blind to the striking change in Quintus's appearance and temperament. She noticed with increased apprehension the daily deepening of the lines about his mouth and eyes, the listless stoop in his shoulders, and the look of extreme weariness in his whole countenance. She dared no longer coax and question him in her playful manner, for she suspected that the cause of his grief was too serious to be dismissed with a playful retort. Moreover, he showed a disposition to irritability, which, in so amiable a man as he, was quite alarming, and Tita, with the superior knowledge of her sixteen years, began to prescribe for him, as for a moral invalid, substituting cocoa for coffee at breakfast, and fruit for pastries at dessert, and making various other dietary changes, in which Quintus, without a suspicion of their cause, unmurmuringly acquiesced. Tita, however, failed to observe any beneficial effects from her remedies, and as Quintus continued to grow thinner and more hollow-cheeked she grew more and more anxious, and finally resolved upon a daring enterprise which she had long vaguely meditated. That Quintus was in love, there could be no reason to doubt. From the few novels she had read, she had learned that the symptoms of this ailment were very alarming and extraordinary. And further, as Quint knew no other ladies than herself and Miss Dimpleton, and whereas, if he were in love with herself, he would undoubtedly have told her so, there was no escape from the conclusion that he must be in love with Miss Dimpleton. Moreover, his melancholy had dated from the evening when the Homeric readings had ceased. What more probable, then, than that Miss Dimpleton had refused him that very night? Of course, after such an occurrence it would be embarrassing to continue the acquaintance. Thus reasoned the sage little Tita. And although in an obscure corner of her heart there had lurked a hope that Quint would some day love her as dearly as she loved him, she was resolved to be heroic and to do all in her power to restore his happiness. If Miss Dimpleton were aware what a noble fellow Quint was, she surely would not persist in her refusal to marry him. But, of course, she could not know; she did not know him as well as Tita did. Therefore, Tita concluded that it was her duty to go to Miss Dimpleton and enlighten her. She would, of course, have to choose a morning when Quint, as she supposed, would be at the office.

In this adventurous mood, Tita donned her walking costume and tripped demurely down toward the ferry-boat. She took a street-car up-town, and arrived without any mishap at the door of one of those great, featureless masses of brown stone in which the fashionable New-Yorker loves to dwell. She rang the bell, and was promptly admitted by the colored brigadier in blue and yellow, who, as Tita presently reflected, had been gotten up to match the furniture. She sent up her card, upon which she had written, with much trepidation at her own daring,

"Miss Hulbert," and in a few minutes Miss Dimpleton descended, held out her hand hesitatingly, and, with an interrogatory smile on her lips, said:

"Excuse me, but I do not remember having had the pleasure——"

"No, Miss Dimpleton," said Tita, as Miss Dimpleton showed no disposition to continue, "you have never met me before, but—but—please allow me to sit down and collect my thoughts a little, Miss Dimpleton."

She felt an alarming inclination to burst into tears; she was puzzled and frightened at the rashness of her undertaking. Miss Dimpleton seemed very formidable, too, with her clear gray eyes, and her smooth hair, and her rich and stately attire. She stood looking at poor Tita, as if she were deciphering her very soul.

"Yes, certainly, do sit down," she was saying, gazing with sudden intentness at Tita's card, which she was yet holding in her hand. "Your name, it appears, is Miss Hulbert. May I ask, were you not the lady whom I saw with Mr. Bodill in the theater about six or seven weeks ago?"

"Yes, probably I was."

"Then pardon me if I ask you embarrassing questions; but it is of some importance to me to know. Ought not your name to be Miss Bodill?"

"You mean that I ought to marry Quint?" exclaimed Tita, in hypocritical astonishment, while the tears trembled through her words. "Oh, not at all, I assure you. Of course, I love Quint very much, because he is so good and kind and lovely—oh, you don't know how good Quint is, Miss Dimpleton."

Somehow, there was something very touching to her, just then, in Quint's goodness, and the tears refused to be held in check any longer, but coursed down her cheeks, while she yet bravely gazed into her rival's eye.

"I have no doubt Mr. Bodill is very good to *you*," replied Miss Dimpleton, a little stiffly, although she had to admit to herself that the impulsive and child-like manner of this young girl was very winning. Evidently, Mr. Bodill had kept her in ignorance of his true relation to her, and under such circumstances it would hardly be kind to burden her with a knowledge which would necessarily give her pain. "But," she added, "pardon my frankness—but how does Mr. Bodill's goodness concern me?"

"It concerns you very much indeed, Miss Dimpleton, if you only knew it," said Tita, resolved, however embarrassing it might be, to speak plainly. "Quint has been very ill of late, ever since the evening when you gave up your Homeric studies. I know that something must then have happened to him, although he has never told me what it was. Yet I know that it is you who must have done something to him that has wounded him very deeply. And, Miss Dimpleton, it was this I came to tell you, that if there ever was a man in this world who is thoroughly noble, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, that man is Quintus Bodill. It is a great pity that he should care so much for your company that it should make him ill and wretched not to see you. For, though you are very beautiful, you are not as beautiful as Quint; nor are you so good as he is, since you like to wound and grieve those who are fond of you."

Miss Dimpleton, instead of smiling at this intrepid arraignment, delivered in a tear-choked voice, grew suddenly very serious, and sat gazing with a look of earnest scrutiny into Tita's face.

"Listen to me, Miss Hulbert," she said, half unconsciously seizing Tita's hand. "You think I am cold and cruel, and that Mr. Bodill is a saint. Supposing it was I who was cruelly wounded, and that it was Mr. Bodill who had inflicted the wound. Unfortunately, I cannot make you understand what I mean. But when a man creates an ideal of purity and nobleness in a woman's mind, and then carefully conceals the fact that he is himself far from worshiping at the altar which he erects for her; then—then"—Miss Dimpleton groped for a moment for the proper phrase—"there is no forgiveness for that man—and in all likelihood he would not even care to be forgiven. Suppose, too, that a woman had held aloof from society, and refused to squander her strength and blunt her sensibilities in fashionable dissipations; suppose she had hungered for a life of nobler aims and loftier interests, and fancied that this man held the key to the Eden she had dreamed of, and imagine then her indignation when she discovered that he, too, had soiled his hands in the moral filth in which the baser crowd of humanity grovel. Can you, with your sixteen years, imagine the bitterness which such an experience leaves behind it, and the dreariness and hopelessness which must follow?"

Tita, who, without precisely understanding the nature of Miss Dimpleton's grievance,

vaguely felt that Quintus's honor was being assailed, bristled all over with eagerness to rush to his defense. Her interlocutor, however, although she observed her impatience, was resolved to finish her indictment—not because she would condescend to demand sympathy, but merely to give vent to the righteous wrath and scorn which had accumulated within her. Now, at last, came Tita's chance to retort.

"Well, madam," she broke forth, forgetting entirely her benevolent purposes, "if you mean to insinuate that Quintus Bodill is the kind of man you have just been describing,—I understand what you mean, and you needn't look pityingly at me,—then I can only say that—that you don't know him, and that you are unworthy of the honor of knowing him."

And, with a disdainful bow, Tita swept out of the room, whereupon the formidable blue-and-yellow negro opened the door. As she descended the steps, she met an elderly gentleman, who had just emerged from his *coupé*, and was running up the steps with an eagerness quite out of keeping with his years. She could not look him in the face for her tears; but as she heard his latch-key in the door, Tita sagely concluded that it must be Mr. Dimpleton.

IX.

"Tell Miss Jessie I want to see her, as soon as possible," said Mr. Dimpleton, to the servant.

"Miss Dimpleton is in the pa'lo', sah," was the reply.

The publisher, with a look of suppressed excitement, entered the room, and, without any preliminary, handed his daughter an opened letter. Miss Jessie, who was too absorbed with her own reflections to notice her father's manner, received the letter rather listlessly, and, supposing it to be an invitation, put it into her pocket.

"Why, my dear, I wish you to read it at once," said he; "it is a matter of great importance."

She sank into an easy-chair, unfolded the paper, and had hardly read the words, when she started up again, and stared hard at her father.

"Where, where did this ——" she cried.

"Read it, read it," he demanded, "and then tell me what we ought to do. Of course we owe him reparation."

The letter read as follows:

"Messrs. J. C. Dimpleton & Co.

"Gentlemen: We have been informed that you have in your employ a gentleman, about thirty years of age, named Quintus Bodill. A young man of that name crossed in one of our steamers about twelve years ago, and made himself the voluntary guardian of a little girl, then four years old, whose mother had died during the voyage. We made careful inquiries at the time, in the hope of discovering some friend or relative of the deceased, but all our efforts were in vain. As in all probability Mr. Bodill would have informed us of the child's death, and we have received no intelligence to that effect, we conclude that she must be alive, and yet under Mr. Bodill's protection.

"The occasion for our troubling you with this affair is the fact that a sum of $455 was collected among the passengers for the benefit of the orphaned girl, which sum was deposited with us, and invested in United States six per cent. bonds. Capital and interest are at Mr. Bodill's disposal whenever he will present himself, with proper identification, at our office. A messenger, whom we sent to your place of business to inquire for him, failed to find him, and we therefore beg of you to have the kindness to communicate to him the contents of this letter. We have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

"Very respectfully yours,

"Ballard, Rush & Co.,

"Agents for —— Transatlantic Steam-ship Co."

"If he had only not been so deucedly proud," said Mr. Dimpleton, in a dispirited sort of fashion—"if he had only deigned to offer me an explanation, all this trouble might have been avoided."

"How could he, father?" retorted Miss Jessie, passionately, letting the letter drop into her lap. "After what you said to him, there was but one thing for a man of honor to do, and that was exactly what he did."

"And who was it that prompted me to act so rashly as I did on such very slight premises?" asked he, with a remote approach to indignation.

"It was I, father, and I ought to suffer for it. But oh, if I had only known five minutes ago what I know now, I might, at all events, have avoided adding insult to injury. The young lady you met on the steps was the orphan referred to in this letter, and she came, evidently without his knowledge, to upbraid me, as I deserve to be upbraided, for my hasty condemnation, and for my whole ignoble conduct toward him."

Miss Jessie was in the contrite mood when there was a satisfaction in feeling the cut of the lash, and she would have bowed her head humbly under the application of the severest adjectives. And yet, through all this luxurious humility, there thrilled a sense of triumph at the thought that she had, after all, not bestowed her admiration, and perhaps something even more precious,

upon one who was unworthy. She need no longer blush at her own want of insight and discrimination, and she need no longer writhe under the degradation of having opened the inner chambers of her soul to profane eyes. It will be seen that she was occupied chiefly with herself. She felt vaguely sorry for the suffering she had caused him, but her uppermost feeling was joy at being rehabilitated in her own sight. There was some satisfaction, however, in knowing that Bodill had taken her displeasure to heart, although, of course, she could not ascertain how much of his wretchedness was due to the loss of his position.

"Well, my dear," said her father, who was ever ready to do his daughter's bidding, "what do you propose to do now?"

"Order the carriage for me at four, please," she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "and we will both make Mr. Bodill a call and offer him our apologies. I believe he lives somewhere on the Jersey side?"

"Yes, we have his address at the office."

X.

Tita glanced with some uneasiness toward the door, and hastily secreted about a square foot of embroidery in a drawer, the key of which she put, with a triumphant little nod, into her pocket. She was making Quint an elaborate Turkish smoking-cap to go with his dressing-gown and slippers, so that, while indulging in the oriental luxury of smoking, he might be in character, as it were—entirely *à la Turque*. But it was, of course, of the utmost importance that Quint should have no suspicion of her deep design until April 5th, when he would be thirty-two years old. On his birthday she was, moreover, in the habit of making him presents of all the things which she conceived that he was in need of; and the bills were, of course, duly presented, one by one, with many days' interval, at times when he was incapable of being anything but amiable.

Hearing heavy footsteps, Tita imagined that it was Quint, who was returning from the office a little earlier than usual. Presently there was a knock at the door, accompanied by an ominous rustle of silk. Tita, with her heart in her throat, seized hold of the knob, and, without a thought of her toilet, turned it. It had never yet happened that any one had called upon her, and she naturally supposed that some one was making a mistake. When she beheld the stately forms of Miss Dimpleton and her father, she cast an anxious glance about the room (which, very likely, to feminine eyes, presented a disorderly appearance), then made a distant and dignified bow, and requested the visitors to be seated.

"The weather has been extremely capricious of late," remarked Mr. Dimpleton, gazing with a profound interest at the cornice of one of the tall book-cases which covered two walls of the room.

"Yes, I believe it has," said Tita, blushing to the edge of her hair, and feeling strangely agitated. She could not get rid of the impression that Mr. and Miss Dimpleton had come here on some errand of revenge, possibly to punish her for her insolence during the morning. In the next moment, however, she felt ashamed of these suspicions, and with an energetic effort set herself to the task of entertaining her guests. But unhappily she feared that she knew but little of social etiquette, and she had never felt so completely at sea with any one as with these two grave and apparently critical strangers.

"Mr. Bodill seems to be a good deal of a scholar," began Mr. Dimpleton again, just as Tita was meditating her first tentative remark.

"Yes, sir," she hastened to answer; "he takes great pleasure in his books, and he has some very rare ones, too. I am so sorry that he has not yet returned from the office, but he rarely returns until half-past five or six."

"The office?" repeated Mr. Dimpleton, in an interrogatory tone. "Is Mr. Bodill in business again?"

"He has never been out of business, as far as I know," retorted Tita; then, with a sudden clearance of vision, and anxiety in her voice, she added: "I supposed he was in business with you, sir. At all events, I never heard that he had separated from you."

"We—we are no longer together," replied Mr. Dimpleton, in a good deal of confusion. "We separated about six weeks ago."

"Six weeks ago!" exclaimed Tita; "and he has been going to the office every morning, and has returned every night at the usual hour."

"He has not been with me, I can assure you," asserted the publisher, severely. He was not finely enough organized to divine

the motive for such a prolonged deception, and was inclined to judge Bodill by his own standard.

"Mr. Bodill evidently wished to spare you the pain of knowing that he was out of employment," said his daughter, whom Tita's mournful face had moved to compassion. Tita was having the most horrible compunctions in regard to a blue parasol with a lizard carved on its ivory handle; she had bought it with Quint's permission, but she well remembered the expression of his face when she told him the price.

Miss Dimpleton, too, by the way, had been indulging a remorseful reverie, and had, like Tita, arrived at the most uncomplimentary conclusions regarding herself. This plainly furnished room, with the long, serious rows of books along the walls, and the great, well-worn dictionaries on the revolving shelves at the writing-desk, was an eloquent commentary on the life of the man whom she had misjudged. She felt here the spirit of the man, and she felt that it was a noble spirit. Her own splendid upholstery, upon which she had spent so much time and study, was, for the moment, almost repugnant to her, and she would willingly (on a certain condition) have exchanged her luxury and ease for the moderate prosperity and scholarly interests to which these books and engravings bore witness. Mr. Bodill's tender regard for the feelings of his ward (not to speak of Tita's extravagant eulogies) also gave her a new clew to his character, and as the picture grew toward completeness at every fresh touch which her memory furnished, her own conduct appeared to grow blacker in proportion as his grew more noble.

While the two ladies were thus tormenting themselves, and while Mr. Dimpleton was examining Webster's Unabridged, which was lying open on the writing-desk, with an air of curious interest, as if it were the latest literary novelty, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Bodill entered. He looked worn and weary; the lines of his face indicated suffering; and the loving eyes of Tita read at once in these lines the painful history of his generous deception. The twilight, however, had imperceptibly been creeping into the room, so that Miss Dimpleton, who was less skilled in this kind of psychological divination, saw nothing but a tall, handsome man, who seemed to be very tired.

"Mr. Bodill," she said, rising and advancing to meet him, "we have come——"

"Miss Dimpleton!" he exclaimed, starting back in surprise.

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Bodill," she answered, in her clear, calm voice. "My father and I have come to beg your forgiveness for a grievous wrong we have done you."

"Yes. The fact is, Mr. Bodill," interposed Mr. Dimpleton, in a hurried and embarrassed way,—"the fact is, it was a sad mistake—a very sad mistake, sir."

"It was more than that," insisted the daughter; "it was a cruel injustice and a grievous wrong."

Quintus, instead of answering, glanced with anxious tenderness toward Tita, who stood with mouth, eyes, and ears intent upon discoveries.

"Couldn't you please go down, Pussy dear, and tell Mrs. Hanson to postpone our supper until half-past?" he said, with visible uneasiness. "Tell her we have visitors."

When Tita, with a look of intelligent sympathy and yet with evident reluctance, had left the room, he said:

"Now, Miss Dimpleton, I am at your and your father's disposal. Do, pray, be seated. The subject to which you refer is to me a very painful one, and, as it appears to me, it is of no use to tear open a healing wound."

"We have very weighty reasons for doing what we do," said Miss Dimpleton. "We owe it to ourselves as well as to you. I need hardly say that my father has come to offer you the only reparation which you can accept and he offer with justice to himself and to you. He begs you, as a favor, to resume your former relations with the firm."

"Yes, Mr. Bodill, we are anxious to have you resume your former relations with us," echoed Mr. Dimpleton, whose conversation in his daughter's presence was but a slightly modified version of her remarks. "We can do nothing less, in justice to ourselves and to you. I hope, sir, that that will be satisfactory to you."

"It is not a favor we offer," explained the young lady, with much earnestness, as Quintus sat leaning his head on his hand in meditative silence; "it is a favor we beg you to confer."

"It is very kind of you to put it in that way," answered Bodill, without looking up. "Nevertheless, I cannot quite dismiss the thought that, if Mr. Dimpleton had valued me highly as a member of the firm, he would not have accepted my resignation so promptly, and listened so readily to rumors affecting my character."

"You force me to be explicit," replied she, with a little touch of excitement. "I shall be obliged to tell you, then, that it was not my father, but it was I, who accepted your resignation—that it was I who, if you choose, expelled you from the firm. My father had and has the highest appreciation of your ability, and has sincerely regretted your loss, and is now only anxious to have you accept our apologies."

It evidently did not occur to her that she was humiliating her father by this frank avowal, nor did it appear to embarrass Mr. Dimpleton in the least to have his daughter thus openly declare his dependence upon her. That she should rule and he obey, was part of the inscrutable order of things, which could not be remedied without a domestic revolution. And, as his yoke had been very gradually assumed, and had never been very hard to bear, the revolutionary spirit had long ago died out of him. On Quintus, however, Miss Dimpleton's frankness made an unpleasant impression; and although he could not conquer his admiration of her beauty and her clear intellect, he began from this moment to discern the alloy of baser metal in her character. And it is marvelous how quickly the first questioning of a friend's motive, the first hint of censure, is followed by a host of critical suggestions which, in a short time, entirely transform our friend's character. Thus, in Bodill's case, the illusion was broken, and Miss Dimpleton swiftly descended from the ideal heavens whither she had flown with the strong wing-beats of Homer's verse, and became an ordinary mortal—though, as such, a very beautiful and interesting one.

While thoughts like these had been, more or less consciously, occupying Bodill's brain, Miss Dimpleton had risen, and her face had assumed that vaguely abstracted air which, in a lady visitor, indicates that she is on the watch for a favorable opportunity to take her leave. Her sire, to whom Bodill's silence was perhaps a little vexatious, was once more absorbed in Webster. He could not comprehend why a young fellow should not jump at the chance of becoming once more a partner in a business so remunerative and so securely founded as his. The daughter, too, who had anticipated no difficulties in the path of reconciliation, was beginning to feel a little impatient with his scruples, but, being intent upon her purpose, determined to make one more attempt.

"I had one other errand in coming here," she said, meeting Quintus's eye with her candid gaze. "I have taken a great fancy to your ward, Miss Hulbert, and I beg you to lend her to me for one year. I wish to bring her out in society, and to complete her social education, as far as you and she will allow me. I promise you I shall not spoil her, and, if you wish it, I will return her to you at the end of the year, as pure and sweet and beautiful as she is now. But, as you are undoubtedly aware, a man is not the best educator for a young girl of her age; she needs some attentions that only a woman can bestow. Now, what do you say? I know the precious value of what I ask, and I shall treasure it as a faithful steward."

The praise of Tita, and the delicate retraction of all charges against him indicated by this request, touched the Norseman deeply. And yet, though he had long plotted a brilliant social career for Tita, he felt as if his heart was being wrung at the thought of losing her.

"I thank you—I thank you sincerely," he stammered, quite overcome with emotion, "but do not press me to-night. I do not refuse your offer, but I need time for reflection. To-morrow, if you will permit me, I will call upon you, and reply to both your kind propositions."

"And remember, please," said Miss Dimpleton, as she shook his hand at the head of the stairs, "that my admiration of your ward is no passing fancy. You know this is the third time I have seen her."

"The third time?"

"Yes. The first time was at Booth's Theater. The second time was this morning, when she made me a call, which you see I have been very prompt in returning."

XI.

WHAT to do without Tita—that was a serious problem. And yet—thus reasoned the wise and conscientious Quint—what to do with Tita might in time become a still more serious one. She was growing up into womanhood, and all her affections had centered on him, only because they had had no one else upon whom they could center. Was it fair, then, and generous to keep her thus perpetually in ignorance of the world? No; he would give her full liberty of choice (he had an idea that Tita merely needed to look at a man to have him fall a victim at her feet), he would allow her to enjoy the triumphs to which her mind and

her beauty entitled her, and if, then, after a moderate experience of the world, she returned, with an unwavering heart, to him—so much the better; he would not possess himself of the love of a woman surreptitiously, nor would he bestow even wealth and happiness upon her except by her own free and enlightened choice.

Being, in the meanwhile, convinced of the sincerity of the Dimpletons, and their mortification at the injustice they had done him, he also determined to accept their offer to reënter the firm. He would thus be able to give her the social advantages, such as they might be, of a winter in New York. It was evident Quint had a weak spot in his otherwise sound composition. He desired for Tita distinctions of whose worthlessness he was himself fully convinced. He reasoned that it would be cruel to have his prejudices in any way interfere with Tita's pleasures.

It was a considerable surprise to him when he found that Tita was not a party to his speculations—that, in fact, she was violently opposed to all his ambitious projects. She had grown up among his book-cases, and she was determined to remain there. If he was going to marry Miss Dimpleton and become Mr. Dimpleton (Tita thought this a dexterous thrust), why, then, of course she would have to give her consent and, in the end, condone the offense by continuing to reside under their roof; but her blessing she would withhold, unless it proved entirely indispensable to their happiness. When Tita was in her bantering mood, Quintus always sat beaming with paternal admiration, and thus frequently forgot his argument. And the little rogue, who was well acquainted with her protector's weaknesses, had no scruples in employing this method of escape from disagreeable topics. The evil day, however, was merely postponed. Quintus was really, this time, in earnest, and Tita divined from his persistence in argument that his mind was made up, and that her dilatory tactics were of no avail. She then yielded a graceful acquiescence, and, without further remonstrance, allowed herself to be transferred to the residence on Madison Avenue. It was on the day of separation, when they were seated together in the carriage, that he came near asking her the object of her former visit to Miss Dimpleton, to which he had never before alluded; but, being a great master in the mental arithmetic of affection, he was subject to sudden revelations, and, in this instance, at least, he knew that he had no need of asking.

XII.

Two months after Tita's arrival, the Dimpletons broke up for the summer and went to Newport, where they owned a villa. Tita, of course, was removed with the rest of the baggage, and Miss Dimpleton, who counted much on the pleasure of bringing out a new and striking-looking young lady, had naturally taken pains to provide her with a sufficient number of effective costumes. All the dresses which had been manufactured by Mrs. Hanson with the aid of the "Bazar," and even those which were the work of "fashionable dress-makers" who dealt in "*Modes de Paris*," were ruthlessly cashiered; in their places, marvelous compositions of laces and flowers and satins were devised by persons who had seriously studied the art of hiding defects and emphasizing beauties, and harmoniously arranging all the multifarious details of a young lady's appearance. It was singular enough that the Homeric Miss Dimpleton, who never aimed at elaborate effects in her own toilet, should have expended so much time and thought on trivialities in her guest's behalf. She had, however, a dimly defined purpose, which, though unacknowledged at first, gradually began to be countenanced, and at last domineered all her actions. It had risen for the first time, consciously, in her mind when she made Bodill the proposal to attend to Tita's social education; but she had then been ashamed of it, and had persuaded herself that she had much more laudable motives in assuming this responsible charge. Crudely stated, she recognized in Tita a rival, and she wished to make her harmless. And the simplest way to accomplish this would be to marry her to another man. She did not doubt that such an arrangement would conduce to Tita's happiness as well as to her own; at any rate, Tita must take her chances in the matrimonial lottery as other women did, and not foolishly aspire to an exceptional and ideal happiness, which was only reserved for very exceptional persons like herself. Of course, that was not the way she formulated her argument, but it was nevertheless the inevitable inference from her mode of reasoning.

Since her discovery of her mistake in regard to Tita's birth, and especially since

her visit in his library, Bodill had become a moral hero to Miss Dimpleton. She was not madly and romantically in love with him, but she regarded him as a highly developed and exceptional specimen of the human race, and as peculiarly fitted for a life-long companionship with her. He was supremely desirable to her in every legitimate relation in which a man could come to a woman, and she could see nothing undignified or unwomanly in her exerting herself to become equally desirable to him. If a little extra maneuvering was needed, she excused herself with the reflection that men were naturally a little obtuse and less clear-sighted than women, and would be more likely to yield to an impulse of tenderness or of pity rather than weigh rationally their chances of happiness with two differently endowed women.

Tita more than justified Miss Dimpleton's expectations in regard to her social success. She made a sensation the first morning she appeared on the beach. Within a short time she "became the rage," to use the favorite phrase of her admirers. Her toilets were studied by hundreds of envious eyes, and reported by the local correspondents of the New York papers. Wherever Tita went (always under Miss Dimpleton's protecting wing), gentlemen appeared at her side as if by magic. During an hour in the morning, she held court from her phaeton on the beach, and astonished her protectress by the ease with which she adapted herself to the conversational tone of every one who came up to address her. In the afternoons, when, during the fashionable hour, she lolled at Miss Dimpleton's side in their carriage and returned, with a queenly air, the salutations of the passing equestrians, there was probably not a person the whole length of the Avenue who called forth more exclamations of wonder and admiration, or concerning whom more inquiries were made. Miss Dimpleton congratulated herself on Tita's receptivity for frivolous impressions, and reflected, with half-suppressed satisfaction, that, without much effort on her part, the charming little recluse of Jersey City was being transformed into an accomplished worldling. She had evidently needed only the opportunity. Miss Jessie did not know, however, what a superior and wholly philosophical view this absurd little Tita was taking of the dazzling Vanity Fair at which she was expected to "assist" in a more active capacity than that of a spectator. Nor was she aware that Tita spent an hour every night, no matter how late she returned home, in describing to Quintus the doings of the day. Her daily bulletins were, to the unprejudiced eyes of their recipient, the wittiest and most brilliant specimens of epistolary writing that had appeared in any literature. He read them aloud to Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, who somehow failed to appreciate any of the good points, and was even tempted to take Mr. Dimpleton into his confidence, merely to show him what a wonderful creature Tita was. Many and many a lonely hour did he beguile in reading and re-reading the funny little back-handed epistles (for Tita's penmanship was her weak point, though her spelling was irreproachable), gloating over the multitude of affectionate absurdities which were prefixed to his name, and rejoicing in the fresh and pure spirit which seemed to exhale from every word and syllable. Of course he missed her sorely, but the generosity of his love did not allow him to pine, and far less to urge her return. She was having a useful experience of life, and he—well, he was passing through a necessary discipline.

Among Tita's many adorers, all of whom were encouraged by the diplomatic Miss Dimpleton, there were especially two whose attentions toward the middle of the season grew sufficiently pronounced to cause the usual rumors of engagements and refusals and reconciliations, and whatever other contingencies may occur in a man's prematrimonial career. The one was Count von Markenstein, a former attaché of the German legation at Washington, and the other Mr. Horace Dibble, a very harmless young gentleman who had had the misfortune to inherit a million. The Count was a tall and superbly built man of thirty, with a beautiful blonde beard, and hands which would have been no less remarkable if he had taken less pains to exhibit them to advantage. He was indefatigable in arranging sailing parties, to which he invited thirty ladies for the sake of concealing his preference for one; he trotted and cantered at all hours past the Dimpleton villa, with a view to showing his elegant horsemanship; and he bore with unfailing good-humor Tita's caprices, and her often very pointed rebuffs. Young ladies must be expected to be enigmatical, he reasoned, and they should be allowed a certain latitude in their caprices, previous to marriage. But he was acquainted with a course of post-matrimo-

nial discipline which would soon correct all little irregularities of conduct, sentiments, and opinions. The Count was an officer in the German army, and had great faith in the efficacy of discipline. Tita was far too fearless and independent, he thought, but as she was otherwise so wholly adorable, her minor failings might readily be forgiven until the time came for correcting them.

Poor Tita had not the remotest suspicion of the sinister designs which Count von Markenstein was harboring in his bosom. To her he was merely a ponderous young man who waltzed delightfully, spoke indifferent English, and was inclined to be didactic. It was therefore a genuine surprise to her when, one evening, without a word of warning, he flung himself at her feet in the old operatic style, and made some preposterous requests which she never could think of granting. She fled in dismay into the library, where Miss Dimpleton was sitting deeply absorbed in Buckle's "History of Civilization," and declared that she was afraid the Count was ill. Miss Dimpleton, who supposed he had fainted, rushed into the parlor with a bottle of *eau de Cologne* in one hand and a decanter of water in the other, but saw nothing at all ludicrous in the situation when she discovered her mistake.

When Miss Jessie returned, Tita observed that she had that strained expression about her mouth which always indicated that she was angry.

"Tita," she said, in a severe tone, "I am greatly shocked to think that you could behave so rudely to a man of Count von Markenstein's importance. Why, any girl in Newport would be proud to receive his addresses."

"Then the Count has been making you a confession," said the undaunted Tita.

"The Count told me enough to give me the clew to the situation. And I was obliged to apologize for you."

"I am very sorry you took that trouble, for it was the Count who ought to have apologized to me for behaving so ridiculously. Now, tell me what would you have done if a man, whom you supposed to be sane, suddenly flung himself at your feet, and proceeded to recite what appeared to be a piece from 'Robert le Diable,' or some other lurid opera?"

"I would have raised him up, and told him that we could converse to better advantage standing or sitting."

"Well, that might have been better, I admit. And I will do that, next time a man loses his reason in my presence."

"Perhaps this may have been your last opportunity," observed Miss Dimpleton, primly.

"So much the better. I always find men more agreeable before they have taken leave of their senses."

"And they would undoubtedly find you more agreeable if you would control that unruly tongue of yours, which wags very thoughtlessly, and often makes witty but ill-advised remarks. Men, my child, are not attracted by young ladies who have an eye for their weaknesses, and who are capable of taking a humorous view of them."

"And, tell me, why should I be so anxious to attract men? I never cared a straw for any man but Quint, and he always laughs at my funny remarks, and kisses me, and says, 'Naughty Queen Titania!' and then I always feel encouraged to go on."

"Mr. Bodill, I am afraid, has systematically spoiled you. He ought to have extracted the sting in your tongue while it was yet small, and not allowed it to grow until it is capable of doing you harm. You know that it is only the unmarriageable bees that sting, and they have to spend their lives working for the married queen and her children. But the married gentleman bees, who failed to detect their charms, they dispatch into eternity by way of revenge."

"What an admirable arrangement! I approve of that highly, although I should be sorry to see Quint fall a victim to a vindictive spinster when he finally makes his choice. I shall put him on his guard, however, and tell him to be sure not to fail to discover anybody's charms."

Miss Dimpleton looked up seriously from Buckle, whom she had all the while made a pretense of reading, and scrutinized Tita's face with an uneasy glance. But Tita looked so gay and innocent, it was impossible to believe her guilty of a malicious intention.

(To be continued.)

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

III.

TWENTY-FOUR hours, which she painfully counted, elapsed without her seeing him.

It was frequently said by one apparently approving Philadelphia lady to another apparently approving Philadelphia lady, that Anne Rittenhouse did not need chaperoning; and her mother, whose habits were indolent, acceded to the extent of letting almost any one perform that duty; but for a few days after Slade's visit she resumed herself a function now grown important.

Almost to her disappointment, however, she filled but a passive post. At the hop, which both ladies attended, slightly overdressed,—the one attractively, in a short white silk, and the other with a richness and blackness calculated to inspire respect in a vulgar breast,—the object of their solicitude merely looked for a moment in the window, then disappeared.

"He wont venture," said Mrs. Rittenhouse. "I couldn't have him ask you to dance before all these people."

"Well, he didn't," exclaimed the girl, her cheek colored the deepest rose, her eyes fixed upon the whirling figures.

Again at the beach he passed them in dripping garments, and Mrs. Rittenhouse turned her shoulder without speaking to him.

"I see that man is still around," she observed.

Anne said nothing, her face again suffused, partly from her mother's snub and partly from Slade's strange appearance.

Having occasion to return to the bathing-houses for something forgotten, they saw him again that same morning. He was sitting on A. Riggoletti's partially inclosed veranda. A small table, covered with a red-and-white cloth, was by his side, and Barney, with one hand deep in his trowsers-pocket, was apparently paying for the refreshments indicated by a number of empty tumblers. Miss Markham was at the same table, and a lady whose name Anne had not heard. They wore costumes of the latest fashion, and their black braids were still wet from the surf. They were eating bits of lemon. They seemed very merry,—too merry, Anne admitted,—and as they smiled upon Slade, showing their white teeth, she partially lost, for the first time, her conception of him.

The loss made her miserable; and, compared with her present depression, the lament of the sandpipers was a skylarking song.

So long as her mother's surveillance continued, Slade continued to be unseen, except by flashes. Anne afterward learned that he spent the time fishing. Then the surveillance ceased, and as nothing is done or left undone without affecting the whole system of created things, the sensitive cod ceased to find his bait attractive.

He did not, however, at once return to Anne's unprotected side, but contented himself with pacing up and down at a distance, in the society of the friend who shadowed him, or whom he shadowed. They had taken their bath, and, as they sunned themselves on the beach, Barney occasionally paused, and, making little holes in the sand with the end of his stick, continued a somewhat irritated conversation, which Slade tried to soothe. He himself seemed imperturbable, and even hopeful. Each time he approached, Anne's sensations were those of a timid surf-bather, who watches the in-rolling wave; and at the end of half an hour they were those of a person who had been too long in the water. It began to seem probable that his honorable regard for her mother's disfavor would overrule his interest in herself; and she waited, with growing suspense, the result of the contest between the temptation her presence afforded and the scruples his honor opposed.

Meanwhile, all the bathers and idlers upon the beach were beginning to return to the hotels. She longed to tell him how groundless were her mother's objections, and how foolish were prejudices that were merely intuitive; to tell him that the difference between the noble and the spurious, the clever and the cunning, the cautious and the cowardly, the liberal and the loose, was often a mere matter of opinion, depending upon a chance point of view; and that her mother's point of view she knew to be movable. As she groped after these ideas, Slade removed her embarrassment by stopping, as he passed, and speaking to her as if nothing had interrupted their intercourse for days which had seemed like weeks. He remarked, with a

glance around them, that she seemed to be enjoying herself without assistance.

"None *too* well," said Anne.

She was seated on the sand, under a blue-and-white awning, from whose shelter the children of one of her Philadelphia friends had but recently departed with their nurse, and, at her invitation, Slade assumed a half-recumbent attitude by her side. The awning was over them, and their respective sun-umbrellas, outspread upon the sand, concealed them from loiterers at the bath-houses in the rear. Only the soon deserted beach was left open to their view, and they, likewise, were only to be seen through spy-glasses from chance vessels at sea. Anne still struggled with the idea of some explanation; but Slade did not mention her mother or his call upon her, and the superiority of this treatment shortly commended itself to the young girl's sense. The thought which had caused her the next greatest amount of anxiety appeared in her question as to how long he should remain.

"I came for ten days, or thereabouts," he replied; "but my time is subject to extension. I know of nothing just now to call me back. I can't tell."

"And we came for the season," said Anne, "which is liable to contraction. It depends upon many things."

"With me it depends, not upon many things, but upon one thing," he affirmed.

Miss Rittenhouse laughed slightly.

"Then I should think," she said, "that your chances for remaining were even better than ours."

"There is less danger in a number of remote contingencies than in a single probable miscarriage," he observed.

And, as soon as she was able, Anne said she guessed neither of them would go for the present. "Mother threatens to go," she declared, "but I don't know where she would go to. Our house is shut up. Mother isn't fond of strangers, but in the long run she is very reasonable,—she is slow and sure. The society here she thinks rather disorganized;—and there isn't much besides the society. Yesterday Madame Connelly was here from New York with a great many new costumes, and we all went over. She liked that."

"Did you get a new dress?" he idly inquired.

"I got two, and mother one."

Slade was at that time near the hem of a most exquisite garment, over which some of the sand had scattered. He ventured to brush it off.

"She can't go very well, if she wants to, till father comes," continued the girl.

"When will that be?"

"We don't know. He can't tell himself. He waits till there is a moment when he hasn't so much to do, then rushes on at a moment's notice."

"I have great respect for your father," Slade said. "I had heard of him before I met you."

"Very likely," said Anne.

"He holds a good deal of stock in one of the great lines West."

Anne thought this likely, also; but her knowledge of her father's affairs was not so accurate at that instant as a few minutes later, when Slade had enumerated a number of his other excellent investments.

"Everything he touches," he added, "goes up."

"Then he ought to touch a good many more things," suggested the girl, with which Slade coincided.

"Is your business," she ventured to ask, "the same as father's?"

"I have a variety of interests," he replied. "In that regard, at least, they are alike. You can't expect, however, that they have yet reached the dimensions of your father's affairs."

That was indeed more than she expected. She would rather he had announced himself a professional man, so personal had her preferences regarding him become; but the better she knew him, the more consistent seemed his temperament with the control of a variety of interests, which in her mind meant the owning of a railroad here, and a steam line there, the direction of a bank on the corner, a vague project in South America, and the collection of many rents.

"What did Corbin tell you?" he asked, as if he suspected the real intentness of her question.

And she answered, truthfully enough, though with an appearance of pleasantry:

"He told me your name was Mr. Slade."

"Thus far our accounts will hang together," he replied, in the same tone. "What else?"

"He said you smoked good cigars."

"He didn't leave much out."

"He said you wished to be introduced to me."

"What a well-informed young man!"

"He said he didn't think you were a college graduate."

"True, too true."

"He said you were with some young

ladies, who were trying to make it pleasant for you."

"With great success."

"He said you had knocked about."

"Long ago."

Anne discontinued the catalogue of his attributes, and looked out over the gray old sea, by whose side she sat so new and frail.

"I may add," he went on, "that my name is Richard Slade; that I was born in '48, and that I am much obliged to him."

In hurrying toward the zenith, the sun had shifted the shadows in which they sat, and Slade moved with them, drawing up closer under the awning by Anne's side. It had grown warm, and her shoulder, exposed to a ray, reddened under the insertions of lace drawn across it, and still she slipped the sand through her hands as through an hour-glass. In learning that his name was Richard, she felt she had made a stride.

These small facts, projected like points of light from out the deepest shade, would finally irradiate the whole area of his existence. It was as if some slow, erratic lamp-lighter crept about a dusky city, climbing here and there an isolated post and leaving within a lonely flame. She liked to watch the process, to wait for its completion; and she enjoyed an interest in that city such as she had never hoped to feel, save in the great celestial abode.

"I am afraid," continued Richard Slade, still lightly, "that Corbin did not do his duty. I shall have to get some one—some lady like your mother—to vouch for me,—to give a few more details. I don't think of any one just now who is here. Perhaps some one will come."

"It is getting a trifle late for that," Anne returned. "I fear I shall have to take your word for it." And as he removed his hat in acknowledgment of her confidence, she was impressed afresh by the ridiculous side of the implication that she might have doubts of him. She, in fact, had none, but she had still a large store of unsatisfied interest.

"You might give a few more details yourself," she suggested.

"I wear number seven and a half shoes," said Slade, looking down at those articles. "Didn't Corbin tell you that?"

"He forgot it," said Anne.

"I like them to cover a good deal of ground."

"Indeed!" she repeated, as if hearing great news.

"They have their ups and downs,—their long ways up and their short ways down."

"Can it be!"

"They have had their course down, and I trust they are now on their way up; but they are still some distance from the goal of the fortunate."

"Incredible!" cried the girl.

"I may say that I hope to reach it;—also that I mean to reach it."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, and this time her intention was distinctly humorous.

"Nevertheless, I shall attempt it," he boldly responded. "It isn't always amiss to essay the impossible."

Anne's lip still trembled with a smile suppressed, but it seemed necessary to rescue the conversation from its pleasant vagueness.

"What do you call the goal of the fortunate?" she asked.

Slade thought a moment. Then:

"The goal where I now look for fortune," he affirmed, "lies in the line of a copper-furnace. I am interested in a furnace for the smelting of copper."

For an instant, Anne was slightly disappointed. Her pleasure in this discovery was but secondary to that she had found in the vagueness of less practical sentiments. She would rather he had placed his sight upon a more ideal region, where wealth, in part at least, consisted in fond relations, in affections and devotions, in mutual accord.

"One might think," she said, "that fortune meant only so many hundred thousand dollars."

Slade's smile deepened.

"One gets in the habit of so regarding it," he returned, accepting her figures and her reproof. "It is the vulgarity of trade,—the low tone of the commercial mind. One can't in a moment get one's thoughts out of their usual sordid channels. What would you have it mean? Where is your goal fixed?"

"It isn't fixed," Anne said, wondering if she still might make that assertion.

"It is better to fix it almost anywhere than not to fix it at all. Having reached one stake, one may drive another. I confess not to have placed my aim as high as it might be," he continued. "It is my regret that at the time I should have done so I was not preparing myself for any great rôle. The variety of interests in which I indulged in those days formed only a nosegay."

"What are they now?" she interrupted.

"A bundle of papers, smelling of stale tobacco."

"You might purchase new nosegays with them," she suggested, realizing her fondest conversational dream.

"That might depend upon their values."

"Where is this copper-furnace?" she inquired, shortly.

"Which one?" said Slade. "There is one in Wisconsin, for instance. We are working it up."

"In Wisconsin!"

There was something in the mention of Wisconsin, and in this mercantile and enterprising spirit, not wholly in keeping with the apartments she had fitted up for him. Those apartments belonged to a man of leisure and habitual wealth, and it disturbed her a little to find their occupant a person of more restless spirit and precarious fortune. But, unable and unwilling to change him, she slightly modified the rooms to suit him. She removed a few of the books and took down the rarest pictures; she faded the furniture, pushed back the curtains, and here and there upon the red wall she discovered a fleck of plaster. Upon the table, instead of *bric-à-brac*, she put the New York "Herald" and Leadville "Weekly Chronicle," clippings announcing sheriffs' sales, and files of papers with proper names and large amounts written in pencil across one end. Anne's mind contained few models, but these she varied to suit all known conditions, and with this modified environment she liked Slade none the less.

Even here, however, he did not long remain. It was as if he rose, put on his hat, and deliberately sought more common quarters.

"I go out there occasionally," he said, "to see how things are getting on. I'm on the go a good deal, first and last."

He volunteered no further information, and, speaking of the West, she asked if he was related to the Slades of Chicago.

"Not that I know of," he answered, and he smilingly added, "I trust that, for all that, they are very respectable people."

"I don't know them," she replied; "I have only heard of them; but they are more than very respectable. They are said to be quite the best."

"Perhaps I should have attached myself," he continued. "The persistent seeker can generally find a chain to connect him with namesakes who are quite the best. Where did they go from? You will have to help me out."

"I am afraid I can't. I don't know much about them."

"Afraid!" he repeated, still amiably smiling. "What you Philadelphians like is to have your opinions of people confirmed by their fathers and uncles and brothers. You even want some relatives in the West for collaterals. What would you do with a man who had none of these sureties?"

And, in case such an one might possibly be before her, she said she thought she could in time believe in him.

"In time! How long a time?"

"In a little while."

Slade revolved this assurance for a moment, then told her she was generous for a Philadelphian. Every city was accredited with some weakness, and he was speaking on the basis of a reputation that her birthplace had. He knew nothing about it himself.

"Possibly," he continued, "still more stress is laid upon family connections in the town where I was born. Baltimoreans stick to their relatives, to their old associations, their old houses, old habits, and old morals, even after the rats get into them. You can't very well do more than that."

"We can keep out the rats," she suggested.

"For a time," he granted, "but they will get in. Every family should have a change every few generations. It needs new blood, new impulses, new surroundings;—it needs to take a new direction."

He suggested the prejudices, the inertia, the timidity, the narrowness of view and sympathy which beset families of fortune when once they began taking their ease; and pointed out the advantages of their mixing actively in business and social affairs, using their leisure and surplus capital in ways of equal benefit to themselves and those poorer mortals not so far advanced in a worldly way. He touched upon the fatigues of the average person of wealth in search of sensation; the rarity of the person who could profit by leisure and seclusion; the superior pleasure derived from possessions won by one's personal qualities; and the frequent desirability, for progress and happiness, of a desertion of home roofs. It was well, he thought, that blood should be thicker than water, but thickness of blood could be shown in more ways than one, and it did not often happen that ties of relationship were sundered by a little wholesome self-assertion, particularly if followed by success. For his part, he went on to say, he wasn't (as he would like to be) one of those men who could use a sedentary leisure

for high intellectual objects, and he hadn't much of an opinion of those who used it for small and driveling purposes. Under all circumstances, he would personally prefer contact with the crowd, the excitement of business and a life of activity.

It was here that he seemed to escape almost entirely from the rooms in Indian red, and to establish himself in some office,—probably in a great, noisy building with belching chimneys and dingy windows, whose interior was wholly unknown to her. His home seemed yet to be made, his curtains to be chosen, the tints of his walls to be selected by a fastidious eye, his furniture to be purchased, his conservatory to be filled, his china to be ordered from original designs, his crystal chandeliers to be lighted, and his hospitality to be tendered to Englishmen like Barney;—and the thought of these details stirred her as the contemplation of large future transactions stirred her companion.

"Old families," Slade said, "get into ruts, merging the individual in their traditions. They know one set of people, one method of thinking, one set of possibilities. They get drowsy and apathetic,—slaves to their habits;—they need new social elements quite as much as new social elements need them."

And little Miss Rittenhouse felt that he was touching with one hand the trials of her own existence, while with the other he remotely pointed out a remedy. She would not be too quick to see it.

"New directions," she observed, "are not so easy to find or follow."

"The difficulty," he declared, "is to find the strength to follow them when they are pointed out."

This was quite the strongest talk that had ever been addressed to her, and it seemed to reach her from a distance, through the lapping of the waves and the confusion in her temples. It was almost too strong for her, producing great vivacity within if not without; and she felt that rising of social excitement to the brain which occasionally transforms even the most prosaic woman into one of lively fancy, if not into that animated and beaming thing known as a coquette. She could almost have exclaimed that she would find the strength if the direction were made clear.

But before she could grasp this speech, a small cannon near the establishment of A. Riggoletti fired a salute to a party approaching from a yacht—partly by way of welcome and partly as a bid for their patronage.

Anne started, the sand falling from her hour-glass, and Slade rose to his feet.

"You haven't bathed," he said, "but suppose we go over to Riggoletti's. We can get a seat there by this time."

Anne rose, too, and looked over to the establishment where complicated beverages helped to preserve the constitutions of the bathers exposed to the chill of the sea. On the veranda, which had been crowded, there appeared a number of vacant tables, and on a small balcony above sat Barney, drinking something in solitary state. Anne had never been among the crowds who had patronized this veranda, though she had occasionally stopped in an anteroom for the purchase of marsh-mallows. Indeed, she had been in the habit of regarding a visit to the region beyond, even for an ice, as an extreme liberty to take with one's sense of discretion. But her sense of discretion seemed to slumber as Slade directed their steps in that direction, holding above them his light umbrella, which she now confused with the canopy of heaven.

As they crossed the intervening sands, he commented briefly upon his friend.

"Barney is not feeling first-rate," he said. "Poor fellow, he is a little down."

And, indeed, the appearance of that gentleman on the balcony indicated anything but buoyancy of spirits. His gaze was upon a blank horizon, as he twirled the contents of his glass.

"He is from Swansea, South Wales," Slade went on, "where they are connected with the smelting-works. He has been brought up in the business, I may say, and is a judge of ores. They get their ores from Australia. His father would like to start him over here, and backs him for large amounts; but he has only recently come over—just last year—and hasn't got hold of anything considerable. He was with me out in Wisconsin."

The narrative was interrupted by their entrance to Riggoletti's, where Miss Rittenhouse followed the prepossessing back of her friend past the marsh-mallow counter, through a shady room filled with tables, and out upon the dubious piazza where so much merriment went on.

The young lady whom Anne had before observed as a center of it was again there, surrounded by three or four gentlemen, all of whom were wreathed in smiles, and sat with their bodies variously bent in her direc-

tion. They were having the best time in the world. One of the men she called Captain Fithian. That end of the piazza was quite given up to them, and, as Slade passed, they exchanged bows. Anne slightly blushed as the three men looked at her, and fixing her eyes again upon her friend's back, followed him to a table somewhat removed, where he seated her with her back to the party, who soon after left.

A stoutish, blonde young woman, with a long apron, took Slade's order, and was returning with her waiter when Barney also appeared. Slade rose and motioned to him.

"I'd like to introduce him," he said.

Barney, however, evinced no alacrity in coming forward. He even showed signs of moving off, and allowed his friend to traverse the whole of the dividing distance. Their conversation was not audible, but its length indicated no quick responsiveness on the Englishman's side. Anne looked away, and soon after Slade returned, holding the Englishman by the lapel of his coat.

He was a large, sleek fellow of perhaps twenty-six years. He looked as if none too long since from pasture, and as if the father who backed him for large amounts might be the victim of parental prejudice. "He doesn't carry himself well," Slade had said of him; "and his thumbs are turned the wrong way. He doesn't make the most of himself!" His complexion was florid, his step slow, his manner simple, and his expression sincere. He pushed back his hat as he took his seat, and passed his handkerchief across a brow which he endeavored to smooth. Such megrims, however, as had possessed him were not at once dispelled; and, in spite of Slade's efforts, Anne shared in his constraint.

For a few moments she felt a little queer, as she sipped her ice between these two strange gentlemen,—the one large, warm, *distrait;* the other cool and imperturbable. Before her, in a corner of the piazza, sat a man in a cap, with his chair tipped back against the railing of the lattice. He had an artist's block in his hand, and was sketching some beflounced city children who, with large wooden spoons, were digging wells in the sand, depositing the surplus earth in small wooden buckets. Some ragged indigenous infants were assisting their labors with lively and envious interest, and when the artist moved away, Slade distributed a few ten-cent pieces among these little natives, sending them off for buckets and spoons of their own, thus establishing a rival well-system in which the industry of the lower classes competed with the efforts of an arrogant aristocracy.

The situation was quite the most Bohemian in which Anne had ever found herself, but when she contemplated her small person surrounded, as it were, by gentlemen, at a place where there was such a dearth of that commodity, the position was not without its charm; and it was not until slight gurgling sounds rose through the straws by whose aid her companions consumed their refreshment, that it finally occurred to her that she must go. The hour for her two-o'clock dinner was found to be pressing, and Slade disappeared to hasten the movements of their attendant, leaving her alone with Barney. As she had predicted, she did not get on with him very well, and reverting to the manners of one newly presented, she asked, somewhat stiffly, if he had spent much time in Baltimore.

On the contrary, he had been there very little. He had been with Slade a good deal in Wisconsin.

"He is connected in some way with some copper-works," said Anne, vaguely.

"Did he tell you that?" said Barney, and he laughed slightly, in what seemed to Anne a meaningless fashion. "Well, so he is," he added, as Slade returned.

"I think I'll drive up," said the girl, when they emerged again in the street, and under the pretext of wishing to shop on her way, she entered alone one of the beach equipages.

The gentlemen returned to the piazza.

IV.

This fair day was followed by a prolonged storm. The steady rain-drops roughened the ocean and the pools in the street. The murky atmosphere closed them in on every side, and only now and then revealed the dirty canvas of some chance vessel close to shore. The carriages rolled by with tightly buttoned curtains, drawn by dreary quadrupeds shrouded in rubber cloth. The piazzas were deserted, the few pedestrians who ventured out hid their heads under low umbrellas, and all the gay, cheap panorama which had rolled and unrolled the night and day long by the margin of the sea was folded away in the cheerless hotels.

Anne's eye grew alert and furtive in its search for a glimpse of Slade, and toward the close of the third afternoon, it grew

suddenly brilliant, as she saw him, with his umbrella over his shoulder, coming up the walk.

Arranging with trembling hands her toilet, she found her way along the hall, past the curtained door-ways, whose chintz hangings swayed to and fro, and down the wide, uncarpeted stair-way, which also seemed to sway to and fro; assuming, as she went, an air of going to meet nothing in particular. What she might by chance have encountered was not near the office-desk, nor in the largest and mustiest of the parlors, nor in the ball-room; but, entering a small reception-room between the two, she saw him standing near the window, with his hand on the back of a chair which he was about to occupy. He had a carnation in his button-hole. She went forward, borne by a current distinct from the common provisions for locomotion, when she observed that he was not alone. He was apparently the guest of a lady, who, seated on the sofa, looked at Anne with inquiring eyes. She inquired into the nature of the interruption, and Slade's own gaze seemed to say that her presence at that moment was unexpected. He took the hand she had extended with a mechanical grasp, while the stranger looked on, and the loose springs of her sofa made a slight clanking noise. In a breath, Anne asked after his welfare, and, murmuring something about looking somewhere for somebody, summoned a smile and passed on through the room with greater haste than she had entered. Outside, her haste continued, and she rushed through the parlor, through the hall,—where her mother sat, with a group of embroidering friends,—up the swinging stairs, past the swaying curtains, till her progress was checked by the height between her window and the lawn.

Presently, as she stood there, she grew calmer. She recalled the looks of the lady in conference with Slade,—her mourning garments, her no less than thirty-six years, her appearance of amiable gentility,—and she finally made out that this was the person whom he had long been expecting; whom her mother had declared would never arrive; and who, now she was here, was to illumine his station and instate him in favor. She repented her haste in going down before he had sent his card, and reproached him faintly for his subservience to discretion; then wished more than ever to see him, and ended by smiling faintly down the vista of the future.

The last few days had wrought a great change in Anne Rittenhouse, though its outward signs were slight. She massed more lace than ever about her throat, and arranged her hair in looser braids. Her face was less inanimate, her eyes less shady, and she felt she was learning the first words of the only language worth while to speak.

If there was anything which retarded these words, it was the too great circumspection on the part of Slade. The beach stretched away into an opportunity whose extent she had measured in the company of young Corbin; and the days stretched away into evenings whose extent she had not fully measured in the company of any one; and she was occasionally conscious that, with some persuasion, she might experiment for a short distance along both these lines, if her friend, with his superior prudence, would not restrict her to ordinary times and chances of meeting.

As she stood at her window, again watching and waiting, she saw him depart, but felt that the train had been laid which would bring him freely and frequently back.

It was that fact which made her less guarded when her mother soon after mentioned the subject.

"That Mr. Slade seems at last to have found a person who knows him," the lady observed. "He made a call here this afternoon upon some one who received him; a stranger. She signs herself from Richmond, I am told."

"Then, if you want to, you can learn all about him," replied Anne.

"I don't know that I want to. I know all I care to already."

"So do I," the girl asserted.

And, indeed, the idea of asking prying questions regarding him had become repugnant to her.

"You haven't been taking any more long walks with him, I trust?"

"No," said Anne, "I haven't."

Which was very true.

Mrs. Rittenhouse looked at her child again, more closely.

"What have you been doing?" she inquired.

Anne hesitated, flushing to the roots of her hair. Then:

"I have seen him twice," she declared; and as if to take advantage of her sudden powers of confession, she went rapidly on: "I have seen him at the beach, and I have had a long talk with him. I like him very much, but there is always that feeling about

it as if there was something in the way. I think you ought to receive him, to invite him, to try to know him, to give him a chance, and not make him act, and me, too, as if there was something doubtful about it. I am sure he feels that he ought not to see me if he can't see you. He knows how you look upon him, and if you have made up your mind you wont like him, he isn't going to thrust his society upon you. He has too much pride; he will let you alone. He would like to let me alone, too, but he can't exactly. He keeps coming back."

She paused a moment, but the expression of her mother's face drove her on again.

"I like the men best who are trying to get on. They have more energy; they know what to do in emergencies; they are more interesting. They take people for what they are, and they find them better than we do. We don't find anybody who is just right. It is because we look down, and they look up, or else they just look around. They are all trying to get on together, and are not afraid to help one another. We are afraid, somehow, though dear knows what we have that they need want. Whatever we have, we don't use it. We stand off and keep it."

"Are these Mr. Slade's sentiments?" asked Mrs. Rittenhouse.

"I don't know what his sentiments are. He has never told me what he thinks of us. I know what I think of him. I think he pities us on account of the way we take things. It helps him to stand the way we take him. He smiles at us on account of our exclusiveness and our uselessness. He thinks the rats have got into us! He believes in every one making the most of himself, and making his own position and fortune. He is very liberal about those things. He is connected with some copper-works."

"Oh, Anne Rittenhouse!" exclaimed her mother.

She had been looking at her daughter with astonishment and incredulity, first at her dereliction, then at her extraordinary and interesting outburst, then at her escape into independent womanhood.

"He had heard of us," the girl went on, "and he thought he would like to meet us. Then Mr. Corbin introduced him, and we had that lovely afternoon. It has never been quite the same since. I don't know how you treated him, but I know it has made a difference. There has been something in the way."

"Suppose we say that he is afraid of me; that he thinks I will find him out," suggested the lady, dryly.

"Find him out, then," cried Anne; "why don't you?"

"So I am. I am finding out that he has been having clandestine meetings with you."

"I am not afraid to meet him. It is he who is afraid to meet me. He is afraid of doing what he ought not. I haven't had meetings with him. We don't appoint them, but when they have happened it has happened, too, that nobody knew much about them. They are not clandestine, and yet again they are. I think he feels that they have to be, while he doesn't wish it, and wont acknowledge that they are. It bores him. It insults him. I think he means now that we must either take him up or drop him; he wants it understood that he isn't a man to do things in an underhand way. He is going to give us an opportunity to take him up. There is no objection to it really, except that you think there is. No one ever treated me with more respect than he does. He isn't formal, but neither is he the least presuming. You suspect everything in those you don't know, and pardon everything in those you do. Everything is suspicious if one thinks so. He is more than all right. He is head and shoulders above the other men I know."

"It is very interesting," returned Mrs. Rittenhouse, still with curious eyes and a very little smile; "I have no doubt he is all that you say, and more; but that does not prevent his being all that I suspect. It rather helps it. It accords with his appearance, with his big nose, his rich color, his freedom. Even his affectation of propriety would deceive nobody but you, considering the remote point at which it begins. I have no doubt his manner is very respectful, since you say so; and I have no doubt that while rating himself at his full value, he is conscious of differences that make it difficult for him to go very far. He knows his disadvantages better than any of us, but he sees you occasionally in spite of them, it seems; and on those occasions it is safe to say he does not omit to make himself as brilliant as possible, —very brilliant, we will suppose. It is sad that these occasions should be few, and that they should all be accidentally secret. No doubt he is honorable, according to his sense, but it wouldn't astonish him if some day proofs were given him that the happi-

ness of the young lady was irrevocably involved. When that time comes, he will be equally honorable. He will repair his thoughtlessness by offering his not very attractive person, his commercial interests, his newspaper knowledge, and other valuables, perhaps, not yet brought to light. It is this proof that you are already desiring to give him, probably before he is prepared for it. You are too hasty; you should have had him advise you. If you are generous, and Mr. Slade has no ready excuse, I think it would be well for you to let your father, when he comes, have the benefit of his conversational powers some afternoon. He might help you in forming a judgment."

"I am not forming a judgment," said Anne, with another effort at self-suppression, "and I don't want any help. I have formed it already, without help from anybody."

"He may render you a greater service, then, in revising your opinions. I should not wonder if we should go home with him,—with your father;—or if not there, we may go some place else. I don't think he will stay long here."

And she looked around her little chamber, full of pine furniture and trunks, as if measuring the first impressions which might strike a large capitalist. One of the chief satisfactions which Mrs. Rittenhouse enjoyed at home was derived from the survey of her various apartments, which resembled those of a grand hotel.

"It is hard enough for us," she said; "it will be impossible for him."

The social brilliancy supposed to pertain to a watering-place was represented on the floor below by a number of children scampering through the halls, followed by pugs which were declared cheap at three hundred dollars; by a small roomful of gentlewomen of quiet ages, with their heads bowed over pale worsteds; and by a party of ladies in the parlor, gathered about a center-table bestrewn with letters printed on bits of yellow pasteboard. It was near this group that Anne and her mother stopped, on their final descent from the little chamber, and where they tarried to observe the game of forming words from those materials. There was no word yet formed of more than three letters; but the luster of the lamps overhead was reflected from the many facets of the shining stones adorning the hands outspread upon the table.

Presently Mrs. Rittenhouse, seeing a word, sat down, and Anne turned away, casting her eyes over the sofas ranged around the room, where lingered a few solitary transients. Between these and the players, who formed the nucleus of the house, there was a wide vacant space; and in this space, near the outskirts of the solid central body, sat the lady who had enjoyed a visit from Mr. Slade in the afternoon. She was quite alone, but, unlike the other strangers, seemed to suffer from no sense of unfamiliarity with the ruling spirits who gave the house its tone. She had drawn her chair within the circle of light falling from the chandelier, yet found the illumination still insufficient for the octavo volume between whose pages she held a finger. She was inconspicuous yet agreeable in appearance, and the mourning which rested so solemnly within the folds of crape upon her dress was not deeply depicted upon her face.

The Philadelphians who chanced to come in and linger about the players all observed her, and to one of these, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, she kindly spoke, taking her hand. This little girl drew back, but a much younger sister, seeing the advance, ran up and leaned over the lady's knee. To this child she also spoke, as to the mother who led her away, and within the hour that Anne observed her she had begun a slight initiatory intercourse with several persons, who answered briefly, but with respect. One of these, a cordial New-Yorker, soon went so far as to exchange views with her on the merits of the place, and to observe that there was no hotel-life in Newport. Anne regarded her with an interest which the stranger did not seem to return; but the young girl's attention to any object was confused by thoughts which led her, with recurring impulse, from a point in the hall to the piazza steps. The point in the hall was a small sheet of paper tacked on the wall, bearing a general invitation to the guests of the house to a ball the following night at the hotel which Mr. Slade had chosen for its broader basis; and the attraction on the piazza was the occasional umbrella which passed under the lamp-post.

The rain was ceasing, as if absorbed by the atmosphere, and the few lights to be seen were more murky and dim than the points as yet known of Slade's history. A low murmur came from the sullen ocean, and the fog everywhere was more dense than that which obscured Anne's mental view. As she wandered restlessly about, amid this general dampness and depression, an umbrella turned in at the gate, and, not

to be again too forward, she retreated to her room.

Nothing disturbed her there, however, and as her seclusion grew insupportable, she returned once more to the piazza below. Large, slow drops fell from the piazza roof, and a slight, sweet odor came with the light which fell in lines between the slats of the blinds. Voices also came from the same quarter—one advising resignation, the other gloomy and rebellious; and, not to be surprised by any persons who might be in the ball-room, Anne moved on. She visited once more the invitation on the wall, and the game, where her mother still selected small yellow letters with an emblazoned finger. The lady in mourning was no longer there; neither was she among those of quiet ages who, over their worsted, mentioned to one another the quality of their various possessions at home; but she met her unexpectedly, coming from the ball-room near the end of the side-hall. She was sniffing a bunch of carnations. Barney was with her.

With a slight recognition, Anne passed on, and traversing again with slow steps the two lengths of the piazza, while they, with steps equally slow, traversed the two halls, she met them once more at the front entrance. Barney then, rather awkwardly, introduced them. He was standing on one foot and supplying the support of the other with a curious stout cane.

"Mrs. Hine," he said, "is from Richmond, and will be at your house for a few days," and abruptly took his leave.

But the lady by no means required further assistance. She was amply able, from any given starting-point, to range through those anterooms to one's acquaintance which are kept for the reception of formal callers; and, indeed, she circulated among them with an ease which seemed to honor the person whom she visited. She was even capable, here and there, of brushing the doors leading into inner sanctuaries, and, owing to her sympathetic manner, was frequently admitted into friendly and confidential interiors. It was intimated by some that there was more pleasure in taking her into one's confidence than was derived from the return visits, but if she kept many of her sanctuaries closed, she certainly had saloons unusually commodious. She took Anne's hand, as she had that of a younger and equally unobjectionable child a short time before, and looked at her with kindly, but not obtrusive, interest. Her grasp was firm and warm, and Anne at once felt a sense of support. "Here is some one," the lady seemed to say, "whom you can rely upon; some one whose nose is not too long, who is not English, and who can have no commercial interests; some one who is cordial, unembarrassed by any association whatever, and whose relations toward society were never those of a weaver to his loom; a lady who has a number of beautifully dressed young girls receive New Year's calls with her, with wax candles and a band, from three to twelve; and who, when she does not know the names of the boy callers, still mentions that she used to know their fathers; a lady who makes it her thoughtful care to promote the cheerful, prosperous, comfortable side of life; whose mourning fits her like a passing shadow, and whom one may now expect almost any morning to appear in blue."

The carnations among which she conducted her observations were as yet her only ornaments. Even on her hands she wore no jewels; but, considering her affliction, Anne thought it the best of taste to have left these off. Probably she had them in her trunk. If any fault was to be found with her, it was in her evident capacity to shed all falling storms and to keep her small brown eyes well burnished. Even those who liked her best—on whose side Anne instantly ranged herself—could not call her handsome. She was of moderate height, and well rounded; indeed, her features, as well as her figure, were a trifle large—not thick enough to be heavy, but so thick as to have expelled all suggestion of the attenuated and acrid, and of the delicate and spiritual as well. Her complexion was opaque; her hair, loosely arranged, was brown; and her movements were those of a person capable of much energy in a cause she once espoused.

Standing before her, without strictly noting any of these things, a sense of her graceful flexibility, as distinguished from stiffness, filled the young girl with confidence.

Anne's reception-rooms were very small and poorly furnished, and it was only a few moments before she opened the crack of an inner door.

"Mr. Slade," she said, "has been expecting you for some time. He has called upon you before."

But the lady did not at once go in. She sat down in sight of this interior, and attended only to a little fuller presentation of herself.

"I have been coming for some days," she

replied, in her modulated voice. "I have a little girl who is an invalid, and who, it was thought, might be benefited by the out-door life and salt air. I don't know that anything else could have brought me. I am not fond of traveling in warm weather. I don't know, indeed, just what temperature I am fond of traveling in. I have tried it in all weathers but the right one—if there is a right one. A fair day is too good, and a stormy one too bad. There is a great deal gained if one can do it in the night; it is one of the disagreeable things that may be slept through."

"It was certainly too bad to-day," Anne observed. "I hope your little girl is no worse."

"I hope not," said the mother. "She had every care. It was very pleasant when we started." And she described the route from Richmond.

Anne also told how they came from Philadelphia.

"You are from Philadelphia, then," the lady observed. "I understand this is a Philadelphia house."

"There is quite a little colony of us."

"That was why I came,—I and my little sick girl. It was a great recommendation."

"You thought it would be a good place for a little sick girl?" said Anne. "Well, so it is. The sicker the better."

"Not that," Mrs. Hine protested. "I didn't mean quite that. I had at one time some very dear friends who were Philadelphians. We were neighbors at Orange."

"The Cockerills?" cried Anne, eagerly. "They spent their summers there. They have gone abroad—they have gone to the Holy Land; I understand they are to stay four years."

"So I hear," assented the lady, without sharing Anne's elation.

So far as she knew them, Anne had a profound admiration for the Cockerills, which she freely expressed, their former neighbor at Orange agreeing.

"They are very thorough in all they do," the latter observed, "from the trimming of their hedges to the scrubbing of their horse-block. It isn't likely that they will slur over Palestine."

Presently Anne again opened the inner door for a very modest distance.

"What beautiful carnations!" she said.

"My little girl had a great bunch sent her to-day," Madam Hine asserted. "She made me carry a few."

Miss Rittenhouse would a great deal rather not;—it was forced; it was bad taste, but something compelled her to say:

"Mr. Slade had some this afternoon. He seems to be fond of them."

The lady, strictly speaking, still did not enter, but she threw open a door of her own, disclosing a small compartment whose occupant was the same as the one Anne's sanctuaries could not contain.

"I have known Mr. Slade for a good many years," she said. "We are very good friends. I am glad he has found time to spend a few weeks here. He generally has no time. It has made quite a change in him already; he looks quite weather-beaten. When I saw him last, he was a different-looking person,—not that his looks were ever much to boast of."

Anne would have been charmed to have heard more, but her new acquaintance had apparently no more to say at present. She was anxious about the little invalid upstairs: and Anne had to wait till another day to see more of this interesting and attractive woman. As she moved through the hall with noiseless step, Anne returned to the corner of the veranda. The Providence boat was passing, which told the hour of half after nine. There was still some evening left, and she looked over to the more animated piazza of the adjacent house, where a number of visitors were agreeably spending it. She could hear the voices and recognize the figures of some of her friends. The little gate between the two widely yawned; and some boys and girls were crossing through the grass, taking long strides. The lights in the windows grew brighter; even the promenaders seemed to be expecting a crisis across the way; and, thus solicited, Anne also crossed over, with a few long steps.

She made her way without embarrassment to a group whom she knew, but had barely taken her seat when she saw both Slade and Barney descending the steps, apparently about to serve as escorts to two ladies, whose umbrellas and white skirts were alone visible. She had no doubt they were the merry ladies whose white teeth had nibbled the bits of lemon, and their appearance and disappearance at that moment silenced the sociable intentions of which her little party of friends were to have had the benefit. Her acquaintances, who were also from across the way, were soon ready to return with her whence they came, and to avoid the wet grass, they went down the paved walk to the street. Midway between

the two hotels, they met a gentleman hurrying back alone in the direction of the house they had left, and as he stepped aside for them to pass, Anne glanced at Slade at the moment he recognized her. Neither spoke and both passed on, Slade continuing his walk toward Riggoletti's and Anne returning once more to the room where her mother still calmly combined the small yellow letters. She had been gone but a few moments, yet in those moments she had suffered two buffets of fortune for which, at the time, the world seemed to offer no compensations.

Her acquaintance with Mrs. Hine, however, progressed but slowly. The lady was so much occupied with the diversion of her child that she apparently had no thought of the friendship Anne coveted; but, what was more to the purpose, she spared a little time to Mrs. Rittenhouse, who, toward night, engaged her in a prolonged conversation.

While this conversation was still going on, Anne found herself once more in rose-tinted crape on her way to a large, illuminated building, from which gay sounds were issuing. She was accompanied by the cordial New-Yorker who had commiserated Newport on its lack of hotel-life, and, the pavements being wet and the occasion great, they had summoned a half-open landau. Mrs. Rittenhouse had made no demurrer and no motion to join them, but had continued to sit as one whose theories had been shaken, if not as one whose conviction had been accomplished.

Anne, who had driven much more than she had walked, and for whom no mode of conveyance could offer much that was new, had never experienced such a sense of smoothness as on that short journey toward the illuminated house. The air was soft, though damp. Stars looked down from the heavens and up from the sea. The wheels hastened with a gentle rumble. Straight ahead in the distance stood the little station, surrounded by vehicles awaiting the belated train, and on the few schooners at anchor tossed the night-lights. Carriages preceded them on errands like their own, and drew up in front of the huge building, which was tuneful as a music-box. Its mysterious basement, of which Corbin had hinted, was surrounded by a lattice, and the ascent to the veranda was by a broad flight of wooden steps.

As they entered, Anne almost lost track of the amiable New-Yorker and her amiable husband, in observing the crowd about her. A cloud of fragrant smoke issued from the small room to the left, while in the parlors on the right, numbers of beautiful women gorgeously fluttered. The season was clearly at its height, and its height was clearly best to be seen at the house where they then were. A different, a much lighter and more sanguine atmosphere seemed to prevail, and rising to it for the moment, Anne tried to recall the quiet, musty parlor, where the game of letters went on, and also the indefinable mustiness which had permeated her own close personality. They made the tour of the various halls, meeting more fluttering young women and greater swarms of young men. The amiable New-Yorkers introduced her to some of these, and repairing to the ball-room, they invited her to dance.

The lack of acquaintance among the guests, which had been so marked a feature of the earlier hops, was no longer noticeable, and Miss Markham, Anne observed, had greatly increased her number of partners. Slade, also, whom she occasionally saw, had increased his by a few, and only Barney remained moody and alone. He was seated on the piazza, not far from the window near which Anne sat, with his chair tipped back, his arm on the back of another, his hat over his eyes, which were fixed upon the palpitating sea. His cigar had gone out.

In one of the intervals of the dances, Slade came up and spoke to him, then seated himself by Anne's window, and improved the opportunity for addressing her. It was the moment for which Anne had waited, and turning half around, they carried on a short conversation with the window-casing between them. He spoke of the tedious rain, of being at her house the afternoon previous, and of the lady he had called upon. He told some very nice stories about her, to which Barney, on the outside, listened, then abruptly rose and went away. Slade followed his movements a moment, then returned to his narrative, describing the residence of Mrs. Hine, and a visit he and Barney had paid there. Never had he seemed more agreeable, more respectful, more galvanic, but Anne's predisposition to converse with him was strangely paralyzed. She seemed robbed at the critical moment of her powers by influences upon which she had not counted. The strain upon her had been too great, the relief too sudden. She was too glad to see him, and his hands upon the window-sill were too near her shoulder. She no longer cared who he was; but the moment when

expression became possible was robbed of its lightness and its joy by its very excess, and she sat dumb and confused.

He inquired if it were safe for her to sit in the open window; wasn't she thinly dressed for it? It was safer even outside than midway in the draught. He, himself, had on a light overcoat, which he had found not amiss for the past few days. And he drew it together over a dress suit, and over some glittering studs. It was mere good luck, he said, that he had one with him; he had inspected it before he started, and had opened a window to throw it down to one of the men in the yard; but there was no one there to give it to at the time, so he had brought it along,—very fortunately, too.

Anne admired men who raised windows to fling overcoats to laborers in yards. The collar of the coat in question indicated that his purpose had not been premature, but if there was any one who could afford to appear in garments not strictly fresh, it was a person whose intentions had been thus providentially checked. But before he had time to beg her to share with him the safety of the half-lighted piazza, if such were the drift of his remark, Barney re-appeared, accompanied by the clerk of the hotel, who, with a polite forefinger, touched Slade's shoulder. Slade looked around, recognized both men, seemed to quickly comprehend their errand, excused himself to Anne, rose, and the three withdrew without noise.

Anne waited, her dumb suspense increasing, and as she sat there she became aware of the return of young Corbin, and of his presence at her side. He explained that he had just got in; that he had had enough of yachting, and that, after all, his appropriate place was upon *terra firma*. He had left the vessel up the coast, returning by rail; getting in, he was happy to find, just in time for the ball of the season; her father had been upon the same train; and would Miss Rittenhouse waltz? When this violence was over, he proposed a promenade; then a little conversation; and, installing himself once more as her friend and guardian, he looked about in search of envy on the faces of his counterparts.

To a degree this served Anne's purpose, and half an hour later she saw Slade once more.

He was coming down the main stair-way. He had changed his dress, and the overcoat which he had failed to bestow upon the lower class was across his arm. A porter followed with a small black trunk, on which the names of many towns and express companies were placarded. A young woman in a brilliant red waist watched him as she mounted the stairs, while groups in the hall below made way for him. Some of them nodded their heads, and, as he passed, seemed to say, "That is he!" The portly clerk, molded in broadcloth, was bowing him out.

At the foot of the steps was a carriage in waiting, in which sat Barney and the two ladies whose relish of the fare at Riggoletti's had been so keen.

The daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse watched all this with a dazed expression. Her head was bent forward, and there were two lines between her eyes. In this attitude Slade saw her, as he stood with one hand on the carriage-door; then he retraced his steps, and bowed before her.

"Well," he observed, "I have to go. The contingency has arisen. A telegram came, and I am off." His smile was the same, his manner the same. "I hope I shall meet you again sometime," he assured her. "I have great respect for your father."

The clerk looked at his watch.

"Whoa!" muttered the driver to his sleeping horses.

"I am glad to have met you," said Slade. "Please present my compliments to your mother."

Anne watched him descend the steps and close the carriage-door, then stood staring at the spot whence he had vanished as if she herself were suddenly lost. She stood in this attitude till Corbin felt it oppressive. He had sat unnoticed during this brief adieu, with his eyes upon his varnished pumps and upon the white polka dots embroidered upon his blue silk hose, the expression of his face changing from the one it had worn before his departure to one devoid of apprehension or chagrin. But he continued to be unnoticed, though the hack bearing Slade away was half-way around the semicircle of the lawn, so he ventured to recall his presence by following unobtrusively the course of the young girl's thought.

"He is a great swell," he softly observed, "or was," he added, "before he went into business. That is the trouble about going into business."

Miss Rittenhouse did not move. She seemed not to have heard him.

"They are both swells," Corbin went on, "he and his Englishman. They are 'most

too great swells for this place. They don't find many of their friends here. They came on account of Miss Markham; Miss Markham is immensely attractive to those who like that sort of thing. She was in London last year. The Englishman, they say, is awfully struck, and Slade came to look after him. I guess he's past help."

Still he and his observations commanded no recognition, and he pushed on, thinking the line of her thought might have run in advance of these feeble statements.

"They received one of the original grants under Lord Baltimore," he went on. "Manors, they called them, and they spelled their name S, l, a double y, a double d, and double e, for all I know—Welsh, you see. But that was a good many years ago. They seem to have forgotten all about it now. They have sold their land, and they live in an old part of town,—old, but very respectable. I told you 'most everybody here stood high. It sometimes seems as if the most important persons who come tramp around the quietest with their newspapers and fish-poles. All they seem to want is some old clothes, a skipper, and their regular meals. When you do meet them, though, they are very friendly. There is Captain Fithian—he is with that party. He is a captain of engineers. I heard him say it bored him, at these places, to see so many young women sitting about in such a heavy state of mind. He said he never saw a beautiful girl moping alone on these piazzas that he didn't feel as if he ought to go and say to her, 'My name is Fithian. I am from Ohio. I am a decent sort of fellow. If you want to walk out among those variegated plants, come along.' Slade told him he doubted if he would try that experiment more than once. I didn't see myself that he often diminished his attentions to Miss Markham in that way. That is what is troubling the Englishman."

The silence was still ominous, and, lifting his chin from his cane, he glanced for the first time at the young girl whose preoccupation was so profound. Never had she seemed smaller, more delicate, more quiet, more given up to the Inexpressible, more closed to diversion from without, or more in need of it within; but her silence was not the silence of tranquillity nor the silence of dullness. It occurred to Corbin that he had been prattling. His voice had a noisy, empty sound, and he hesitated before jingling it further. The soft folds of Anne's dress clung about her as if fondly adoring an affluent young-ladyhood in the season of its giddiest joy; the stones in her ears shone with dazzling intent, and the water-lilies in her belt seemed to wait for a moment of light through tender transfer. But the spirit staring undisguisedly out from beneath her dark eyelashes was in strange disarray. The lines were still in her forehead, her hands were folded, and there was a slight throbbing motion in her throat. The young man could not make it out. It seemed to him that she would never have anything more to say—as if, somehow, the small gift of expression with which she had heretofore experimented had met with some untoward accident, or as if, with her, language as a means of conveyance had suddenly proved a permanent failure.

While he hesitated, Mrs. Rittenhouse advanced from the musical interior of the house, her black satin dress sweeping behind her and her glance searching the groups in the shadows. Even after recognizing Corbin and her daughter, the slight search went on.

Corbin, who had risen, offered her a seat, repeating the thought which had last occurred to him.

"We were talking of Mr. Slade," he said, feeling vaguely that in calling attention to himself he was doing his companion a favor.

"You do not look," observed the lady, "as if you were saying much good of him—not as much as I have recently listened to."

She glanced at Anne as if she had come prepared to make acknowledgments whose importance outweighed their disagreeable features; but Anne's expression was not that of a person whose convictions had triumphed.

"I was telling her the best I knew," continued Corbin. "I was telling her about his smelting-works down on the Jersey coast. He is wedded to business now, they say."

"We have heard of them," Mrs. Rittenhouse briefly declared. "We know him slightly. I believe he has called several times upon my daughter."

"Twice, mother," said Anne, faintly.

"More than that, I think."

"Twice," insisted the girl.

"You have seen him at the beach. It is the same thing."

"Only once," murmured Anne.

She seemed desirous of denying, with

passion, his attentions, and her mother turned from this mystifying circumstance, and once more addressed her remarks somewhat aimlessly to Corbin.

"He has a friend at our hotel," she informed him, "and it seems that Mr. Rittenhouse knows him too, or, rather, he knows of him. Mr. Rittenhouse came to-night, but he was very tired. He would like to meet him when he feels more rested. I confess he did not impress me; I am opposed to meeting men of whom we know nothing, —ten chances to one they owe hundreds of little bills; but one cannot know everybody. I realize that. I am glad to have found out about Mr. Slade in time."

"It is quite in time," repeated Anne, in her fervent, constrained little tone; "but he has gone."

"He has just driven off," echoed Corbin.

In the silence which followed, the hack in which Slade had departed returned to the hotel, and Barney descended, followed by Miss Markham and a lady somewhat older. Their coming made a little stir, and a gentleman waiting on the piazza assisted with their wraps. It was Captain Fithian.

"Can't we go?" Anne asked, as they passed within. "It must be time."

"I'll call a carriage," said Corbin.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Rittenhouse, when he had gone. "My poor Anne! And to think that it was my mistake!"

"Dear mother," cried the girl, "he never noticed you. He never thought of either of us."

And, in truth, all the facts imparted by Corbin were lost in the knowledge which had come to her, together with an intelligence beyond the power of a factitious education to develop, that Slade had never for a moment had a single sentimental thought of her; that his desire to meet her, his concessions to the prejudices of her mother, his observance of his opportunities, his understanding with Mrs. Hine, and all the signs of his preference for which she had watched, had been but a fiction of her imagination, suggested by Corbin, and kept alive by the working of her own heart. Even his calls upon her had been accidental, his conversation casual; the days when she had missed him, which had played so much the larger part in her romance, had been by him unnoted, and his very scant attentions had been paid, not to the woman of his unpretentious fancy, but to the daughter of a man who commanded his respect.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Attack on the President.

AT first view, it would seem that the murderous attack on the President was without political significance. It is true that it was not the result of a conspiracy. It is true that there was no widespread political discontent of which the foul deed was the expression. It is true that it was not committed by a party enemy. Still, there was a cause for it, and no one can fail to remember that it occurred simultaneously with a shameful struggle in progress at Albany, based upon a personal difference with the President. There can be little question that Guiteau sympathized with the factious warfare led by Mr. Conkling for his own personal ends. The ruffian wanted Mr. Arthur to be made President, so as to "restore unity to the Republican party." Now, while we do not hold Mr. Conkling responsible for Guiteau's crime, we do not believe it would have been committed had it not been for the personal issue he had made with the President. The air was full of faction. The atmosphere was charged with passion, generated at Albany, and the poor fool in Washington, half-starved, a disappointed applicant for office, was excited by it in the most natural way, and moved to this deed of blood.

This fight of Mr. Conkling with the President has been a disgusting nuisance from the day in which he came strutting home, looking for a vindication. An example of such coarse self-conceit, preposterous presumption, and insult to the President and the people, could hardly fail to have its effect upon a weak and disordered mind, that was sympathetically watching it. We cannot doubt that the President was shot by one weak man because another weak man was trying to injure his power, and in the attempt was disturbing his own party with factious warfare. This will not be a pleasant medicine for Mr. Conkling to swallow, but it must be taken, and we hope it will cure him of his folly. There was no conspiracy of wills in the matter, but there was a conspiracy of causes and results, which the people have recognized with an instinct both swift and sure. The assassin's bullet ought to have punctuated with a full stop the political squabble. The country had already had enough of it, and will never forgive its author.

There have been some very pleasant things connected with this tragedy which ought to be noted. It quenched throughout the land all animosity except that to which we have alluded. There were not elements of decency enough in that for any such issue. The fight at Albany could stop for nothing.

But from North and South, from East and West, came nothing but expressions of grief and the tenderest concern for the stricken President and his family. Party animosities were all forgotten in the sentiments of humanity and brotherhood. The same sympathy was felt for the sufferer all over the world, and full and prompt expression was given to it.

The inquiry naturally arises as to what can be done in the future to protect the lives that are of such incalculable value to the nation. It is mockery to say that one man's life is no more valuable than another. In one aspect, perhaps, it may not be so. To President Garfield, life was no more precious than it is to any reader of this page, but the importance of his life to the country was greater than the life of any other man. The policy of the nation for the next four years—the constituency of the administration in its various departments—depended on the continuance of his life. Unhappily, the Vice-President was a man comparatively unused to public business. He was surrounded, too, by personal influences which were reasonably regarded with deep public suspicion. It would have been a strain upon the loyalty of the nation to its institutions to see power pass into the hands of the man who had been chosen to receive it. To the extent in which this was the case was the fact a warning against all future trifling with vice-presidential nominations. Henceforth, under no circumstances, and for no reasons, should any man be nominated for the vice-presidency who is not fit to be President. That which may be a satisfactory sop to a disappointed political boss may be a very bitter morsel to a nation compelled to eat it.

But this has no relation to the question as to what is to be done to protect the lives of men of paramount importance to the nation. To say nothing of the interests of the country in the matter, there is a duty which it owes to the man himself. We elect a President, and we then place him in a position of peculiar danger. Events have proved that it is not necessary that a President should be offensive or unpopular to make his position one of peril. Any crazy man, or disappointed loafer, who holds his life at a cheap price can find easy access to the highest man, whose life is of incalculable value to millions of people, and can murder him without let or hinderance. This thing ought not so to be. We are not sure that the "Tribune's" suggestion—that the President should always be accompanied by a body-guard when out of his own house—is not a good one. We can understand how offensive this would be to a President trusting the people and endeavoring to serve them well and treat them justly; but insane men and fanatics are not to be trusted anywhere. We presume that it is not pleasant for the general of an army to keep out of the way of bullets in a battle. He would rather lead than direct his army, but he must take care of himself, that he may be able to take care of his troops. So the country cannot afford to permit its highest officer to expose himself unprotected to all the insane impulses abroad in the community.

We doubt whether the person of the president of a republic is as safe as that of an emperor or a king. The divinity that hedges a king has its effect upon all the minds bred under the influences of a monarchy. There is no "divinity" about the office of a president. He is a creation of the people. He is chosen and placed in power by them, and they feel a certain sense of property in him and power over him. He is from the people; and a low, disordered mind, with a personal resentment to gratify, would not hesitate to put a bullet through his body.

We remember a short railway ride, taken a dozen years ago, from Potsdam to Berlin. A quiet-looking carriage stood upon a side-track, waiting the arrival of the train. We were told that it was the royal car. It was added to the train, and all the way to Berlin we saw the people taking off their hats to this car. On its arrival at the station in Berlin, the train stopped just at the end of the depot, and King William leaped out alone and walked to his carriage waiting at a private place of exit, and was immediately whirled off to his palace, unattended. We believe he could do such a thing more safely than any President could do that, or anything like it.

We are sure that something ought to be done to give better protection to the lives of men so important to us, whom we have placed in dangerous positions. When there is political disturbance in the country, as there was when Lincoln was murdered, a President is to blame who does not try to take care of himself, and deny opportunity to the plotters of mischief and murder; but in times of peace, when he can see no reason for withholding himself from the public and placing restrictions upon his movements, he should, we are sure, be controlled and protected in the interest of the national safety. Now is a good time to pass a law and establish a regulation which every President hereafter will be bound to observe, in all his movements—not to protect himself from the cheap bullets of dead-beats and notoriety-hunters, but to insure to the nation, so far as possible, the life that is so valuable to it.

Southern Literature.

ATTENTION has recently been called to the large number of Southern contributions to the magazines. No less than seven articles contributed by Southern writers appeared in a recent number of SCRIBNER, and we are glad to recognize the fact of a permanent productive force in literature in the Southern States. The South has cherished its writers hitherto with an unreasoning idolatry. Every writer that displayed talent has had accorded to him a local reputation at once; and his admirers have been impatient with the rest of the country because his recognition was no wider. Candor compels us to say that the characteristics of the Southern school of writers, in the years preceding the war, were floridness of style, sentimentality of material, and an unmistakable provincial flavor. It was not widely accepted, because it did not deserve to be. The South had

some excellent newspapers and one or two creditable magazines, but the mass of its literary work had no lasting qualities.

It cannot be disputed, however, that a new literary era is dawning upon the South. If we were called upon to name the two writers who, more than any other, within the last five years have brought most of performance and promise to American letters, we should name Mrs. Burnett and George W. Cable. The former is not a native of the South, but nearly all the formative period of her life was spent in its atmosphere and under its influences, while the latter is a product of the South, pure and simple. Mr. Cable is the discoverer of an entirely new field of literary material, and both writers already stand among the best novelists of the country. Neither the North nor the West has produced anything like them during this brief period, and this magazine is proud to number them among the most notable writers it has had the privilege of presenting to the public.

But these writers are not the only ones who have achieved real and lasting distinction since the close of the war. Joel Chandler Harris has recorded, in a style so true to character and tradition, the folklore of the Ethiopian, that it is safe to say that no one will ever undertake to improve his work. It is as artistic in its execution as it is characteristic in its humor. Sidney Lanier is a rare genius. No finer nature than his has America produced. His work is not popular, nor is it likely to become so, for his mind is of an unusual cast and his work is of an exceptional character. He is a man of more varied culture, perhaps, than any one of those we have mentioned. The world of American letters will unite with us in the hope that the delicacy of his health will not interfere with the full unfolding and expression of his power.

It is quite legitimate in this connection to ask why this marked change in the character of Southern literary work has taken place. There has never been a lack of brightness in the Southern mind. All the tendencies of climate have been toward the production of a passionate and imaginative people. Something very fine and remarkable should be the result of such admixtures of blood as have been witnessed in the South, in such a climate as the South possesses. It must be remembered, however, that lasting literature can only be produced under conditions of broad sympathy and catholic culture. Up to the date of the civil war the South possessed an excessively provincial spirit. It assumed a social preëminence that was almost Chinese in its exclusiveness. It cherished a local institution that degraded labor and threw it out of sympathy with the great working world of humanity, and it regarded whole peoples, who were in advance of it in all the better elements of civilization, with contempt. This was not a good soil for a worthy literature, and a worthy literature was never born of it. The Southern ideas of life, of society, of human rights, of honor, of justice, of politics, could bear little literary fruit worth preserving, and never did bear much that will be preserved—even within Southern borders. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the South has always been noted for eloquent speech—popular and forensic. It was the war that changed, or is changing, everything. A great many idols fell when slavery was abolished, and when the national unity was confirmed in the destruction of sectionalism. It was found that the Southern people were no better or braver than others. The experiences of the war and the sad years of poverty and trial that followed them were great educators. It is to the everlasting credit of the Southern people that they so received this terrific discipline that they have emerged from it purified, exalted, catholic, and armed with noble purposes. It was in this discipline, and in the birth of new ideas and new sympathies consequent upon the issues of the war, that the new literary spirit was born. Its growth will depend upon the acceptance of the humility of hard work as the condition of all literary excellence, and discontent with any approval that is less than universal. We welcome the new writers to the great republic of letters with all heartiness. New England has many advantages, but New England is no longer king. Her great literary school is dying out. Those who have been our literary leaders and exemplars have passed their meridian, and, though we shall part with them sadly, we are sure that American literature will not suffer, but rather be improved, by the wider distribution of its productive forces. The South and the West are hereafter to be reckoned upon in making up the account of our literary wealth, and the North will welcome with no stinted praise and no niggardly hand the best that the South can do. We could not lose her work from this magazine without serious detriment to the interest of its recurring numbers and the value of its accumulating volumes.

The Scientific Poet.

THE perusal of Dr. Storrs's eloquent oration on "The Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and in Life" recalls the various prophecies of this latter age concerning the poet of the future. We have been told, again and again, that the age of science is to have its poet, or its school of poets; that a new dispensation of literature is at hand, based upon the new knowledges; and that, following the laws of development or evolution, this literature will naturally and necessarily surpass all the literatures that have gone before it. We have no faith in these prophecies. We doubt whether what we call literature will ever be indebted to science, or what is recognized as "the scientific spirit," for anything good.

Science deals with matter—its essence, laws, phenomena. Its tendency is to materialize everything. Life itself is evolved from matter. Its "promises" and its "potencies" are found in that. The tendencies of science are to count God out of the universe, to deny immortality and the existence of mind independent of matter, and to believe nothing that cannot be demonstrated. Hard, material facts are the things with which science deals,

and it refuses to have to do with anything else. It refuses to recognize the existence of such a thing as imagination, except in a scientific way. Imagination is a product of molecular action in the brain. Science must necessarily deny to this faculty of the soul any legitimate functions, because it cannot follow a scientific method, and because it denies the existence of the realm in which it is most at home. Imagination must have an over-world in which to spread its wings, or it cannot fly. To bind itself to demonstrable facts, and to tie itself to a scientific method, would be to commit self-destruction. To circumscribe the horizon of the poetic faculty is to clip its wings, or, rather, to deny it space for action. It is a faculty that demands illimitable space, illimitable time, illimitable freedom of invention, release from bondage to the material and real, and liberty to explore the spiritual and the ideal. Any influence or power which interferes with this liberty, in any direction, is a foe to poetry and a curse to literature.

The great poems of the world have always recognized the over-world, or the under-world, or the world outside the realm of those material things with which science concerns itself. Homer did not recognize the Christian's or the Hebrew's God, but the "Iliad" is full of the work of the supernal powers. The realm of spiritual life and spiritual potencies was as familiarly explored by his muse as that of human prowess and human passion. Dante and Milton built the fame of their great works upon the invincible faith of mankind in the existence of spiritual things. Their imaginations took their highest flights beyond the spheres of sense and of science, and it is easy to see that any sensuous or scientific inspiration (if such a thing be possible) must have been lower than those which moved them. Shakspere and Goethe had less to do with the spiritual world in the choice and use of material, but both recognized that world, made frequent incursions into it, and drew from it a multitude of inspirations and much valuable material.

But it is not so much, perhaps, that poetry is directly dependent upon the spiritual world for its inspirations and its materials, as it is indirectly. That which is best and most poetic in human life has uniformly grown out of the motives born of faith in spiritual things. The greatest heroisms that have illustrated the history of the human race, and have thus become inspirations in our literature, have been born of faith in things unseen—things which science contemptuously ignores. How base our own late civil war becomes when we eliminate from the motives which prosecuted it, on both sides, the elements of spirituality! The earnest prayers that went up to God, the motives of duty, of self-sacrifice, of patriotism, born of a belief in the over-world of spiritual realities, these were what made that fratricidal war poetical, that endowed it with the only elements of which poetry that deserves the name can be made. Science could only clothe such a war as that was with a statement of the brute forces engaged. So many infuriated men met so many other infuriated men and fought with them, with implements of such and such destructive power. It had no greater dignity than a dog-fight. The scientific estimate of any great human struggle would have no more poetry in it than there is in the multiplication table. The loves that have made life divine, the self-devotion that has made life beautiful, the transformations of character which have illustrated the beneficent power of religion, the high moralities that have given safety and purity and dignity to society, the aspirations which have gone heavenward from a world of conscious imperfection,—all these are poetic material, and all these are as foreign to science, or the scientific spirit, as they are naturally the outcome of faith in the spiritual world.

Recently some poets or poetasters have undertaken to play the rôle of scientific poets. They have undertaken to inaugurate the new era, to be forerunners of the new dispensation. The attempt, by the use of modern scientific phrases, to do so great a deed, could only be conceived by minds incapable of poetry, for science can never give birth to poetry, of any sort whatsoever. Its only influence must be to neutralize whatever there may be of genuine poetic tendency in the time and the spirit of the time. How much of soundness there may be in opinions which militate against true poetry, and which subvert the conditions of its production, we leave to our readers to determine. The true poet is the true seer, and always has been. He arrives at his conclusions by a process unknown to science, and in a sense superior to science. Intuition is not the child of reason. Vision is not born of logic, and poetry never has been an outgrowth of science, and it is safe to say that it never will be.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer's Hasty Inferences.

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,
NEW YORK, July 12th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR: Under the head of "Topics of the Time," and in connection with a discussion of the Comstock laws for the suppression of vice and crime which I find in your issue for July, occur (page 457) these words:

"We are sorry that Rev. Dr. Potter should sneer at the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and furnish thus an argument against the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is all very well to pass the maintenance of the laws over to the officers of the

law, but suppose the officers of the law do not care, and will not, or do not, do their duty? How important an office did the Committee of Seventy perform in ridding this city of 'the Ring'! Why should such a committee have been formed? The laws against peculation and bribery were all in existence, and all the necessary machinery of justice was established. What an impertinence the Committee of Seventy must have been! There is, while we write, a committee of twenty-one in existence, who have undertaken to get the streets cleaned. But there are laws relating to this business, and there are men already whose duty it is to have the streets cleaned. Why not put the work where it belongs? *We cannot, for the life of us, see why citizens may not associate themselves for special purposes in securing good laws and looking after their enforcement by the appointed officers.*"

As these are views which I have firmly held and frequently advocated, your intimation that I have "sneered at the Society for the Prevention of Crime" has considerably perplexed me. I suppose, however, that its explanation is to be found in a quotation from a recent sermon of mine which I find on page 462 of the same number of the monthly, in a communication from Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, and which, as there given, is as follows:

"'A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is a startling commentary on our sham civilization, since it has been forced into existence to do the work which the law and its executors are both sworn and paid to do,—a voluntary association like this, created for the suppression of crime, endeavors,' etc. And a sentence or two further on he remarks: 'A quixotic divine [Dr. Crosby] strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed thieving, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that he had better go back to his preaching. I think so, too, for surely the people, to awaken whom this John the Baptist cries so vainly in the wilderness of New York,' etc."

This quotation is from a newspaper report of the sermon to which your correspondent, Mr. Palmer, refers, and in making it he has naturally enough used only so much of the report as suited his purpose. May I give the passage as it stands in my manuscript?

"A voluntary society for the suppression of crime, whose very existence is one of the most startling commentaries upon our sham civilization, since it has been forced into being, to do the work which the law and its executors are sworn and paid to do. Such a society endeavors to shield the unwary and to break up those robber bands and shut up those robber caves into which the unwary are lured. But the police, being, it is charged by some, in the pay of these robber bands, can never happen to find them, *and we, whose guardians the police are, are apparently no more concerned about this municipal disgrace than if it had happened in Dahomey.* An earnest and energetic divine (quixotic, some are pleased to call him) strives in vain to rouse the public conscience against licensed thievery, and the friends of the thieves laugh in their sleeves at his folly, while the rest of the community think that 'he had better go back to his preaching.' I think so, too, for surely, the people to awaken whom this John the Baptist cries so bravely but so vainly to the wilderness of our New York, *are even more closely wedded to their own dishonor than the publicans and sinners of the olden time!*"

Unless I sadly failed to express my meaning in these words, it must be plain enough that, if there is in them any sneer at all, it was not for Dr. Crosby or the society which he has organized, but for those who were so strangely indifferent to its brave and timely work. As a matter of fact, so far from sneering at either the Society for the Prevention of Crime, or that for the Suppression of Vice, I have repeatedly both spoken and begged for them in public and in private, and have, I need hardly add, the heartiest sympathy with the work which each of them is striving to do. For Dr. Crosby himself, I was early trained to cherish the sincerest veneration and respect, and his courageous ministry in New York has endeared him to me as to thousands of others, all over the land, who will never have a chance to tell him so. It is indeed impossible that I should sneer at one to whom it habitually becomes me to look up, and I cannot but express my regret that any words of mine should be so radically misunderstood. As they were originally spoken I think it must be owned that they do not bear any such meaning as your reproach would seem to imply; and, if I may venture to say so, that reproach furnishes another illustration of the truth that the first wisdom of the critic, as of the scholar, is to "verify his quotations."

Concerning Mr. Palmer's argument, which the imperfect quotation of words of mine, erroneously interpreted, is made to buttress, I am not called to speak. But it is at least curious and suggestive that its position is substantially that of the Church of Rome, and that here, as so often, extremes meet. It is the principle of the Roman Catholic Church that the ecclesiastical government is sufficient for all things. There must be no voluntary society, no extra ecclesiastical machinery anywhere within the circumference of its authority—in other words, there is no room for individualism, under whatever pretext. On the Roman basis, this seems plain enough, but, from the "Liberal" stand-point, an argument which antagonizes special legislation and voluntary associations for the expression of individual opinion and the promotion of special reforms, has at least the claim of eccentricity.

HENRY C. POTTER.

The Organ of the National Liberal League.

June 24th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In regard to your rejoinder to my article, I merely wish to state that, for the sake of your own love of truth, you will undoubtedly desire to correct a serious error. You say, "Their prominent organ announced 'Our platform' to be 'Immediate, unconditional,'" etc.

You refer, I presume, to Heywood's "Word." That is the only paper I know of that has that utter-

ance. It is no more an organ of the National Liberal League than the "New York Observer" is.

A paper called "Man," published once a month, is the only official journal, though the publications of the League at times appear in the Boston "Investigator" and "Truth-Seeker." Yours truly,

COURTLANDT PALMER.

Westminster Boys in Politics.

84 WESTBOURNE PARK VILLAS, LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In a very interesting article on "The Westminster Play," in your issue for June, the writer refers to the old tradition by which a certain number of Westminster scholars have the privilege of occupying seats in the House of Commons during the debates; and, having quoted some of the celebrated poets and men of letters who were brought up at the school (from which list John Dryden, perhaps the greatest name of all, is, curiously enough, omitted), he goes on to say: "One would expect, therefore, that Westminster would have produced debaters. But this has not been the case. The garden prepared for the production of politicians has turned out a nursery of poets."

As an old Westminster boy, may I put in a plea on behalf of the statesmen the school has reared? If you have space enough, the following list of them perhaps may interest your readers, and may show that the right of attending the deliberations of the House of Commons has not been entirely without fruit:

John, Lord Carteret, Earl Granville, diplomatist statesman, died 1673.
Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor, 1675 (afterward Earl of Nottingham).
Lord Halifax, Prime Minister, 1697.
William Pulteney (First Earl of Bath), a prominent member of the House of Commons, 1743.
Henry Pelham, Prime Minister, 1744.
Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister, 1754.
Sir Robert Henley, Lord Chancellor, 1764 (Earl of Northington).
Marquis of Rockingham, Prime Minister, 1765.
Charles Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1802.
Earl of Shelburne, Prime Minister, 1782.
Duke of Portland, Prime Minister, 1783 and 1807.
Earl Russell, Prime Minister, 1845.
Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, etc.

There are many other names I could quote of former "Westminsters," but the above will, no doubt, more than suffice as a supplement to the information contained in the otherwise very accurate article in question.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS S. OLDHAM.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Boys of the Family.—VI.

THE PROGRESS OF A CLERK.

A BANKER of large and varied experience once said to the writer that the clerks in his establishment who gave the greatest satisfaction, and in whom the greatest confidence could be placed, were usually the sons of poor gentlemen,—boys who, not having been brought up in affluence, still possessed a puissant sense of honor and a refinement of taste which preserved them from debasing amusements. He considered them more trustworthy than others with larger means at their disposal, who would presumably be outside the reach of pecuniary temptation. Aside from the perception of subtle heredity which it embodies, the opinion indicates what is true of nearly all first-class business houses—that a banker requires some personal knowledge of the antecedents of those applying for admission to places in his office, even if the places sought are remote from any great trust or responsibility. The accuracy with which our informant selected his clerks is attested by the fact that he at one time had eleven young men in his employ, ten of whom are now successful merchants or bankers themselves, having proved invariably faithful, persevering, industrious, and thrifty; while one of them, the son of a stone-cutter, and who entered the bank as an office-boy, is a millionaire knight in Australia.

Beyond a satisfactory character and a good education, the novice requires nothing that his own conduct and abilities may not supply, and supposing that he is poor, it is upon these two things that his advancement will depend. A classical education is obviously unessential, though it is not superfluous, and the more desirable qualifications are a fluent knowledge of modern languages, especially French and German, facility in arithmetic, and self-possession, which is as indispensable in a bank, under some circumstances, as it is to a mariner or a soldier. But no matter what his attainments are, nor how brilliant his college record is, the youth who enters a bank is usually set to work upon tedious and unprofitable details for many months before an opportunity is given him in a higher direction. He is sent to the post-office for the mail or with it; he is required to copy letters and bear messages; and, while he may pose at home and speak as though he were a vital factor of the bank's existence,—which is the fatuous way of many employés,—he is actually of no particular importance. The course is humiliating to the sensitive and self-loving, especially those who have left school with a feeling of personal completeness; but it is an inevitable preliminary. The pay is nominal,—usually about three hundred dollars a year,—with a small annual increase; and, as a beginner is over eighteen when he is admitted, he does not earn enough to support himself until he is twenty-two or three years old. While he is occupied with details tedious and apparently unprofitable, he is almost unconsciously acquiring a familiarity with the more abstruse elements of the business, and the

employers are finding out what special aptitude he has, with a view to his promotion. If, when a vacancy occurs, he has shown the ability of a clever arithmetician, he is put in the book-keeper's department; if he has developed an acquaintance with the stock market, and has shown caution in handling coupons, money, etc., he is put with the cashier; if he is a linguist, capable of writing a perspicuous letter, the chances are that he will be put in the correspondence department; and, with his advancement, he ceases to be a probationer and passes into a highway, which, if all its pitfalls are avoided, leads on to fairly lucrative and honorable positions, though a fortune may not be at the end. It should be understood that we are writing of a bank which, though it is representative, may not have identical methods with all others, and that a boy might find in practical experience many exceptions to these statements.

The beginner in a business house is environed by much the same circumstances as those that we have described. In England, Germany, and other continental countries, the large mercantile firms engage a certain number of young men as apprentices for five, six, or seven years, paying them about five hundred dollars for the term, in the form of a progressive salary. The apprentices are indentured, and are saved from drudgery by the subordinate office-boys; but here there are no apprentices, and the duties of a beginner are limited to a variety of little things, against which the lordly soul of an English apprentice, who is usually an intolerably affected young person, would revolt. Apprenticeship in mercantile life abroad has, in fact, a basis of social distinction, and practically operates to the profit of the employer without having a commensurate advantage to the clerk, who is bound to wait several years before his earnings are sufficient to support him. An office-boy in America has a much better chance, and his advancement from clerkship to clerkship quickly follows the mastery he obtains over the different branches of the business. If he have a taste for business, there is no reason why he should not, and no probability that he will not, rise to the best position in the office which he enters. The writer is personally acquainted with several young men who, beginning thus at the bottom round of the ladder, have since acquired important clerkships by simple diligence and integrity, and are being promoted to higher grades every year. Not every opening is worth having, however. An old-established house with extensive connections should be selected, if selection is possible; such a house is heard of oftener through one's business acquaintances than through newspaper advertisements.

The best preparation for a commercial life is a common-school education, and the most serviceable parts of it, as in a bank, are the modern languages. French, German, Spanish, and Italian are sure to be of value, and the ability to write short-hand often hastens the advancement of a beginner. Nothing of greater use than the subjects included in the curriculum of the public schools can be learned in the so-called business or commercial colleges, which, in so far as they undertake to teach the practical details of business life, are misleading, to say the least, in the opinion of all the merchants with whom we are acquainted. Every firm has its own methods of book-keeping and its own formulas in other departments, one differing from another in all the essential particulars of its system. The elements of book-keeping may and should be learned at school, but the knowledge thus gained is modified in development and operation by the individual usages of the house to which it is taken; and, similarly, there is as much disparity between clearing-house or custom-house work as it is taught in a business college and as it is actually done in a business house as between the journalism of a boy printing his own paper on his own press and the journalism of a New York daily.

Perhaps a good mother, who has seen the impish, vulgar, and strangely mature boys in some Wall-street broker's office, may shudder at the prospect of having one of her own put under the influences that have produced such precocity; but, though they are exposed to great temptations, it is not often that these boys are vicious, and from their ranks some of the most successful business men are recruited. Finally, while we would urge a boy to avail himself of the completest education he can get, it may not be altogether a misfortune if, when he is about seventeen, and is proficient in the English branches, he is compelled to seek a place in an office. Seventeen is a good age, and though the salary to begin with may not be more than two dollars a week, it will probably be increased to twelve or fifteen dollars before he is twenty, provided, of course, that he is observant and industrious.

We are inclined to believe that the most brilliant possibilities are in the wholesale dry goods houses, which have some positions within the reach of comparatively young men and commanding salaries of from four to eight thousand a year. Beginners are usually admitted at the age of from sixteen to twenty, and are paid about one hundred dollars for the first year, two hundred for the second, and three hundred for the third. Vacancies are filled in most instances by protegés of the older employés or relatives of customers, but occasionally they are announced through a newspaper advertisement, one insertion of which often evokes more than a thousand answers in twenty-four hours, many of the applicants offering their services gratuitously for the sake of the opportunity. After the third year, or earlier, the beginner is promoted to the position of assistant book-keeper, entry clerk, or shipping clerk, with a salary of about fifteen dollars a week; but his best opportunities are in the salesmen's department. It is the salesmen who command the salaries we have mentioned, and whose abilities are akin to genius. A good one is indispensable to the firm with which he is connected; he has a large acquaintance with "the trade," and so personal an influence over the customers that they would follow him with their business to any house to which he might transfer himself. The source of this rare influence is not easily defined. It is, in part, a sort of magnetism or winsomeness of disposition, coupled with a shrewd and ever-watchful intimacy with the market. When a customer comes into

the store, the salesman requires an assistant to handle the goods; and one of the boys is named for the service. Fortunate youth! If he is clever, he studies the shades, qualities, and prices of the fabrics; makes himself agreeable to the customer; and watches the market. Then, perhaps, when the salesman is out, one day, a customer comes in, to whom he makes a sale himself—and this is the first step toward the attainment of one of the best positions in commercial life. WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Cable's "Madame Delphine."*

IT is a marked evidence of Mr. Cable's range and general force as a writer that he has constructed in this novelette an impressive tragedy without the use of the element of humor, which in the highest examples of fictitious writing, whether dramatic or narrative, has been the handmaid of tragedy. A reader, making acquaintance with this book, would have no basis from which to infer that fine sense of the incongruities which permeates his other work, and which overflows in the rollicking fun of "Posson Jone'." Conversely, one who should read "Posson Jone'"—a story without the sentiment of love,—indeed, without a female personage—would never know with what delicacy and refined suggestion of femininity Mr. Cable depicts a woman, and especially a beautiful woman, in love. However, though without a humorous character, scene, paragraph, or line, "Madame Delphine" is not a *tour de force* of somber plotting, but a readable and picturesque setting of a naturally acted drama on the theme of the inductive or vicarious responsibility for sin. Mr. Cable does not assume the burden of this theme to be proved as a proposition—he is too true an artist for that—but has left it where it ought to rest—upon the characters, and has subdued it to a distinct undertone of a story which owes its main interest to characterization and action. The moral is lightly carried, and not heavily dragged by the movement of the plot: there are no *détours*, no superfluities, and the close construction of the story gives it a buoyancy as a book which its compactness may have led one to overlook in the always exacting and often exasperating slowness of a serial.

Considered from a literary point of view, "Madame Delphine" is an advance on any one of Mr. Cable's previous short stories and on much of "The Grandissimes," in which the scene gave more opportunities for excess of writing as background to the heroic action and large drawing. Here every word is directly in the drift of the story. The style is polished but not ornate—rather like the furniture of Père Jerome's room, "carved just enough to give the notion of wrinkling pleasantry." There are more uniformly elegant writers of contemporary fiction than Mr. Cable, but we can think of none more vital, none who gives more direct evidence of genius. He reminds one of nobody. Except for a rare whiff of Victor Hugo, he has an uninvaded individuality. It would be hard to find in current literature scenes to exceed in freshness, force, and charm Madame Delphine's disavowal of her daughter, or Lemaitre's discovery of Olive in the moonlit garden—where the ground seemed to him "an unsteady sea and he to stand once more upon a deck." How aptly, too, these words heighten the situation by recalling the first meeting of the two on shipboard! The book is full of such passages appealing to the imagination and preparing the way for some telling scene. It is more than good reading—it is good art.

The story is also an advance along the line of the weakest, or rather the least strong, of Mr. Cable's qualities as a writer—his sense of proportion. In "The Grandissimes," the casual reader once in a while was puzzled by the emphasis laid upon minor scenes and people. This is the fault of "Gabriel Conroy," and of most other first novels. The atmosphere is rarer than in a short story: one is deceived as to distances and forces are miscalculated. Doubtless something similar is the experience of a brigadier-general who is called for the first time to handle a corps in action. There are but slender traces of this fault in "Madame Delphine," and it is so surely a fault merely of inexperience that we may confidently look for its disappearance in Mr. Cable's (or Mr. Harte's) next novel. It is even now compensated for by the extreme vigor and clarity of his characterization—which is the most evident excellence of this book. There is, properly speaking, no hero and no heroine, but four evenly sustained characters, unmistakably human and all unmistakably different. Indeed, take any two characters created by Mr. Cable, select the two most alike, and the likeness will only be the likeness of the genus, while there will still be wide individual differences, mental and physical. This can be said of very few other writers of the day: it is much to say of any writer at a time when English character-drawing is largely vague and metaphysical, when characters often stand for single forces instead of for men and women, and when the tendencies of criticism and of creative art are to exalt the contemplative above the dramatic. Mr. Cable's work is free from the malaria of dilettanteism; it has a strong backbone of popular interest, and it may be commended to the American reader or the foreign critic as a portion of that too small body of current writing which is likely to last and be referred to as American literature.

* Madame Delphine. By George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

Gosse's Selection of "English Odes."*

WHAT is an ode?

The word, as employed by the English poets, is greatly in need of definition. It is not a verse-form like the sonnet, nor does it imply any particular kind of theme or treatment. Metrically, it may vary from the simplest stanza, as in Cowper's "Boadicea," to the elaborate harmonies of "Alexander's Feast," or "The Progress of Poesy." Why should not any lyrical poem whatever be called an ode? And yet, in fact, a difference is recognized between the ode and simpler forms of the lyric. No one would think of calling the songs of Shakspere, or of Burns, odes. The distinction is one to be felt rather than stated, though it may be affirmed in a general way that the ode carries with it the notion of a more formal, artificial, and less spontaneous expression than the song.

The difficulty of supplying a definition of the word seems to have been appreciated by Mr. Gosse, in making his little collection of English odes. Twenty-eight poets—from Spenser to Swinburne—contribute to fill a volume of some two hundred and sixty pages, and the editor gives us an introduction, written with that nice scholarship and sureness of taste which have already placed him high on the list of English critics. In discussing the history of the ode, he reminds us that the word had almost the same looseness of meaning in Greek as in English. Two forms of the Greek ode, however, developed into a certain fixity of structure, and this by reason of their musical accompaniments: namely, the Ætolian, which was set to simple airs, and written, therefore, in simple measures; and the Dorian, which was married to the more elaborate "Dorian mood." The Ætolian ode is popularly known to modern readers as the Horatian, the Latin poet having reproduced the Sapphic, Alcaic, and Anacreontic meters of the originals. The triumphal odes of Pindar are the best representatives of the complicated Dorian ode.

It is manifest that the effect to a Greek ear of one of the odes of Simonides or Pindar cannot be furnished by any modern imitation. To say nothing of that fatal difference between quantity and accent which separates all ancient from all modern verse, the measures of the Dorian ode depended, in a peculiarly intricate way, upon the Dorian musical system. The musical clew is lost, and, though the poet may imitate the triple construction of the Pindaric ode in strophe, antistrophe, and epode, and may reproduce the measure, line for line and foot for foot, the effect will be merely mechanical. And, in fact, there is apt to be something mechanical about the best English Pindarics. Cowley, who began the fashion, had not learned the secret of Pindar's verse, but he tried to produce a similar effect by a certain abrupt irregularity and variety of meter. "The odes of Pindar," says Mr. Gosse, "so far from being, as used to be supposed, utterly licentious in their irregularity, are more like the *canzos* and *sirventes* of the mediæval troubadours than any modern verse. In each case the apparent looseness and actual rigidity of form depend upon the exigencies of the music, which strained the poet's art to its utmost, yet never released him from its bondage."

Without this guide, Cowley floundered helplessly. Nothing can be more wooden than his odes, unless it be the odes of some of his followers, like Addison and Pope. The verse is teased into a sound and fury, the diction tortured into a kind of spurious grandeur. In a period when all English poetry was artificial, the Pindaric ode was most emphatically so. Its lawlessness offered a convenient cover for all manner of poetic incompetence. "They that could do nothing else," complains Dr. Johnson, "could write like Pindar." Dr. Johnson said many fatuous things about Gray, and yet we must confess to having shared, in some degree, his feeling about "the wonderful wonder of wonders, the two sister odes." "His art and his struggle *are* too visible"; he sustains himself at that great height, not with the steady impulse of "the Theban eagle," but by rapid and laborious beatings of the wings. The best odes have, perhaps, been written by those who wrote with most forgetfulness of Pindar.

Mr. Gosse has been fortunate in his selections. A few amendments might, however, be suggested. Spenser's "Epithalamium" is given, but not the equally beautiful "Prothalamium." Drayton's spirited "Ode to the Cambro-Britons on their Harp" might well have been included. Prior's "Ode on the Taking of Namur" deserves no place in such a collection. Mr. Gosse's definition of an ode is worth giving: "We take as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." Perhaps this answers the question with which we began, but we imagine that the plain, blunt man, when asked what an ode is, will still answer, "It is a poem *to* something or *on* something."

Bastian on "The Brain as an Organ of Mind."*

THE adaptation of the acts of animals to their needs can be observed, described, and estimated independently of any theory as to the way in which it is brought about. It is a relation between purely material things—muscular contractions on the one side and certain physical requirements of the animal or its offspring on the other. We are, however, in the habit of inferring from such acts as these the conscious processes of the animal, putting ourselves in his place, as it were, and forming an estimate of his mental powers conceived in terms of our own feelings. But while the word "mind" usually directs attention straight to the conscious intelligence, and not to the physical relation from which it is inferred and estimated, it seems in these days sometimes to be used simply for this latter. And there is some ex-

* English Odes, selected by Edmund W. Gosse. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

* The Brain as an Organ of Mind. By H. Charlton Bastian, author of "Evolution and the Origin of Life," etc., etc. D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

cuse for this, since this relation is a very common and very important one. In this altered or denuded sense we understand the title of Dr. Bastian's book, "The Brain as an Organ of Mind." The group of questions here discussed relate to the part which the brain plays in bringing about the adaptation of the acts to the need of animals.

The play of physical forces constituting the physiology of the central nervous system is so complex and delicate that it is of all things perhaps the least known, and the general ways of looking at these processes, coming as they do from evidence that is scattered, remote, and, after all, scanty, are not the same for all men, and it becomes important to understand the point of view of the author. He does not regard the soul as occupying a gap between sensory impressions coming in and motor impulses going out. He denies the existence of such a gap, and regards all the changes which take place as in harmony with the generalizations of chemistry and physics from phenomena taking place outside of the living body. The chain of physical cause and effect is complete, and behind the voluntary actions of man lie no exceptions. This is materialism. But it is of the affirming, not the denying, kind. It may be oversanguine for science, for the possibility of expressing in general terms the succession of physical states, but no one has ever been able to show that there is any incompatibility between such materialism as this and the positive teachings of well-accredited orthodoxy. This being the general view taken in this volume of the nature of the material phenomena, those of consciousness take their place easily as the attendants of certain parts of the material succession. And there are two kinds of questions: first, those of pure nerve mechanics,—the explanation of the effects of pure physical causation; and second, the determination of the correspondences between consciousness and nervous activity. But as the results of introspective psychology give us here and there valuable hints in the investigation of cerebral physiology, it is unwise to keep them entirely separate, and the reader will find in this book a rather easy turning from one kind of considerations to the other.

The plan of the book takes in a very considerable amount of comparative anatomy—somewhat more than a third of the book; and it is rather dull, and to a certain extent it seems misplaced.

The discussion of instinct occupies some space, and is interesting. We apply the word instinctive to such purposeful acts of animals as are not directed by individual experience. They are innate tendencies to activity. But not all such innate tendencies are instinctive—only such as are very special and complicated, and unmodified by circumstances. And instinct is not marked off by any sharp line from things that are not instinct—from such things as the human belief in universal causation, for example. There has been, doubtless, a tendency to overrate the instinctive character of the innate tendencies of brutes—that is, to make them somewhat too special, and too little modifiable by circumstances and experience—too stiff, as it were. Under the title of plasticity of instinct, this subject is discussed, and the following instance is quoted from "Romanes," page 232:

"Three years ago, I gave a pea-fowl's egg to a Brahma hen to hatch. The hen was an old one, and had previously reared many broods of ordinary chickens with unusual success even for one of her breed. In order to hatch the pea-chick, she had to sit one week longer than is necessary to hatch an ordinary chick. * * * The object with which I made this experiment, however, was that of ascertaining whether the period of maternal care subsequent to incubation admits under peculiar conditions of being prolonged; for a pea-chick requires such care for a very much longer time than does an ordinary chick. As the separation between a hen and her chickens always appears to be due to the former driving away the latter when they are old enough to shift for themselves, I scarcely expected the hen in this case to prolong her period of maternal care, and, indeed, only tried the experiment because I thought that, if she did so, the fact would be the best one imaginable to show in what a high degree hereditary instinct may be modified by peculiar individual experience. The result was very surprising. For the enormous period of eighteen months, this old Brahma hen remained with her ever-growing chicken, and throughout the whole of that time she continued to pay it unremitting attention. She never laid any eggs during this lengthened period of maternal supervision, and if, at any time, she became accidentally separated from her charge, the distress of both mother and chicken was very great. Eventually the separation seemed to take place on the side of the peacock. * * * In conclusion, I may observe that the peacock reared by this Brahma hen turned out a finer bird in every way than did any of his brothers of the same brood which were reared by their own mother; but that, on repeating the experiment next year with another Brahma hen and several pea-chickens, the result was different, for the hen deserted her family at the time when it was natural for ordinary hens to do so, and, in consequence, all the pea-chickens miserably perished."

The question arises whether we have also been led into the converse mistake with regard to man, and have not recognized the large amount of instinct, or inheritance of very special tendencies of action, which obtains in him. It is a difficult thing to discriminate between what is learned and what is inherited, especially as what is inherited by no means necessarily appears at once after birth, but also in the course of the child's development. The following story, page 606, if it can be believed, seems to point to much more extended special inheritance by man than we are accustomed to admit:

"In the year 1877, the writer was consulted concerning the health of a boy, the son of a leading barrister, who was then twelve years old, and had been subject to 'fits' at intervals. The first fits occurred in infancy, when the patient was about nine months old. Toward the end of the second year these fits seemed to have ceased, and the child appeared sufficiently intelligent—to be well, in fact, in all respects except that he did not talk. When nearly five years old the little fellow still had not spoken a single word, and about this time two eminent physicians were consulted in regard to his dumbness. But before the expiration of another twelve months, as

his mother reports, on the occasion of an accident happening to one of his favorite toys, he suddenly exclaimed, 'What a pity!' though he had never previously spoken a single word. The same words could not be repeated, nor were others spoken, notwithstanding all entreaties, for a period of two weeks. Thereafter the boy progressed rapidly, and speedily became most talkative. When seen by the writer he spoke in an ordinary manner, without the least sign of impediment or defect."

It seems extremely difficult to believe that the practical knowledge of the way to make the different sounds recognizable by the ear should be inherited in its entirety, instead of being acquired by individual experiment, as it usually seems to be. Yet this is what this story directly testifies to, and Mr. Bastian assures us of its thorough reliability. This is one of the most remarkable, not to say incredible, evidences of human instinct that we have met.

The book as a whole is not marked by any great originality or profundity, but it is a useful compilation by a competent man—a man of work and of distinction.

Preble's "History of the Flags of the United States."*

THE title of this book deserves to be given in full, for, comprehensive as it is, its contents completely justify it. The work is remarkable both for its scope and completeness, and in another respect is still more remarkable. It is a book that grew,—not made with a preconceived purpose, from previously acquired knowledge,—but one that literally grew like the acquisition of a science or an art, where the student is led from some small beginning to climb up, step by step, from pure love of the pursuit, till the top and the end is reached. Its germ was a newspaper article; its first bud, another newspaper article; this expanded into a pamphlet; that, at last, increased to this large octavo volume of near eight hundred and fifty pages. It is quite probable that when Midshipman Preble first stepped upon the quarter-deck of a ship he may have glanced aloft with a lurking thought somewhere at the bottom of his heart that the day might come when Admiral Preble's signal should fly from the main-mast. It was not in the least probable that, when he sent his first little letter on the American flag for a corner in a newspaper, he thought his name would ever stand upon the title-page of a book like this, to take its place in literature as an historical authority. Yet the authorship has come as certainly as the admiralship, and come as naturally and almost as inevitably. The book is as the end and outcome of a voyage wherein the globe was circumnavigated, all its oceans traversed, all its nations visited, all its coasts surveyed, but which at the beginning was only meant to be a sail down the harbor.

In reading the volume, one has the pleasant picture always before him of the old sailor, his cruises and his battles all over and well finished, rounding out his life in completing the history of a subject the first thought of which came to him as he looked up from the deck of his ship to the flag floating over his head, and wondered where it came from. He was put there for its defense; to him it was the symbol of personal honor and love of country; whatever interest might in time gather about it as a subject of historical research and literary labor, this first interest had its root in a deep personal and professional love for the flag of his country, intrusted to his keeping and never for a moment forgotten. Charming as it is to see the unaffected pride and patriotic affection which illuminate so many pages of the book, it is no less notable that the perfect impartiality of the historian is never missing.

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the flag in the Rebellion of 1860–65. The incidents of that time are recalled with the deepest, and often with an impassioned, fervor. And yet these pages, where between the lines can be read the intense feeling of twenty years ago, are as impartial as a mathematical treatise. The facts are given with the precision of mathematical lines and figures, and nothing can be more refreshing than the perfect unconsciousness with which it is taken for granted that two and two still make four. Clearly it would be hopeless for anybody to ask this old sea-king to believe that they ever can make either three or five.

But, putting aside the characteristics, intellectual and moral, of this work, as a mere history of flags, and especially of the American flag, both loyal and rebel, in the war of the Rebellion, it is one of great value, and one which leaves nothing more to be said upon the subject.

Three "Round Robin" Novels.*

SHOULD judgment be made from the first specimens of the series announced under the motto, "Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon," it will appear that the Round Robin Series is to belong to the safe class of eminently respectable novels of the American type, neither so long as their ordinary English cousins, nor so dull, yet with less chance of including, by one of those mistakes which the safest publishers sometimes make, a work of actual genius. The opening for such literary ventures is immense in this country, the proportion of readers who enjoy the feebly ideal or upper mediocre class of fiction being to all appearance greater in the United States than in any other land. Such readers demand nice type and pretty covers; they want sentiment, it is true, but sentiment of that vague and improbable kind that does not make them "think of things." They want harsh facts and grim actualities in the experience of nearly every man and woman covered deep under those layers

* History of the Flags of the United States of America, and of the Naval and Yacht-club Signals, Seals and Arms, and Principal National Songs of the United States, with a Chronicle of the Symbols, Standards, Banners, and Flags of Ancient and Modern Nations. By George Henry Preble, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. Second Revised Edition. Illustrated with Ten Colored Plates, Two Hundred Engravings on Wood, and Maps and Autographs. Boston: A. Williams & Company.

* A Nameless Nobleman. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881. The Georgians. The same. A Lesson in Love. The same.

of conventionality in literature which are so easy to make, so pleasant to feel, but, to those who are forced to read novels in and out of season, so utterly unintelligent and hopeless. Like a poor stone in a fine setting, many of these novels attract the eye by their neat and sometimes tasteful outward look, only to prove mere husks—the nerveless imaginings of people who have had no experience in life, or the smart echoes of great writers, or the hypocritical enthusiasms of those who know what life can be, and, in the process of learning, have discovered that nothing is so salable as untruth.

It is only fair to "A Nameless Nobleman" to point out that the above is general in its application, and refers to classes of novels, not to the individual. For "A Nameless Nobleman" has undeniable merit of its gentle kind, that raises it above the ruck of passing fiction without removing it entirely from the breed. Descriptions of manorial gardens of fair Provence alternate with seasonable sketches of life on the New England coast in the days when it appeared as if the French were more firmly settled in North America than the English. There are pretty scenes between the exile in hiding and the hostess who becomes his wife. The fate of the young girl whom Paris attracts from her quiet life in Provence as a candle a moth, forms the antithesis of that of her cousin and lover, who becomes, under a plain name, a physician in the New World. Should none of the "Round Robins" fall below this in merit, the cry of pessimism against the critic were indeed in order. But that the standard cannot be held, is proved in "A Lesson in Love," the second venture, a feeble performance in every way, and not calculated to reflect credit on the writer to whom reports give the authorship.

With "The Georgians," however, the standard again rises, and to a point higher than it has reached hitherto. For "The Georgians," though it does not read like the work of a skilled hand, proceeds from what is even better, a thoughtful mind, on which the world and its lessons have not failed to make a solid mark. The scenes are laid in new land, the State of Georgia since the war; and the sympathetic treatment of Baptists and revivals is both courageous and novel. Yet the best of the book is the worst—the moral of it. The Countess Orlanoff, whose husband is in an insane asylum abroad, yields to her new love for Laurens, a manly young Georgian, before the news arrives that her husband is dead. This mars their wedded life, as we are distinctly left to infer, although coldness similar to that which exists between Félise and her second husband might easily spring from twenty other grounds. Yet the assumption that her guilty conscience, and perhaps a lurking contempt on his part, should always keep them unhappy, is excellent in its way and forms an admirable close to a story that has much that is good otherwise. It is the one of the three novels of the series which shows distinct mark of promise in the authoress.

Francillon's "Under Slieve-Ban." *

It is a curious fact that the talent for constructing intricate plots is rarely coupled with acute observation and a pure and graceful style. Tourguéneff, whose faculty of observation is as minute as it is profound, selects a few commonplace incidents as the groundwork of his tales, but never attempts to construct an ingenious entanglement of circumstances and events. George Eliot and Thackeray, whose psychological insight was unsurpassed, placed as little reliance upon the mere external complications of incidents, and in fact valued an incident chiefly for its typical quality, its liability to occur in any life, rather than for its rarity and exceptional character. We are inclined to think that the rule holds good in all the more conspicuous cases in modern literature. Novelists of the Wilkie Collins type, who search police records and biographies of criminals for hysterical sensations, who select by preference murderers, lunatics, and other abnormal creatures as their heroes, are rarely persons of delicate perceptions or masters of style. Mr. Francillon, who, we regret to say, belongs remotely to this school, shows, however, his taste for the abnormal not so much in the character of his hero as in the invention of curious adventures. Michael Fay, in "Under Slieve-Ban," is an Irishman who, for aught we know, may have several counterparts on the Emerald Isle. He has an "Irish heart," "Irish blood," and various other Celtic peculiarities; though one cannot help wondering in what respect the anatomy of an Irishman differs from that of the rest of mankind. Michael Fay, who is otherwise not very strikingly individualized, performs a series of noble and heroic acts, and after having been knocked about on land and sea for many years, returns to his native isle, and reaps the reward of his fidelity to the woman of his choice. It seems at first sight as if the catalogue of the wonderful had been exhausted in the narrative of Michael Fay's adventures; we have no doubt, however, but that Jules Verne might possibly "go one better."

To those who enjoy an old-fashioned novel of the thrilling sort we can heartily recommend "Under Slieve-Ban." It is so full of surprises that the reader is forced to hold his breath from the beginning of each chapter to its very end. And those who enjoy the factitious excitement attendant upon this kind of exercise will undoubtedly feel repaid for their labor. For the plot, disbelieve it as we may, is very skillfully constructed, and the incidents (though told in a bald and unpretentious style) are yet sufficiently unhackneyed to save one's self-respect and furnish one with an excuse for being so cheaply entertained. The only attempt at characterization in the book is the school-master Dennis, *alias* Dionysius, Rooney, whose classical learning and indomitable poetic conceit are very cleverly combined and vaguely point to a living prototype. Kate Callan and Phil Ryan, on the other hand, are thoroughly conventional and commonplace.

* Under Slieve-Ban: A Yarn in Seven Knots. By R. E. Francillon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

Mallock's "Romance of the Nineteenth Century."*

MR. MALLOCK has but one theme. He goes about among the men of his generation as if he felt that a burden for them had been laid upon him, and he proposed to let no sense of his limitations as a prophet, or his purblindness as a seer, interfere with its delivery. What he has to say reaches a very numerous class of readers, not solely on account of his style and the better qualities of his thought, but also because his range of suggestion, if not wide, is at least very long, going dangerously near the lowest depths which decent thought and speech can touch on one hand, and appealing on the other to that longing for the highest which, in one shape or another, lives in us all. To make life endurable, he says, it must be made to yield an adequate personal satisfaction: but such a satisfaction is unattainable in the present state of things, when reason has eaten away the foundations of faith for the reasonable, and poverty and unreason have so far felt the solvents of unbelief that they no longer suffer with patience, because they no longer suffer with undoubting hope. Without a downright faith in God, based on revelation and upheld by dogma, life is empty—emptier by far to those who have leisure and wealth and intellect sufficient to let them test fully its entire range of substitutes for God than it can possibly be to others. Mr. Mallock was not the first to feel this—it was a genius and a poet of the fourth century, and not of the nineteenth, who after a youth of pleasure gave utterance to that famous cry: "Thou hast made us, O God, for thyself, and our hearts are unrestful till they find repose in thee!" But the longing for God is all that Mr. Mallock finds words for. When he has told us that pleasure is deceitful, and beauty is vain, and that the woman who does not fear the Lord is not to be praised, he has nothing to add except that, although he thinks he knows in what direction God might be sought for, yet he has himself utterly failed to find him there, and has a bitter suspicion that he has no existence. On the whole, we doubt whether the good in this nineteenth century romance compensates for its lack of art, its incongruity, and occasional grossness. One disagreeable peculiarity of Mr. Mallock's—his apparent inability even to imagine a woman who shall be entirely free from impure suggestion, if not in herself at least in her speech—has never, we believe, been so openly displayed as in this volume. Cynthia we find a quite incredible monstrosity.

Poynter's "Among the Hills."†

THIS is a thoroughly well told and interesting story of English rural life, but it is not altogether a pleasant one. It is the history, as its author tells us in the outset, "of one who, with keen sensibilities and some capacity for greatness, found herself imprisoned in a narrow and untoward lot, out of which it seemed exceptionally hard to struggle into freedom and light." Hetty is the badly deformed apprentice of a village milliner, endowed with a passionate heart and great susceptibility to beauty, and, naturally, doomed to suffer all the more keenly through the possession of such gifts. The story of her thwarted love, of her great miseries and small compensations, of her mad attempt to end her troubles by suicide, and the final meager happiness which comes from no higher consideration than that this attempt has, by making her bedridden, at least succeeded in hiding her deformity,—the story of all this is, to say the least of it, not cheerful reading. There are, nevertheless, some very attractive scenes and characters in the book—pretty, modest, self-respecting Jenny and her wise mother being especially well drawn. At the same time, when the main purpose of a work of modern art seems to be the delineation of hopeless suffering, unrelieved by the lights emanating from that source which has made the modern world, one is forced to reflect that the old pagan way of putting suffering out of sight, and counting poverty of all sorts a disgrace, was not without its wisdom.

Marion Harland's "Handicapped."*

THIS is a collection of stories already familiar to magazine readers in their separate form. They are all characterized by their author's usual shrewd and kindly common sense, and, though entirely distinct in other respects, possess an identity of purpose which makes the title selected for the series equally appropriate to each member of it. The one sketch entitled "The Heart of John Stewart" shows that the conclusion is not absolutely inevitable, but, putting that aside, we should infer that the result of Marion Harland's long study of human nature was the sad conviction that in the race of life it is invariably her own sex which carries the heavy weights. Selfish husbands, heartless and faithless lovers, patient but worn-out wives, and self-sacrificing maidens abound in her pages until the result, if it cannot be denied verisimilitude, must also be acknowledged as depressing. The tales are so evenly meritorious that it is not easy to discriminate between them, but "One Old Maid" is, to our thinking, the pleasantest of the series, and "Nurse Brown's Story" the least agreeable. But there is none of them which, taken singly, will not give the reader of it a pleasant and suggestive half-hour.

Lucy Larcom's "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems."†

THERE is nothing very distinctive about these sweet and pure little poems. They are thoroughly feminine in their refinement, and have the New England conscientiousness. That gentle, religious melancholy which is the latest and most womanly

* A Romance of the Nineteenth Century. By W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Republic," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Among the Hills. By E. Frances Poynter, author of "My Little Lady." Leisure-hour series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

* Handicapped. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

† Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

form of inherited Puritanism, seems to have been deepened in this case by an early bereavement,—the death of a sister or friend,—to which frequent allusion is made in the poems.

The piece which gives its name to the volume is a sea-side idyl in the manner of Whittier's "The Tent on the Beach." The blank verse is the blank verse of a Sigourney, and the pools of reflection into which the poem spreads are very placid indeed. But some of the interspersed songs are pretty, and notably the one entitled "The Old Hymns," in which the author celebrates

> "The psalm-tunes of the Puritan;
> The hymns that dared to go
> Down shuddering through the abyss of man,
> His gulfs of conscious woe:
> * * * * * *
> The long, quaint words, the humdrum rhyme,
> The verse that reads like prose,
> Are relics of a sturdier time
> Than modern childhood knows."

The local flavor is that of the Massachusetts coast in the neighborhood of Beverly,—a level landscape of woods, salt-marshes, creeks, and magnolia swamps. Miss Larcom has not the same intimate sympathy with the sea that Celia Thaxter's poems exhibit; possibly because the latter lives on an island, while the former has the inland country at her back. "I do not love the sea," she writes,

> "I love the west wind's breath,
> That softly wandereth
> Out of the forest fragrance deep."

"The Lady Arbella," "Mistress Hale of Beverly," and "A Gambrel Roof," are bits of history or legend from old colony days, in which the tone is taken from Longfellow and Whittier, and in which those now familiar figures, Endicott, Winthrop, the Salem witches, etc., re-appear perhaps with rather less than their wonted freshness. "A Strip of Blue" and "A Prairie Nest" are among the more imaginative of the short poems. But the strongest emotion appealed to in the book is the religious sentiment, and upon the whole, we like the religious pieces best; particularly "Winter Midnight," beginning:

> "Speak to us out of midnight's heart,
> Thou who forever sleepless art!"

And "Yet Onward," from which we give a single stanza:

> "At friendly shores, at peaceful isles,
> I touch, but may not long delay;
> Where Thy flushed East with mystery smiles,
> I steer into the unrisen day."

Miss Larcom's poetry will come home to that large class of readers—mainly women—who seek in poetry a sympathetic expression of certain of their own moods, rather than a satisfaction of their æsthetic instincts, or a stimulus to their imaginations.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Recent Progress in Telephony.

SCIENTIFIC discoveries that may in any way become useful in the arts, in manufactures, and business are now regarded with universal attention, and, if they have real merits, find an immediate application upon a commercial scale, and almost invariably prove of profit both to the inventor and the public. This tends greatly to the advantage of science, because the commercial value of any discovery gives a new impulse to research. The announcement of a new invention is followed by renewed research on a wider scale by many investigators. The telephone is an illustration of this, for it was not only at once adopted in business, but the labors of a large number of experimenters led to new discoveries and improvements. Among the latest inventions in this field is a telephonic system that differs radically from any of those now in use.

Electricity is best described as being a manifestation of energy. In the school-book experiment of rubbing a glass rod and then bringing it near some loose bits of paper, we have the familiar frictional electricity as a manifestation of the energy spent in rubbing the glass rod. The manifestation appears in the actual work of raising the bits of paper. The source of energy may be a battery, and the work performed may be the movement of a vibrating plate. Another familiar electrical apparatus is the induction coil. A few feet of stout copper wire is insulated and wound around a bundle of soft-iron wires. This coil is inclosed within a second coil of much longer and finer insulated wire. If an electrical current is sent from a battery through the first, or primary, coil, a second and much more intense current is produced by induction in the second coil. These currents are called the primary and secondary currents. In the Reis telephone, the vibrations of a diaphragm set in motion by the sonorous vibrations of the voice may be used to alter the resistance in an electrical circuit, or, in other words, may change the force of an electrical current flowing through it. It is with these familiar appliances that the new telephone has been constructed.

Figure 1 is an ideal representation of the principal parts of the telephone. At T is the transmitter in the small circuit formed by the battery B, the

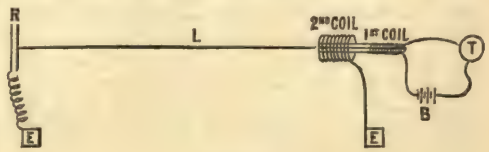

FIGURE 1.

first coil, and the two wires connecting them. The second coil is shown in connection with the first, and is supposed to cover it completely. L is the line-wire and R is the receiver. At E and E are the earth connections with the coil and the receiver.

Figure 2 gives the details of the receiver. Two diaphragms are inclosed in the holder that is conven-

iently arranged for the hand, the first being fastened rigidly in place and connected with the line-wire through the handle. The second diaphragm is fastened only at the edges, and is free to vibrate. There is a small air-space between the diaphragms, and a ring of insulating material at the edges to keep them apart. The wire in practice enters the handle and the edge instead of the back, and the earth-wire may be omitted, as the hand and arm of the person holding the receiver seem to answer the same purpose.

From these figures we may get an idea of the method of operating the telephone. The energy obtained from the battery sets up a current in the primary circuit of the induction coil, and this by induction creates the secondary current that, passing over the line-wire, affects the diaphragm in the receiver. This at once attracts or pulls the outer diaphragm toward it, and the air outside follows it. If the current is cut off or reduced in force, the attraction between the diaphragms is lessened or destroyed, and the outer diaphragm springs back, driving the air before it. In the Reis telephone, a thin diaphragm is placed over an opening in a small wooden box. At the center of this is placed a small piece of platinum, and resting lightly on this is a piece of bent wire that forms part of the primary electrical circuit. A second opening is made in the side of the box, and the person using the transmitter speaks at this opening. The vibrations set up by the voice cause the diaphragm to move in unison with it, and this movement is exactly reproduced in the primary circuit, and reproduced again in the secondary circuit. This system is both novel and very simple, the apparatus is easily made, and, as far as can be learned, is readily kept in working order. It works with very small expenditure of power in the battery, and is free from all extraneous sounds. In addition to this, any number of receivers may be attached to one main line, and words spoken in a single transmitter may be heard equally well in all. In the telephone examined, the speech came quite as clearly and distinctly as in the common forms of telephone, and, with the exception of the slight click at the beginning and end of each message, the receiver was absolutely silent when not in use. The form of the transmitter is somewhat different from the Reis instrument from which it was taken, and all parts of the apparatus appear to be admirably designed for convenience in use. This form of telephone is the invention of Professor A. E. Dolbear, and reflects great credit upon his own labors and upon American science.

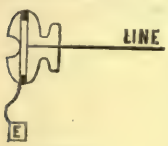

FIGURE 2.

Gas Fuel.

In the November, 1879, number of this magazine, the editor of this department ventured the opinion that the time was not far distant when the people, and particularly householders, would demand a gas fuel to replace the use of wood and coal in shops and dwellings. On page 413, volume XIV., some description was given in this department of a method of making a water-gas that would be suitable for fuel. This water-gas process has been extensively adopted in this country for making illuminating gas, and more recently it has been joined to another and allied process, and gas fuel for domestic and business purposes is now made on a large scale in the city of Yonkers, New York. The predictions concerning gaseous fuel seem to be abundantly fulfilled. The new gas fuel is used by tailors to heat their irons, by jewelers as a blow-pipe flame, without the aid of any extra pressure (thus dispensing with the blow-pipe), and by tinsmiths in heating their soldering-irons. In the case of the tailor's goose and the soldering-iron, the gas is burned directly in the tools, and they may be used continuously, without the delay of heating in a furnace. In the manufacture of hats, the gas fuel is used to heat irons and embossing tools of all kinds, replacing charcoal fires and the use of illuminating gas. The new gas is clean and intensely hot, leaves no deposit of soot, and does not stain nor injure white fabrics. For domestic use, both in heating and cooking, the new fuel has been received with the utmost favor by all classes, and is being rapidly introduced into a large number of dwellings. The price is fifty cents per thousand feet, and a little less to large consumers. At this rate, a range used in a restaurant for eighteen hours a day consumes about six cents' worth of gas. A domestic stove for a small family will consume about two cents' worth. The heating of a tailor's goose for six hours is given at two and a half cents, and the cost of a jeweler's blow-pipe for fuel in ten hours is about one cent. The gas is being applied to smiths' forges and for tempering steel. For power it is being used in gas-engines, the Ottor motor being preferred. It is thought to be better to do this than to burn the gas under a boiler in making steam. The prospect for cheap gas fuel seems now to be fully assured. The demand for the gas in Yonkers appears to be active, and steps are being taken to introduce this most valuable fuel into several of our large cities. All that was here claimed for a gaseous fuel appears to be fully realized in actual daily practice on a commercial scale.

Experiments in Crossing Wheat.

The peculiar manner of flowering displayed by the common wheat-plant makes it appear quite unlikely that varieties of wheat are, except in very rare instances, the result of crossing. The pistils and stamens are inclosed in a casing or leafy sheath, and there is no movement of pollen from one plant to another, as seen in the squash, in corn, and many other plants. The varieties of wheat, it is thought, originated chiefly from the influence of their surroundings. The soil, the aspect, and atmosphere in time change the character of the plant and impress on it new characteristics, and these become fixed by continual repetition. Efforts have from time to time been made to produce new

varieties of wheat by crossing, but with comparatively limited results. The most recent experiments in this direction were made in the Agricultural Experiment station connected with the "Rural New-Yorker" in July of this year, and from an examination of the plants that had been treated, made after the seeds had begun to ripen, success seems to have been secured. The operation was long and very delicate, and consisted in gently bending back the leafy casing surrounding the largest and best buds in a head of wheat before they flowered, carefully cutting out the unripe stamens, and putting in their place stamens from the buds of another variety. The pistils, it may be remarked, were then ripe and in a condition to receive the pollen. The leaflets were then allowed to spring back into place, inclosing the new stamens with the pistils, and a worsted thread was carefully wound around the bud to prevent it from opening. The work of fertilizing the best buds in a head of wheat required more than two hours, as the operation was a most delicate and tedious one. The head of wheat was then tied to a stake, to protect it from the wind and birds. The result, so far, proved most successful, for a large number of the flowers perfected their fruit, and enough ripe seeds were obtained to make a fair trial in planting. The fact that each stamen when operated on was in an immature state, and was entirely removed, shows that a true cross was obtained. Whether the new plants that may spring from the seed will exhibit the characteristics of both parents remains to be seen, but good seeds were obtained by the operation described, and this is regarded as a valuable addition to our knowledge of the wheat-plant.

Preservation of Iron Surfaces.

In 1876, a new process for covering iron and steel surfaces, to protect them from rusting, was announced, and attracted much attention. It was known as the "Barff process," and aimed to protect the metals by covering them with a film of magnetic oxide. The results obtained were very promising, and the process was soon followed by a second, known as the "Bower process," that aimed at the same thing by a different method. Both processes were duly described in this department. While neither method ever became generally useful, the experiments were continued, and both processes have now been united, and, in a greatly improved form, have been introduced on a commercial scale. In the first of these processes, the iron articles were placed in a small retort or muffle, and brought to a high temperature by external heating of the muffle, and then admitting super-heated steam. The iron took up the oxygen, and became coated with a film of magnetic oxide that would effectually resist exposure to air or water. The other process reached the same end by means of highly heated air applied in the same manner; but both processes proved too expensive to be of general use. In the later methods used, a large chamber of fire-brick is built, and connected with it are several gas-producers. The gas, as fast as made, is mixed with highly heated air and burned, and the product of combustion, added to a little free air, is admitted to the chamber. The articles are heated by contact with the hot carbonic acid and air, and take the oxygen from both. The result is a film of magnetic oxide adhering to the articles, and covered with an outer film of sesqui-oxide. This takes about half an hour, when the air is shut off and carbonic oxide is led into the chamber, which serves to reduce this upper film to magnetic oxide. This process is repeated, alternately oxidizing and deoxidizing, till a film of sufficient thickness is secured. The process admits of the use of any iron, however rusty the surface, only a rough cleaning being necessary before the articles are put in the apparatus to be treated. The Barff process is said to be best for wrought-iron, and the Bower for cast-iron. In the latest form of appatatus both air and steam are used, and the two processes are united. Any size or shape of iron articles or materials can be treated, and at much cheaper rates than by either of the old methods. The color of the film is said to be excellent, varying between a French gray and black. Careful experiments with steel coated with the magnetic oxide film show that the strength or character of the metal was in no wise injured by the process.

Disposal of Kitchen Refuse.

The difficulties attending the disposal of kitchen refuse in thickly settled parts of New York City has led to the custom of burning the waste in the range. This is always attended with some difficulty, as the material consists largely of water, and does not readily burn, unless it is first dried. To enable the housekeeper, limited to the narrow quarters of a city flat, to dispose of the refuse in a quick and cleanly manner, a small cremator, or destructor, has been introduced, that certainly has the merit of cheapness and simplicity. From an inspection of the apparatus, it would appear to be a useful addition to the kitchen utensils. It consists of a strong zinc pail, having a gutter, or rim, around the top, that may be filled with water. A cover fits over the pail, dipping into the water in the deep rim, and thus making a water-sealed cap that will be perfectly air-tight. The bottom of the pail has an opening in the center, of the same size as the holes in the top of the stove, this opening being surrounded by a raised rim. Inside this pail is a smaller pail of zinc, open at the bottom and perforated with holes around the sides. Just under this is a double trap-door, that may be opened or closed by means of a handle on the outside of the apparatus. In use, the kitchen refuse is placed in the inner pail, with the trap closed. Water is placed in the rim, to seal the cover, and the whole is placed over an open fire-hole on the range or stove. A very short time answers to dry the material, when the handle is turned and it is allowed to drop into the fire, where it is quickly destroyed. There is no escape of odors, and the liquid waste is evaporated and passes into the fire as steam, without doing any harm. The apparatus is well worth examination and trial by householders.

At Long Branch.

THE waltzes were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with the bang of my hair.
And if ever a mortal was thankful,
It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom:
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think!—and to whom
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions,
And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I *had* flirted,
But only a little, in fun,—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch *him*,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over,—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss,—
For of course 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.
But to think, after all his palaver,
That he ever could snub me like this!

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she lug
But that great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash:
He's been dangling around all the season.
Yes, of course it *was* dreadfully rash,
But I just thought I'd *show* Mr. Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"
"Oh, thank you"—now, Nell, you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-es."

So it's all coming off in October;
I am having my trousseau from Worth.
He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,
And a man of respectable birth;
But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know—
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

Grubbin' a stump is a good way to whet up your 'ligion.

Heap o' people rickerlec' favors by markin' 'em down in de snow.

Always drink pure water: many a man gits drunk fum breakin' dis rule.

A smart man aint gwine to buck 'gin a mud-hole; he walks 'round it eb'ry time.

De sparrer-hawk would like to git a persition to 'tend to de chicken-yard an' keep off de minks.

De smoke-'ouse is safes' in de blackberry season.

Rain-drops can't tell broadcloth fum jeans.

De black gum laughs at de red oak when de wood-cutter comes 'round.

Waitin' on de table is a pow'ful way to git up a appetite.

De hen dat hatches out ducks is gwine to lose her chillun mighty quick.

Dar's nuffin' 'bout thinnin' corn in de spellin'-book.

Smart folks don't feel de teef ob a live squ'el.

De black-snake keeps up wid de family secrets ob de settin' hens.

De fox wants to know how de rabbit's gittin' on.

'Taint much diffunce 'twix' a hornit an' a yaller-jacket when dey bofe git under your clo'es.

Some niggers got so much 'ligion dey want to hab Sunday eb'ry day.

It don't make much diffunce 'bout what sort o' plow you use, ef you jes' hab de right sort o' mule in front an' de right sort o' nigger behin'.

It puts you in a good humor to git hold ob a fat pig—specially right arter it's been bobbykewed.

De cotton-patch don't keer which way you vote.

You can't hurry up good times by waitin' for 'em.

Æsthetic.

IN a garb that was guiltless of colors
She stood, with a dull, listless air—
A creature of dumps and of dolors,
But most undeniably fair.

The folds of her garment fell round her,
Revealing the curves of each limb;
Well proportioned and graceful I found her,
Although quite alarmingly slim.

From the hem of her robe peeped one sandal—
"High art" was she down to her feet;
And though I could not understand all
She said, I could see she was sweet.

Impressed by her limpness and langtor,
I proffered a chair near at hand;
She looked back a mild sort of anger—
Posed anew, and continued to stand

Some praises I next tried to mutter
Of the fan that she held to her face;
She said it was "utterly utter,"
And waved it with languishing grace.

I then, in a strain quite poetic,
Begged her gaze on the bow in the sky;
She looked—said its curve was "æsthetic,"
But the "tone was too dreadfully high."

Her lovely face, lit by the splendor
That glorified landscape and sea,
Woke thoughts that were daring as tender:
Did *her* thoughts, too, rest upon me?

"Oh, tell me," I cried, growing bolder,
"Have I in your musings a place?"
"Well, yes," she said, over her shoulder:
"I was thinking of nothing in space."

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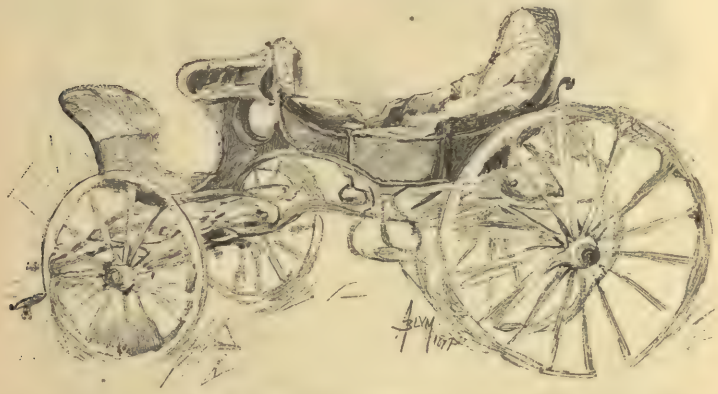
OLD YORKTOWN.



"DIS YARE AM DE KEERAGE IN WHICH GIN'L WASHIN'TON SURRENDIED TO LOR' CO'NWALLIS."

ONE hundred years ago, the eyes of a few States along the Atlantic sea-board were turned anxiously toward "Little York," a small town situated on the curve of York River just above where its white current mingles with the green waters of Chesapeake Bay. There was being fought the death struggle between Great Britain and her revolutionary colonies,—between the Old and the New.

Affairs had assumed a gloomy aspect. The army of the South had been defeated and driven back into Virginia, barely escaping annihilation by forced marches, and by the successful passage of the deep rivers which intersect the country through which it retreated; Virginia, the backbone of the Revolution, had been swept by two invasions; and Cornwallis with his victorious army was marching triumphantly through her borders, trying by every means he could devise to bring his only opponent, a young French officer, to an engagement. Had "the boy" proved as reckless as the British commander believed him, the end would have come before De Grasse with his fleet anchored in the Chesapeake. He was no boy in the art of war, however, and at length Cornwallis, wearied of trying to catch him, retired to York, and intrenching himself, awaited reënforcements from the North. Just at this time, Providence directed the French admiral to the Virginia coast, and the American general, finding himself suddenly possessed of a force such as he had never hoped for in his wildest dreams, and knowing that he could count on the new reënforcements for only a few weeks, determined to put his fate to the touch, and win if possible by a *coup de main*. With this end in view, he withdrew from New York, and came down to Jersey as if to get near his ovens, a move which misled the British commander, who knew that a good meal was a sufficient inducement to carry the hungry American troops farther than that, and did not suspect the ulterior object until he learned that Washing-

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THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF YORKTOWN.

ton was well on his way to Virginia. In the last days of September, the colonial general arrived before York and threw the die. Before the end of three weeks, the British troops marched out with cased colors, prisoners of war. The details of the surrender included an act of poetic retribution. When General Lincoln had, not long before, surrendered at Charleston to Cornwallis, the British marquis appointed an inferior officer to receive his sword; this affront General Washington now properly avenged by appointing General Lincoln to receive Cornwallis's sword.

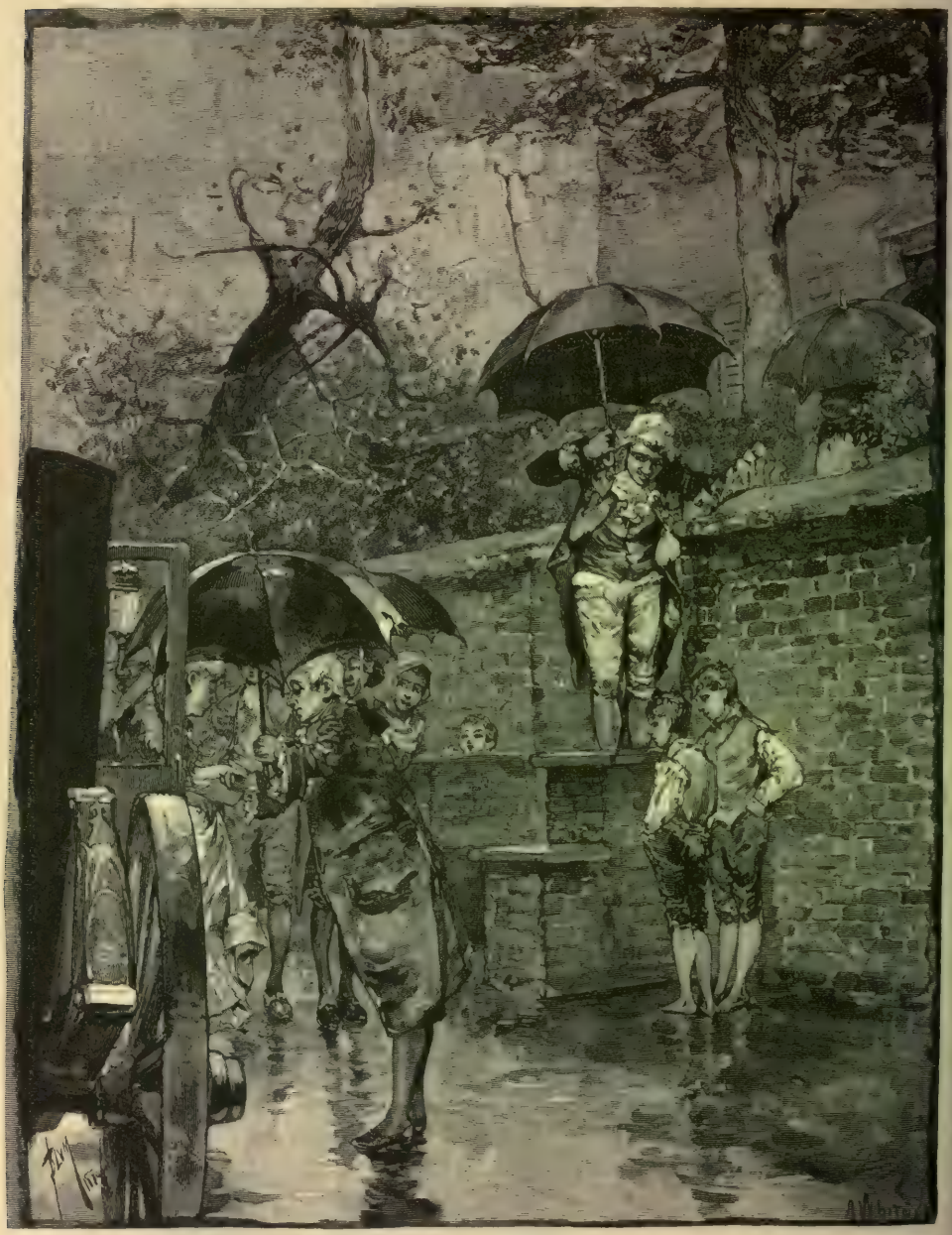
When the British prime minister received the intelligence of the surrender, he threw up his hands, exclaiming: "My God! it is all over!" And it was all over—America was free. A hundred years have passed by since that time, and with natural pride the people of these United States are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the great event which secured their independence. Once more the little sleepy Virginia town, which has for a century lain as if under a spell, awakes with a start to find itself the center of interest.

Had the siege of Yorktown taken place a dozen centuries ago, the assailants, instead of hammering the fortifications down as fast as they were repaired, might have been forced to wait until the grim ally, starvation, compelled the besieged to capitulate. Even at this day the place gives evidence of its advantages as a fortified camp. High ramparts and deep fosses, which might have satisfied a Roman consul, surround it on three sides, and on the fourth, a precipitous bluff above the deep, wide York which could be defended by a handful. These fortifica-

tions bear witness to a later strife. Magruder began them in those early days of 1861, when each side thought the Civil War sport for a summer holiday; and later on, when the magnitude of the struggle was understood, McClellan strengthened them. Together with the few antique brick buildings with massive walls and peaked roofs, which have survived the assaults of three successive wars, and of that more insidious destroyer, Time, they give the place the impressiveness of an old walled town. All new ways and things seem to have been held at bay.

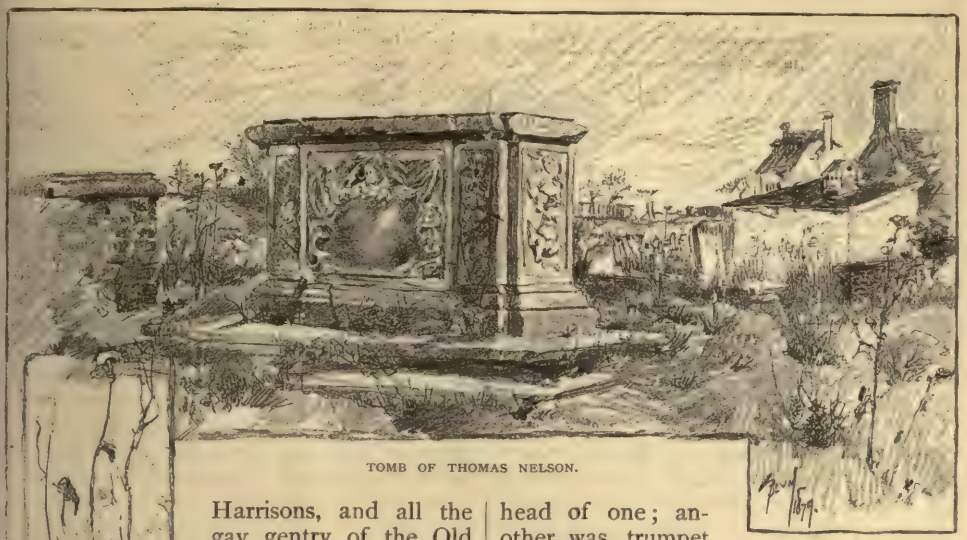
The town is about one hundred and seventy-five years old. It looks much older, but repeated wars have an aging effect, and fish diet is not recuperative. Its founder was Thomas Nelson, a young settler from Penrith, on the border of Scotland,—and for that reason called "Scotch Tom." Scotch Tom's dwelling, known as the "Nelson House," still stands, with its lofty chimneys and solid walls—towering among the surrounding buildings; an enduring preëminence which would probably have gratified the pride which tradition says moved him to have the corner-stone passed through the hands of his infant heir. The massive door and small windows, with the solid shutters, look as if the house had been constructed more with a view to defense than to architectural grace. Within, everything is antique; modern paint has recently, with doubtful success, if not propriety, attempted to freshen up the old English wainscoting;

THE NELSON MANSION.



OLD-TIME CANOPIES.

but the old-time air of the place cannot be banished. Memory grows busy as she walks through the lofty rooms and recalls the scenes they have witnessed. Here, in "ye olden tyme," dwelt a race which grew to wealth and power noted even in that age, when the mere lapse of years, opening up the broad wild lands to the westward, and multiplying the slaves, doubled and quadrupled their possessions without care or thought of the owners. Here have been held receptions at which have gathered Grymeses, Digges, Lees, Carters, Randolphs, Burwells, Pages, Byrds, Spottswoods,



TOMB OF THOMAS NELSON.

Harrisons, and all the gay gentry of the Old Dominion. Up the circular stone steps, where now the dust of the street lies thick, blushing, laughing girls have tripped, followed by stately mammas over whose precious heads the old-time "canopies" were held by careful young lovers, or lordly squires whose names were to become as imperishable as the great Declaration they subscribed. Coming down to a later period, a more historical interest attaches itself to the mansion. George Mason and Washington and Jefferson have slept here; Cornwallis established his head-quarters here during the last days of the great siege, when his first head-quarters, Secretary Nelson's house, had been shelled to pieces. Lafayette, no longer the boyish adventurer with a mind wild with romantic dreams of the Cid, and chased like a fugitive by his sovereign, but the honored and revered guest of a mighty nation, returning in his old age to witness the greatness of the New World toward which his valor had so much contributed, slept here and added another to the many associations which already surrounded the mansion.

Scotch Tom, having built his house, died and was buried. His tomb is one of the two antique monuments which, in spite of war and weather, still remain notable relics of old York. It stands in the uninclosed common near the old church on the bluff, not a stone's-throw from the center of the town. On the four sides, cherubs' faces, elaborately carved, look forth from clouds. Once, a crown was being placed on the head of one; another was, trumpet in mouth, proclaiming "All glory to God," but the ascription has disappeared. The weather and the vandal have marred and wasted the carving; but enough yet remains to show that on it some noted sculptor had used his utmost skill. The coat of arms on the top shows the *fleurs de lis* as his crest, while the inscription and heraldic insignia declare the founder of Yorktown to have been a "gentleman." At his feet, beneath a less imposing tomb, lies Scotch Tom's oldest son, William Nelson, called "President" Nelson from having been President of the King's Council, and at his feet, in turn, sleeps, in an unmarked grave, the President's oldest son, General Thomas Nelson, the most illustrious of the race—signer of the Declaration of Independence, War Governor of Virginia, and one of the most brilliant of that body of great men who stand, a splendid galaxy, in the firmament of history. "The old store," which for two generations yielded the Nelsons a vast harvest of golden guineas, stood on the open space now called "the common." It survived the siege, but was destroyed in the war of 1812. The custom-house, however, where their goods were entered, still stands a score of yards off, with moss-covered peaked roof, thick walls, and massive oaken doors and shutters. This is one of the most notable relics of York, for it is said to have been the first custom-house erected in America. In the colonial period, it was the fashionable rendezvous of the gentlemen of the town and surrounding country. There the young

bucks in velvet and ruffles gathered to talk over the news or plan new plots of surprising a governor or a lady-love. It was there the haughty young aristocrats, as they took snuff and fondled their hounds, probably laughed over the story of how that young fellow, Washington, who, because he had acquired some little reputation fighting Indians, had thought himself good enough for anybody, had courted Mary Cary, and very properly had been asked out of the house by the old Colonel, on the ground that his daughter had been accustomed to ride in her own coach. There it was doubtless told how Tom Jefferson, leaving his clients and studies on the Rivanna, had come back to try his fate at Becky Burwell's dainty feet, and had been sent off for much-needed consolation to his old friend and crony, John Page, who had just induced little Frances, her cousin, to come and be mistress of Rosewell. Sometimes graver topics were discussed there—whether the Metropolitan's license and the recommendation of the Governor were sufficient to override the will of the vestries in fixing an obnoxious rector in the parishes; whether Great Britain had a right to a monopoly of the colonial trade, or whether she could lawfully prevent them inhibiting the landing of slaves in their ports, with other questions which showed the direction of the popular mind.

It would be difficult to find a fitter illustration of the old colonial Virginia life than that which this little town affords. It was a typical Old Dominion borough, and was one of the eight boroughs into which Virginia was originally divided. One or two families owned the place, ruling with a sway despotic in fact, though in the main temperate and just, for the lower orders were too dependent and inert to dream of thwarting the "gentlefolk," and the Southerner uncrossed was ever the most amiable of men. If there were more than one great family, they nevertheless got on amicably, for they had usually married and intermarried until their interests were identical.

Nearly all the "old" families in the colony were allied, and the clannish instinct was as strong as among the Scotch. The ambition of the few wealthy families in the colony, perhaps more than the usually accepted aristocratic instinct, excluded from the circle all who did not come up to their somewhat difficult standard. Government was their passion, and everything relating to it interested them. It was the only matter which excited them, and every other feeling took its tone from this. It influenced them in all their relations, domestic as well as public. Even and smooth as seemed the temperament of the nonchalant, languid Virginian,—not splenitive or rash,—yet had it in it something dangerous. His political opinions were sacred to him; he had inherited them from his father, whom he regarded as the impersonation of wisdom and virtue. To oppose them roused him at once, and made him intolerant and violent. He could not brook opposition. The feeling has not altogether disappeared even at the present day. Yet, singular as it may seem, with this existed the deeply ingrained love of liberty and devotion to principle from which sprang the constitutional securities of liberty of speech, freedom of the press, the right to bear arms, and the statute of religious freedom.

In York, the Nelson family was the acknowledged leader in county affairs. President Nelson had sent his eldest son, Tom, when a lad of fourteen, to Eton, and afterward to Cambridge, where he was graduated with some distinction. The style in which the President of the Council lived is exhibited by the casual remark, in a letter written to a friend who was in charge of this son, that he had just bought Lord Baltimore's six white coach-horses, and meant to give his own six black ones a run in his Hanover pastures. In 1761, the young squire came home, and it shows the influence of his family that, while yet on his voyage across, he was returned as a member of the House of Burgesses. About a year afterward, he married Lucy Grymes, the oldest daughter of Colonel Philip Grymes, of Brandon, in Middlesex. The Grymeses enjoyed the reputation of being the wickedest and cleverest family in the Dominion. The name was originally Græme, but when the first of them fled from Scotland in 1715, after the failure of the Old Pretender, he, for prudential reasons, changed his name to Grymes. Little Lucy was a dove in the eagle's nest, however. She was a cousin of Light-Horse Harry Lee and of Thomas Jefferson. An old MS. states that the latter was one of her many lovers, but the story appears to lack confirmation, as the lady denied it even in after years.

During the years that followed, York maintained her position as an influential borough in the direction of affairs. When

the crisis came, Secretary Thomas Nelson, "the President's" younger brother, was at the head of the moderate party. He received forty-five votes in the Convention for Virginia's first governor, but was beaten by Patrick Henry. He was, however, put in the Privy Council. His nephew and namesake, Thomas Nelson, Jr., was one of the leaders of the ultra patriots, and with his cousin and connection, Dudley Digges, took so conspicuous a part in the early revolutionary action of the State, that Captain Montague, the commander of the British ship *Fowey*, threatened to bombard York. The manifestation of their anger took a singular turn, which at the same time shows the naïve character of the old Virginia gentry. They solemnly resolved that his action had been so inhuman that he should not be further recognized as a gentleman. It is possible that however determined the men were not to recognize Captain Montague, the women were less resolute, as he was remarkable for his great personal beauty,—so remarkable, indeed, that it was said Lady Augusta Murray, who afterward married the Duke of Sussex, and who was herself declared to be the handsomest woman in the three kingdoms, used to repeat at the end of each verse in the 136th Psalm, whenever it occurred in the church service:

> "Praise Montague, Captain of the *Fowey*,
> For his beauty endureth for ever."

Dudley Digges, young Nelson's colleague in the House of Burgesses, was a member of the Privy Council, and of the Committee of Safety. He was the worthy lineal descendant of that brave Sir Dudley who flung at Charles the First's powerful and insolent favorite, Buckingham, the retort, "Do you jeer, my lord? I can show you where a greater man than your lordship, as high in power, and as deep in the king's favor, has been hanged for as small a crime as these articles contain."

Such was York, the patriotic little Virginia town into which Cornwallis retired in the summer of 1781, when he received orders from Sir Henry Clinton to intrench himself on the coast and await instructions. At this time it boasted among its citizens the Governor of the State, for young Nelson had attained the highest dignity in Virginia. He had been one of the leaders in the great movement which had separated the colonies from the mother country. He had been a conspicuous member of all the great conventions. He had made the motion in committee of the whole in 1776 that Virginia should instruct her delegates in Congress to try and induce that body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States; he had, as one of her delegates, signed the great Declaration; and now he had been chosen to take the entire control of the State, and with almost dictatorial powers to manage both her military and civil polity. "His popularity was unbounded," says the historian. His patriotism certainly was. The father of a modern English statesman, speaking of his son's free-trade views, said he might be exalting the nation, but he was ruining his family. The same criticism might have been passed on General Nelson's administration. His patriotism was of a nature that now strikes one as rather antique. When money was wanted to pay the troops and run the Government, Virginia's credit was low, but the Governor was told that he could have plenty on his personal security, so he borrowed a couple of millions and went on; when regiments mutinied and refused to march, the Governor simply drove over to Petersburg, raised the money, and paid them. Consequently, when the war closed, what old George Mason declared he would be willing to say his *nunc dimittis* on, viz., the heritage to his children of a crust of bread and liberty, had literally befallen Governor Nelson.

When it was discovered that Cornwallis was marching on York, the feelings of the inhabitants were doubtless not enviable. Arnold had not long before swept over the State, leaving "red ruin" in his track. Colonel Tarleton, Cornwallis's lieutenant, had procured for himself a not very desirable reputation, having an eye for a good horse and a likely negro, and a conscience not over scrupulous about the manner of obtaining them. Arnold was so much dreaded that, when he was expected to fall on York, Mrs. Nelson, the general's wife, with her young children, fled to the upper country. On this occasion it was that Jimmy Ridout, the carriage driver, in emulation of Cacus, had his horses shod at night with the shoes reversed, so that if they were followed their pursuers might be misled. When Cornwallis marched on York, Mrs. Nelson once more set out for her upper plantations in Hanover.

Cornwallis, expecting additional forces from Sir Henry Clinton, fortified himself

BEFORE THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

in York. His letter to his chief, conveying the announcement of his surrender, declares that he never saw this post in a very favorable light, and nothing but the hope of relief would have induced him to attempt its defense. This letter gave mortal offense to the superior officer, who was sensible of the justice of the grave charge so delicately conveyed. He had sacrificed his subordinate and the last chances of Great Britain.

Riding over the green fields at present, it requires an effort to picture the scenes they witnessed one hundred years ago. There are fortifications still standing, green with blackberry bushes and young locusts, but they tell of a more recent strife; the Revolutionary earth-works have totally disappeared, except on "Secretary's Hill," where formerly stood Secretary Nelson's fine house, in which Cornwallis first established his head-quarters. A few signs are still discernible there, due to the possible fact that his lordship had his head-quarters protected by works of unusual strength. If this be the explanation, the precaution proved futile, for when it was known in the Revolutionary camp that it was the British commander's head-quarters, the house was made their special mark, and was almost

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR NELSON AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

demolished. The butler was killed in the act of placing a dish on the dinner-table. Outside the town, there are several spots which may be accurately fixed. Up the river, on the rise beyond the small, dull stream, to the left of the Williamsburgh road going out, were posted the French batteries—the regiments of Touraine, Agénois, and Gatinois—the Royal Auvergne—"*Auvergne sans tache.*" On the creek a little nearer the town fell Scammel on the first day of the siege, treacherously shot in the back after he had surrendered, which "cast a gloom over the camp." His death was avenged afterward by his troops, as they charged over the redoubts with the battle-cry, "Remember Scammel!" Below the town, on the other side, the redoubts were stormed and taken at night by the picked troops of the French and American armies. The short grass now grows smooth over the spot where the Royal Auvergne won back their lost name and fame; but as we stand where they stood that night with empty guns, panting to use the bayonet, steadfast though their ranks were being mowed down in the darkness, we feel stirred as though it had all occurred but yesterday. Meantime the American stormers of the other redoubt, led by the dashing young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, had plunged through the abattis and gained their prize. What a speech that must have been which the young officer made his men as he halted them under the walls!

"Did you ever hear such a speech?"

asked one officer of another. "With that speech I could storm hell!"

The striking incidents of the siege were not very numerous. It was a steady and unreceding advance on one side and retrogression on the other; but this particular night was somewhat noted for its romantic episodes. When Hamilton, inside his redoubt, sent to inform the French leader of the fact and to inquire if he was in his, "No, but I will be in five minutes," he answered, and he kept his word. Many a blue lapel was stained with heart blood; but their king wrote with his own hand, "*Bon pour Royal Auvergne*," and posterity says, Amen! They died not in vain. "The work is done and well done," said Washington, when the signal was given that the redoubts were won.

A few days before this eventful night, the Governor of Virginia, who was present in person, commanding the Virginia State forces, had displayed his patriotism by an act which attracted much attention. Observing that his own house within the town had escaped injury from the shells, he learned that General Washington had given orders that the gunners should not aim at it. He immediately had a gun turned on it, and offered a prize of five guineas to the gunner who should strike it.

Three-quarters of a mile back of the two captured redoubts, and outside of the first parallel, stood, and still stands, an old weather-board mansion. Its antique roof, its fire-places set across the corners, and its general old-time air, even a hundred years ago bespoke for it reverence as a relic of a long by-gone age. It was historical even then, for it had been the country residence of Governor Spottswood, who had been the great Marlborough's aid-de-camp, and had borne the news of Blenheim to England. He had come, bringing his virtues and his graces, to the Old Dominion, and had in the quaint old house on the river bank held his mimic court, forming royal plans for the development of the kingly domain he ruled, entertaining his knights of the Golden Horseshoe, drinking healths which amaze even this not over temperate generation. He established the first iron foundry ever erected on American soil. Hither his body was brought from Maryland, where he died. But one hundred years ago, to the many associations connected with the old house was added one which to this generation dwarfs all others. In its sitting-room were drawn up the articles of capitulation of the British army. Imagination almost always paints in high colors the scene of any great act in the world's drama, but a milder and more peaceful picture can scarcely be conceived than that which this spot now presents. The house was owned at the time of the surrender by "Aunt Moore," as she was called by nearly all the people of York. It is now unoccupied, and the cellar has been utilized as a stable. About it the mild-eyed Alderneys browse the white clover, or gaze sleepily at the unwonted pilgrim. The river sleeps just beyond, with a single sail set like a pearl on its bosom. The spot looks an "ancient haunt of peace," but war has stalked about it since first the English came. The peaceful-looking hedges beyond the old orchard, and on the bluff, are breastworks overgrown with bushes. The great civil war, the war of 1812, and the Revolution, all have passed over these green, quiet fields; and yonder in the "Temple" lies the relic of a still older strife—the grave of a soldier who had won his laurels and lain down long before

THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE.

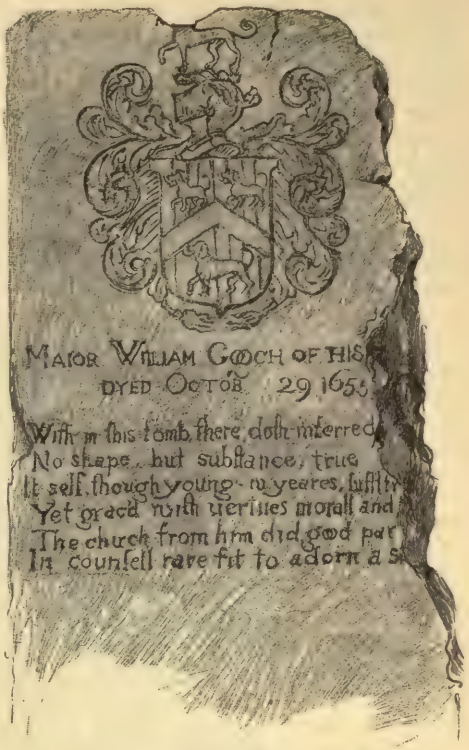
Sir Alexander Spottswood earned his spurs at Blenheim. A mystery of more ancient date than the Revolution hangs about the spot. Some authorities state that Governor Spottswood built a temple of worship here, whence came the name of the plantation, "Temple Farm"; but the Temple is doubtless of older date than this account would make us believe. The more probable explanation is that the building, whose foundations alone remain at present, was erected in the early days of the colony. The double walls, one within the other, give credit to the story that it was so built for defense against the Indians, and the date on Major Gooch's tomb, October, 1655, corroborates it. The tomb of the royal governor has long since disappeared. Major Gooch's epitaph reads:

"Within this tomb there doth interred lie,
No shape but substance, true nobility,
Itself though young in years, just twenty-nine,
Yet grac'd with virtues morall and divine,
The church from him did good participate.
In counsell rare fit to adorn a state."

Could the young soldier have had a fitter resting-place?

Right below the Temple sleeps Wormley's Creek, with its myriad water-lilies resting on its gentle breast; and not a hundred yards above stands the modern successor to the mill, where the first shot was fired in the siege. The old structure has disappeared, but the old customs still remain. Here, twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays (for it takes three days to "catch a head of water"), come the negroes and country folk bringing their "turns" of corn, some in bags on their heads, or, if they are of larger means and appetites, in little carts with generally a single bull harnessed in the shafts. The established rule of each in his turn prevails, and they wait patiently, sometimes the livelong day, until their time comes. They are not in a hurry; for a hundred years this same thing has gone on as placid and serene as the stream down among the "cow collards"; to hurry would be to violate the most ancient and time-honored tradition of the fathers.

It is easy to see that "little York" never recovered from its bombardment. The scene in the street to-day is an idyl,—a few massive old brick houses scattered among modern shanties like so many old-time gentlemen at a modern ward-meeting; a couple of negro children kicking up the dust in the street a hundred yards away; two citizens sitting under an awning "resting," and a small ox-cart moving uncertainly nearer, as the little brindle bull in the shafts browses the short grass on the side of the street. The most lively things in sight are a small boy and the string of fish he is carrying; for the latter have just come from the water and are still fluttering. Such is the scene now presented in the street where a hundred years ago anxious red-coats double-quicked along or stole sullenly by, trying to shelter themselves from the searching messengers from the batteries out on the heights beyond the creeks.


MAJOR WILLIAM GOOCH OF HIS
DYED OCTOB 29 1655
With in this tomb there doth interred
No shape, but subſtance, true
It self though young · 29 yeares, fulfill
Yet graced with vertues morall and
The church from him did good par
In counſell rare fit to adorn a S

TOMB OF MAJOR GOOCH.

The Nelson house still remains in the family; but to the Nelsons, peace came with poverty; the Governor's vast estate went for his public debts. The power of his name kept the harpies still so long as he lived; but they were already wrangling among themselves, and at his death they swooped down on the spoil. Years afterward, Virginia, under the leadership of Governor Henry A. Wise, did tardy and partial justice to the memory of Nelson's great services by placing his statue among the group of her great ones in her beautiful Capitol-Square; and, in company with Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Henry, Mason,

and Lewis, he stands with the bonds in his outstretched hands *in perpetuam rei memoriam.* No recompense, however, was ever made to the family for the vast sums Governor Nelson had expended. Some forty or fifty years after his death, evidence of his great losses was collected for the purpose of applying to Congress for compensation; but a bill being brought in meantime for the relief of the widow of the young colonel who made the speech to his storming party that night under the walls of the redoubt at Yorktown, and who had rendered besides some other small services to the country, a member asked if there were no poor-houses in New York, that Mrs. Hamilton came begging to Congress; and after that, one of Governor Nelson's sons, who was in Congress at the time, refused to proceed further in the matter, declaring that he would not permit his mother's name to be brought before a body which tolerated such blackguardism.

It seems extraordinary that, after only a hundred years, much doubt exists as to the spot where the British laid down their arms. Immediately after the surrender, Congress enacted that a suitable monument should be erected there, to tell the story to succeeding generations. But all things concerning Yorktown sleep, and the memorial was neglected until the very spot was forgotten. There has been builded up, however, a mighty nation, zealous for liberty,

> "Monumentum aere perennius
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius."

This was, to use the closing words of the articles of Cornwallis's capitulation, "done in the trenches before Yorktown, in Virginia, October 19th, 1781."

As York, the territory of the Nelsons, witnessed the last act in Virginia's colonial drama, so Rosewell, the seat of the Pages, saw the first act. The places are only a few miles apart, separated by the York River.

Taking a small boat at the Yorktown pier, you may, by promising an extra quarter, wake the lethargic boatman into positive activity, and get under way to Gloucester Point in something under a half-hour. Your boatman, as black as Charon, rows with a deliberation which would gratify you if crossing the Styx. You are apt to question him about the coming celebration and the events it is to commemorate. Oh, yes! he knows all about it. If his immediate predecessor, "Old Unc' Felix," who was gathered last fall to his fathers at the age of sixty-five years, and whose funeral sermon was preached last Sunday, were alive, he would have assured you that he remembered all about the siege of Yorktown, and waited on both Generals Washington and Cornwallis.

After a while you reach Gloucester Point, literally a "point," and tread the ground invested by Weedon, De Choisy, and the dashing, bragging De Lauzun.

A ride of a few miles up the river bank brings you to an old place called Shelly, once a part of the Rosewell estate, and still owned by Governor Page's descendants. However appropriate the name may seem, in view of the great beds of shell down on the river bank, it does not call up the associations connected with the name borne by the place in colonial days—"Werowocomoco." Next to Jamestown, this plantation is perhaps the spot most celebrated in the colonial annals of Virginia. It was here that Powhatan reigned like Egbert of old, with kings, less poetic but not more savage, to pull his canoe. Between his wives, his enemies, and his English friends, the old Werowance had a hard time. Doubtless he found much consolation in his oysters. And judging from the mounds of oyster-shells, those Indians must have had royal appetites. It was at this place that the most romantic incident of Virginia's history occurred, when the little tender-hearted Indian maiden, touched with pity for an intrepid young captive, prayed in vain for his life, and then flung herself beneath the executioners' axes and clasped the victim in her arms, risking her own life but saving John Smith and the colony of Virginia.

Other memories cluster around the place: of the ghastly decorations of Payanketank scalps; the ballet dance of Indian nymphs attired in the most ancient of recorded costumes; the coronation of old Powhatan, who with royal instinct refused to stoop while the crown was placed on his head. The whole place is quick with memories.

It has always been my opinion that the world has not done justice to Captain John Smith. He deserves to be ranked with the greatest explorers of all time. At the age of thirty he had left the Virginias and returned to England, having accomplished what Raleigh, with all his wealth, power, and zeal, could not do. Well might the old chronicles call him "the Father of the Colony." Had the die turned differently on the spot where we now stand,

Virginia might have lain a hundred years more a wilderness and a waste place, and the destinies of the world have been different. I should write a eulogy on "oure Captaine" did I not recall the clever answer of the Spartan to a Sophist offering to deliver a eulogy on Hercules—"Why, who has ever blamed Hercules?" The son of Alcmena underwent scarcely greater hardships or performed more labors than did "oure Captaine." What higher eulogy could there be than that written by one who had shared his danger:

"What shall I say but thus; we lost him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloath, pride and indignitie more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himselfe than his souldiers with him; that upon no dangers would send them where he would not lead them himselfe; that would never see vs want what he either had, or could by any means get vs; that would rather want then borrow, or starve then not pay; that loved action more then words, and hated falshood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose losse our deaths."

A few miles below here on the bluff is Powhatan's Chimney, the sole remaining relic of the royalty of the old Indian king. It had the honor of being built by Captain Smith, and was erected on the requisition of the king for "a house, a grind-stone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, with much copper and *many beads*." The fire-place is wide enough to roast an ox, and there is grave suspicion that it has served to roast other cattle—Payanketank rebels and the like. All this land about here was a part of the old Page estate, Rosewell. Away to the left it stretches,

OLD POWHATAN CHIMNEY.

taking in all of Timber Neck, which came to the Pages in 1690 with Mary Mann, whom Matthew Page married. Very likely Artemus Ward's first reason for marrying his sweetheart, to wit: that "the two farms j'ined," had something to do with this match.

That broad stream down there is Carter's Creek. There it was that Powhatan and his people used to land in pre-colonial days, and brown canoes, driven by dark warriors or dusky maidens, shot in and out. Later on, in the spring evenings, white-winged sail-boats, with proud-faced dames or portly, ruddy gentlemen, or with laughing girls in rich attire and gay young gallants, glided to and fro, now drifting wide apart, now near

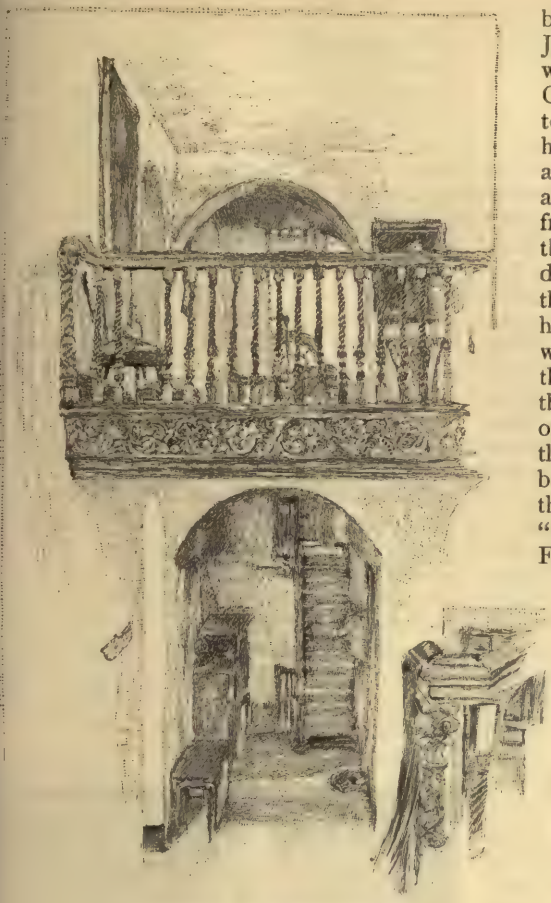
ROSEWELL.

together side by side, amid mirth and shouts and laughter. Across the creek, a few hundred yards, stands Rosewell, the ancient Page mansion, stark and lonely, a solid cube of ninety feet. Once it was flanked by great and numerous out-buildings—stables, barns, warehouses, and negro quarters. All have vanished before the years, and nothing is left except the stately old mansion.

When it was built, in 1725–30, it was the largest mansion in Virginia, and continued such for many years. The great hall was wainscoted with mahogany, and the balustrade of the grand stair-way, also of mahogany, was beautifully carved by hand to represent baskets of fruit, flowers, etc. The roof was originally covered with lead, but during the Revolution it was stripped for bullets by its master, the fiery patriot, John Page. He came out of the war with broken fortunes, his large plantations going one after another to pay his debts. Shortly after his death, the place was sold for twelve thousand dollars to a man, who, after making a fortune by selling everything he could sell, from the trees on the lawn to the wainscoting in the hall, sold the place, stripped and denuded as it was, at a large advance. The vandal not only sold the bricks around the grave-yard, and the fine old cedars in the avenue, but what was even worse, whitewashed the superb carved mahogany wainscoting and balustrade. Once again it is in the hands of gentlefolk.

There is a tradition that at this house Thomas Jefferson spent some time, while absent from his seat in Congress in 1775–76, in reflection and study, crystallizing into worthy expression those principles which he was shortly afterward to set forth in the "Great Declaration." It is said that he then submitted his rough draft of that great paper to his friend John Page before it was seen by any one else, and when independence was no more than a possibility. The summer-house on the roof is pointed out as the spot where the paper was read and discussed. There is, perhaps, nothing to substantiate the legend, except that it extendeth back to a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and has always been one of the traditions of the house.

The founder of the Page family in Virginia was "Collonel John Page," who, thinking that a principality in Utopia might prove better than an acre in Middlesex, where he resided, came over in 1656. He had an eye for "bottom-land," and left his son Matthew an immense landed estate, which he dutifully increased by marrying Mary Mann, the rich heiress of Timber Neck. Their son, Mann, was a lad thirteen years old when his father died. After be-



INTERIOR OF ROSEWELL MANSION.

ing sent to Eton, he came back and took his place at the "Council Board," as his fathers did before him and his descendants did after him.

Mann built the Rosewell mansion. The bricks and material were all brought from England, and the stately pile grew slowly under the Virginia sun to be a marvel of pride and beauty for that time. The inscription upon the tomb, "Piously erected to his memory by his mournfully surviving lady," presents a complete biography of Mann, who, together with his pride, possessed the independence, the dignity, and the virtue so often found combined in the old colonial gentleman. He possessed the colonial instinct, and fought the tax which the Home Government wished to place on tobacco. The three surviving sons of old Mann were Mann, John, and Robert, who became the heads respectively of the Rosewell, the North End, and the Broadneck branches of the family. The eldest son, John, was a most ardent patriot, and would undoubtedly have been hanged if General Washington had surrendered to Cornwallis, instead of the latter to him. He and Thomas Jefferson were at William and Mary College together, and that closest of bonds, a college friendship, commenced there and lasted throughout their lives. As college students, they together stood at the door of the House of Burgesses, and, looking in, heard Patrick Henry ring out his famous warning to George III. From that time, the two young men were rebels, and their views were of the most advanced order. There remain a number of rattling "college-boy" letters which passed between the cronies at a time when the light of the world, to them, were "Nancy's" and "Belinda's" eyes, and Fame's siren voice had not sounded in their ears. In a letter bearing date Christmas Day, 1762, Jefferson, frozen up in his Albemarle home, wrote his friend:

"You cannot conceive the satisfaction it would give me to have a letter from you. Write me circumstantially everything which happened at the wedding. Was she there? Because, if she was, I ought to have been at the devil for not being there too."

The "she" alluded to was his lady-love, Miss Rebecca Burwell. The letter goes on:

"Tell Miss Alice Corbin that I verily believe the rats knew I was to win a pair of garters from her, or they never would have been so cruel as to carry mine away. This very consideration makes me so sure of the bet that I shall ask everybody I see from that part of the world what pretty gentleman is making his addresses to her. I would fain ask Miss Becca Burwell to give me another watch-paper of her own cutting, which I should esteem much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world cut by other hands."

A few weeks later, he writes to his friend a mournful, woful epistle, like that of any other love-lorn swain. After inveighing against the dullness of his life, he says:

"How have you done since I saw you? How did Nancy look at you when you danced with her at Southall's? Have you any glimmering of hope? How does R. B. do? Had I better stay here and do nothing or go down and do less? Or, in other words, had I better stay here while I am here or go down, that I may have the pleasure of sailing up the river again in a full-rigged flat? Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence, and be no longer in

suspense; but reason says, if you go, and your attempt proves unsuccessful, you will be ten times more wretched than ever. * * * I hear that Ben Harrison has been to Wilton. Let me know his success."

Ben Harrison's success at Wilton, where he was courting Anne Randolph, a cousin of both Jefferson and Page, was greater than that of either the writer of the letter with "R. B." or of the recipient with "Nancy." Miss Anne, after leading her lover a reasonable dance, married him, and had the honor of being the wife of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the governor of Virginia. "Nancy" and "Little Becky" might have sat in high places themselves had they only smiled a little more on their lovers. Cupid, however, lacks the gift of prophecy; and Fame will not tell her secrets till the time comes, for the sweetest lips that ever smiled.

Young Page, having failed with Nancy, found consolation at the feet of his sweet cousin, Frances Burwell, of Carter's Creek, who was the niece of President and Secretary Nelson. When quite a young man he became a member of the King's Council and of the Board of Trustees of the College, and represented that institution in the General Assembly.

When the storm came, Page was the head of the Republican element in the Council. He represented Gloucester in the Great Convention, and received votes for governor when Patrick Henry was elected first governor of Virginia. He was elected president of the Privy Council, and was a member of the Committee of Safety that had control of the Virginia forces. He was also a member of the first Congress, and continued a representative from Virginia for eight years, and until, as he said, John Adams and Alexander Hamilton shut him out.

Like their kinsmen, the Nelsons, the Pages were Episcopalians, living after the straitest sect of their religion so strictly that they were regarded as the pillars of the establishment in the colony. Yet, great as was their love for the church, their love of liberty was not less, and they took an active part in the disestablishment. The purity of their motives will be understood when it is learned that the families were such rigid churchmen that Mrs. General Nelson never was in a "meeting-house" in her life, and never heard a "dissenter" preach, except when, being present with her husband in Philadelphia, in July, 1776, her patriotism overcame her principles, and she went to hear Doctor Witherspoon preach before Congress. John Page was urged to stand for orders and take the Virginia miter when it was first decided to send a bishop to the colony, but he declined. The importunity of his friends at length worried him so, that he said "he'd be damned if he would be their bishop"—a resolution which probably saved him further trouble on that score.

After the Revolution, the master of Rosewell became governor of Virginia, and continued to be reëlected, until, after three terms, he became ineligible by constitutional limitation. Like his friend Jefferson, he was an advanced Republican.

So long as the master lived, Rosewell, although mortgaged for debts contracted for the cause of liberty, was kept up,—a grand old Virginia mansion, open to all, gentle and simple, the home of hospitality more boundless than the wealth of all its owners. In 1808 the master died. He sleeps in "Old St. John's" church-yard, in Richmond, Virginia, with his head not three feet from the old door of the church, and within a few yards of the spot where he stood when Patrick Henry thrilled him with the famous "Give me liberty or give me death."

PART OF MANN PAGE'S TOMB.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

I.

HAVING given an outline of the situation which rendered the new country, in the earlier periods of settlement, an untoward region for the pursuit of song, and also of the specific aids which at last have enabled America to have some voice and inspiration of her own, I now wish to glance at the actual record of her lyrical exploits before the rise of the group of poets to whom these essays chiefly are devoted. To do this minutely would require us to travel over dreary wastes indeed, though gaining rest at last upon the borders of a land of promise. From what has been written, I shall rightly be understood to agree with Mr. Whipple in his statement that the course of our literature has been, upon the whole, subsidiary to the general movement of the American mind; that our imagination has found exercise in the subjugation of a continent, in establishing liberty, in war, politics, and government,—above all, in the inventive and constructive energy and the financial boldness needed to develop and control the material heritage which has fallen to us. But to this let me add that the course of our poetry, for the same reasons, was long subsidiary to the course of other literature—at once, or by turns, to our theological, political, or educational achievements in prose, and to those in the departments of historical narrative and romance.

The means for a survey of the early waste, and of its few and unimportant oases, are to be found in the libraries of collectors, and in the compilations of Duyckinck, Griswold, and others, who have made for us as cheery a showing as they could. But how can a reader, who has not access to the rare books of a succession of by-gone authors, gain with more satisfaction a correct idea of their worth and purport than by the study of such a work as Professor Tyler's "History of American Literature"? He well may avail himself, so far as it is completed, of a critical digest whose facts will not be gainsaid, a clear and wholesome exposition of our early literature, presenting judgments and inferences with which he usually must be in accord. It is a result of scholarly labor, closely examining the field, and failing not to detect whatever might be found of value in those new plantations. Can this mold of the colonial period be touched with the sunlight of to-day? Can these dry bones live? Yes, under the hands of a man with the patience, firmness, and kindly humor of their historian, to whom American literature is so indebted for this review of its progress that his name will be enviably connected with it henceforth.

And in the two large volumes, covering our first and second periods,—more than a century and a half—from 1607 to 1765,—the product of the poets appears so valueless and meager that, if the narrative depended on them alone, there would be no great reason for its compilation. A larger proportion of educated men belonged to the early colonies than is to be found elsewhere upon the rolls of emigration. Nearly all writers then wrote verse, at first printing their works in London, and afterward by means of the few and meanly furnished presses along this coast. These folk were simply third-rate British rhymsters, who copied the pedantry of the tamest period known. The only marks of distinction between their prose and verse were, that while the former might be dull, the latter must be, and must pay a stilted regard to measure and rhyme. How hard for our amiable historian to make poetical finds that can lighten the pages of his record! How he seizes upon some promising estray, like the anonymous ode on the death of picturesque Nat. Bacon, like Norton's "Funeral Elegy" upon Mistress Anne Bradstreet, or Urian Oakes's upon Thomas Shepard, and makes the most of it! Surely a time that fed its imagination with the offerings of the "Tenth Muse," and expressed religious exaltation in those measures of the Bay Psalm-book that seem to break from a cow's horn or a Roundhead's nose, and in the lyrical damnations of Michael Wigglesworth,—such a time, from its beginning with George Sandys even to the generation that founded hopes of a native drama upon the genius of Thomas Godfrey, had derived few creative impulses from its own experience, and could give no real intimation of a national future. This was a time which now seems more

venerable to us than the daylight eras of ancient civilization,—drearily old-fashioned, like its town halls and college barracks, still remaining, all the older and moldier because they are not antique. To its very close, when the different colonies began to move toward cohesion, the most of it seems to me night—utter night. Its poetical relics are but the curios of a museum—the queer and ugly specimens of an unhistoric age.

Manifestly, and as at a later time, New England claimed the lead in whatsoever there was of thought, or wit, or fancy; and Cambridge even then had her poets, who accounted themselves true children of Parnassus, doubtless with far more self-assurance than is displayed by their successors in our own day. Tyler plainly shows how the feudal policy of dispersion, and a contempt for book-learning as compared with active life, placed a ban upon letters in Virginia; while the New England policy of numerical and intellectual concentration brought forward the learned men of that region, and made its colonists a literary people from the first. In spite of their moroseness, pedantry, asceticism, a lurking perception of beauty, an æsthetic sensibility, was to be found among them. But the manifest, the sincere genius of the colonies, is displayed elsewhere than in their laborious verse. Noble English and a simple, heroic wonder give zest to the writings of the early chroniclers, the annals of discovery and adventure. Such traits distinguish the narratives of the gallant and poetic Captain John Smith, and of Strachey, whose picture of a storm and wreck in the Bermudas so roused the spirit that conceived "The Tempest." They pervade the memorials of Bradford and Winthrop, of Johnson and Gookin, of Francis Higginson, and Winslow, and William Wood. There are power and imagination in the discourses of the great preachers,—Hooker, Cotton, Roger Williams, Oakes,—who founded a dominion of the pulpit that was not shaken until after the time of Edwards and Byles. Verse-making was but the foible of the colonial New-Englanders; law, religious fervor, superstition, were then the strength of life; and the time that produced Increase and Cotton Mather fostered a progeny quite as striking and characteristic as the melodists of our late Arcadian morn.

When the Middle Colonies began to have a literature, it was natural that the chief writers—men of the learned professions, busied in affairs and already feeling that instinct of government which animates territorial centers—should be publicists, setting forth the principles of order, economy, and social weal. The colonial separation ended; the national movement began with stormy agitation and progressed to union in council and war. With the Revolution came not only the great orators, but an outburst otherwise than tuneful, of patriotic ballads, songs, and doggerel satires—to all of which, at this distance, the sounds of the Continental fife and drum seem a fitting accompaniment. Nor did staid and learned personages disdain to pay homage to the precept of Andrew Fletcher, and to supplement the new-born national ardor by the aid of their muses. Trumbull's "McFingal" is a work that will not go quite out of repute. It still speaks well for the character, wit, and facility of the stanch and acute author, and shows genuine originality although written after a model. No even "Hudibras" more aptly seizes upon the ludicrous phases of a turbulent epoch. In New York, bluff Captain Freneau, mariner, journalist, and poet, proved himself the ready laureate of the war. Read the story of his impetuous life, and look through the collection of his ditties and poems, with their pretentious defects and unwittingly clever touches. A strange and serio-comic medley they are, and no less a varied representation of the poetic standards reached in America a hundred years ago. Among the relics which I call to mind of the jingling verse produced in quantity by Treat Paine and his contemporaries, there is scarcely a lyric that breathes what we now recognize as the essential poetic spirit, excepting two or three of Freneau's, such as the stanza upon "The Wild Honeysuckle," and a delicate little song, by John Shaw, of Maryland, entitled "Who has Robbed the Ocean Cave?"

After the close of the Revolution, and until the War of 1812, the genius of our people was devoted to the establishment through peaceful labor, of the security and resources which should be the first fruits of a conflict for independence. Writers occupied themselves with analyzing the science of government, its principles and practice. No American library, however, was complete without copies of Dr. Dwight's historico-didactic masterpiece, "Greenfield Hill," and Joel Barlow's quarto epic, "The Columbiad." The popular ear was content with patriotic songs, among them "Hail Columbia," which owed their general adop-

tion, like a successor, "The Star-Spangled Banner," to the music that carried them or to an early possession of the field. It was not until peace, for a second time, became a habit that the imagination of a young people, assured of nationality, slowly found expression upon the written page. In view of the conditions already described, what traits might we reasonably expect would characterize poetic effort at this stage of development?

First,—and although the form and ideal of American verse should still correspond, like all our early fashions, to the modes prevailing in England,—it would seem that, gradually, poets should appear, hampered by this instinct of correspondence, and not quite knowing or daring to be original, yet possessing graces and thoughts of their own, and looking at things, after all, in a different way from the English; that they should seek for home themes, and study their surroundings, most likely in a doubtful and groping manner; that a diversity of subject, thought, and language should be observed in the distinct sections of the Republic — the poets of the South being more courtly and romantic, and those of the Middle States more national and more upon the search for aboriginal and historical flavor; that local successes should be marked where there was the least inflow of new foreign elements, the sincerest faith, the most intelligent thought; that poetry should be the more learned, the more subtle and earnest, in the scholarly region of the East, and that poets should thrive best there, where the practice of literature had long obtained—since all forms of art require more time for growth than other products of national organization.

Somewhat after this wise, in fact, as we recur to the earliest promise of an American school, we find that it began with the second quarter of this century. Imaginative youths, born and educated in the new republic, discovered that they were poets, and strove to express the spirit of their birth and training. Among them, Pierpont, Dana, Allston, Sprague, Bryant,—the gentle stars of the East, — began to show their light, and offered their tender or patriotic lyrics, their meditative verse, their placid monographs on the phases of American scenery and tradition. Of these, Bryant was the one whose genius had the lasting modernness that gives permanence to the work of assured poets. In the South, a few scattered minstrels, such as Wilde and Pinkney, sang their Lovelace lyrics. Their type has survived, almost to our day. Throughout the swift development of the Northern States, the South—agricultural, feudal, provincial—loyally clung to its eighteenth-century taste, making no intellectual changes so long as human slavery was the basis of its physical life. I shall hereafter refer to the quality of the newborn Southern imagination. That it exists, in fresh and hopeful promise, is now beyond doubt. A few of the earlier Southern writers—one of whom was Simms, the novelist-poet—worked courageously, but with more will and fluency than native power; so that, in spite of their abundant verse, such a lyrist as Pendleton Cooke was long the typical Southern poet—a name joined with the memory of a single song. A collection of the earlier Southern poetry worth keeping would be a brief anthology, which a little volume might contain. Poe, whose pieces would occupy one-third of it, sought the literary market, deserting Richmond and Baltimore for Philadelphia and New York. He lived in the Northern atmosphere, and, like Bryant, took his part in the busy movement of its civic life and work.

Besides the Eastern poets whom I have named, there were others who still more closely followed English models. Among them, the orthodox bards of Connecticut, Hillhouse and Brainerd, compared with whom Percival, the eccentric scholar and recluse, shines by virtue of a gift improved by no mean culture. His lyrics and poems of Nature, though inferior to Bryant's, so resemble them that he would be called the latter's pupil had not the two composed in the same manner from the outset.

These writers and some others of their time must, in all fairness, be judged by it. They had their modest laurels and rewards, and were the bright selected few of their country and period,—no less distinguished, though within a smaller horizon, than their latter-day successors. Their work was the best of its kind which America could show; it had the knack of making itself read in the annuals and school-books, and influenced the sentiments of more than one generation. Were Dana and Allston flourishing now, they would accomplish feats then impracticable, and doubtless would be at no disadvantage among our present favorites, nor less receive our honor and support. Fashion is a potency in art, making it hard to judge between the temporary and the lasting. Are we sure that our popular poets are better in native faculty? If they have a finer

understanding, and a defter handling of their craft, this may be partly a consequence of the fact that not Montgomery and Wilson, but Keats, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and their greater masters, have supplied the models of a recent school.

It was natural, also, that the literary center should shift from place to place, along a sea-board whose capital was scarcely yet defined. New York early drew together a number of bright young wits and songsters. The fame of the prose-romancers, Cooper and Irving, and their success with home-themes, were gratifying to the local and national pride, and encouraged at the time, so far as literature was concerned, a broader American sentiment than prevailed in New England. That was a spirited little group of rhyming satirists whose fancy brightened the pages of Coleman's "Evening Post." Two young writers, Halleck and Drake, worked together in comradeship until the one sustained a more than common misfortune in the other's untimely death. These two men, I take it, were real poets; such is the impression left as one reëxamines, after many years, the verse composed by them. Had they been born half a century later, they certainly would work more elaborately, but could not be surer of reputation. Their best pieces, however different from the new mode, were at once so received into popular affection that the authors' names still last. Both of these poets had humor, and a perception of its legitimate use. They, with Bryant and his school, and with Brockden Brown, Paulding, Cooper, Irving, and Miss Sedgwick, writers of prose, were the first Americans whose work gave any substantial evidence of a home-movement in ideal or creative literature. Drake died in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a daughter, through whom his poetic gift has been transmitted to our day. He had a quick, genuine faculty, and could be frolicsome or earnest at will. As an exercise of that delicate imagination which we term fancy, "The Culprit Fay," although the work of a youth schooled in fairy-lore and the meters of Coleridge, Scott, and Moore, boded well for his future. "The American Flag" is a stirring bit of eloquence in rhyme. The death of this spirited and promising writer was justly deplored. His talent was healthy; had he lived, American authorship might not so readily have become, in Griswold's time, a vent for every kind of romantic and sentimental absurdity. He would also have stimulated the muse of Halleck, whose choicest pieces were composed before he had outlived the sense of Drake's recent companionship. He, too, was a natural lyrist, whose pathos and eloquence were inborn, and whose sentiment, though he wrote in the prevailing English mode, was that of his own land. As we read those favorites of our school-boy days, "Burns" and "Red Jacket," and "Marco Bozzaris," we feel that Halleck was, within his bounds, a national poet. Circumstances dulled his fire, and he lived to write drivel in his old age. But the early lyrics remain, nor was there anything of their kind in our home-poetry to compete with them until long after their original production.

The impulse given to poetry and *belles-lettres* by the example of the early poets and novelists increased with the appearance of fresh strivers after literary fame. In the East, names began to be mentioned that now are great indeed; others, then more commonly known, have passed almost out of memory. A few teachers of sound literary doctrine, like E. T. Channing, of Cambridge, were sowing good seed for future harvests. In New York, the writings of Willis and Tuckerman, of the song-makers Hoffman and Morris, of Verplanck, Duyckinck, Benjamin, Griswold, and other editors and bookwrights, and the parade of new versifiers, male and female, betokened a positive taste, however crude and ill-regulated, for the pursuit of letters. Occasionally a note of promise was heard, from some quaint genius like Ralph Hoyt, or some aspirant like Lord, of whom great things were predicted, and who, in spite of Poe's vindictive onslaught, was a poet. A good deal of eloquent and high-sounding verse was produced by such writers as Ross Wallace and Albert Pike. In the East, John Neal, Ware, Mrs. Child,—and in regions farther South, Conrad, Kennedy, and Simms,—were active at this time. Among these writers were others whose claim to our attention is frequent throughout these essays. But to enumerate all who, in the second quarter of this century, held themselves of much account, is quite beyond our need and intention. Of the New York group, Willis perhaps had the most adroit and graceful talent, but it was slight, and not always exercised as by one possessing convictions. His kindness, tact, and experience of the world made him an arbiter in a provincial time. They also seriously exposed him to the three worldly perils of which, no less than in the days of

the Apostle John, the children of the Lord must have a care. A few of his lyrics are charmingly tender and delicate, but he never did himself full justice as a poet, nor realized the purpose of his ambitious boyhood. The bustle of the Literati, as Poe chose to call them, and the concentration of thriving journals and book-houses in Philadelphia and New York,—whither most roads then seemed to lead,—made for a while the scribbling class of this middle region very conspicuous and alert. Their kith and kin, scattered throughout the States, multiplied in numbers. The first green fruit of a school-system, under which boys and girls had models set before them and were incited to test their own skill in composition, fell in plenty from the tree. Each county had its prodigy contributing to the annuals and magazines. Lowell's "mass-meeting" of poets was in continuous session,—made up of those who made verse, read and praised it one to another, and printed it for their countrymen to read and praise. The dull and authoritative felt the responsibilities of the situation. Never was a more united effort made, with malice prepense, to create an indigenous school. It was thought essential that purely American themes and incidents should be utilized. Cockney poets, emulating the method of Cooper, sent fancy ranging through the aboriginal forest, and wreaked their thoughts upon the supposititious Indian of that day. Powhatan and Tecumseh became the heroes of hot-pressed cantos, now extinct. The Spirit of Wakondah was invoked by one bard, and made to tower above the Rocky Mountains, more awe-inspiring than Camoëns's Spirit of the Cape. Each poet, moreover, tried his hand at every form of work, and each thought it specially incumbent upon himself to write a drama,—not solely for the stage, but that America might not be deficient in the most complex order of poetical composition. Since the heyday of the Della Cruscans never were so many neophytes and amateurs suffered to bring their work before the public. Women took part in the campaign, and, truth to say, were often more spontaneous and natural than their brother-writers. One of the sex, Mrs. Sigourney, had long been supplying the prose and verse that answered to the simple wants of a primitive constituency. Another, "Maria del Occidente," gained something like fame, and even beyond the seas. She was, in fact, a woman of ardent feeling, refined art, and undoubted metrical talent, though scarcely meriting the praise which Lamb and Southey awarded her, or the extravagant eulogium of her modern editor. There was no lack of rivals to her success among the American pupils of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon. Such caterers to the literary market were found not only upon this side of the Atlantic. England was slowly escaping from her own sentimentalists; the "Annuals" and "Souvenirs" were still in vogue, and the fashions of the two countries were less divided than now. Poe, with a critical eye made somewhat keen by practice, saw the ludicrous side of all this, and poured out vials of wrath upon his contemporaries, though with no just claim to impartiality. Lowell, from a classical distance, celebrated their follies in the lines beginning:

"But stay, here comes Tityrus Griswold, and leads on
The flocks whom he first plucks alive, and then feeds on!"

But this reminds us that Poe, Lowell, Longfellow, and Emerson were gaining influence at that very time; that others since eminent in our literature were gradually distinguished from the multitude; that, however absurd and depressing the condition just set forth, a superficial literary movement may be better than no movement at all. As the voyage progressed, it really was surprising how soon the dullards and pretenders went below, while the born sailors helped the vessel forward. The fit survivors of a brood of poets and authors soon obtained a grateful hearing, and a few publishers found pleasure and profit in nursing the works of these home-writers. A number of poets—men of individual traits, but allied in sentiment and taste, and belonging to the same generation—seemed to arise at once, and gained the position which they have steadfastly held to the present day.

II.

All this preliminary ferment, then, was in some way needful. The experiments of many who thought themselves called enabled the few who were chosen to find motives and occasions for work of real import. The first year of the new dispensation was worth more in its product than the score of years preceding it. The poets who now came to the front have justly

gained distinction, vying with those of other countries in finish and thought, and peculiarly in that truthful reflection of the life about them which alone could make them the leaders of a national school. At the recent date when the formation of such a school became manifest, these poets spoke truthfully for our people as they were and had been. One who gives their verse the fair consideration which he would extend to that of any foreign land or language is led to this conclusion. The new poetry was not autochthonous in the sense of differing from all previous outgrowth of the universal human heart, and as at variance with forms that have long seemed natural to our mother-tongue, but rather in unaffected and faithful presentation of the feeling and ideas of its constituency, and after this wise was as national, fresh, and aspiring as America herself. If this land has not yet grown to full voice, it has not lacked a characteristic expression in the verse of our elder living poets. Their careers, we have seen, began almost simultaneously at the close of the second fifth of this century, and have been prolonged until now, through a period of forty years. Let me again briefly refer to the elements which our literature hitherto might justly be called upon to idealize, and make some mention of the favorite poets whose song has been the response to such a call.

III.

I HAVE said that a fellowship with the spirit of natural Landscape, and the recognition of its beauty and majesty, were the earliest, as they are the most constant, traits of American verse. The contemplation of Nature has not often been the first step, nor the second, in the progress of ideality. But this remark applies to primitive races. The aborigines of a country are almost a part of its mold—or, at least, so closely related to its dumb fauna, that they reflect but little on the mountains, woods, and waters which appear to surround them as a matter of course. Heroic or savage deeds of prowess are their first incitements to poetic utterance. Even an extended period of culture and growth has not always led them to consider the landscape objectively. Of this the Greeks, with their curious disregard of natural scenery, are a familiar example. They observed Nature only to inform it with their own life, until there was no river or tree without its genius. First, epic action; next, patriotism and devotion; afterward, dramatic passion; last of all, analysis and reflective art. In our own settlements, a race that already had gone through these stages took possession of a new world. A struggle with its conditions involved a century of hardship and distrust. The final triumph, the adjustment of the people to their locality, brought a new understanding, out of which came the first original quality in our poetry and design. Here it is to be noted that descriptive literature, poetry or prose, though not earlier upon the record of intellectual development, is lower as respects the essential worth of Art than that which is emotional or dramatic. In the full prime of creative work, the one must serve as a background for the other —upon which attention chiefly is concentrated. All in all, it was a foregone conclusion that our first independent artists should betake themselves to the study and utilization of American scenery. In painting, our first distinctive school—for such I do not term the early group of historical and portrait painters, from West to Allston —has been that of the landscapists. Let us own that when either poetry or painting deals with Nature in no copyist's fashion, but with a sense of something "deeply interfused," it may reach the higher plane of art-expression. To this end our modern painters, upon the whole, have striven, from the time of Cole. The hands of Durand, Inness, Kensett, the two Giffords, Whittredge, McEntee, Church, Bierstadt, Bristol, Hubbard, Martin, Wyant, and La Farge have given us a landscape-school that, for truth and freshness, is notable on either continent, and is constantly gaining in technique and variety from the experiments of younger men. The literary counterpart of this school began with Bryant, the Druid of our forests, the high-priest of Nature in her elemental types. These he has celebrated with the coolness and breadth that were traits of the earlier painters named, though lacking the freedom and detail of their successors. It is dangerous to measure one art by another, or to confuse their terms; yet we feel that the relationship between the pictures of Durand and Kensett, for example, and the meditative verse of Bryant—from "Thanatopsis" and "A Forest Hymn" to "The Night Journey of a River"—is near and suggestive. Bryant was at the head of our reflective poets, finding his bent at the outset and holding it to the very close. His work rose to an imagina-

tive height which descriptive poetry of itself rarely attains.

He was followed—at an obvious distance—by Percival, Wilcox, Street, and other mild celebrants of Nature, who, with greater minuteness, failed of his breadth and elevation. Their patient measures show how strongly the scenery of America has impressed her people. To the present day, the landscape, however incidental to the poetry of Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, Lowell, and Taylor, is constantly there, and fresh as a rocky pasture-ground in New England or Pennsylvania compared with a storied park of Warwickshire. In the work of Mrs. Thaxter, Piatt, and other recent idylists, it is natural, sympathetic—in short, thoroughly American. And to me the veritable charm of the poetry of Whitman and Joaquin Miller does not belong to the method and democratic vistas of the one, and the melodramatic romance of the other; but to Whitman's fresh, absolute handling of outdoor Nature, and to the fine surprises which Miller gives us in haunting pictures of the plains, the sierra, and the sundown seas.

Our poetry has been equally fortunate as the language of the ideas and human emotions to which, as a people, we most readily incline. Notwithstanding the change and unrest of a new country, the *milieu* which Taine found in England here exists, and with fewer qualifications. Not that America is all middle-class, as some have asserted. But her ideal is derived from sentiments which, even more than in Great Britain, preserve a Saxon quality—those of domesticity, piety, freedom, loyalty to the institutions of the land. If inessential to various dramatic and impassioned art-creations, they have an art and passion of their own, and, in recognizing this, our singers are more national than their English contemporaries. The latter, except through the odes and idyls of Tennyson, have conveyed to us little of the home-sentiment, the English faith and feeling, which brought the mother-land to greatness. Doubtless it is because these qualities were so general in the song of their predecessors that the Victorian choir has earnestly concerned itself with mediæval and legendary work, and with those technical diversions which are counted as art for art's sake.

The instinct of our poets has led them first to charge their lyrics with the feeling of their time and people, and in doing this they have, almost without exception, given voice to their own heart. Bryant's verse is an illustration. It everywhere breathes of liberty and patriotism. But as an apostle of all the sentiments just named,—taken singly or in combination,—Whittier, the Quaker bard of Amesbury, whose art is by turns so homely and so refined, certainly is preëminent, and in a sense has made himself that uncrowned laureate—the people's poet. His legend is *pro aris et focis*. He glows with faith, strong by heredity in New England and thence outflowing to the West, nor forgets the beauty and duty of temperance, charity, and virtue. Nothing restrains his democratic conception of the freedom of the soil, the nobility of work, the right to labor for oneself. He represents (to borrow Hugo's formula) our conflict with oppression, and was the herald and inspired seer of the enduring fiery conflict that preceded the antislavery war. His earnestness and burning effort contrast with Bryant's stern repose. In various national qualities the more polished work of Longfellow and Lowell has rivaled Whittier's, and sustained it. They, in their ways, and Holland, Trowbridge, and Taylor, each in his own, have paid tribute to the charm of American home-life, and have repeated the ancestral and prevalent feeling of regions which they thoroughly comprehend. In this direction they have been accompanied by many writers in verse or prose—simple balladists like the Vermonter, Eastman, and tale-writers with the insight and fidelity that belong to Sylvester Judd, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Rose Terry Cooke. In times of concentrated emotion, our poets of all degrees have broken out in vivid strains. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" is memorable. There is native fire in the lyrics of Melville, and of a few poets who died too soon, Ellsworth, Forceythe Wilson, and that brave free singer, Brownell, to whom Ticknor, sounding the war-cry of the South, bore a half-likeness in manner and spirit. There have been many single voices, heard but for a moment, of this class. In closing this section, I will add a word in regard to a kind of verse which, of all, is the most common and indispensable—that devoted to reverence and worship. The religious verse of America, whether the work of poets at large, or of those whose range is chiefly confined to it,—Muhlenberg, Coxe, Croswell Doane, S. Johnson, S. Longfellow, Abraham Coles, Ray Palmer, Harriet Kimball, Hedge, the Frothinghams, and many other orthodox or liberal composers,—ranks in

quality, if not in quantity, with the hymnology of other lands.

No one can enter upon the most cursory review of our literature without being struck by the share which women have had in its production. A sisterhood of song, expressing its own delicate and heroic nature, and many thoughts and affections that are sweet and high and impassioned, has won in America a just and distinctive regard. The female voices early added softness and, at times, strength, to the general song. The names of Maria Lowell, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Whitman, the Cary sisters, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Sewall, Elizabeth Lloyd, Mrs. Oakes-Smith, Mrs. Kinney, and Mrs. Botta, many of whom have passed away, are cherished by not a few. They have had successors—of whom are Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Akers Allen, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dorr, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Helen Jackson, Mrs. Moulton, and others to whom I shall refer in a later article, whose names are veritably household words throughout the country, and much of whose work, in verse and prose, has taken a subtler range, a better finish, a definite and influential hold upon the public attention.

American culture, if not so exact and diligent as that of more learned nations, is sympathetic, and explores all literatures for its delight and betterment. It is most advanced in the sections where it took its start, but there and elsewhere is well represented in our poetry. A University school has sent out rays from Cambridge, the focus being the home of a poet with whose rise the new poetic movement fairly began. He has grown to be not the poet of a section, nor even of a people, but one rendered into many languages, and known throughout the world. Longfellow, on the score of his fame, and his almost exclusive devotion to the muse, is the center of a group distinguished by culture, elegant learning, regard for the manner of saying no less than for what is said. His early legend rightly was *Outre-Mer*, for he stimulated our taste by choice presentation of what is rare abroad, until it grew able to perceive what is rare and choice at home. With thoughts of this singer come thoughts of peace, of romance, of the house made beautiful by loving hands. Lowell and Holmes, no less than Longfellow, and wonted to the same atmosphere, represent our conflict with rudeness, ignorance, and asceticism. They laugh the Philistine to scorn, and with their wit and learning advance the movement toward sweetness and light. Near them are others, such as Parsons, Story, Robert Lowell, Mrs. Fields, who may be classed more readily with a composite group of whom I have yet to speak. But first let us observe that an imaginative and unique division of the recent school is that which represents the liberal philosophy of New England and its conflict with ancestral superstition. The mind and soul of Transcendentalism seemed to find their predestined service in the land of the Puritans. The poetry which sprang from it had a more subtle aroma than that whose didacticism infected the English Lake school. The latter made prosaic the verse of famous poets; out of the former the quickest inspiration of our "down-East" thinkers seemed to grow. Their philosophy, beginning with the prose and verse of Andrews Norton, and the exalted spirituality of Dr. Channing, and soon going beyond the early liberties, has found its riper expression in lyrical work, prophetic, mystical, or quaintly wise. It borrowed, in truth, the wisdom of the Orient and the speculations of Germany, but has not failed to apply the vision that so inspired it to the life and action of the new world. The white light of Emerson, the pure and elevated master of the Concord group, has been a steadfast beacon for his companions. Among these, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Jones Very, Cranch, and Ellery Channing may be reckoned, with due allowance for the individuality of each. Here and there stray singers have seemed to belong to this peculiarly American caste. One such was the lamented Dr. Wright, whose gift was delicately pure and thoughtful. Poe was right in claiming that the speculative tendency of these poets was at odds with the artistic effect of their work, but ought to have seen that a more exquisite feeling and insight, allied with that tendency, often made amends for it.

Meantime, as I was about to point out, we have had a quota of poets, including most of those who do not live in New England, who have clung to their art from sheer love of the beautiful, under varying chances of favor and discouragement. They have paid slight regard to their respective localities, writing after their own versatile moods, and looking wherever they pleased for models and themes. Some have followed other than literary pursuits, or, if earning their bread by the pen, have accepted the vicissitudes of their

craft under the conditions heretofore set forth. Their tastes and habits have made them composite, if not cosmopolitan. Their work is not provincial, though often less original than that of some whom we have named. But in escaping the rigors of a chosen section, they also have foregone its distinctions. The East has loved its poets, and, what is more, has listened to them. The New-England spirit has been that of Attica, which state, we are told, "secure in her sterility, boasted that her land had never been inundated by these tides of immigration," and that "she traced the stream of her population in a backward course through many generations."* With respect to philosophy and economics, and in fields of taste and literary judgment, the trust of the modern Athens is founded on her own usage and her men of note. It is true that the reverence paid our elder poets is now general throughout the land, and as sincere and beautiful as that which the bards of Germany and Scandinavia always have received at the hands of their countrymen. It even has its jealous side, and renders it hard for new aspirants to gain their share of welcome. But New York has been to her later poets, somewhat as Oxford street was to De Quincey, a stony-hearted mother. This is partly due to the standards of success established by monetary power and prosperity, and partly to the accident that here, more than in the East, idealists have had to live by all sorts of very practical work. Writers have been tolerated, and even welcomed, but not honored and taken as counselors, until they have proved themselves worldly wise, or gained their influence elsewhere. Then New York has been proud of them, in her awkward way, and used them at need, but has assigned to the provinces the duty of reading their works. Bryant came to be her most honored citizen, and for some years was a kind of literary Doge; his city knew that he was a poet, for the country had told her so. It would be interesting to learn how large a proportion of the wealthy classes among whom he was a peer, and who placed him at the head of feasts and civic gatherings, knew this through an appreciative knowledge of his poetry. Such, however, is apt to be the state of things in a great commercial center,—so great, that it matures slowly, and must long await that splendid prime of which smaller towns earlier furnish types in miniature; and under just such conditions many a poet has struggled, yet gone down to time and fame.

The artistic bent of Parsons and Story, of Poe, Taylor, Stoddard, and Weeks, in New York, of the Philadelphians, Boker and Read, and of the Southerners, Timrod, and Hayne, and Esten Cooke, has been plainly seen in the application of each man's gift, whatever its degree. They have cared for poetry alone, and have believed its country to be universal, and that England, whose poets conspicuously avail themselves of the materials and atmosphere of other lands, should be the last to lay down a law of restriction. Herein, nevertheless, they subject their work, upon its general merits, to comparison with models which they scarce could hope to surpass; the highest excellence alone could draw attention to them as poets of America. Some of our verse composed in this wise has been so charming, and withal so original, as to make reputations. Poe's lyrics are an example, and others besides Poe, less conspicuous as victims of unrest and heroes of strange careers, also have represented the conflict with materialism, and have shown as genuine a gift and a wider range. Dr. Parsons holds a place of his own. He is one of those rare poets whose infrequent work is so beautiful as to make us wish for more. In quality, at least, it is of a kind with Landor's; his touch is sure, and has at command the choicer modes of lyrical art—those which, although fashion may overslaugh them, return again, and enable a true poet to be quite as original as when hunting devices previously unessayed. His independence, on the other hand, is exhibited in his free renderings of Dante. These, and Longfellow's literal translation of the entire "Commedia," with Bryant's of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Brooks's of various German authors, Taylor's of "Faust," and with the kindred achievements of Cranch, Leland, Macdonough, Alger, Coles, Miss Preston, and Emma Lazarus (whose poetic version of Heine has just appeared), have made the American school of translation somewhat eminent. Parsons's briefer poems often are models, but occasionally show a trace of that stiffness which too little employment gives even the hand of daintier sense. The "Lines on a Bust of Dante," in structure, diction, loftiness of thought, are the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue. Inversion, the vice of stilted poets, becomes with him an excellence, and old forms and accents are rehandled and charged

* Wordsworth's "Greece."

with life anew. It is to be regretted that Dr. Parsons has not used his gift more freely. He has been a poet for poets, rather than for the people; but many types are required to fill out the hemicycle of a nation's literature. Story's various talents and acquirements as a scholar, painter, sculptor, author, and what not, and his prolonged residence and studies abroad, are mirrored in his verse. This, indeed, is so un-American that I was held to blame by a prominent London journal for not reviewing him as a British-born and Victorian poet. He has extreme refinement, but is a close follower of Browning's lyrico-dramatic method, and more novel in his choice of themes than in their treatment. "Cleopatra" and "Praxiteles and Phryne" are striking pieces, and show him at his best. Among the group under notice was the ardent and generous Taylor, whose seniority in death caused my selection of him as one of those who illustrate the rise of the American school, and upon whom alone I venture any extended criticism. Poe, the eldest of the art-group, and the subject of a recent essay, is related to the others as a toiling professional writer, whose ideality maintains itself apart from the atmosphere about him. In many respects he is an exception to the rest, but, on the whole, may be counted the first to revolt against didacticism, from the artist's point of view,—while Whitman, on the other hand, is hostile to art-tradition and conventionalism, as an apostle of the "democracy of the future." Another artist-poet was Buchanan Read, whose song was of a more genuine quality than the painting which he made his vocation. His idyllic verse fairly portrayed the rural life of his own State, but his successes were a few rhymed lyrics and idyls that will be preserved. "The Closing Scene" gained a reputation through its descriptive beauty and clever treatment of a standard form of verse. His townsman, Boker, is the eldest of a little group described in my article on Bayard Taylor. A close study of the English poets, especially of the Elizabethan brotherhood, led him to dramatic composition. Although his plays follow old models, and are founded upon the historic themes of foreign lands, they have excellent dramatic and poetic qualities. Thirty-five years ago, in an essay upon the condition and prospect of our literature, Dr. Griswold said that "the success of the plays of Bird and Conrad, and the failure of those of Longfellow and Willis," showed that there was still "patriotism enough among us to prefer works with the American inspiration to those of any degree of artistic merit without it." But it is recorded to the credit of some of Boker's plays, which are of a poetic and literary mold, and bear the test of reading, that, like their humbler prototypes,—the acting plays of Bird, Conrad, Sargent, Matthews, and others,—they were found to have the life and substance that could gain them favor, not only in the closet but on the stage. They are quite antecedent to the realistic manner of our own time; and nothing of their sort would be acceptable at the present day. In their place we have signs of the appearance of a native dramatic school. But they show, none the less, a manly hand, and the healthy imagination of the poet, their author. His minor pieces are of uneven quality, some of them thoroughly national and spirited. Such lyrics as "On Board the Cumberland," "A Ballad of Sir John Franklin," and the "Dirge for a Soldier," often continue a poet's name more surely than the efforts which he considers his masterpieces.

Stoddard, the life-long friend and brother in song of Taylor and Boker, is still in full voice, and Mr. Macdonough recently has given us a careful, sympathetic analysis of his genius and career. A New-Englander born, the honors of his life and service belong to New York. The whole range of his poetry has the unrestricted or cosmopolitan tendency of which I speak. He had poor advantages in youth, but an absolute bent for letters, and a passion for the beautiful resembling that of Poe. His knowledge of English literature, old and new, early became so valuable that his younger associates, drawn to him by admiration of his poetry, never failed to profit by his learning and suggestions. His life has been peculiarly that of a writer, with its changes and pleasurable pains, and is marked by independence, sensitiveness, devotion to his calling, and pride in the city with whose literary growth and labor he is identified. The characteristics of Stoddard's verse are affluence, sincere feeling, strength, a manner unmistakably his own, very delicate fancy, and, above all, an imagination at times exceeded by that of no other American poet. This last quality pervades his ambitious pieces, and at times breaks out suddenly in the minor verse through which he is best known. The exigencies of his profession have too constantly drawn upon his resources; the bulk of his miscellaneous

verse is large, and to this is somewhat due its unevenness. No poet is more unequal; few have more plainly failed now and then. On the other hand, few have reached a higher tone, and a selection could be made from his poems upon which to base a lasting reputation. "The Fisher and Charon," "The Dead Master," and the "Hymn to the Sea," are noble pieces of English blank verse, the secret of whose measure is given only to the elect; one is impressed by the art, the thought, the imagination, which sustain these poems, and the Shakspere and Lincoln odes. Stoddard's abundant songs and lyrics are always on the wing and known at first sight—a sky-lark brood whose notes are rich with feeling. The sweet and direct method of "The King's Bell" placed him high in the ranks of writers of narrative verse. Among poets equal to him in years, he is, perhaps, the foremost of the artistic or cosmopolitan group.

If I cared to give, in detail, various by-road illustrations of the American spirit, I could cite many instances where the brooding humor, the quaintness and frankness, the pluck and fun and carelessness of our new people long since cropped out in rhyme. These characteristics give life to the wise and witty purpose of Holmes's and Lowell's satires, and to the verses of Saxe, Leland, Fields, and Butler. We have their continuance and diversity in the clever, off-hand fantasies of younger men. There is no lack of dialect, bric-à-brac, and society verse. Some of our young Bohemians all at play, twenty years ago,—of whom George Arnold was American by birth, and Halpine and O'Brien by adoption,—while not without their earnest moods, did rollicking work of this kind, and in Arnold's case it seemed to his friends but an offshoot of the better work he had it in him to do. The Dean among our writers of poems for occasions is unquestionably Dr. Holmes, by virtue of his apt response to the instant call, and of the wit, wisdom, convictions, and the scholarly polish that relegate his lightest productions to the select domain of art.

To Whitman a special review already has been given, and was needed for the fair consideration of his traits and attitude. While differing with some of his theories, I paid him as liberal and impartial a tribute —and one as churlishly received—as any that ever was awarded to the genius of a poet. He represents, first of all, his own personality; secondly, the conflict with aristocracy and formalism. Against the latter he early took the position of an iconoclast, avowing that the time had come in which to create an American art by rejection of all forms, irrespective of their natural basis, which had come to us from the past. In their stead he proffered a form of his own. If I rightly understand the meaning of one or two recent papers by Mr. Whitman, his extreme views, in deprecation of what is and anticipation of what is to be, are now somewhat tempered by years and experience. It was suggested in this magazine that a new edition of his poems—so modified as not to lessen their freshness, their imaginative grasp and freedom, nor to affect the dignity of his position, but to seem less objectionable to ordinary readers—would secure him a more general audience. His admirers, of whom I am one, have been glad to hear a rumor that such an edition may appear. Whitman is a man of genius, of striking physical and mental qualities, and excels most writers in personal magnetism, tact, and adroitness as a man of the world. He is the avowed champion of democracy, and accepted as such by the refined classes at home and abroad. I have referred to his minute knowledge and healthy treatment of the American landscape, of the phases and products of outdoor Nature, and in this respect his most fragmentary pieces show the handicraft of an artist and poet.

We need not continue farther the analysis proposed in a former article. I have not tried to make a rigid classification of all who have borne a part in the rise of a home-school, but to observe the general groups of which some of our elder poets may be called the leaders, and the condition and sentiment by which their work has been affected. Enough has been said, I think, to justify the assertion that such a school already has had a career which Americans should be swift to recognize and slow to undervalue. One "of your own poets" has taken a different view, declaring that a barren void exists—that our poetry has been marked by an absence of patriotism, and that it has shown brain and no soul. A more incorrect or willfully pessimistic statement never was made. In every department of art, times of energy are divided by times of calm. The first course is run, and there is a temporary halt, so far as poetry is concerned. The imaginative element in our literature is active as ever, but in other directions. Meantime, we have singers in their prime, resting their

voices for the moment, and others whose fresh notes will soon be more definitely heard. Both these classes will come within our review. The younger poets, upon whom the future depends, must prove themselves well endowed, if they are to succeed to the laurels of those who now, blessed with years, hold the affection of life-long readers scattered far and wide. But it is of the elders only, the representative founders of our school, that I have undertaken to write at any length. To pass critical judgments upon those of my own, or a younger, generation is beyond my province. The time will come when some of them will in turn occupy the high places, and furnish typical illustrations of poetry and the poetic life. In that near future there will not be wanting critics to measure their works, nor hands to award the recompense that is due to those who add to the sum of human pleasure by their ministry of song.

ERNESTO ROSSI.

It may seem somewhat singular that Ernesto Rossi, who will begin an engagement in New York in November, should be so little known in this country, when he has had a wide reputation in Europe for more than twenty-five years. But the same thing has happened repeatedly. Even the name of Salvini, when he was announced to make a professional tour of the United States in 1874, was familiar to very few Americans —mainly to those who had seen him abroad; and yet he was considered by many in the Old World then, as he is considered by many in the New World now, the first of living actors.

Rossi, now fifty-two, is a native of Leghorn, son of an intelligent, well-to-do merchant, and has not, so far as known, inherited a drop of histrionic blood. He very early displayed intellectual tastes, if not positive talents; and his parents, who were too ambitious for his behoof to attempt to hamper him with any sort of commercial pursuit, decided to qualify him for the law. After receiving a tolerable, though rudimentary, education at the place of his birth, he was sent to the University of Pisa, ancient in renown, to master legal lore. Before going thither, he had disclosed a fondness for the stage, and at the University his fondness quickened into a passion. He might, with perseverance, have gained a respectable position in the law, for he had abundant application and energy; but his youthful soul was so set upon the theater that his father was wise, after duly combating the boy's natural bent, to allow him to follow it unchecked. He had made a mistake about Ernesto from the first. He had imagined that he would be a good advocate, from his declaiming capacity; but this was evidence of histrionic, not legal, prepossession. If ever a lad was incurably stage-struck, it was he: he consumed plays and recited them with considerable effect at nine years of age, and was never so happy as when in a theater. This was all the more remarkable, because Leghorn is one of the last towns of any size in all Italy to inspire or foster dramatic inclinations. Comparatively modern, devoid of monuments of history or art, it is purely mercantile in aims and antecedents. While a student at Pisa, he frequently took part in amateur performances and in those of a regular company, under the direction of Signore Marchi, of no small local repute. He was not sixteen when he forswore law, and surrendered himself, body and mind, to the players. He is reported to have said, at that time, that he would rather act minor parts at a small provincial theater than be the leading barrister of the capital.

He was barely eighteen when he was portraying lovers in Marchi's troupe, and was warmly applauded by many of the members of the Scientific Congress, then assembled at Genoa. He was a particular favorite with women, young and old, and they flocked to the theater to see and encourage him. His youth, his personal comeliness, his slight, graceful figure, his romantic bearing, his erotic intensity, and his melodious voice signally fitted him for amorous rôles. The modern drama of Italy brims with sentiment, verging upon sentimentalism, and its sighing, pensive, rhapsodizing swains found ample and sympathetic expression in the handsome, impassioned youth burning for histrionic distinction. The feminine traditions of Pisa, Verona, Mantua, Genoa, still assert that there is not, and never has been, such a

stage lover as Ernesto Rossi was, thirty or thirty-five years ago.

After playing under Marchi, he entered the dramatic school that had recently been founded by Gustavo Modena, an excellent master, and improved vastly under his instruction. He then appeared at the Carcano Theater, Milan, also at the Carignano in Turin, and was cordially received. At twenty-six, after performing most creditably in different Italian cities, he went to Paris with Ristori, and contributed not a little to the success of her engagement by his valuable support. He subsequently introduced to that capital the works of divers Italian dramatists—Alfieri, Pellico, Niccolini, and Goldoni among them. In the comedies of the last he excelled, delighting the French with the portrayals of the author who had lived among them, and been attached to their court as instructor in his native language to the daughters of the king. He seems specially adapted to Goldoni's characters, which have a wide range and are marked by freshness and subtilty. During his engagement in Vienna, to which he went from Paris, his presentations of Goldoni won high encomiums, and he there increased his rapidly growing reputation. Returning to his own country, he formed a company, and undertook its financial as well as dramatic direction; but, after one or two seasons, he discovered what so many of his profession have discovered before and since his attempt, that an excellent actor may be a very poor manager. On a second visit to Paris, made eleven years after his first, he was warmly welcomed. While representing his regular parts at the Italian Theatre, he was persuaded to essay the *Cid*, in a translation of that celebrated tragedy, at the Français, on the occasion of the anniversary of Corneille. The essay was so felicitous that the Parisians, with characteristic chauvinism, pronounced him the Italian Talma—a very questionable compliment in itself, though a most lofty one, from their over-patriotic point of view.

For many years, Rossi has personated some of the leading characters of Shakspere, to whom he had previously given, in translation, long and earnest study. These have been seen in Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, London, and other European capitals, and have elicited very favorable criticism. It is questionable if any of the Latin races can fully comprehend or sympathize with the Gothic genius of Shakspere. His richness, majesty, and diversity are alien to them; they see his power, they are impressed by his massiveness; but in general they lack the capacity to interpret either. Their scholars, even the French, admire him; but they do not wholly approve him, and they are unable to feel him in his depth and scope. Talma enacted *Hamlet* and *Othello* in Ducis's diluted, glossy version; but he produced no such effect as in Jouy's "Sulla" or Delavigne's "Charles VI." Lekain shone resplendent in Voltaire's heroes, though he neglected Shakspere. Rachel, despite her wondrous gifts, could never be brought to endure the master mind of all the ages.

The Italians affect Shakspere, notably "Hamlet" and "Othello," as adapted and purified in their mellifluous tongue. Their four most eminent players, Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Majeroni (Rossi is the last of them to visit these shores), have been happy to present him, and he is exhibited, even in their open-air theaters, all the way from Como to Sorrento, from Lucca to Udine.

Hamlet is Rossi's favorite part, and he will probably play it at his *début* in this city and country. He first acted it abroad, I believe, in Lisbon, some thirteen years ago, and has since repeated it many times in Spain, France, Germany, and Britain. Previous to that time he had represented it, as well as other Shaksperean characters,—*Lear*, *Romeo*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*,—in the principal cities of Italy, where, indeed, he is credited with popularizing the poet by putting his productions regularly, and in the best translations obtainable, on the national stage. Any judgment, favorable or unfavorable, that might be passed in Italy, Spain, or Portugal on interpretations of Shakspere might not bear much weight with the Teutonic races. But the fact that Rossi's interpretations have been lavishly lauded in England as well as in Germany, where the great master has been more thoroughly studied than even in the country of his birth, is one of the strongest arguments in behalf of the artist's penetration and performance. In none of his Shaksperean delineations has Rossi won such celebrity and such praise as in *Hamlet*, and to none of them, in truth, has he devoted the same degree of thought and research. To him, *Hamlet* is almost constant source of meditation and employment; hardly a week passes, it is said, that he does not read over the text, and he is continually reaching new disclosures of its subtilty.

When he first played *Hamlet*, he had never, I am told, seen the part personated, though he had been familiar with it in translation from boyhood. He had steadily delved at its inconsistencies and riddles; contrasted its lights and shades; analyzed its motives, and sounded its depths, until he had extracted therefrom a consonant and harmonious whole. Years ago he wrote a careful, scholarly paper on the tragedy, bearing mainly on its leading personage, detailing his conception of the character, the influences exercised upon the Prince by his surroundings, and the conclusions at which, as student and actor, he had arrived. This paper, which should be very interesting to our play-goers, has been published in a volume along with other of his contributions to dramatic art. For Rossi is a literary man as well as an actor. He is the author of a number of plays, the best known being "Adela," done for Ristori; the "Hyenas," a social comedy; the "Prayer of a Soldier," and the "Paternal Consort." He has personated the principal masculine parts in most of these, and has been very successful therein.

Rossi's *Hamlet* can scarcely fail to be attractive, even to those who may disagree with his understanding and rendering of it. It is indubitably original, at least in the sense that it is not consciously borrowed from any source; it is intellectual throughout; it is highly finished and altogether symmetrical. It is also saliently romantic, intense, pictorial, passionate,—far more than Englishmen or Americans are wont to portray it. Absolutely free from stage traditions—Rossi belongs to the natural school—and individualized by his mental processes, certain portions are apt to strike those familiar with the piece, who see him in it for the first time, as strained, perhaps artificial. Most of us are inclined to think that whatever we are unaccustomed to is incorrect or wrong, although we may soon accept and warmly commend the innovation. Thus Rossi's novelties, which may startle in the beginning, are likely to be welcome at last, and to rest in the mind with fertilizing effect. His *Hamlet*, like most of the characters he has retained in his repertory, will bear a deal of study,—as they surely ought to, since he has brought so much study to them,—and study will reconcile what may have appeared to be incongruities. He often changes his readings, his gestures, his business,—his idea of art is endless striving for perfection,—but only after mature reflection and untiring comparison of the new with the old method. He yields to impulses, likewise, having full faith in intuitions born of exalted, impassioned moods, on or off the stage, and such yielding has served him well. Flexibility of presentment is one of his cardinal features; he is all alive, body and mind, every moment he is upon the scene; he acts as much when he has ceased to speak as while he is speaking. The comedy or tragedy in which he is engaged appears to emanate from and stream through him, as though he were, as indeed he is, its head and source. He is in the completest sense an actor; his whole personality, his very atmosphere, is action.

Hamlet he regards, very justly, as a creature of moods,—and of moods that control him. Consequently, the Dane is not in his hands, as he is so generally shown to be, supremely and everlastingly dejected. At times he exhibits elasticity, mercurialness, gayety; but the shadow of his life is ever swooping upon him; he cannot escape the consciousness of his doom. His is a nature always struggling with destiny, but struggling hopelessly, from an inherent weakness of character and a foreboding of inevitable fate. He wants and he tries to withdraw himself from the gloom of his situation, but he cannot; and as he regularly falls back into himself, one can almost hear the fresh cracking of his heart, and can perceive the black, trailing cloud of despair. In the scenes with the courtiers, with *Polonius*, with *Laertes*, preparatory to the fencing bout, the Prince is well-nigh merry, denoting his anxiety to forget, for the nonce, the dreaded, dreadful task his father's spirit has imposed upon him. In his interview with *Ophelia*, when he bids her get to a nunnery, one sees enkindled in his person the conflict between his cruel words and his tender feelings, and the agony they cause in his own breast. And in the church-yard his jocosity and lofty speculation descend, like a bird wounded in airy flight, to mere human grief, wild in its intensity under the crushing news of *Ophelia's* death. No room is left for doubt of his exceeding love. He so unfolds it, it so quivers through his being, so swells in his soul, that his tumid, extravagant speeches hardly sound like the rant of ordinary players.

The working of *Hamlet's* peculiar mind and his shifting purpose are visible through every act in Rossi's lucid, plastic delineation. One who had never read the tragedy might understand its teaching and its mystery by

closely observing the actor's varied and variable demeanor, reflecting every shade of thought and feeling. He may be considered, in his most serious efforts, as an illuminated artist. His personation of *Hamlet* includes a key with the best notes and comments, in rare histrionic form, that are procurable. He is said to consider the character in many respects Italian, although totally unlike the average type—a consideration that aids him to explain what he thinks to be his entire sympathy with its spirit and manifestations. This is not strange. Many serious students of the wonderful tragedy see, or fancy they see, in *Hamlet* a reflex of their own nationality. French scholars have discovered in him many French traits. The Germans esteem him to be German to the core. The Spaniards have been rash enough to declare that only a Spaniard can understand him. Russian authors have found a clear parallel between him and their educated, brooding compatriots. Learned Brahmins perceive the Hindu and the trace of their mystic theology in his temperament. He is certainly the reverse of the mass of Englishmen, albeit an Englishman has created him. It may seem preposterous to mention *Hamlet* as American in outgiving and constitution. But how many Americans there are to-day in our great cities, having no concern with commerce, and no aim in life, who read in him an autobiography! All this reveals Shakspere's universality. He is the world's bard, and mankind is fused in the fire of his limitless imagination. He is the macrocosm that comprehends, as microcosms, all other minds.

Rossi's *Othello* is not nearly so impressive or satisfactory as his *Hamlet;* and yet it might be thought that an Italian would play it better, with its burning love, its fierce jealousy, its terrible vengeance. Some portions he does admirably—for example, the address to the Senate, the meeting at Cyprus, all the love passages with *Desdemona*. But he is deficient in the grandeur and glory of the Moor, as we understand him. His jealousy is white heat; it is frenzied, but it wants balance and dignity; it has too much of the quality of disappointing kisses, of baffled desire. He kills her through hurt vanity—because she has been disloyal to him—from bitter consciousness of what he believes to be her violated vow. When he talks of his great love for her, it seems like mockery; for we see that she can never regain his confidence—that his suspicion has been aroused, and will not be allayed. All his feeling for and against his much-encompassed, devilishly ensnared wife is physical and personal; it is a reproduction of Orosmane's hunting down and sudden slaughter of Zaire. It is not the awful divorce of a once worshiped soul, thought to be false and tainted, from a generous, trusting, vehement nature; nor is it, at the end, a solemn, harrowing sacrifice in the cause of purity and sacred marriage. Nor is Rossi's Moor the Moor that Shakspere drew, as we, born to speak his language, are pleased to conceive. Shakspere was not a historian, a copier, or a realist; he was, first and last, a poet, and whatever he touched he transmuted into poetry.

The Italian artist's *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus* are admired by Latin audiences, but not, as a rule, by the Germans and English, who think them inadequate, deficient in true tragic power. They have plenty of passion, ample sweep, remarkable vividness; they lack largeness, self-sustainment—what we, to whom Shakspere is indigenous, consider fidelity to the poet's ideal. *Romeo*, in which Rossi has been extolled without stint, is—or, properly, was—finely suited to him, as was he to it. His grace, fervor, romanticness, and emotionalism found full scope there, and must have made the part radiantly picturesque. He has, I learn, seldom played it of late years. *Romeo* being so completely, so irredeemably youthful, a *Romeo* of fifty-two seems little less than grotesque. Nevertheless, if the Italian should do it now, he would be pretty apt to preserve most of the illusion; for he is as flexible in understanding as he is supple of limb, and would never be associated with years. His is plainly the temperament of genius, which is always young, and his every instinct is so artistic as to throw a glamour upon most of his auditors.

No actor of the age has a richer treasury of characters. He draws from Shakspere, Goethe, Schiller, Corneille, Voltaire, Alfieri, Goldoni, the master minds of four nations, and from later German, French, and Italian authors. Many of the parts which he performed early in his career he has surrendered, finding them shallow and meretricious, because, in the maturity of his intellect and reputation, he aims only at the lasting and the best. During his American engagement, we shall have, in addition to "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth," "Don Carlos," "Francesca da Rimini," "Faust," "Orestes," the "Cid," "Saul," and "Louis XI.," with other pieces less known to the native stage,

Rossi is generally spoken of as a tragedian, and he is illustrious in various tragic delineations, notably *Hamlet*, the *Cid*, *Orestes*, *Paulo*. But, after all, his forte is comedy, the comedy of elevated character and elegant manners, and the comedy, too, of a decidedly pictorial order. His sympathies are with it; it fits the age, and is more spontaneous and elastic than dramas of the lofty pose and sounding line.

He loves Goldoni, never seen in our theaters, and is unapproachable in many of his characters, the personation of which might show him to the best advantage, should he venture, for the sake of pure art, on such an experiment. But, represent what he may, he must convince all competent critics that he has genius, scholarship, and rare insight, with the fire and finish of a congenital player. His person is in his favor; he has a good figure, somewhat stout of late, dark, luminous eyes, well-proportioned features, and a singularly mobile, expressive face. He is cosmopolitan in mind and taste; he speaks four or five languages; he has traveled and played all over Europe and in South America; he has secured the ardent admiration of the leading theaters of civilization. A liberal in politics, long a lover of America, he comes at last, on his own account, to this broad commonwealth, with good wishes, sincere sympathies, and a laudable ambition to see if our people will declare that his copious laurels won elsewhere have been worthily bestowed.

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,—
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet,
The dead face and the living,—fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

PRIMEVAL CALIFORNIA.

"PRIMEVAL CALIFORNIA" was inscribed on the knapsack of the Artist, on the portmanteau of Foster, the Artist's chum, and on the fly-leaf of the note-book of the Scribe. The luggage of the boisterous trio was checked through to the heart of the Red Woods, where a vacation camp was pitched. The expected "last man" leaped the chasm that was rapidly widening between the city front of San Francisco and the steamer bound for San Rafael, and approached us—the trio above referred to—with a slip of paper in his hand. It was not a subpœna; it was not a dun; it was a round-robin of farewells from a select circle of admirers, wishing us joy, Godspeed, success in art and literature, and a safe return at last.

The wind blew fair; we were at liberty for an indefinite period. In forty minutes we struck another shore and another clime. San Francisco is original in its affectation of ugliness—it narrowly escaped being a beautiful city—and its humble acceptation of a climate which is as invigorating as it is unscrupulous, having a peculiar charm which is seldom discovered until one is beyond its spell. Sailing into the adjacent summer,—summer is intermittent in the green city of the West,—we passed

into the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, the great landmark of the coast. The admirable outline of the mountain, however, was partially obscured by the fog, already massing along its slopes.

The narrow-gauge of the N. P.C.R.R. crawls like a snake from the ferry on the bay to the roundhouse over and beyond the hills, but seven miles from the sea-mouth of the Russian River. It turns very sharp corners, and turns them every few minutes; it doubles in its own trail, runs over fragile trestle-work, darts into holes and re-appears on the other side of the mountains, roars through strips of redwoods like a rushing wind, skirts the shore of bleak Tomales Bay, cuts across the potato district and strikes the redwoods again, away up among the saw-mills at the logging-camps, where it ends abruptly on a flat under a hill. And what a flat it is!—enlivened with a first-class hotel, some questionable hostelries, a country store, a post-office and livery-stable, and a great mill buzzing in an artificial desert of worn brown sawdust.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS AND RAILROAD THROUGH THE WOOD.

Here, after a five hours' ride, we alighted at Duncan's Mills, hard by the river, and with a girdle of hills all about us—high, round hills, as yellow as brass when they are not drenched with fog. In the twilight we watched the fog roll in, trailing its lace-like skirts among the highland forests. How still the river was! Not a ripple disturbed it; there was no perceptible current, for after the winter floods subside, the sea throws up a wall of sand that chokes the stream, and the waters slowly gather until there is volume enough to clear it. Then come the rains and the floods, in which rafts of drift-wood and even great logs are carried twenty feet up the shore, and permanently lodged in inextricable confusion.

I remember the day when we had made a pilgrimage to the coast, when from the rocky jaws of the river we looked up the still waters, and saw them slowly gathering strength and volume. The sea was breaking upon the bar without; Indian canoes swung on the tideless stream, filled with industrious occupants taking the fish that await their first plunge into salt water. Every morning we bathed in the unpolluted waters of the river. How fresh and sweet they are—the filtered moisture of the hills, mingled with the distillations from cedar-boughs drenched with fogs and dew!

Lounging upon the hotel veranda, turning our backs upon the last vestiges of civilization in the shape of a few guests who dressed for dinner as if it were imperative, we were greeted with mellow heartiness by a hale old backwoodsman, a genuine representative of the primeval. It was Ingram, of Ingram House, Austin Creek, Red Woods, Sonoma

County, Primeval California. It was he, with ranch-wagon and stalwart steeds. The Artist, who was captain-general of the forces, at once held a consultation with Ingram, whom we will henceforth call the Doctor, for he is doctor—minus the degrees—of divinity, medicine, and laws, and master of all work; a deer-stalker, rancher, and general utility man; the father of a clever family, and the head of a primeval house.

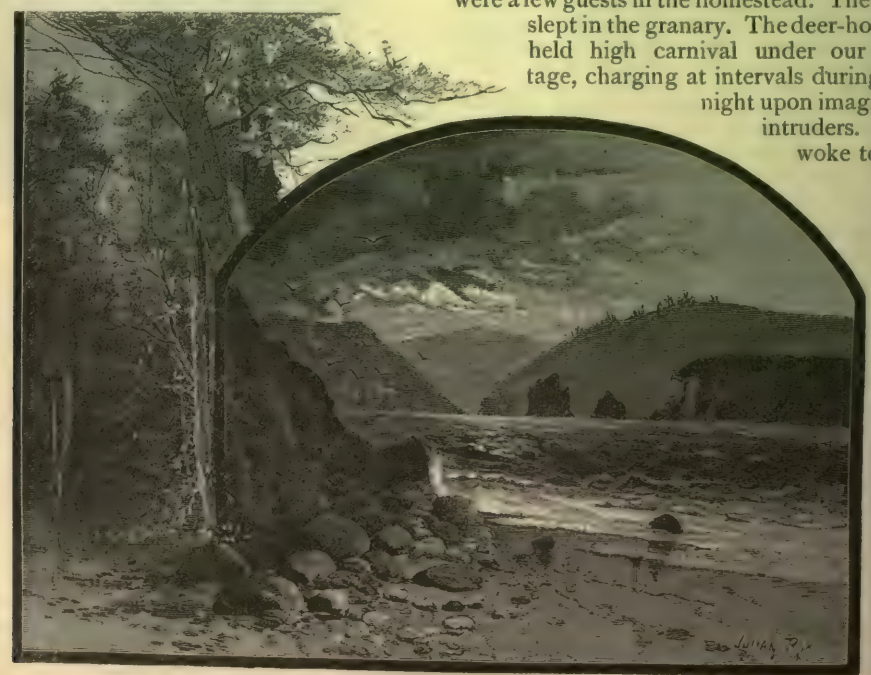
In half an hour we were jolting, bag and baggage, body and soul, over roads wherein the ruts were filled with dust as fine as flour, fording trout-streams, and winding through wood and brake. We passed the old logging-camp, with the hills about it blackened and disfigured for life; and the new logging-camp, with its stumps still smoldering, its steep slides smoking with the friction of swift-descending logs, the ring of the ax and the vicious buzz of the saw mingled with the shouts of the woodsmen. How industry is devastating that home of the primeval!

Soon the road led us into the very heart of the redwoods, where superb columns stood in groups, towering a hundred and even two hundred feet above our heads! A dense undergrowth of light green foliage caught and held the sunlight like so much spray; the air was charged with the fragrance of wild honeysuckle and resiniferous trees; the jay-bird darted through the boughs like a phosphorescent flame, screaming his joy to the skies; squirrels fled before us; quails beat a muffled tattoo in the brush; snakes slid out of the road in season to escape destruction.

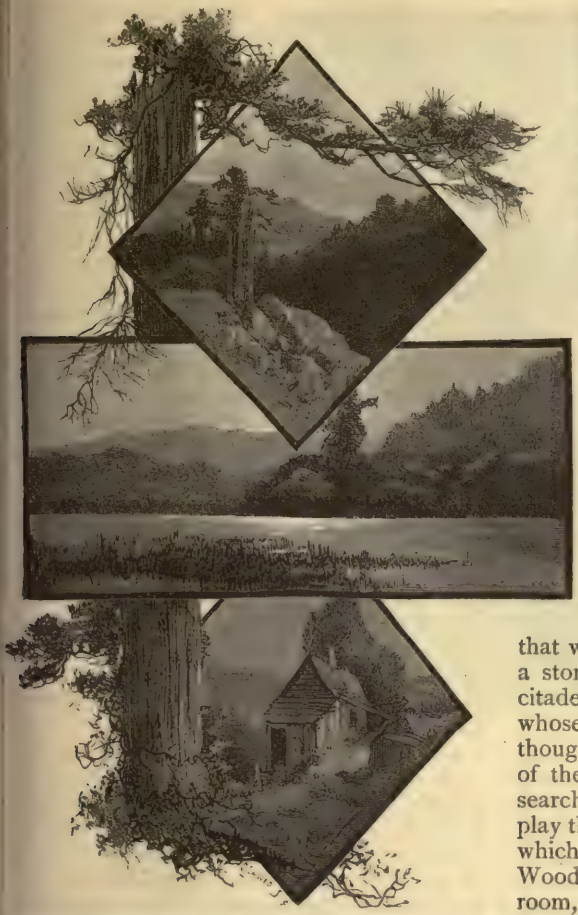
We soon dropped into the bed of the stream, Austin Creek, and rattled over the broad, strong highway of the winter rains. We bent our heads under low-hanging boughs, drove into patches of twilight, and out on the other side into the waning afternoon; we came upon a deserted cottage with a great javelin driven through the roof to the cellar; it had been torn from one of the gigantic redwoods and hurled by a last winter's gale into that solitary home. Fortunately no one had been injured, but the inmates had fled in terror, lashed by the driving storm.

We came to Ingram House in the dusk, out of the solitude of the forest into a pine-and-oak opening, the monotony of which was enlivened with a fair display of the primitive necessities of life—a vegetable garden on the right, a rustic barn on the left, a house of "shakes" in the distance, and nine deer-hounds braying a deep-mouthed welcome at our approach.

In the rises of the house on the hill-slope is a three-roomed bachelors' hall; here, on the next day, we were cozily domiciled. There were a few guests in the homestead. The boys slept in the granary. The deer-hounds held high carnival under our cottage, charging at intervals during the night upon imaginary intruders. We woke to the



MOUTH OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER, LOOKING UP-STREAM.

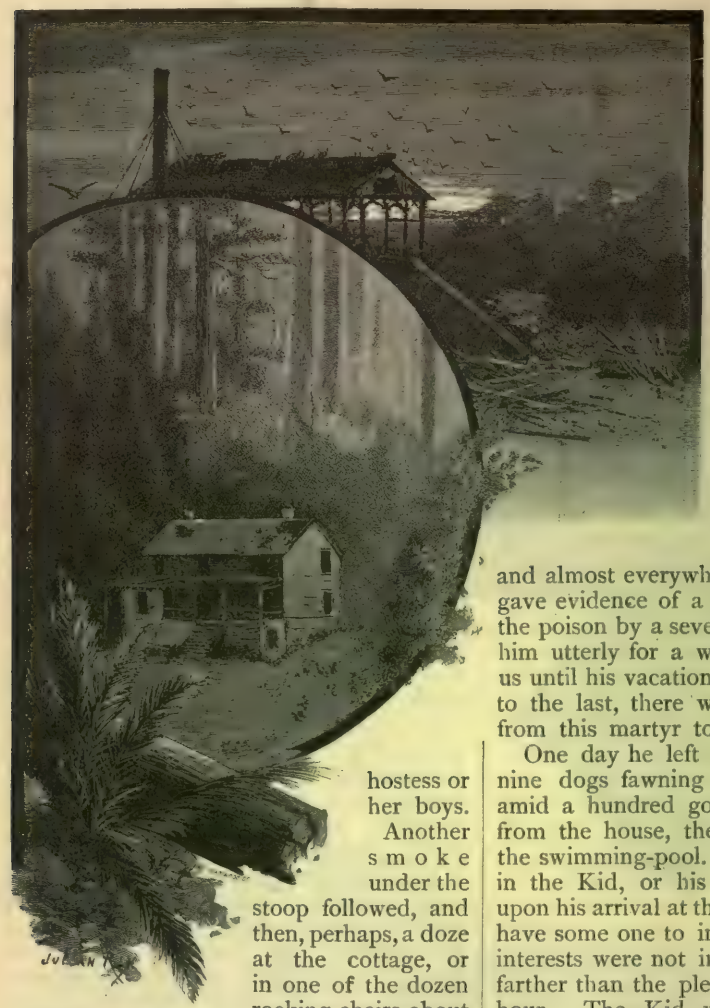


WILDERNESS OVER THE HILL—RUSSIAN RIVER AT DUNCAN'S MILLS—THE BARN AT INGRAM'S.

blustering music of the beasts, and thought on the possible approach of bear, panther, California lion, wild cat, 'coon, and polecat; but thought on it with composure, for the hounds were famous hunters, and there was a whole arsenal within reach.

We were waked at 6:30, and came down to the front "stoop" of the homestead. The structure was home-made, with rafters on the outside or inside according to the fancy of the builder; sunshine and storm had stained it a grayish brown, and no tint could better harmonize with the background and surroundings. In one corner of the stoop a tin wash-basin stood under a water-spout in the sink; there swung the family towels; the public comb, hanging by its teeth to a nail, had seen much service; a piece of brown soap lay in an *abelone* shell tacked to the wall; a small mirror reflected kaleidoscopical sections of the face, and made up for its want of compass by multiplying one or another feature. We never before ate at the hour of seven as we ate then; then a pipe on the front steps and a frolic with the boys or the dogs would follow, and digestion was well under way before the day's work began. Then the Artist shouldered his knapsack and departed; the lads trudged through the road to school; the women went about the house with untiring energy; the male hands were already making the anvil musical in the rustic smithy, or dragging stock to the slaughter, or busy with the thousand and one affairs that comprise the sum and substance of life in a self-sustaining community. We were assured that were war to be declared between the outer world and Ingram House, lying in ambush in the heart of our black forest, we might withstand the siege indefinitely. All that was needful lay at our hands, and yet, a stone's-throw away from our shake-built citadel, one loses himself in a trackless wood, whose glades are still untrodden by men, though one sometimes hears the light step of the *bronco* when Charlie rides forth in search of a strong bull. All work was like play there, because of a picturesque element which predominated over the practical. Wood-cutting under the window of the best room, trying out fat in a caldron or an earth-oven against our cottage, dragging sunburnt straw in a rude sledge down the hill-side road, shoeing a neighbor's horse in a circle of homely gossips, hunting to supply the domestic board at the distant market—is this all that Adam and the children of Adam suffer in his fall?

At noon a clarion voice resounded from the kitchen door and sent the echoes up and down the creek. It was the hostess, who, having prepared the dinner, was bidding the guests to the feast. The Artist came in with his sketch, the Chum with his novel, the Scribe with his note-book, followed by the horny-handed sons of toil, whose shoulders were a little rounded and whose minds were seldom, if ever, occupied with any life beyond the hills that walled us in. We sat down at a camp board and ate with relish. The land was flowing with milk and honey; no sooner was the pitcher drained or the plate emptied than each was replenished by the willing hands of our



DESERTED MILL AT THE OLD CAMP—THE INGRAM HOUSE.

hostess or her boys. Another smoke under the stoop followed, and then, perhaps, a doze at the cottage, or in one of the dozen rocking-chairs about the house, or on the rustic throne hewn from a stump in the grove between the house and the barn. The sun flooded the cañon with hot and dazzling light; the air was spiced with the pungent odor of shrubs; it was time to rest a little before beginning the laborious sports of the afternoon. Later, we all wandered on the banks of the creek and were sure to meet at the swimming-pool about four o'clock. Meanwhile the Artist has laid in another study. Foster has finished his tale, and is rocking in a hammock of green boughs; the Scribe has booked a half-dozen fragmentary sentences that will by and by grow into an article, and the boys have come home from school.

By and by we wanted change; the monotony of town life is always more or less interesting; the monotony of country life palls after a season. Change comes over us in a most unexpected guise. Our cañon was decked with the flaming scarlet of the poison-oak; these brilliant bits of foliage are the highlights in almost every California landscape, and must satisfy our love of color, in the absence of the Eastern autumnal leaf. The gorgeous shrubs stand out like burning bushes by the roadside, on the hill-slope, in the forest recesses, and almost everywhere. The Artist's chum gave evidence of a special susceptibility to the poison by a severe attack that prostrated him utterly for a while. Yet he stood by us until his vacation came to an end, and, to the last, there was no complaint heard from this martyr to circumstances.

One day he left us—on mule-back, with nine dogs fawning upon his stirrup, and amid a hundred good-byes wafted to him from the house, the smithy, the barn, and the swimming-pool. He had orders to send in the Kid, or his successor, immediately upon his arrival at the Bay. We must needs have some one to indulge, some one whose interests were not involved in the primeval farther than the pleasure it afforded for the hour. The Kid was the very thing—a youngster with happiness in heart, luster in his eye, and nothing more serious than peach-down on his lip; yet there was gravity enough in his composition to carry him beneath the mere surface of men and things. The Kid drove in one night with rifle tall as himself, fishing-tackle, and entomological truck, wild with enthusiasm and hungry as a carp.

What days followed! Our little entomologist chased scarlet-winged dragon-flies and descanted on the myriad forms of insect-life with premature accomplishment. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" we heard revelations not unmixed with the ludicrous superstitions of the nursery.

There is a school-house a mile distant, on the forks of the creek; we visited it one

THE KID.

Friday, and saw six angular youths, the sum total of the young ideas within range of the instructress, spelled down in broadsides; and heard time-honored recitations delivered in the same old sing-song that could only have been original with the sons of our first parents. The school-mistress, with a sun-bonnet that buried her face from the world, passed Ingram's ten times a week, footing it silently along the dusty road, lunch-pail in hand. She lives in a lonely cabin on the trail to the wilderness over the hill.

The Kid sketched a little; indeed, the artistic fever spread to the granary, where the boys spent some hours of each day restoring, not to say improving, the tarnished color of certain face-cards of an imperfect euchre deck, the refuse of the palette being carefully secreted to this end; we never knew at what moment we might sit upon the improvised color-box of some juvenile member of the family.

But hunting was our delectable recreation; the Doctor would lead off on a half-broken *bronco*, followed by a select few from the house or the friendly camps, Fred bringing up the rear with a pack-mule. This was the chief joy of the hounds; the old couple grew young at the scent of the trail, and deserted their whining progeny with Indian stoicism. Two nights and a day were enough for a single hunt,—one may in that time scour the rocky fortresses of the Last Chance, or scale the formidable slopes of the Devil's Ribs.

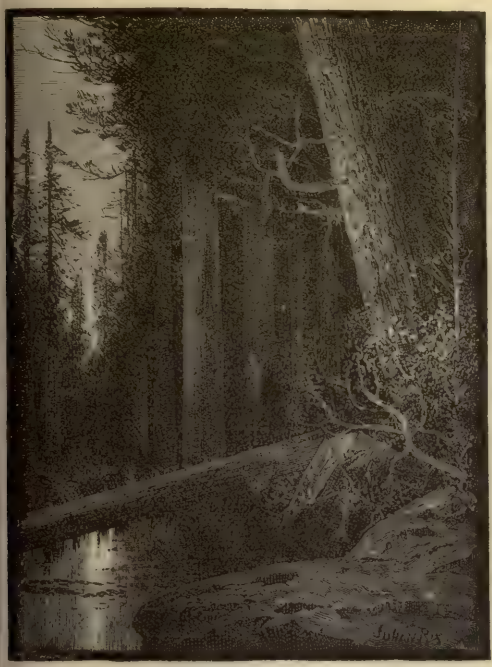
The return from the hunt was a scene of picturesque interest: the approach of the hunters at dusk, as they emerged one after another from the dark wood; the pack-mule prancing proudly under a stark buck weighing one hundred and thirty-three pounds, without its vitals; the baby fawn slain by chance (for no one would acknowledge the criminal slaughter); the final arrival of the fagged, sore-footed dogs, who were wildly greeted by the puppies, and kissed on the mouth and banged about by many a playful paw; the grouping under the trees in front of Bachelors' Hall, where the buck was slung, head downward among green leaves, and with stakes crossed between the gaping ribs; the light of the flickering lantern; the dogs supping blood from the ground where it had dripped; the

IN THE WORLD OF PROGRESS: BEFORE AND AFTER.

satisfaction of the hunters; the admiration of the women; the wild excitement of the boys, who all talked at once, at the top of their voices, with gestures quicker than thought;—this was the Carnival of the Primeval.

One night, the Kid set out for the stubble-field and lay in wait for wild rabbits; when he came in with his hands full of ears, the glow of moonlight was in his eye, the flush of sunset on his cheek, the riotous blood's best scarlet in his lips, and his laugh was triumphant; with a discarded hat recalled for camp-duty, a blue shirt open at the throat, hair very much tumbled, and no thoughts of self to detract from the absolute grace of his pose.

But all hunting-parties were not so successful. One of seven came home empty-handed and disgusted. It became necessary, while the unlucky huntsmen were under our roof, to give them festive welcome. Fred drew out his fiddle; the Doctor gathered his strength and shook as lively a shoe on the sanded floor of the best room as one will hear the clang of in many a day. Clumsy joints grew supple; heavy boots made the splinters fly; a fellow-townsman, like ourselves on a vacation tour, jigged with the inimitable grace of a trained dancer. How few of our muscles are aware of the joy of full development! From the wall of the best room the "Family of Horace Greeley," in mezzotint, looked down through clouded glass and a veneered frame. The county map hung *vis-à-vis*. A family record, wherein a pale infant was cradled in saffron, and schooled in pink, passing through a rainbow-tinted life that reached the climax of color at the scarlet and gold bridal, and ended in a sea-green grave; this record, with a tablet for appropriate inscriptions under each epoch in the family history, was still further enriched with lids of stained isinglass carefully placed over the

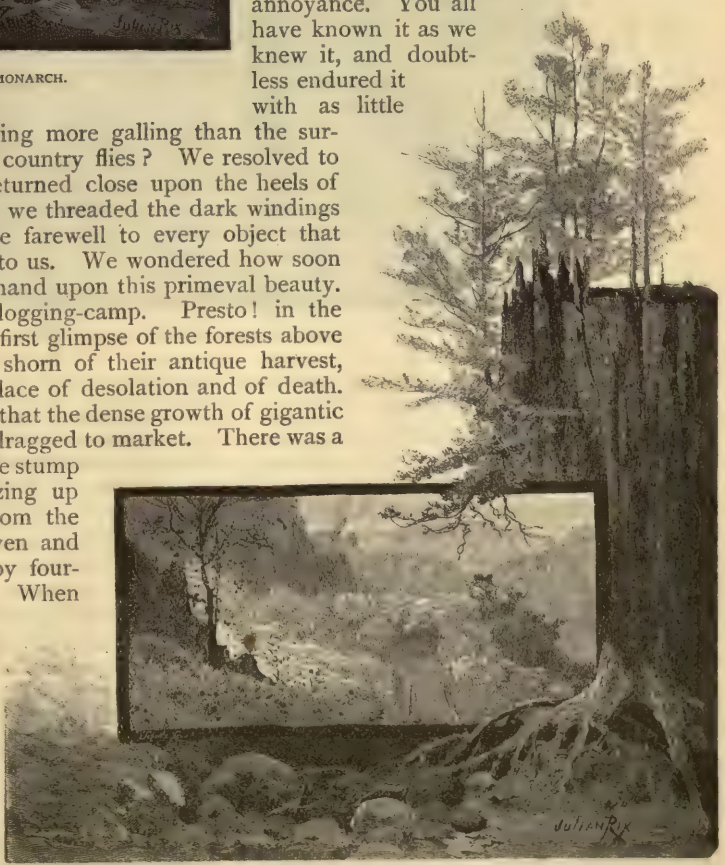


A FALLEN MONARCH.

domestic calendar, as much as to say, "What is written here is not for the public eye." On the triangular shelf in the corner, stood the condensed researches of all Arctic explorers, in one obese volume; its twin contained the revelations of African discoveries boiled down and embellished with numberless cuts; a Family Physician, one volume of legislative documents, and three stray magazines, with a Greek almanac, completed the library. So, even in the primeval state, we were not without food for our minds as well as exercise for our muscles. After a time, even the dance ceased to attract us. The Artist had lined the walls of his chamber with brilliant sketches; the Kid clamored for home.

I suppose we might have tarried a whole summer and still found some turn in the brook, some vista in the wood, some cluster of isolated trees, to hold us entranced; for the peculiar glory of the hour transfigured them, and the same effect was never twice repeated. Moreover, we at last grew intolerant of one great annoyance. You all have known it as we knew it, and doubtless endured it with as little grace. Is there anything more galling than the surpassing impudence of country flies? We resolved to return to town, and returned close upon the heels of our resolution. Again we threaded the dark windings of the wood, and bade farewell to every object that had become endeared to us. We wondered how soon change would lay its hand upon this primeval beauty. We approached the logging-camp. Presto! in the brief interval since our first glimpse of the forests above it, the hills had been shorn of their antique harvest, and the valley was a place of desolation and of death.

It seemed incredible that the dense growth of gigantic trees could be so soon dragged to market. There was a famous tree—we saw the stump still bleeding and oozing up—which, three feet from the ground, measured eleven and a half feet one way by fourteen feet the other. When its doom was sealed, a path was cut for it and a soft bed made for it to lie on. The land was graded, and covered with a cushion of soft boughs. Had the tree fallen on uneven ground, it would have been shattered; if it



ON THE HOME STRETCH—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

TWILIGHT ON THE CREEK.

had swerved to right or left, nothing but fire could have cleared the wrecks.

The making of the death-bed of this monster cost Mrs. Duncan forty dollars. Then the work began. An ax in the hands of a skillful wood-cutter threw the tree headlong to the earth. Then it was sawed across, yielding eighteen logs, each sixteen feet in length, with a diameter of four feet at the smallest end. The logs were put upon wheels, and run over a light trestle-work to the mill, drawn thither by a ridiculous dummy, which looked not unlike an old-fashioned tavern store on its beam-ends, with an elbow in the air. At the mill, it was sawed into eighty thousand feet of marketable lumber.

Reaching the forest, on our way to the Mills, we found the river had risen so that ten miles from the mouth we were obliged to climb upon the wagon-seats, and hold our luggage above high-water mark.

At Duncan's, on the home stretch, we made our final pilgrimage, to a wild glen over the Russian River, where, a few weeks before, the Bohemian Club had held high jinks. The forest had been a scene of enchantment on that midsummer night; but now the tents were struck, the Japanese lanterns were extinguished, and nothing was left to tell the tale but the long tables of rough deal, where we had feasted. They were covered with leaves and dust; spiders had draped them with filmy robes. The quail piped, the jay-bird screamed, the dove sobbed, and a slim snake, startled at the flight of a bounding hare, glided away among the rustling leaves. So soon does this new land recover the primeval beauty of eternal youth.

QUEEN TITANIA.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," etc.

XIII.

About the first of October, the Dimpletons returned to the city. Mr. Dibble and the indefatigable Count also began to find the sea-shore unpleasant about the same date, and might have been seen at any time of the day, during the month of October, lounging at the windows or in the billiard-room of a certain club for fashionable idlers.

It was rumored that the Dimpletons were going to give a magnificent party for Tita, in order, as it were, to introduce her publicly as a recognized member of their social world and a proper recipient of invitations. Her success at Newport had made her a conspicuous personage, and there was much conjecture afloat regarding her origin. Whence she came and who she was, no one could tell with certainty, and Miss Dimpleton, whenever she was directly appealed to, always answered, placidly: "She is a dear friend of ours, whom we expect to spend the winter with us."

That was hardly sufficient to check curiosity; but, as no further information could be elicited, and as Tita, moreover, was a young lady of fine bearing and social accomplishments, their circle of society in the city (as at Newport) was only too glad to accept her for what she was, without reference to her antecedents.

Miss Dimpleton, who had been much chagrined by Tita's supercilious treatment of her most eligible adorers, had resolved to maneuver more actively in Tita's behalf than she had ventured to do during the summer. She exerted herself earnestly to gain her friendship and confidence, embraced her (a little awkwardly, perhaps) at bed-time, and showed an affectionate solicitude for her comfort which puzzled Tita the more because she could not more than half reciprocate. To her Miss Dimpleton always remained a formidable phenomenon. She told herself a hundred times a day that Miss Dimpleton was as kind as she could be, and whenever a disloyal thought would knock for admission to her mind, she would make an effort to brush it away as one does a cobweb. But cobwebs have a way of entangling themselves in one's fingers the more one tries to get rid of them, and she was greatly tempted to unburden her heart to Quintus, who came regularly twice a week to see her, and then usually staid to dine with the family. But some curious, dim apprehension always checked her tongue, and, at all events, the open-hearted and innocent Quint would never suspect any human being of double-dealing, and far less of a complicated intrigue. She wondered what had happened to her, or what transformation she had undergone, since she left Quint. Instead of flinging herself on his neck at their first meeting after her return, as she had anticipated doing and as she still longed to do, she had greeted him with a formal, dutiful caress, and then seated herself to converse with him as if he had been an accidental acquaintance. Quintus, too, somehow seemed ill at ease; he sat gazing at her with an anxious smile, asked her how she had enjoyed herself, whether she would like to go back, etc. But it was evident that he was quite overawed by the splendor of her toilet, the perfection of her manner, and the whole newness of her personality. Tita felt the awkwardness of the situation acutely, and would have given worlds to know what Quintus was thinking about her. Never had he seemed to her dearer than in this moment. That good and noble face, those honest blue eyes, and the kind smile which lighted up his features so wondrously—she could never be tired of gazing at them. She excused herself immediately after dinner that night, and when Miss Jessie came up, an hour later, she found her lying on the tiger-skin rug before the fire-place, and sobbing like a heart-broken child. On inquiring, Miss Dimpleton learned that she, Tita, was not at all nice; that, in fact, she was horrid, and that no one liked her except a ridiculous foreign Count and another man who hadn't two coherent ideas in his head. Against this species of unreason Miss Jessie felt herself utterly helpless. Nevertheless, from a sense of duty, she sat down calmly to refute Tita's assertions, beginning with her imputation against Mr. Dibble's intellect. Tita, however, refused to be comforted.

Scenes like this became more frequent as the months progressed, especially after Miss Jessie and Quintus had decided to resume their Homeric readings; and when they talked at the dinner-table about the Greek ideal, as expressed in Hector rather than in Achilles, and compared these gentlemen with Siegfried, in the "Nibelungen Lay," poor Tita felt as if they had entered into a conspiracy against her happiness, and her tiny brain sometimes seemed about to explode with indignation. That Quintus could be so heartless as to sit and talk for fifteen minutes about topics which he knew were beyond her reach, when he must be well aware that Miss Jessie had introduced them merely for the purpose of making him feel her superiority to Tita—that was the drop which made her cup of woe run over. And to see his face light up with responsive ardor whenever Miss Jessie made a happy remark,—as frequently she did,—it was more than mortal heart could bear. It never occurred to her that it might be Homer and not Miss Dimpleton who was her rival. She was too offended and indignant to make such nice discriminations, and she inflicted much unnecessary suffering upon herself by the rashness with which she jumped at mortifying conclusions. Another source of annoyance was Mr. Dibble's unwearied attentions. Apparently he was conducting a carefully plotted campaign against Tita's heart. One week he assaulted her with bonbons in exquisite boxes of ingenious shapes, and when that had no effect, he caused a floral shower to descend upon her at the most unexpected hours. Another week he beguiled her, with Miss Dimpleton as chaperon, to ride with him in the park, in a turn-out and with a span of roans which would have appealed, in their possessor's behalf, to a heart of stone. Horseback rides, too, were proposed, but Tita could not be induced to make the venture, ostensibly because she had no confidence in her equestrian skill. Mr. Dibble's splendid bays (accompanied by a groom in buckskin trowsers) stood pawing the pavement in vain in front of the Dimpleton mansion, while Tita, hidden behind the curtain in her bedroom, stood battling with temptation, one moment on the point of surrendering to the charms of the horses, and in the next yielding to her fear of Quint's disapproval, if she encouraged a man whom she knew it would be impossible for her to marry.

The Count, too, continued his visits at the house, and had long interviews with Miss Dimpleton, from which both departed with prodigiously solemn countenances. Tita was beginning to congratulate herself on her freedom from further persecution, when certain ominous events happened which could not but cause apprehension. The Count sent her a superbly bound and illuminated copy of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" (a gift from his mother at his confirmation), and added a high-flown inscription of his own which made Tita shiver. To her it seemed a piece of impertinence to send such a valuable gift to a comparatively strange lady, and she would have promptly returned it if Miss Dimpleton had not peremptorily interfered. A very fortunate occurrence, however, soon turned the tide of affairs in an unforeseen direction. On a Sunday in October, the Count had, according to his custom, met Miss Dimpleton and Tita at church, and the former had invited him to accompany them home and stay to dinner. As they were walking down the avenue, conversing of indifferent things, the Count suddenly stopped to gaze at a newly repaired church, and exclaimed:

"Oh, vat a peautiful shpeetle!"

"Yes, it is certainly very handsome," replied Miss Dimpleton, gravely.

But Tita,—the unhappy Tita,—although she knew perfectly how rude she was, began to shake internally, and the more she tried to rid herself of the "peautiful shpeetle" the more irresistibly comical it appeared to her, and after several moments of ineffectual struggle, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. She was about to apologize for her rudeness when the Count, who had ignored her amusement as long as possible, now stiffly raised his hat and said:

"Ladies, I have the honor to bid you good-day."

That was the end of Count von Markenstein's courtship, and Miss Dimpleton now concentrated all her hopes on Mr. Dibble, who was of the slow and faithful kind, and had not sufficient confidence in his own irresistibility to risk a premature proposal. It was exceedingly provoking to be obliged to strike a name like that of Count von Markenstein from the list of one's visitors, but as there was now no help for it, it had to be borne with philosophy. Moreover, Miss Jessie was not the ordinary type of snob who runs after great names whose only distinction is their antiquity. She was, perhaps, rather an intellectual snob, who would have felt prouder of a call from

Browning or Herbert Spencer than of one from the Prince of Wales. She would have liked to rebuke Tita severely for her rudeness to the Count, but fearing that it would be impolitic, and might send the sensitive girl flying back into Quintus's arms, she restrained her indignation and merely remarked that she regretted the unfortunate occurrence.

XIV.

TITA'S party was fixed for the sixth of December. All day long during the preceding week the phaeton was in requisition, and the stores were ransacked in search of the choicest products which the market could afford. Tita's costume was planned with a seriousness as if the fate of the nation depended upon the disposition of this ribbon, or that bit of lace. Months before, *artistes* of international reputation had been consulted, and had submitted their designs, which were again submitted to others for criticism. Miss Dimpleton descended from her Homeric altitudes of thought, and discussed millinery, not enthusiastically and vehemently, as the majority of women do, but weightily and soberly, and with a minute attention to details which she never had displayed in her own behalf. She wished to make Tita so completely intoxicated with her success that a return to Quint's narrow world and sober concerns would seem an utter impossibility; and, judging by the ardor with which Tita frequently, when she was in the mood for it, entered into social enjoyments, she could not be far wrong in supposing that the relapse into her former obscurity was no longer contemplated with unalloyed pleasure. To be Mrs. Dibble, with a million or more, would certainly, to any properly constructed young lady, appear preferable, especially when Mr. Dibble was inoffensive and pliable—a mere unobtrusive appendage to his wealth. Miss Dimpleton was proudly conscious of being herself superior to this kind of allurements, but then she had the wealth already, and what she needed to give dignity to these sordidly accumulated possessions was exceptional refinement and intellectual culture. She wished above all things to be exceptional, and the possession of moderate wealth was by no means a claim to distinction in New York. Tita, however, could not be expected to appreciate or to cherish such complicated ambitions. She had only blindly desired what happened, for very different and loftier reasons, to be equally desirable to Miss Dimpleton; and she must be influenced to see that such a desire, on her part, was preposterous.

It was an amusing spectacle to see Tita, on the evening of December 6th, standing in the middle of her room with her elbows uplifted, and surrounded by an admiring circle of dress-makers and servants. A French *modiste*, with pins in her mouth and a determined frown (not of wrath, but of energy) on her brow, was kneeling behind her, bestowing her attention on some obscure fastenings about the skirt of the dress, and a maid was frisking about with flowers, and hand-glasses, and crimping-irons, and what not, in her hands, and bursting every now and then into ecstatic exclamations at Tita's loveliness. Tita, whose vanity had been persistently fed during the last eight months, could almost feel herself grow taller as she contemplated the effect of this rich and marvelous attire in the pier-glass. She walked like a queen, and heard with delight the silken rustle of her train.

A little after nine o'clock, the guests began to arrive. When the bell rang for the first time, Tita's heart shot up into her throat. She ran (or, rather, she would have run, had her dress permitted it) toward the parlor door where Miss Jessie was standing, and took her station at her side in the prescribed attitude. She ran rapidly over all her instructions in her head, and got her mouth into position to say what she had been told was proper to say, raised her eyes slowly, when, lo and behold—Quint! That was too much for Tita's composure. She was about to yield to her mirth in her usual hearty fashion, when Miss Dimpleton, foreseeing accidents, said, grimly: "Remember your dress, please," and Tita immediately sobered. Quintus still stood bowing in front of her, and wondered what there was in his appearance that was so ridiculous.

"I wanted to be the first to see Queen Titania in her glory," he said, with a curious look, which was both diffident and searching. "I wanted to see her before the glare of the light shall have paled her loveliness never so little, and before the jostlings of the crowd shall have rubbed the flower-dust off her butterfly wings."

"I suspect that metaphor is intended as a rebuke to me," said Miss Dimpleton, with a tentative smile. "It was I who

undertook to guard Tita against such calamities."

"It was not my intention to reproach any one," said Quintus, as he pressed Miss Dimpleton's hand and turned to give place to the next arrival. Just then, Tita caught a glimpse of his back, and suddenly observed that his dress-coat was very old-fashioned. The sleeves were too tight and the skirts too long, and the lapels smaller than the fashion of the day required. Should she allow him to go about in that costume, which certainly would make him conspicuous in a very undesirable manner, and render him ridiculous in the eyes of the people? No; she would rather take the risk of displeasing him. He, of course, would never detect what sort of figure he cut, but, during these months, she had grown to be acutely sensitive to the world's opinion of him.

"Quint," she said, touching his arm gently, "pardon me if I venture to be impertinent, but you know it is an old privilege of mine. Would you, as a favor to me, take a cab and drive down to a tailor on Broadway, whose address I will give you? He makes a business of hiring out dress-coats to gentlemen, and yours, dear Quint, is not exactly stylish."

"Why," exclaimed Quint, in astonishment, "it was made for my graduation, and I haven't worn it much since."

This seemed to Quint's unworldly intellect a striking proof that his coat must be strictly *comme il faut.* He had worn it on so important an occasion as his graduation, and in the presence of a select audience; and as he had rarely worn it since, it was evident that its stylishness had remained unimpaired.

"You know you don't understand those things, Quint," said Tita, with an appealing look. "And now I can't explain them to you. But, pray, do what I ask of you."

"Well, anything to please your majesty," he answered, with a puzzled smile, which to Tita was quite pathetic. She followed him with her eyes as he mounted the stairs, and saw him look at the sleeves of his coat with an air as if to say:

"Well, I should like to know what it is that isn't right about you."

When he returned, an hour later, with an irreproachable coat, the large *salon* was crowded, and the red-and-white awning which led from the carriages to the front door was crowded with rustling and perfumed couples. Tita still stood at the door, bowing and hand-shaking; but her smile was perhaps a little forced, and her flushed cheeks seemed to indicate that something was laboring within her. The fact was that, since Quint's departure, Tita did not feel at all so sure that she had done right in criticising his remarkable dress-coat. The mere suggestion of a criticism on her part must have appeared like black ingratitude to him, and, moreover, there is always a hint of patronage or superiority in even the mildest comment on clothes and personal appearance. When she saw Quint trying to wedge his way unnoticed into the back parlor, she held up her fan, and after a moment's hesitation he came toward her.

"Have you forgiven me, Quint?" she asked, remorsefully, while she pressed his hand warmly. "You know it would make me very unhappy to think that I had displeased you."

"You did right, my dear," he answered, kindly, "to give me a hint which no one could have given me but you."

Mr. Dibble now came to claim Tita's partnership for a waltz which she had been rash enough to promise him, and excusing herself to Bodill, she presently swung out upon the floor, encircled by Mr. Dibble's arm. Quintus, who so often in spirit had anticipated his unselfish delight at witnessing just such a spectacle, felt a horrible pang darting through him, and would have liked to strangle Mr. Dibble for presuming to touch her. Hardly had the young millionaire conducted her to her seat, before a dozen other gentlemen surrounded her, and displayed an extraordinary eagerness to scrawl their names on her card. Quintus observed, with a certain contemptuous admiration, that their hair, their mustaches, and their clothes were in that state of absolute perfection which is unattainable in any one who does not make the study of his toilet an absorbing business. He discovered for the first time his own inferiority in point of sartorial and tonsorial finish, and, strive as he might, he did not quite succeed in feeling proud of it.

During the rest of the evening and half the night, Tita was in incessant demand. Men who imagined that manliness required them to take a cynical view of women stood in groups about the supper-table and raved about her. Even upstairs in the billiard-room, where a dozen disenchanted bachelors in the thirties and forties were lounging and discoursing social ethics over fragrant cigars,

it was frankly admitted that the man who should catch her might be considered a lucky dog. A foreign embassador, whose acquaintance the Dimpletons had made at Newport, and who was the great light of the evening, put the stamp of his approval upon Tita, and thereby made it "good form" to be enthusiastic about her. He declared that she was *ravissante*, and that she would be sure to make a sensation in the great *salons* of the Old World. He thereupon danced a dignified quadrille with her, and came near making her famous by kissing her hand at parting.

Quintus, who had been roaming from room to room like an uneasy ghost, could not help perceiving that Tita's party was a success, and that she herself was exciting universal admiration. This was exactly the situation he had dreamed of in his early aspirations for her—she fêted and worshiped and he standing by blissfully enjoying her triumph—at all events, he endeavored to persuade himself that the latter half of his prophetic hope was as fully realized as the former. He attributed all his present discontent to the trifling episode of the dress-coat, which, he thought, had somehow untuned him for the evening. He would have entertained a perfect contempt for himself if he had been forced to recognize the fact that, so far from being that unselfish and fatherly individual which he had fondly imagined himself to be, he was, on the contrary, at the present moment in a rage of jealousy. Every one who touched Tita or whispered a flattering platitude in her ear became, that very instant, his natural enemy, and he began, in a dim and general fashion, to cherish murderous designs against him. These sleek, well-tailored young gentlemen with well-bred smiles and well-trained mustaches became positively odious to him, and he would have liked, on philanthropic grounds, to exterminate the whole species. What empty and meaningless lives they must lead! and what vapid thoughts must move within their well-trimmed craniums! Surely Tita was worthy of something better than this shallow and frivolous fate. Why did Miss Dimpleton, who had herself so many nobler interests, exert herself to make Tita value the things which she herself professed to despise? To be sure, he had himself given his consent to have her introduced to society, and as this was society, it was evident that he had no cause for complaint.

While making these lugubrious reflections, Bodill had been seated in a corner of the billiard-room, smoking and listening to the intermittent and fragmentary remarks of the players. When he had finished his cigar, his uneasy curiosity about Tita prompted him to descend once more to the first floor, whence a subdued hum of music rose, and burst into sudden distinctness whenever the door was opened. He had just reached the first landing of the stairs when he was suddenly arrested by the sound of two voices talking earnestly together, and, looking down, he saw Tita and Mr. Dibble, engaged in a hushed but excited conversation.

"I tell you, it is impossible, Mr. Dibble," Tita was saying. "We are not at all suited for each other; and then I don't love you at all; so, of course, it is out of the question."

"But I love you enough to make up for it," persisted Mr. Dibble. "If you will only marry me, I am willing to take my chances afterward."

Quintus, who had made his shoes creak loudly at every step he took, now interrupted the interview and passed down the stairs. Tita looked up, a little startled, but, seeing who it was, she jumped up and seized his arm with something of her old vehemence.

"Oh, Quint," she said, gazing affectionately up into his eyes, "how glad I am that I have found you! Dear Quint, there is no one like you."

In her joy at having escaped from Mr. Dibble's embarrassing importunities, she felt an irrational impulse to embrace Quintus, as something dear and familiar amid all the perplexing novelties which surrounded her. In his felicity at having her near him, he quite forgot to answer, and before they reached the ground floor they were joined by Miss Dimpleton, who was making a visible effort to be amiable. Tita, to whom Quintus's silence appeared enigmatical, supposed that he intended to repel her, and ascribed his changed conduct toward her to the increased frequency, of late, of the Homeric lucubrations. Therefore, with the impulsiveness which characterized all her actions, she let go his arm, made him a sweeping bow, and accepted the escort of a downy-bearded young gentleman, who, with a card in his hand, stood expecting her. Quintus opened his eyes wide in astonishment, and then looked questioningly at his hostess, as if he hoped that she would offer him an explanation.

"What is the matter with the child?" he asked, finally.

"Tita has grown very capricious of late," answered Miss Jessie. "The homage and incessant flatteries of her many admirers have turned her head."

"Poor little girl!" said Bodill, compassionately. "She has not learned yet how little those things are worth."

"I have——endeavored to teach her," Miss Dimpleton was about to say, but then she remembered that that was not strictly true, and she dexterously turned the half-uttered phrase and said:

"I have frequently regretted her susceptibility to flattery."

To her surprise, Mr. Bodill, instead of looking shocked, gave a low laugh as he said:

"To think of little Tita being courted and wooed, distributing judicious snubs and listening to tender nonsense. It is very amusing."

Mr. Bodill certainly was a very puzzling character, thought Miss Jessie, and he thought so himself, too, as he remembered how, only a moment ago, he had been devoured with jealousy of Tita's adorers, and had been well-nigh ready to join their ranks himself. But the note of censure in Miss Dimpleton's voice had aroused all his old paternal tenderness, and made Tita again seem the child that needed his protection.

XV.

It was toward three o'clock in the morning when the last indefatigable dancers ceased to whirl in a ring, when the ladies ceased to wind through the fascinating figures of the German, and the musicians ceased to perspire over their violoncello, harp, and violins. The striped awning, constructed for the protection of delicate toilets, proved very useful to the departing guests, who would otherwise have been drenched on their way to their carriages. For a south-west wind, accompanied with rain and sleet, had sprung up during the early part of the night, and was now whirling up the avenue, lashing the window-panes and pulling vigorously at the few exposed shutters.

Tita, quite exhausted with excitement and the incessant motion, had just retired to her room, where her maid was engaged in taking down and combing out her hair, when Miss Dimpleton entered, having first announced her intention with a knock.

"Margaret," she said to the maid, "leave us for a few moments."

She seated herself with her usual deliberateness in a pink satin easy-chair (which seemed created for lotus-eating), pulled off her slippers (which were not created for walking), and, as a preliminary, let her eyes wander about the luxuriously furnished apartment.

"Tita," she said at last, rubbing her feet over the delicious nap of the tiger rug, "tell me now, honestly, whether you have any intention of returning to your former mode of life."

Tita, who was apparently engaged in disentangling the hearts which, in the course of the night, had got caught in the golden meshes of her hair, looked up with a startled glance, and was for a moment at a loss for an answer.

"I have a very particular reason for asking," continued Miss Jessie. "I cannot look on with indifference when I see you coolly, and almost contemptuously, rejecting every chance which presents itself of providing for your future, and gaining an established position in society."

"Mr. Dibble has been making a confidant of you, I perceive," remarked Tita, with a hair-pin in her mouth, and letting a great golden wave roll down upon her bare shoulder.

"It matters little who has been making a confidant of me," retorted the other, sharply. "The question is, what you really mean by such unaccountable behavior."

"My year will soon be up," said Tita, inspecting with much interest the ends of a yellow lock which apparently had some mysterious peculiarity, invisible to the uninitiated, "and, if you desire it, I am quite willing to take my leave at short notice. But I will not submit to dictation" (here the yellow lock was dropped and forgotten) "from any one in regard to my choice of a husband, as that is a question which really concerns no one but myself and the unfortunate man who is rash enough to take me."

"It was not my intention to dictate," answered Miss Dimpleton; "and I think it is very ungenerous in you to suspect me of such a sordid motive as you have just implied. I need hardly assure you that we shall be glad to keep you here as long as you are willing to stay. If I presumed to offer my advice in the question you refer to, it was only because, in such a matter, I distrust your judgment, and that of any one of your

age, and imagine that my own knowledge of the world might be of some use to you."

Poor soft-hearted Tita felt immediately remorseful. She had been ungenerous; but it was only because she was so horribly tired that she could not think one rational, far less a generous, thought. If Miss Jessie would only forgive her, she would listen calmly and collectedly to all the matrimonial suggestions she might have to offer, although she would not promise beforehand that she would act on all of them.

"But husbands are such peculiar creatures, you know," she said, trying to coax her companion out of her severe mood. "I never could imagine what I should do with one. I don't dislike Mr. Dibble now, but if I couldn't escape from his society at pleasure, I know I should not be able to endure him."

"Tita, you are incorrigible," said Miss Jessie, relaxing a little from her rigid gravity. "What is ever to become of you, if you persist in taking a humorous view of every man that approaches you?"

"But, to be honest, now, don't you think yourself that men are ridiculous, always, of course, excepting Quint?"

The question was asked with such evident sincerity that it certainly deserved a sincere answer; but Miss Jessie, for reasons sufficient to herself, could not very well express her cordial agreement with Tita's sentiments, and as she was strictly conscientious when a direct question of right and wrong was at issue, she resorted to her inconvenient habit of silence. Tita felt once more rebuffed, and resumed her occupation with her hair.

"What I came to ask you," began Miss Dimpleton, after having gazed for a while into the fire in the grate, "is whether your refusal of Mr. Dibble is really final. As you know, he is a man of great wealth and of irreproachable character. He would treat you well, supply lavishly all your wants, and undoubtedly make you as happy as women have any right to aspire to be."

Tita looked absently at the reflection of her beautiful self in the glass, then flung herself back in the chair and contemplated the frescoed Cupids in the ceiling.

"I am so tired, so very tired," she sighed. "Why do you insist upon tormenting me at this unearthly hour?"

"Then I am to understand that you have not made up your mind definitely?"

"No, you are not to understand that. I have made up my mind once for all. You look upon marriage from a different point of view from what I do. Quint says that marriage is intended to bind two people more closely together who love each other dearly. But I do not love Mr. Dibble, and I never shall love him."

"Mr. Bodill is an impractical enthusiast, whose advice in such a matter it would be very unsafe to follow."

Tita sprang up as if something had stung her. The least implication of disrespect to Quintus always roused her as nothing else.

"No," she cried, "Quint is not an impractical enthusiast; and his advice is always good and noble as he is himself."

On Miss Jessie this violent partisanship for Bodill had at this moment a very irritating effect. It proved to her that all her labor had been in vain. And was she, who had been accustomed nearly from her cradle to rule, who felt herself the intellectual equal of the first men in the city, was she to be thwarted in her carefully laid plans by the caprices of this insignificant doll of a girl? Her first line of tactics had failed, but she had another in reserve.

"Have you ever reflected, Tita," she said, after another long pause, "upon your position as an inmate of Mr. Bodill's house? You are no longer a child, but a grown-up woman, and as such you can hardly, for your own sake, continue to live on such familiar terms with a young bachelor of thirty-one or two. He is not your father nor your brother, and the world will naturally ask, What is your relation to him? And, for your own sake, as well as for his, you must heed what the world says."

A sweetly perplexed look had settled upon Tita's features as Miss Dimpleton commenced this speech, but gradually she grew pale, and suddenly grasped at the back of the chair for support.

"I don't understand—what you mean," she gasped, and in the next instant looked as if a scarlet veil had been flung over her face.

"I mean," Miss Jessie went on, pitilessly, "that your remaining with Mr. Bodill or returning to him is an impossibility. You may not have been aware what an amount of trouble you already have caused him. When he was discharged, or, if you choose, was forced to resign his position in my father's firm, it was on your account. We had been told that you were his daughter, and as he had informed me that he was not married and never had been, my father naturally took offense. The situation is

now no better. In fact, it is worse. Who knows who you are? You do not know yourself who was your father, and still you royally reject one of the best matches in New York. You think——"

Miss Jessie had wrought herself into a frenzy of eloquence; she hardly meant to be as cruel as she was, but she was determined to bring out her last reserves and to use her heaviest artillery. But while she was yet in the midst of her tirade, something half a sob and half a stifled groan burst from Tita's bosom, and flinging her arms above her head, she rushed toward the door and was gone. Miss Dimpleton, eager to finish her arraignment, leaned back in her chair, expecting that she would presently return; but a minute or more passed, and a current of cold air swept up through the halls and shook the doors. The windows, too, rattled sympathetically, and the pictures moved on the wall. Just then the wind drove the rain against the large panes with a sound as of a handful of pebbles; Miss Dimpleton shivered. More minutes passed; the bronze clock sounded four distinct, melodious strokes. Miss Dimpleton rose and rang for the maid.

"How cold it is," she said. "Is anything the matter with the furnace?"

"No," answered the maid, "but the front door was open. I just closed it."

Then the truth flashed upon her; she heard for a moment only the blood pulsing in her ears, and that vague oppression which follows the first consciousness of a calamity stole over her.

"Call father quickly," she said, as soon as she could catch her breath, "and order the horses."

XVI.

TITA had acted under an impulse too strong to admit of reflection. She felt outraged and insulted by the suspicion cast upon her birth, and still more by the cruel insinuation which, in her innocence, had never once occurred to her. She had always been with Quintus, and it was proper and natural that she should be with no one but Quintus. Heedless of her attire, she had hastened down the stairs and out through the door, desiring only to hide herself, to escape humiliation, to get as far away as possible from Miss Dimpleton, who could think such base thoughts and inflict deep wounds so pitilessly. She had not even remembered the rain, nor had she thought where she was going. It was not until she was several blocks away, and the driving sleet had benumbed the tender skin of her neck and face, that she slackened her speed and began to consider whither her feet were carrying her. To go back to Quint—that was out of the question. Had she not been a perpetual burden to him from the hour when he first pressed her to his warm and faithful heart? But where could she go, if she did not go to Quintus? He was her only friend, her only comfort and refuge in all the wide world.

The wind boomed through the long, solitary streets, and the little satin slippers were soon as wet as so much paper. Her costly garments swept over the muddy sidewalks, and having become thoroughly drenched, clogged her limbs in their flurried and precipitate motion. Her hair felt like a cold, wet lump on her neck, and sent repeated shuddering chills through her frame. Her step, too, was becoming feebler, and though she bore up bravely, she knew that her strength would soon be exhausted. It was a dim consciousness of this which arrested her flight. She leaned against a lamp-post for support, and gazed up at the great dark front of a fine residence, where only a single room was lighted. She suddenly recognized the house—it was Mr. Dibble's. It was only two weeks since she was there at a luncheon party with Mr. and Miss Dimpleton. As she stood there, numb and ready to faint with weariness, the demon woke in Tita's heart, and she could not but listen to the thoughts which he whispered to her. Was not comfort like this—soft, warm, and luxurious—worth all the abstractions of love, honor, and duty? Who would blame her if, from mere powerlessness to resist any longer, she yielded to the importunities of her adorer, and satisfied herself with the common sordid lot of common sordid humanity? She was a very small woman, and a colossal heroism could hardly be expected of her. There was evidently nothing for her to do but to return to Miss Dimpleton and meekly beg her pardon for the commotion she had occasioned.

Out of the depths of darkness came the sound of chimes, striking the quarter hour. By some strange association of sound or thought, this clear, mellow tone brought up Quintus's face vividly before her; and a rush of feeling, quite as indefinable, brought back the sweet memories which that face

suggested. She remembered what he had taught her, year after year, through the long winter nights, and she yearned with all her soul to throw herself upon his neck and weep repentant tears upon his bosom. The temptation to go back to her recent life was gone; and turning her face resolutely away from the house, she gathered her strength and trudged on. Farther down the avenue she found an empty cab, and ordered the driver to take her at once to Jersey City.

About this time Miss Dimpleton and her father were also driving through the storm and the darkness, and, after a vain search, went to police head-quarters and gave notice of Tita's disappearance.

On his return home from the Dimpleton party, Quintus had found a fire drowsing in the fire-place in his study, and, thinking that it was a pity to have it waste its genial warmth, he had seated himself in his accustomed chair and taken down a volume of Emerson containing the essay on Fate. This Olympic meditation had never yet failed to inspire him with a sense of serene superiority to all the petty annoyances of life, which not even a transcendental philosopher can escape. From the upper ether of his Emersonian mood, where the large expanses of time and space spread out gloriously around him, he could view even his love for Tita as an affair of small moment, which would not perceptibly affect the destiny of the race, and which in a hundred years would presumably be forgotten. The agitation of the ball was still tingling in his nerves, detached bits of Strauss waltzes were humming in his brain, and the pang of jealousy was yet nestling, like a dull pain, somewhere about his heart-roots. But the mighty thoughts of the sage, like solemn organ-tones, marched through the sounding eternities, on either hand, and lifted him with their strong upward impulse. The small emotions were soothed into a troubled calm, and life seemed once more dignified and noble.

While Bodill was thus holding discourse with the universe, he seemed distinctly to hear some one calling his name; but, as he was frequently subject to this illusion, and sometimes had started up to answer when no one was near, he only turned about in his chair and smiled at the vividness of his imagination.

"—— if limitation is power that shall be," he went on reading, "if calamities, oppositions, and weights are means and wings——"

But surely that was the sound of a voice in distress, and the voice was familiar. His blood ran cold with terror, as he rushed to the window and strove to raise it. His strength had almost deserted him. With a second effort, however, he succeeded. The blinding sleet beat against his face, and a gust of wind swept in and whirled the sparks and ashes of the fire about the room. Under the lamp-post he discerned dimly a woman, who was gazing up toward his window.

"Oh, Quint, Quint!" she cried, "open the door quickly! It is I—Tita."

Her voice broke in the last words with a pitiful hoarseness which cut him to the heart. In an instant he was down the stairs, had torn the front door open, and clasped the trembling form in his embrace. Her bare arms felt like ice as they clung about his neck, and the congealed sleet hung unmelted in her hair. She made no attempt to speak, but lay listless in his arms, as he bore her up the creaking stairs and entered the old, well-known study. But, as he placed her upon the lounge and pushed it up before the fire, she drew his head close down to her mouth, and whispered:

"I will never leave you again, Quint—never."

"No, my darling," he answered, fervently, "never."

XVII.

TITA lay ill for a long, long time, and her life was often despaired of. It was not until the spring was well advanced that the color began to return to her cheeks; then the old merry sparkle was again kindled in her eyes, though at first feebly and pathetically flickering, and the old hearty ring sometimes stole into her laughter. At the least such sign of reviving strength, Quint's face would beam as he sat drawing meditative little puffs from the glowing depths of the Eastern Question. It was one evening while they were thus seated together before the fire, she occupied with some feminine handiwork, and he reading aloud from Browning, that an incident of vital importance to both occurred. The poem which was engaging Quintus's attention, and which he stopped every now and then to discuss with Tita, was appropriately entitled "By the Fireside," and in it was a stanza which moved him deeply:

"Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the Divine."

"Now, that is my idea of what a marriage should be," said Quint, putting the book, face downward, on his knee.

"It is very beautiful," remarked Tita, without looking up.

"But there is only one heart," he went on, quite naturally, "which could anticipate mine, and one sweet face which is to me a daily revelation of the Divine."

"I can't imagine what face that can be," observed Tita, looking up with roguish, tear-filled eyes.

"But I can," cried Quint, taking the face in question between his palms, and gazing ardently at it. "Tita, dear, why should we hesitate to take the step which will prevent our ever being parted again?"

Tita smiled. She could not see why.

THE END.

MISS ASIA'S MATCH.

"BUT what would ever become of us if ——" began Miss Asia Demonde, with an excitement that ran a majestic thrill through the lavender plume in her hair.

For a rare thing with Miss Asia, the remainder of the sentence dropped, but only to rise again and exhale through the quick mist of solicitude gathering in her eyes. It was just as well understood, however, in one form as another, for to know Miss Asia was to recognize three short words as the power behind the throne. "Prove all things" had stood as first counselor since the memory of her earliest friend, and "what would ever become of us if they shouldn't prove to be safe," was the sentence just finished by her eyes.

A low, sweet laugh answered from the reclining-chair on which the eyes were bent, but the lavender plume only shook with a more serious quiver than before, and its wearer turned for a second reading of the letter in her hand. It read:

"King will never be herself again until she is thoroughly surprised. There is just one medicine for people who are no longer sick but wont get well, and that is, an entirely new set of sensations. If you will let her go with us in June, we'll promise to bring back soul, brain, eyes, and cheeks alive with the old-time glow. The steamers are new, and starting direct from here,—the first trip to be made this week,—they will run the excursion two or three times, and then be transferred. Think of touching at every port we've ever dreamed of on that blue old sea! And oh, ye isles of Greece! Ye figs of Smyrna and ye Syrian shores!

PHIL.

"P. S. We can have a chance at the Nile if we wish."

Miss Asia laid down the letter; the plume was not even nodding now, and her mind was made up. Very suddenly, it might seem; but there really had been no need of the second reading, except to cover a little gain of time. The tinge of vanished color that had swept back into King's cheeks at the first one had decided it. She must go. New sensations were evidently the thing, and where was even one such remedy to be found at home?

Miss Asia gave a swift glance around the room. She was not fond of new sensations for her own part, and the only one she had ever really welcomed had been King herself Otherwise everything under the stately roof stood very much as it had on the day when her eldest brother had been christened Europe, to be followed in the same ceremonial the next year by Miss Asia herself, Africa and Americus Vespucius in time completing the list,—a method of family quartering original with the branch. There were the same old mirrors with gilt balls up and down the sides, the same carved balusters with the tall clock chiming half-way up; the same stern, high-backed chairs, and the same low cross-beams running overhead. King had carved German mottoes in the beams, and dropped dashes of color here and there, dainty vases and a work-basket with a thimble no bigger than a bee; but the very front door stood ajar on the old stone porch just as it had twenty years before, when Vespucius stepped in with a tiny bundle in his arms.

"Will you take her?" he said. "Her mother is gone."

Miss Asia devoured him with her eyes, and then opened her arms with a low cry.

"For my own? Oh, Ves! If it should really prove to be true!"

Vespucius gave a little laugh. That was always his way, whatever circumstances might be.

"A very small kingdom for Asia's rule," he said, and King had been her name ever since. There was a christening, with the same ceremonials as long ago, but no one ever asked what title the minister had bestowed.

"Only," said Miss Asia, with a pang of mingled pity and alarm, "if that poor young thing Ves married shouldn't really prove to be ——" she shrank from the hard word "dead," but Ves was so peculiar, and he hadn't said just where she had gone. To be sure, people did not always feel quite certain of that, but Miss Asia instantly followed such traces as remained, and the result dismissed her uneasiness, and left only pity in the pang. King was hers, and had been ever since, with never one cloud to mar the sunshine of the reign, until that strange sickness came in a year ago. The sickness had vanished again, a long time now, and yet, as the letter said, King wouldn't get well. Her reclining-chair stood sometimes in the shelter of the vine on the old stone-floored porch, sometimes under the crossbeams she had carved, but the hands that had always been so busy drooped listlessly still, and the flush the letter had called up had given Miss Asia's heart a jump, it was so long since she had seen any color in King's cheeks.

But those steamers! New and untried, and never yet proved to be safe! There was where the necessity for action was coming in.

"I must see about that," said Miss Asia, and drawing a sheet of paper toward her, she ran rapidly across the page:

"DEAR PHILOMELA: If you will come down and stay with King, I will try the new line this week. It will not be necessary to go all the way, and I shall be here again in plenty of time."

"Ten or twelve days will take us across," she said, as she shook an envelope from the pack and wrote the address. "I can find out about everything in that time, and they'll soon make some landing where they can let me off."

The next day the lavender plume was exchanged for one of a golden shade. Miss Asia had always worn an ostrich plume in her hair since a day, indefinite years ago, when she happened to notice that style as ordered for drawing-rooms at St. James.

"But what if they would not prove to hold well in their place?" she said.

There was but one way to answer the question, and Miss Asia took it with her usual swiftness of dispatch, and from that hour the plume had seemed to mock at the changes of this life. There was the same purple-black tinge in Miss Asia's hair, the same Grecian elegance in its sweep, and the plume drooped over all with no variation beyond a substituted shade or color according to the day. It had been lavender most of the time since King had been out of sorts, for reasons perfectly settled in Miss Asia's own mind, and King opened her brown eyes wide at the sudden blaze of the change.

"Yellow?" she asked, with a little start and a laugh.

Miss Asia nodded. King must know yellow as the symbol of wisdom, as well as she did herself.

"There are some things to think of today," she said. "Phil will be coming tomorrow, of course, and the steamer is advertised for the next afternoon."

Miss Asia's thoughts were all successfully taken, and so was her state-room for the trip, before the day was done; nothing was forgotten, and she crossed the stone porch, when the time came, with a sense that the household was left peacefully in train.

"I'll be back very soon," she said, over her shoulder, as she stepped out. "I've asked Europe to look in now and then, and Africa, you know, is close by."

Miss Asia was not especially fond of figs, and neither the isles of Greece nor the Mediterranean shore could tempt her, under the circumstances, to delay. For the first two weeks she made diligent use of her time, and as they drew to a close the yellow plume gave way to a delicate shade of blue; for Miss Asia felt that she had most satisfactorily arrived at the truth.

The steamer touched at its first port the next day, and Miss Asia's baggage was foremost to go ashore. It was only a little run over to the Channel then, and in ten days more she stepped through the quivering vine-tapestry at her own door.

Miss Asia possessed eyes that were starry gray whenever you called them black, and black as night as soon as confessed to be gray; but no one would have ventured to say what color they were when she felt herself squeezing King in her arms once more.

"The first time she ever left her in her life," Phil was saying under her breath, but Miss Asia had put King away again with a little laugh.

"You can go, girls, if you like! It is all right," she said.

And the shade of pink that flashed into King's cheeks this time sent her hurrying out of the room. She must see about King's trunks, at once. She hoped the keys would prove to be safe in their locks.

"Four months!" exclaimed Phil, when the trunks were packed. "They'll be only a wink."

"Such a wink as those dry old creatures in the Pyramids take for their naps," thought Miss Asia, as she saw the party off and came back to the empty rooms, the first time she had sat there alone in twenty years.

But the Pyramids themselves began to look small compared to the piling up of the days while King was gone; the very summer seemed to have turned mummy, and promise never to pass away. But its dust scattered at last, and a cool autumn breeze rustled the last letter King was to write, as Miss Asia sat holding it in her hand.

"To think that the *Syren* and we are to follow in two days!" it said. "I hope the vine-leaves haven't fallen yet; I want to paint their shadows on the floor of the porch." And then followed a postscript from Phil.

"You wont know King's cheeks from the October maples when we get home," it said. "They have put our Nile trip entirely out of sight. Papa says there's not one of us who needs it, and he can't give another day to such stalwart souls. Thursday, you know, we're to come."

But what if that Thursday never should happen to dawn! The elements were to melt with fervent heat, and the heavens to roll together as a scroll, some day; Miss Asia's faith was firm as a rock on that point, and her heart stood still as she asked what assurance she had of their waiting to let her have King once more. But, when Wednesday night came at last, she went resolutely to sleep.

"That is the quickest way to see how it will prove," she said, and not even a dream had disturbed her before the skies were ruby with dawn, and a carriage rolled into the yard, with one long curl fluttering from the window, alive with those sparkling glints the sun always flashed out of King's hair.

"And so you are quite well?" asked Miss Asia, holding King off for a look.

"Oh, *so* well! The old house can't offer me enough to do! Just four o'clock, you remember, when the shadows make that picture at the south end," and when the hour struck, King was there with her paint-box, fastening them to the gray old floor.

Pictures of all sorts thickened about the house as the autumn went on, but King's smile was the brightest of all, Miss Asia thought, and as for music, Beethoven and Chopin were well enough, but her low, rich laugh was worth all they ever wrote. Miss Asia did not even know when winter set in; it seemed all spring-time yet. But spring-days are fickle, alas, after all, and by the time the real outdoor season had set in, something seemed wrong inside. An indefinable sense of chill began to creep through the house, that Miss Asia felt but could not understand.

What was the matter with King? Was there anything the matter, at all? There certainly was a very strange look in her eyes, and one by one the gay doings about the house were dropped, and the reclining-chair came out of its corner and into more and more frequent use.

"If King should prove to be losing all she has gained!" said Miss Asia, and at last, as spring opened, she caught up her pen and dispatched a vigorous note:

"DEAR PHILOMELA: Can you come over and stay with us awhile? If you can't persuade King to do better than this, I shall have to send you both off again to stay twice as long as before."

"Why, what can the matter be?" asked Phil, in mysterious consultation with Miss Asia, when she arrived; but as soon as the door of her own room was closed, she laughed.

"The little goose!" she said. "I told her she ought to have let him write. I wish the *Syren* would ever come in again."

There was no immediate prospect of that, however; but at last, one day, there came a sudden cry from Phil, as she sat, newspaper in hand.

"Here's the *Syren* come in, after all this ridiculous time. And gone into dry-dock for repairs. A barnacle growing on her keel, or something of the sort. I ought to go home and ask the Captain to the house. He was so kind to us all, though King, of course, as the invalid, got the lion's share. That was half the secret of getting her well so fast."

"The Captain was kind to King! Why didn't you tell me before? You needn't go home, then. He can be asked to come here."

Phil sent a swift shot from under her eyelashes, and met a look of entreaty on King's face, but Miss Asia had vanished from the room, and before she returned, the letter was written and dispatched. The Captain must have the compliment, at least, and how else could Miss Asia prove whether he would come?

"Didn't I tell you he would?" whispered

Phil, as she slipped in from the porch the next evening, leaving a manly figure just visible in the moonlight, a trifle removed from King's chair.

"I hope he wont find it prove unbearably dull," answered Miss Asia, with a peep through the sash, and drawing Phil's arm into her own, she went out to make sure that the Captain was entertained.

A masculine visitor was a strange and rather curious innovation under Miss Asia's roof, and aside from Europe, Africa, and Vespucius, a booted step was rarely heard in her halls,—never in the upper one since King's memory could record, and when the Captain had said good-night, at last, and his footsteps had died away in his room, Miss Asia sat down in the parlor to gather herself up. The state of things was so entirely new, and perhaps the most bewildering part of it was that the evening had been so extraordinarily pleasant on the old porch.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" asked Phil again, after a while. "And didn't I say he was handsome, and a gentleman every inch?"

Miss Asia did not reply. The plume wore the daintiest peach-bloom of pink, to-night, though not even King would have ventured to ask whether it hinted a maiden blush, and it waved just perceptibly as she went on with her thoughts aloud.

"We'll take him a drive in the morning, if the weather proves to be fine. I ordered a carriage at ten o'——"

The "clock" died on Miss Asia's tongue, and the peach-blossom plume shook with a sudden start, for the Captain's door had opened softly on its hinges, and a strange and mysterious double thump was heard in the upper hall.

Miss Asia gazed into King's face without a word. Her knowledge of what men, under given circumstances, were likely to do, was limited to a degree; but still, what could King possibly know about it more than herself?

There was only a moment given to doubt, however, and Miss Asia rose with determination from her chair.

"*Some* one must see what it will prove," she said, and disappeared over the stairs, past the old clock, and noiselessly into the hall beyond. Then came silence, then returning footsteps, and a swift rustle of trailing silk as she swept along the carved balusters, dismay to its utmost depicted on her face.

"Girls!" she exclaimed, as she reached the parlor again, "*he has put his boots outside of his door to be blacked!*"

King stood up with an involuntary little gasp, and folded her hands before her in a gesture of mute despair. Simplicity reigned in the ordering of Miss Asia's house, and the one handmaiden who was gathering the dignity of years in its service had been wrapped in repose already for an hour and a half.

"But can't she do them in the morning?" asked Phil, in an innocent tone.

"*Boots!*" exclaimed Miss Asia, excitedly. "I don't suppose she ever saw a pair off in her life."

There was no question as to whether Miss Asia's eyes were black this time, as they looked the full situation into King's brown ones without a word. They were flashing Egyptian rays.

"There's only one thing to be done, then," answered Phil, quietly. "Come with me," and seizing a polished family candlestick, she led the way.

Not a step of the staircase creaked as they crept to the fated door. The boots had been no delusion; they stood there still. Gazing made them none the less real, and Miss Asia gathered her skirts back a little, in one hand.

"I believe it's the very pair he wore when he tramped half over Corfu to get a sago-palm branch for King," whispered Phil. "Just look at the arch of that instep, though! Now, if there is only such a thing as a blacking-box and a brush in the house."

"Africa left some, the last time he was here," answered Miss Asia, in the same ghostly tones. "I had them wrapped in several papers and locked away in a chest."

"Take this candlestick, then," and thrusting it into King's hand, Phil slipped two shapely fingers of her own through the straps, lifted the boots, and bore them away with a sweep.

"Now, where is that chest?" she asked, after another noiseless gliding over the stairs.

Miss Asia produced a key, and before she had time to know whether she dreamed, the central medallion of her parlor rug was settled as the *point d'appui*.

"But oh," began King, in a horrified whisper, as she watched Phil drop one faultless arm into mysterious leathery depths, while the other hand seized a brush, "wait, *do* wait till I get you a pair of gloves!"

"Gloves, to take a bull by the horns!" laughed Phil, with disdain. "Elbow-sleeves, I admit, seem conveniently predestined to the hour."

A few light passes and the surface was prepared, and the brush raised with a threatening brandish in the air. There was an instant's eagle survey of "points," and it descended, with a swoop, upon the toe.

"*This*,"—and a flood of emphatic rubs brought polish glittering back,—"*this* is for what he did at the first, when King lay so horribly sick."

Another poise of the brush, another hovering choice in Phil's eyes, and another descent that seized on the instep, this time, as it fell.

"*This* is for what he did for her in Venice, and around Cape Matapan!" And another resistless whirl brought luster gleaming from the point of attack.

"But wait! You *must* wait! Give me the other brush! Do you think I'll let you do such ridiculous work alone?"

"You! His invalid! And oh, those roseate polished finger-tips!"

A quick flush rose to King's temples. She had her little French box of tools *aux ongles*, it is true, but so had Phil the very same thing of her own. "As if it were *that!*" and in another instant King stood close to the second boot, and was pushing the frill a little higher on her arm.

"Well, since you're determined, just lay on the color, if you like," said Phil, as, for one stolen respite of delay, King's brown eyes ventured a tremulous investigation down the leg, "but the rubs are mine—preëmpted, if that is the word. And *this*"—with one more fierce descent upon the heel—"*this* is for what he did when King wanted to taste a fresh fig."

"You shall carry them upstairs, if you like, when they're done," she added, with a little pause for breath; "but there's time enough. I've got Jaffa and those other places to pay for yet."

When the boots stood by the Captain's door once more, flashing back every ray of the candle Miss Asia held, she glided away to her room, with a sense that life brings strange and peculiar emergencies as it flies.

"And what if he shouldn't prove to have been really asleep through it all!" she said.

The weather left no room for a wish, when the next morning dawned, but Miss Asia forgot even its splendor in wondering how King had come to seem so much more like herself again. If she could only improve as surprisingly for a few days more—but suddenly there was a little cry from King.

"My ring! The stone has certainly gone out of my ring!"

Miss Asia started toward her in alarm. It was a grandmother diamond, too precious for any other hand in the world than King's.

A search in full force began, and the eagle eye of the Captain pierced nooks and corners with a glance that left no escape; but not a gleam, not a prismatic ray, shot back, and King began to entreat:

"Don't! Don't take so much pains for a trifle!" but the Captain only bowed.

"I have always envied diamond-hunters," he said, "but *here!*" and then there were a few words that Miss Asia did not quite catch, as she moved away for another look in the hall. Something about the "Indies," and "a field trodden by King's foot," but Miss Asia could not stop to put sentences together, nor even to consider diamonds alone. The carriage was waiting, and guests must not be pressed upon by family affairs.

"It must be in the house, since you had it last night," she said. "I will have all the rooms swept, while we are away."

There was only one trouble in choosing the drive, and that was the fear of a still more delightful one being left out; and no shore the *Syren* had ever touched could offer a more enchanting spot for a lunch than the grove where Miss Asia at last ordered the carriage to stop.

"But this isn't precisely the point, after all," she said, as she looked about her with a disturbed expression on her face. "King, I've forgotten which way the path runs to the glen. Just follow and see, a few steps, if you please, while I rest."

The few steps seemed to lengthen into many, however, and then stretch to an uncounted number more, and still there was no return, and Miss Asia's "rest" roused into uneasiness at last, though Phil only looked more demure and contented, as the time went on.

"If the Captain hadn't gone with her, I should certainly think she was lost!" began Miss Asia, excitedly, and that was the very confession King had to make, as, just at that instant, she came in sight, with a blush in her eye that even the bewitching sweep of her hat couldn't manage to hide.

"So very careless and dull!" she said. "But we know all about it now, if you'll just let us lead you down."

Miss Asia's eyes happened to fall on the Captain's face as he helped her rise. She certainly never had seen a man look happier in her life, but there was a sharp little pinch, as if something were hurting him, after all.

"I'll overtake you in a moment, if you'll allow me," he said. "I think a small pebble must have worked its way into my boot," and when he rejoined them the pinch was gone, and only the satisfactory expression remained. "I found it," he said, quietly. "A very small, sharp-sided stone."

The remainder of the week slipped delightfully away, in spite of the most minute sweeping having failed in the problem of the grandmother ring.

"And Asia had just been saying I must have it reset," said King; but even the diamond was forgotten in the shock of the Captain's preparing to take his leave.

"But you'll not sail without coming again for a day? Why, we're all invited to visit Africa next week!" Miss Asia said, and, when the time came, the Captain presented himself among the guests.

Somehow, Miss Asia could not really get a look under King's eyelids as the whole evening went on, but, even without it, appearances set her mind altogether at rest. There would be no need of giving her up for another dreadful four months away, and the only regret was that Phil could not be there to see. She had declared that imperative letters called her home, and had left them that very day.

It was a family party of very respectable size, and a few outside guests swelled the murmur beyond a hum, but at last a lull crept in, and every one seemed ready to listen to what some one else might say. The filmy dress in which King had been flitting about had vanished for half an hour, and the Captain had also mysteriously disappeared, but that would hardly account for the change. It was rather the result of life-long family ways, which had always encouraged a dreamy state as soon as the clock struck ten.

"A spinster, or an old maid?" some one was asking, at last, at the other side of the room.

"Is there any distinctive difference, that you know of?" asked Europe, turning around in his chair.

"Certainly," Miss Asia replied, with a laugh that covered a little yawn. "A spinster is a woman who remains single from her own deliberate choice, while an old maid ——" but at that instant Miss Asia discovered that King was part of the double shadow promenading the lawn, and rose in dismay. Was the child crazed, to be risking all her improvement in ten-o'clock air! It was quite time to go.

But when the sanctity of her own room was reached, there was a knock, and King stepped noiselessly in, with something glittering on the forefinger of her left-hand.

"See," she said, with her eyelids not fully lifted yet. "He has brought me a new setting for my stone. He found it the day we went walking in the glen."

It was the grandmother brilliant—Miss Asia knew it too well for any question of that; but a discovery before which the rays of the diamond paled into lead was bewildering her heart and her eyes.

"King!" she cried, with a slow, sharp ring of terrible pain; but the next moment she had gathered herself up. King's happiness had been first in her thoughts for the last twenty years, and no agony of her own should come in the way of it now.

"My darling!" she said, and stooped for one long, passionate kiss; and then, in another instant, she started suddenly back. "But what would ever become of us if he shouldn't prove to be good?"

What, indeed? There lay the question, and there it continued to lie in Miss Asia's mind, and only time and investigations, such as haste would never allow, could bring a reply.

It was useless for King to plead; for the first time in her life, Miss Asia withstood her like a rock.

"But, Asia, *dear* Asia! Did I not prove him, in all those four long months?"

But Miss Asia only shook her head; and the Captain met with no better success, though coming up bravely, after each new repulse, to the charge, and daring even greater requests, when his first were refused. His ship was to sail, at the end of a month, for a still longer trip. If Miss Asia would let him take King, he would never ask such a grace at her hands again. An ocean life was by no means essential to him; they would live, for the future, wherever Miss Asia pleased.

But entreaties and promises met with the same reply. Her treasure was hers, to be guarded first of all. She could never intrust it to any man whom she had not had time to prove.

"I'm glad to have seen you to-day, however," she said, after fighting the battle once more, "for this evening you would not have found me at home. Europe wants me to meet an old family friend. Only elderly people this time, so King will not go; but my carriage is ordered for half-past eight."

Twilight gathered in early that evening,

as the two sat together on the porch, for the clouds lingering after a shower had not drifted away.

"I really must go inside and dress," said Miss Asia, rousing herself at length.

"Make the most of your resources, then," laughed King, as she stepped to the parlor mantel for a tiny Cyprian cup. "Here is the very last match we have left in the house!"

"The last! Then the two boxes I ordered yesterday cannot have come!" And Miss Asia took the match quickly in her hand, and examined the head with a critical eye. "What would *ever* become of us, if it should not prove to go off?" she exclaimed, with a swift turn upon King.

King laughed again, but the next instant she caught her breath in dismay. There was a scratch, a fizz, and a quaver of yellow light; then a flicker, and a burnt little stump in Miss Asia's hand. She had lighted the match to prove whether it was good, and a puff from the open window had blown it out!

There was a moment's silence, and then King found her voice.

"What will become of us *now?*" she asked, not daring to laugh or to cry.

It was too dark in the house already for any dressing to be done; the boxes Miss Asia had ordered were a mile away, and the road lay through woods romantic enough for a drive, but too shadowy for a feminine foot after dusk. And, besides, how was King to be left alone a whole evening, in the dark?

Miss Asia turned the stump slowly around in her hand, and looked at it on every side. Then she dropped it into an embroidered cup that hung ready for such use. A sound like a half-whispered "Ridiculous!" came from her lips, but she turned, with the quietest movement, toward the door.

"We will sit on the porch again till the moon comes up," she said. "After that, we can move through the house very well."

The clouds drifted lightly away, but the night settled in quite as fast, and Miss Asia and King could hardly distinguish each other's forms by the time the expected carriage rolled into the yard. Miss Asia rose quietly and sent it away, and then came back to her seat, but neither of the two seemed just then in a talkative mood. King drew more and more closely into the screen of the vines—quite out of sight at last, and the curve of Miss Asia's elegant shoulders was just visible where she sat, shadowy and dim. Strangely alike, in outline of head and shoulders, Miss Asia and King had always been said to be, and King sat dreamily peering out at her, and thinking about it, as the echo of the retreating carriage died away.

Suddenly a firm, quick footstep fell on the gravel-walk; then nearer, then on the shadow-mat King had sketched on the floor of the porch. It hesitated for one instant, as if searching through the dark, then came closer, and, for the first time in her life, Miss Asia felt the touch of strong lips left reverently just above her eyes.

"My darling! You are right!" said a low, manly voice in her ear.

New sensations, as has been remarked, Miss Asia did not often or willingly meet, but this one brought a dozen others flashing in its train. Her tongue held to the roof of her mouth, her speech failed, and a tiny feeling of chill crept up and down her spine.

"My King! My Queen! Do not tremble!" the voice went on. "Surely *you* trust me, even though another may not! And I cannot blame any one who loves you so much, for that. If I could persuade you to be mine without her consent, it would be the first base or dishonorable action of my life. I have never put a stain yet on my name or my heart, and I will not begin now! She has loved you too long for my love to prove traitor to hers. You are right! I will wait—I will go and leave you—but oh, my darling, speak to me while you may!"

Miss Asia commanded her soul from its depths, and unloosened her tongue from its hold.

"King," she said, "you can go if you like! It is all right."

The Captain drew back and sprang the full width of the porch, but Miss Asia only waved him toward the nook where King sat.

"If I were a match-maker," she said, quietly, "we would have a little light."

OLD ASA CUTTING THROUGH THE CANEBRAKE.

FROM my youth, bear-hunting has been to me a fascinating sport, and, after an experience of more than thirty years in all kinds of Southern sports, during which I have seldom failed to spend a portion of the winter camp-hunting in the Mississippi bottom, I think I may venture to relate one of my bear-hunts, and give the inexperienced sportsman some idea of the characteristics of the bear.

We had pitched our tent on the banks of a beautiful sheet of water, one of the chain of lakes that drains the swamps of Tunica County, Mississippi, when the Father of Waters inundates the valleys. Through these lakes and the bayous leading from them the annual overflows are carried off into the Coldwater, Tallahatchie, and Sunflower rivers, thence into the Yazoo, and back into the Mississippi.

Besides old Hannibal, a negro servant, there were only four of us in camp. One was a professional hunter, two were cotton-planters and experienced hunters—not simply sportsmen who occasionally spent a day of recreation in quail-shooting over a brace of pointers, but hunters who had studied wood-craft until it seemed like instinct to thread their way through the wilderness by day or night, without other compass than the moss on the north side of the trees.

When a novice in wood-craft joins a party of old hunters, he is often subjected to many a practical joke; while, at the same time, old hunters are very generous in imparting information or in rescuing him from

danger. On this occasion, the target of our jokes was James Rogers, a fair-haired Northerner from "old Long Island's sea-girt shore," an enthusiastic sportsman, a crack shot at pigeons, but in our section almost as helpless as a babe,—the opposite, in every respect, of our backwoods hunter, whose pen-portrait I will endeavor to give. Living by hunting and trapping from boyhood, an uneducated frontiersman, he was the *beau ideal* of a hunter—clad in buck-skin hunting-shirt and leggins, with an otter-skin cap on his head and a 'coon-skin pouch in which he carried his ammunition swung across his shoulders, and a short rifle in his hand; about five feet ten inches tall, round-bodied, but with no surplus flesh, and with muscles like corded steel. His hair was steel gray and inclined to curl where it fell below the temples. His features were regular, and by long exposure to sun, rain, and miasma were wrinkled and bronzed; but, clear and brilliant through a complexion like a tanned alligator-skin, sparkled a pair of merry blue eyes that indicated a soul as gay and free as the wild woods he loved so well. All through the swamps he was known as "Old Asa, the bear-hunter." The two planters were Major Duncan and myself.

When old Asa sounded his horn, about twenty-five dogs of all descriptions gathered around him; like their master they were trained hunters, and many bore the marks of Bruin's claws. If you should ask the pedigree of old Beargrease or Bravo, the two most noted leaders of the pack, I should be compelled to admit that the vilest mongrel strains coursed through their veins. For there is no certainty in breeding them: often the most "or'nary"-looking cur makes the best bear-dog. On my annual expeditions to the swamps, I was accustomed to buy, borrow, and "persuade" to follow, every specimen of the canine race I could pick up; and if out of a dozen I secured one who "took to bear," I was lucky.

A bear-pack requires dogs of various sizes. A few rough-haired terriers, active and plucky, that can fight close to Bruin's nose and dodge under the cane when pursued; some medium-sized dogs to fight on all sides, and a few large, active curs to pinch his hind-quarters when he charges in front or crosses an opening in the woods. Bear-dogs must fight close, but not attempt to hold a bear; you want them to hang on but not to hold fast. A well-trained pack will only seize hold at the same time when one of their number is caught; then they boldly charge to the rescue of their comrade, and as soon as he is freed, loose their holds and run. Then gathering around the bear again, they worry him until he climbs a tree, where he falls an easy prey to the hunter. The hunter never cheers his pack unless he is in trouble and wants their assistance; then good bear-dogs will charge regardless of danger.

The bear usually makes his bed in the most impenetrable canebrake. He cuts and piles up heaps of cane until he has a comfortable spring mattress. He is very fastidious in his taste, and will not remain long in a wet bed; so after every spell of bad weather he changes his quarters. In diet he has a wide, almost omnivorous taste. In the summer he is very destructive to the farmer's corn-fields, showing a decided relish for green corn or roasting ears, or fat pig or mutton as a side dish, not refusing a pumpkin by way of dessert. As the fall season approaches, he climbs after the wild grape, the succulent muscadine, the acorn, and the persimmon; and leaves his sign everywhere he travels, in heaps of hulls of pecan and scaly-bark hickory nuts. This is called the lapping season, as he ensconces himself in a tree-lap and breaks the limbs to pieces, in gathering nuts and fruits. He is also excessively fond of honey, and is utterly regardless of bee-stings while tearing to pieces a nest of wild bees from a hollow tree.

Hunters sometimes entrap him by placing in his path a vessel containing whisky made very sweet with honey. Bruin is easily intoxicated, and very human in his drunken antics. I have seen him killed by negroes while lying helpless upon his back catching at the clouds, but such slaughter is unsportsmanlike, and no true hunter would resort to it.

But old Asa and the dogs are off down the lake-side, and we follow in single file.

Here, indeed, is the hunter's paradise. Flocks of mallard, teal, and wild duck, covering acres of surface, are floating lazily upon the limpid water; on the other side, a dozen swans are gracefully gliding along. A flock of ungainly pelicans, with their huge mandibles scooping after minnows, waddle about the opposite shore. The wild goose is heard overhead, while the sentinel of the flock on the water replies. The white and blue crane, motionless as the sentinels of Pompeii, line the shore. The tall cypresses in the lake, with their fringed foliage, lift their weird knees out of the water, and look lonely and desolate; while the oaks

and gums upon the shore, draped in clinging vines, festooned with moss, and reflected in the lake, add to the somber picture of the wilderness. The sycamores and cottonwoods are of immense size, some being ten feet in diameter.

Old Asa turned from the lake and boldly entered a canebrake, we following. Here the foremost horse has the hardest time, for he must break the way for the rest through cane and bamboo-vines. Old Asa's horse, like his master, was a trained hunter, and would wait the stroke of the hunting-knife which cut the vines, and then push on through the tangled mass. Going through cane, every one is required to take the cartridge from his gun; or, if he has a muzzle-loader, to take the cap from the tube.

After crossing a canebrake ridge of half a mile, we entered a large, open wood, where we found a quantity of overcup acorn mast, upon which bear and deer feed during the winter months. Under the limb of a paw-paw, we saw a fresh buck-scrape. This is made by the male deer, while scratching his antlers amid the branches above; he scrapes the earth with his feet, as a sign for his tawny mate. A little farther on, within easy range, we startled the antlered monarch from his lair; but not a gun was raised to arrest his flight. As the deer lifted his white flag and bounded off, the younger dogs pricked up their ears and looked anxiously forward, ready to burst forth in full cry; but a word in a harsh tone from old Asa caused them to fall to the rear. "This is a bear-hunt, and these are bear-dogs," said Asa, and we understood that no other game must be shot before them. On rainy days, we go out from camp, singly, and "still-hunt" for deer; then they are easily found, as they avoid the wet cane and feed in the open woods.

"Here's b'ar sign!" exclaimed old Asa, as he pointed to the foot of a large overcup acorn tree. Just then, a sound that vibrates through the hunter's heart with a thrill of pleasurable emotions fell on our ears, like the voice of the prophet crying in the wilderness. Only reliable hunters, like Bravo and Beargrease, are allowed full liberty in ranging the woods. There it was again! Bravo had struck a trail! every dog rushed forward at the well-known signal of their leader; but the track was cold, and every nose was busy smelling among the leaves, trying to unravel its mystic windings. We rode slowly along; old Beargrease made a circle, and struck the trail farther ahead. The old dog seemed to know he had solved the problem this time, for, sitting upon his haunches, he raised his head, and uttered a prolonged cry—a note of exquisite joy,—as old Asa said, "a psalm of melody." Bravo, Granger, and twenty more joined in the chorus, and slowly, but surely and steadily, they moved along on the trail. "More sign," shouted old Asa, presently; "here's his stepping-path," and he pointed to a path made by the bear, as he passed to and fro from the canebrake. Here he explained to Rogers that the path was made by a habit the bear has of always putting his feet in precisely the same tracks; this habit is often taken advantage of, and a trap is set in his path, or a gun is placed so as to kill or mortally wound him. "And this is a big fat old he," added old Asa.

"Now, look here, old fellow," replied Rogers, "don't test my credulity too far. I would like to know how you can tell a fat bear from a lean bear, or a he-bear from a she-bear, when you have never seen it."

"Little boy," replied Asa, while a benevolent expression mocked the gay humor in his clear blue eye, "your edication has been sadly neglected; book-l'arnin' may be very useful in town, but one grain of common sense is worth a bushel of college diplomas in the swamps. Now listen and l'arn wisdom; I know this is a fat b'ar, because his hind toe marks do not reach the fore ones; had he been poor, they would well-nigh have overlapped."

"But how do you know it is a he-bear, and a big he besides?"

"The Lord pity your ignorance, child! don't you see whar he writ it up on that hackberry, as plain as *mene mene tekel upharsin*, that Parson Bellows told us about last Sunday?"

"Well," replied Rogers, "you will have to find a Daniel to interpret it; I see nothing but scratches on the tree; what do you make of it?"

"Look close," replied Asa, "and you will see the tallest marks are the freshest; a young b'ar, feeling very large all by himself, wrote his name thar first; the way he does it, he places his back ag'in' the tree and, turning his head, bites the bark as high as he can reach, which means, in b'ar lingo, 'I'm boss of the woods—beware how you trespass on my domains.' The next b'ar that comes along takes the same position and tries to outreach the first; now this old fellow has written in b'ar hiero-

AT BAY.

glyphics a foot higher, 'Mind your eye, young un, you 're a very small potato; I'm the hoss that claims preëmption rights to these pastures.' Another reason for thinking it a he-b'ar is that the shes have young about the third week in January, and it's about that time. We hunt them in February by examining the cypress-trees, where they have left their marks climbing to their dens. The young ones, when first born, are not larger than a rat."

"I have read that the bear was a hibernating animal; how about that?" asked Rogers.

"The b'ar becomes very fat in winter," said Asa, "and his insides are so covered with fat that he has no room for food; in a cold climate he would lie up, but here he is tempted by the mild winters to keep traveling around."

While old Asa was giving our city friend this bit of natural history, the dogs were busy at work on the trail; the track was growing warmer; suddenly they all dashed into the cane; when, *whew!*—with a snort and crash through the cane, as if all the fiends had broken loose from Tartarus, the bear was started from his lair. With a wild yell, we all followed, pell-mell, in pursuit. For a mile or more, the bear seemed to gain upon his pursuers, but like a relentless fate the fierce pack stuck to his heels, while the hunters were slowly cutting their way through the cane. Old Asa led the way, with that intuition which belongs to the practiced woodsman and aids him in avoiding the heaviest canebrakes.

Reaching a boggy bayou, we paused to listen for the pack; the baying of dogs underneath the heavy cane cannot be heard at a great distance; and as we halted on our horses we could hear no sound

but the melancholy soughing of the winds through the lonely cypress. Old Asa leaped from his horse, and, commanding silence, knelt and placed his ear close to the ground. For a few moments the silence was painful. Then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"All right, boys! The b'ar has turned toward camp; I heard them distinctly; they are fighting very close."

"How will we cross the bayou?" asked Rogers. "It would bog a saddle-blanket here."

"Follow me, young un," said old Asa, "and I'll l'arn you what your school-master never did—how to cross a boggy bayou."

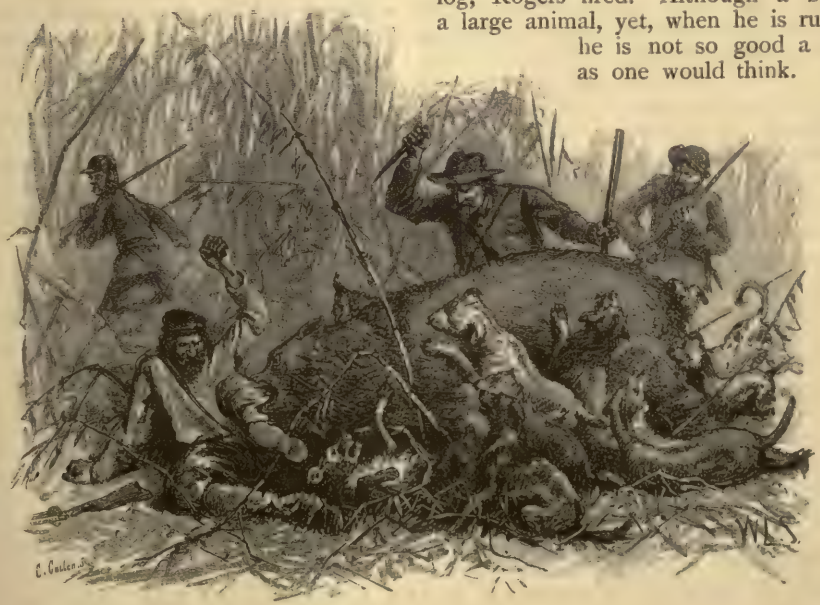
Then proceeding up the bayou, he selected a spot where the cypress-knees were thickest, and led the way safely across; then pushing rapidly forward, flanking the canebrake and keeping to the open woods, after a detour of a mile we were again in hearing of the pack.

"He has turned back," shouted old Asa. "Scatter out across the opening, and some of us will get a shot."

We promptly obeyed the order, and soon heard them coming, crashing through the canebrake like a cyclone. Presently, out jumped the bear, near Major Duncan's stand, with the dogs pressing him like a legion of furies. As the major attempted to shoot, his horse wheeled, and before he could turn, the bear had seen him and

BEAR HIEROGLYPHICS.

turned back into the cane, facing a score of dogs rather than one hunter; going farther down the cane he again burst into the opening, and crossed close to Rogers, who had dismounted and was standing by a fallen tree. As the bear leaped the log, Rogers fired. Although a bear is a large animal, yet, when he is running, he is not so good a target as one would think. If the



THE DEATH.

reader will attempt to put a ball through the center of a barrel-head while it is in rapid motion, he will have some idea of shooting at a running bear. Rogers missed, but the dogs, encouraged by the report of his gun, attacked with renewed vigor. Across the open woods in plain view we beheld a grand sight. As the dogs charged at the report of Rogers's gun, Rocket, a large, active fellow (a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound), seeing the way clear, made a dash, and catching one of the bear's hind feet, tripped him so adroitly that he rolled over on his back, and before he could recover was covered with dogs. But a sweep of his huge paws scattered his foes in every direction. It was like Samson among the Philistines. A few leaps and he again reached the canebrake, and soon we heard the dogs at bay. We dismounted, hitched our horses, and quietly proceeded on foot to the scene of action. But it was slow work, for the bear always seeks the heaviest canebrake for his battle-ground. We had to creep and crawl, sometimes prostrate upon the ground, under the tangled mass of cane and vines, often having to use our hunting-knives in disentangling ourselves.

Except old Asa, who carried a rifle, we were all armed with short, double-barrel shot-guns, loaded with buck and ball. This, in my judgment, is the most effective weapon for bears, as they are generally shot in a tree or on the ground at close quarters; and after the labors of a bear-chase the nerves are apt to be a little shaky for drawing a fine bead with a rifle.

Cutting our way through the mass of cane, we reached the outer circle of dogs and beheld the bear sitting with his back against the trunk of a tree, his fore paws just touching the toes of his hind ones as they projected up in front of him. With his rear thus protected, he stood at bay, occasionally making a rush for a dog who had ventured too near, and when he had scattered his foes, returning to his position, pressed again in turn by the dogs he had pursued. It was a splendid picture—the huge beast, shaggy and grim, with the white froth dripping from his red lips and lolling tongue, beset on every side, fighting a host, relying alone upon the strength of his mighty arm to keep his foes at bay. At length, greatly worried, he resolved to do what a large fat bear greatly dislikes, viz., take a tree. Making a rush, as a feint to scatter his enemies, he sprang up into an oak, and seated himself in a fork about twenty feet from the ground.

By this time my companions had arrived, and it was agreed that Rogers, who had never killed a bear, should have the shot. He took his position in front of the tree and attempted to get a sight at the bear's head, but a bear's head is a bad target, as it is in constant motion, and the frontal bones are so sharp and hard that, unless the hunter makes a center shot, the ball will glance and do but little harm; moreover, when wounded, however slightly, the bear is almost sure to abandon the tree. At the report of Rogers's gun, though slightly stunned by the glancing ball, Bruin threw his arms around the tree on the opposite side, and came down, as old Asa said, "like a streak of greased lightning." The pack covered him as he touched the earth, Major Duncan rushed to the rescue of the dogs, who are almost sure to get hurt if a bear is wounded; but the dogs were so thick the major could not shoot. I saw Bravo caught in Bruin's arms, and saw the major push a couple of dogs aside and fire, but he only succeeded in knocking the brute down and releasing the old dog. At the same moment a stroke of Bruin's paw sent the major's gun spinning through the air. The bear then rushed away into the canebrake. Around and around within the space of a few hundred yards, the battle raged fiercely. The hunters were all scattered through the canebrake, when the bear chanced to head directly for Rogers, who fired, and as the bear charged, took to his heels, and but for the courage of the dogs, would have been caught.

At the report of the gun, the maddened pack covered the game again, and he had to stop to shake them off. Rearing on his hind feet, he would strike down with his fore paws, his long, sharp claws making the "fur fly" wherever they struck. The bear generally strikes downward, as he is pigeon-toed, and from the conformation of his fore-arm cannot well strike laterally, when rampant. If, perchance, he catches a dog in his giant arms, he does not squeeze him to death, but simply holds him while he bites; but I am digressing.

Rogers had gained on the bear by the dogs' renewed attack, but as soon as Bruin had shaken them off he again pursued his human foe, when old Asa, pushing Rogers aside, heroically stepped in front, and dropping on one knee, threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bear, though

mortally wounded, sprang upon him. I was close at hand, but could not shoot without the risk of hurting my friend. I shouted to the pack. Regardless of danger, the brave dogs rushed to the rescue, and again covered the bear, just as he had seized old Asa by the leg. I sprang forward, and reaching the opposite side, struck a well-directed blow, and fell back, leaving my knife in the monster's heart. The experienced hunter always strikes a bear from the opposite side to which he stands, as the bear is sure to turn to the side from whence he receives the blow; and woe to the unlucky hunter caught in his death-grasp. As the bear rolled over and expired, old Asa sprang to his feet and exclaimed, as he grasped my hand: "Bully for you, old pard! A leetle more an' I would have been mince-pie for that tarnal critter, tryin' to save Greeny, thar. That's what one gets by taking an onedicated greenhorn into the woods. My brave dogs are literally chawed into sassage-meat, and the calf of my leg feels as if it had a red-hot spindle through it. Hoopee, good dogs!" And, at the voice of affection from their master, they gathered around him, while the old hunter sat on the carcass of the bear and caressed his battle-scarred pets, examining all of their wounds before he looked at his own. After sympathizing with his pack, which they gratefully recognized by piteous whines, he allowed his own wound to be examined. It proved to be an ugly, though not dangerous, bite on the calf of the leg.

"Boys," he said, "we are only a mile from camp, and if I can get to the bayou just outside of this cane, I can walk with less pain than I can ride through the brake."

Refusing all assistance, the old hunter started for camp alone, and, getting into the bayou, waded into the cold water, as he said, to numb the pain. We skinned and cut up the bear, which was no easy task, as a bear's hide does not peel off like a deer's, but is tight on his body, like a hog's, the removal of every inch requiring the assistance of the knife. We reached camp by dark, and found old Asa with his leg poulticed with medicinal herbs, in the virtues of which he was well acquainted. Wounded as he was, the old man was the life of the camp. He smoked his pipe and cracked jokes at everybody. Calling Hannibal, he instructed him in the mysteries of making a "filibuster." He first took the caul-fat, or bear's handkerchief, and spread it out on the inside of the fresh hide; then he cut slices of liver and choice bits of bear-meat, in the selection of which he was a connoisseur. Between the layers he placed a very thin slice of bacon, all the time rolling it in the caul-fat, occasionally inserting sprigs of fragrant spice-wood, as he said to give it a flavor, until a large meat sandwich was made. Then, sticking a wooden skewer through it, he roasted it before the fire. And a more savory dish never regaled the palate or olfactories of a hungry hunter.

In summing up the casualties of the fight, we found two dogs killed and seven wounded—three severely. Quiet at length settled upon our camp, the hoot of the barred owl alone breaking the stillness of the night. But it did not disturb the peaceful dreams of dogs or hunters, or of Hannibal, snoring to the accompaniment of the kettle, which hummed a lullaby as it prepared the head of Bruin for to-morrow's repast.

OLD ASA IN TRIUMPH.

A NEW MOTH.

SMERINTHUS CABLEI. (DRAWN BY R. RIORDAN AND ENGRAVED BY HENRY MARSH FROM THE ORIGINAL SPECIMEN REARED BY THE DISCOVERER, L. VON REIZENSTEIN.)

THE reader of these pages who is not learned in natural history may need to be told that the finding of a large new moth, in a field believed to be so well explored as the United States, is an event of great rarity. The recent discovery near New Orleans, by Baron L. von Reizenstein, of the above unusually large and beautiful *Smerinthus*, has already awakened the surprise and admiration of the entomologists who have known of it,—including Professor J. H. Comstock, late Government entomologist, and Augustus R. Grote, Esq., editor of "Papilio,"—who unite in regarding the species as not only clearly distinct from any other heretofore classified, but also intrinsically remarkable for size and beauty. Readers of "Madame Delphine" and "The Grandissimes" will be glad to note the compliment which has been paid to the author of those books in the choice of the specific name by the discoverer, from whose letter to us we make the following extracts.—ED. S. M.

"The discovery of the larva from which I reared this conspicuous moth was made on the 18th of August, 1880, about six miles from New Orleans. I left the city on the ten o'clock night train, to hasten to Spanish Fort* for the purpose of entomological researches along the outlet of the Bayou St. John and the rear portion of the park. Annoyed by the continual shop-talk of three passengers opposite, I left my seat, went out on the platform, and inhaled the pure air of an exquisitely beautiful night, after a day almost as perfect. When the train had arrived at the Lake depot, I noticed Orion shining brilliantly in the cloudless sky, as if to rival the pouring floods of electricity with which the park was lighted. Thousands of people were here gathered, strolling gayly along the luxurious gardens of this summer retreat, unaware of the great treasures which nature offered in remoter places, whither I directed my steps. This fire-ocean was in reality an

* A place of public resort, projected in miniature after the features of Coney Island, and situated at the mouth of the historic Bayou St. John, where it opens into Lake Pontchartrain.

imposing spectacle. The electric light illuminated for many miles the whole region beyond the limits of the salt-marshes, touched the remotest bungalows of the fishermen, and seemed sometimes to kiss the spires of New Orleans. In such a night you see before you, allured by the intensity of light, the whole insect world, and all the quivering nations of flies, which sport

'Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting and convolved.'

Skirting a reedy region, covered with water ankle-deep, I forced my way through creeping and trailing vines, intermixed with the trumpet-shaped red flowers of the *Bignonia radicans;* then through a pass fringed here and there with dense bushes of hawthorn, sweet-brier, and mimosa. Right here was the spot to look for entomological treasures, and in the next moment occurred an event that left a deep impression on my mind. My heart gave a leap—here was a wholly unexpected discovery! Here, in the full splendor of the electric light, I observed a large unknown larva, preëminent of all I ever saw, feeding on the leaves of the pickerel-weed *(Pontederia).* My hand trembled as I seized the rare creature and hurried it quickly into the depths of my collection *etui*—an empty cigar-box, provided with numerous air-holes. Satisfied if I might get this home in safety, I did not stop to look for others, but extricated myself from the tangle as best I could.

"The new species seems to me to supply the 'missing link' between the true *Sphingidæ* and *Bombycidæ.* Within the limits of the United States there are known to be seven different species of the sub-genus *Smerinthus*, which are separated from the *Sphinges* proper: *Smerinthus geminatus*, *myops*, and *juglandis*, of the Southern States; *S. Astylus* and *modestus*, of the Lake Michigan region; *excaecatus*, of the Eastern States, and *S. opthalmicus*, of California—none of which exceeds three and a half inches in breadth, and all of which have in general a dusky coloration. My new species measures over five inches in breadth, and has a quite different style of coloration from the other *Smerinthi*, and many other important characteristics that warrant its separation from that genus. In the larval state it differs entirely from the larvæ of our known *Smerinthi*, and, in fact, of all other known *Sphinges.* The larva resembles more those of the *Bombycid* genus *Attacus*, and I believe that it is the long-sought-for connecting link between *Smerinthus* and *Selea Polyphemus* and *Samia licropia*, those well-known gigantic moths of our States. The primaries or fore-wings of the new moth, when quite fresh from the chrysalis, are of a pale slate-color, interrupted with dark, cloudy bands, which show a somewhat greenish luster. The secondaries or hind-wings present a beautiful contrast. About in the middle is seen a large white crescent, surrounded by a deep black band. The remaining surface of the hind-wings is shaded off with brilliant crimson. The under side of the wings is comparatively less vivid, if I exclude a large crimson patch on the fore-wings. The outer margins of the primaries are deeply notched and have by degrees lighter and darker tints. The antennæ are very prominent, strongly serrated, and of extraordinary length.

"But I must not forget the description of the wonderful larva. Its body is of a very clear bluish-green color, with a broad coral-red dorsal line. There are golden lateral stripes on each side of the body, which is dotted with innumerable golden atoms of the greatest brilliancy. The head is of a triangular shape, similar to *Smerinthus*, but considerably more extended and pointed. The presence of the coral-red colored warts on the fourth segment is an astonishing ornamentation, which occurs only in the genus *Dryocampa*, and in some of the *Saturniadæ.*

"Being the first describer of the above insect, I have, according to the custom recognized among scientific men, the right to name it. In honor of Mr. George W. Cable, who is so much identified with Louisiana as citizen and *littérateur*, I propose to name the insect *Smerinthus Cablei.*

"L. VON REIZENSTEIN."

Some to whom the present discovery has become known have offered the conjecture that the larva found at Spanish Fort may have been carried from some portion of the Greater or Lesser Antilles, on drift moving across the Gulf of Mexico by the force of currents or of winds. But neither by currents nor winds could such an event be brought within the bounds of probability. The currents of the Gulf on its northern side set powerfully eastward through the straits of Florida. The nearest coast in the West Indies, that of Cuba, is several hundred miles from that of Louisiana, and the

borders of Lake Pontchartrain are open to the Gulf only by certain passes, or *rigolets*, of a few hundred feet width. There are, moreover, no *Smerinthi* known to exist in Cuba; so that, at any rate, the debate, could there be one, would be not at all on the authenticity of the discovery, but only on the native place of the newly discovered species. This, beyond any reasonable doubt, is the swamps of Louisiana, near New Orleans.

The entomology of the Mississippi delta seems to have been, thus far, only superficially treated. The depths of the Louisiana swamps have rarely been visited by those naturalists from abroad who have momentarily sojourned in their neighborhood, and among natives or residents of the region none have yet made known the results of any minute research in the insect life which teems about them on every hand. Thus it occurs that this large and beautiful new species of moth has remained unknown to science during the nearly two hundred years in which white men have occupied the country to which it is native, and have built a great city within its immediate habitat. There is no telling, but by the actual exploration of naturalists, what, or what numbers of, unknown beauties are yet to be found—we need not say in the remote recesses of these delta swamps, but even in the immediate environs of New Orleans. The Baron Reizenstein alone has made numerous entomological discoveries—among others of a large unknown honey-bee and two or three wasps. It is to be hoped that his success may stimulate further research in the various departments of minute vegetable and animal life in this so nearly virgin field. It is probable that even in ornithology, notwithstanding the researches of Audubon in this, his native country, there is much awaiting the attention of new discoverers.

THE NEW PHASE OF NAPOLEONIC HISTORY.

About thirteen years ago, an historical work was published in France that almost at once attracted general attention, as well by its isolated position as by the audacity and ability with which it sustained it. For years there had scarcely been a dissenting voice raised in France, of all countries, about Napoleon, and even everywhere else history had been overawed and blinded by his genius. Suddenly the work of Pierre Lanfrey made its appearance, bringing dismay to the camp of servile critics and politicians who surrounded the throne of the third Napoleon, and who realized only too well how injurious must be the effect upon the nephew of so ruthless an exposure of the uncle. It was in vain for them to sneer at it or to pass it over in silence. The name of Lanfrey was too well known and too highly esteemed to admit of such a thing, while a single glance at the book itself was sufficient to convince even the most unwilling reader that it was not written for eccentricity's sake, but had a basis of profound study. The issues were squarely stated, and had to be squarely met. The brilliant rhetoric and bitter partisanship of Michelet could be opposed by rhetoric almost as brilliant, and by partisanship even more bitter; but against the armor of fact and of logic in which Lanfrey had incased himself, such light weapons shivered and broke, like rapiers against a coat of mail. The battle was an unequal one from the first. One after another his adversaries retired, defeated and discomfited, leaving it to time and to the specious charge of exaggeration to find some loophole through which their steels could enter. But in this hope they were disappointed. Time, instead of weakening the judgment pronounced by Lanfrey, has only confirmed it, and his countrymen, instead of forgetting his work, persist in reading it more and more. To the outer world, however, the personality of this good patriot and great writer is still too little known.

Pierre Lanfrey was born in Chambéry, in Savoy, in 1828.* His father was a retired captain who had served under Napoleon, and who retained for his old commander the most unbounded admiration and affection. He died when his son was but six years old, leaving his widow in very straitened financial circumstances. Madame Lanfrey, though illiterate and of humble origin, appears to have been a woman of

* "Revue des Deux Mondes" for September, October, and November, 1880.

very superior mind, and her devotion to her only child, and his love and admiration for her, are wonderfully touching. Partly from motives of economy, and partly from religious conviction, she sent her son to the Chambéry college of Jesuits to be educated. He had not been there many years, however, before he had trouble with his superiors. Having surreptitiously obtained and read a book reflecting on the Jesuits, he refused to deny the fact when informed against by one of his comrades, and was sent home to his mother in disgrace. He was dispatched to another ecclesiastical college, at St. Jean-de-Maurienne. The time that he spent there was probably the most unpleasant period of his life. Thoughtful and grave beyond his years, he was already in rebellion against the dogmas and the intellectual tyranny of the church. His mind craved a more liberal supply of intellectual food than the college could or would supply. At last he obtained his mother's consent to his going to Paris to study. To enable him to do so, she was obliged to make the greatest sacrifices. Though he felt this keenly, and tried, by every means in his power, to express his gratitude and devotion, he never, for one moment, repented of the step he had taken. With a patience that was almost incredible in one of his years, and with an energy that bordered on ferocity, he carried out the course of study which he confidently believed would eventually enable him to produce a work both "solid and durable." His faith in his literary genius never deserted him. During all the long years of privation and hope deferred through which he had to pass, he never expressed a doubt of the final result. At last his time came. In 1857 appeared his work on "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century." It was greeted with admiration by the most noted literary men of the day, and Lanfrey's fame as a writer and a thinker was established. This work was followed in the next year by an essay on the French Revolution, which added greatly to his reputation, but which gave much dissatisfaction both to republicans and royalists, because he criticised the acts of both with the same impartial candor and severity. It placed him at once in a position of political isolation—a position which his independence of thought and unerring sense of justice compelled him ever after to occupy. The "Lettres d'Everard," a brilliant philippic against the vices and weaknesses of the men and the society of the day, gave him an even wider celebrity than his two previous works, while, at the same time, it increased the alarm with which he was regarded by the extremists of every political and social school.

About this time the "Revue Nationale" was founded, with the intention of making it the organ of the moderate Republicans. Lanfrey was selected by its editors to write the "Chronique de la Quinzaine," a commentary upon the chief political and literary events of the fortnight. The position proved to be very distasteful to him. An ardent Republican, a cordial despiser of the Napoleonic *régime*, he writhed under the strict censorship imposed by a government he believed to be a usurpation. On the other hand, his independence often brought him into conflict with his co-editors, and, after some years, he abandoned the office and devoted himself almost exclusively to the completion of his great work, the history of Napoleon, of which the two first volumes appeared in 1867, and the third and fourth in 1868–70. While engaged in this work, however, he did not lose his interest in political affairs. His letters written at this period —1867-70—are filled with gloomy forebodings and singularly accurate prophesies of the catastrophe that was about to come. He recognizes the prodigious power of Bismarck, expresses the deepest abhorrence for the Mexican expedition of Napoleon, and is overflowing with enthusiasm for the unity of Italy. No one in France deplored the declaration of war against Prussia more earnestly than he. "One cannot bring oneself," he writes, "to wish for the defeat of one's country, and yet one hesitates to hope for victory, for, at home, victory would only bring an aggravation of despotism, and, abroad, conquests impossible to preserve, and the germs of a hundred wars to come." He was in the *Corps Législatif* when M. Schneider announced the Government's decision, and one can imagine his feelings when he heard the president, with unconscious plagiarism, quote word for word a sentence from one of his last volumes: "The author of a war is not he who declares it, but he who has made it necessary." As if to add to the irony of this incident, Napoleon III. soon afterward repeated the phrase officially, attributing it to Montesquieu. Yet in her hour of trial his country found him at the post of danger. In spite of his delicate health, he enlisted in the Mobiles of Savoy, and served with them till the close of the war. His active inter-

est in politics, however, did not flag. He protested with vehemence, through the press and in public, against the dictatorship of Gambetta, whom he declared to be a usurper, and an incapable one at that, and demanded a general election, in order that the country might be represented by a government that was at least lawful. These attacks attracted such general attention that Gambetta, who recognized his ability and magnanimously overlooked his accusations against himself, offered him the prefecture du Nord. This position he sternly refused to accept, declaring that he would take no office but an elective one until a government had been established by the consent of the whole people. The followers of Gambetta were less generous than their leader. They overwhelmed him with savage epithets; he was "a supporter of the Bonapartists, a clerical—he was sold to the Orleanists, to the Prussians." At the elections for the *Assemblée Constituante*, held at his native place, Chambéry, in the early part of 1871, they united with the clericals, who shrank from voting for the author of "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century," and defeated his candidacy. Lanfrey was greatly chagrined at this defeat, but he was recompensed in part by being chosen, at the same elections, a deputy from the electoral district of the Bouche du Rhone—a district in which he had never set foot, and where he had not a single personal friend. In his address of thanks, he says: "If I rightly interpret your thoughts, you have chosen in me the persistent enemy of all sorts of despotism—the man who has never wished to separate the cause of democracy from that of liberty." His earnest support of the policy of M. Thiers, whom, as historian, he had once so bitterly criticised, soon led to his appointment as embassador to Switzerland. He fulfilled the duties of this delicate position with such dignity and tact that, upon the resignation of Thiers in 1873, the Federal Council unanimously requested of the new government that he should be retained in his place. The Duc de Broglie gladly consented, but Lanfrey would only agree to stay upon condition that his resignation should be at once accepted if, in his judgment, the new government did not conform to the wishes of the more moderate wing of the Republican party. This event soon happened. The vote in the Assembly concerning the prorogation of the powers of MacMahon decided him. His resignation was accepted, and he returned to Versailles to take his seat once more as a simple deputy. He now had leisure to take up the history of Napoleon again. The fifth volume appeared in 1875, and was received with enthusiasm by political friends and foes. Gambetta, meeting him at the depot at Versailles, rushed up, shook him by the hand, and warmly congratulated him.

The last political act of Lanfrey was the composition of an election address stating the views of the Left Center, the parliamentary group with which he was then acting in unison. This address, dignified in tone, clear, filled with words of wisdom and moderation, well deserved to be his crowning effort. "You have but one way to preserve the republic," he writes, "and that is to show yourselves worthy of it. Turn from those seekers after popularity who overwhelm you with promises they will never be able to keep, and with an adulation that is injurious by its very excess. If you would know who deceive you, observe who flatter you. Give your votes neither to those suspicious agitators who foment social animosity because they live by it, nor to those incorrigible sectaries who only advocate clemency in order to reëstablish crime." Not long after the publication of this address, Lanfrey was elected by the Assembly a senator for life, "without," as he truly says, "having raised a finger to obtain the position."

But he was not to enjoy the honor long. A sickness that he had contracted during a trip to Italy, in the fall of 1876, broke out once more. It was greatly augmented by his anxiety in regard to public affairs, of which at this time he took the gloomiest view. Discouraged and broken down, he retired to the house of a friend, near Billière, to pass in peace the few weeks of life that were left to him. His last hours were soothed by the tenderest care, and by the many messages of respect and affection that were sent to him by political friends and foes. Far from his native place, in the little cemetery of Billière, lies the body of Pierre Lanfrey, of whom the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, speaking in the name of the French Senate, truly said: "All parties respected him and all his colleagues loved him, because but one sentiment dictated his writings and dominated his political career: love of his country and of her liberties."

Regarded merely as an historian, Lanfrey deserves the greatest possible admiration. His work shows that he possessed in a rare degree all those numerous qualities demanded from

a man who undertakes to give us a true and clear account of a particularly confused and exciting period in the life of a great nation. The patience with which he has collected his material is scarcely less wonderful than the judgment and skill he displays in threshing out this vast mass, and separating the wheat from the chaff. As for the language in which he embodies his results, it is almost above praise. In clearness, vigor, and beauty it rivals that of Macaulay; in a certain unconscious brilliancy—which, if we are to believe M. Taine, no Saxon writer ever entirely possesses—it even surpasses that of the great English master. Lanfrey collects his facts like a German, judges them like an Englishman, and presents them like a Frenchman. In other words, he brings to his work three great qualities, the possession of any two of which would be sufficient to place him in the first rank of historians.

But it is not merely as an historian that we are to consider him. He is, in every sense of the word, a reformer—the apostle among his own countrymen of a new school of historical ethics. It is not that he takes a new view of Napoleon's character, but that he applies to his actions a code of morals which other French historians have refused to acknowledge when writing of the man. It has been the constant habit of Napoleon's biographers to regard him from a strictly national stand-point. Criticism upon his conduct was never ventured on unless it could be applied to some flagrant violation on his part of the rights of the French people. That other people also had rights which Napoleon should have respected was a fact ignored. No matter how unjust, tyrannical, and brutal his attacks were upon the rest of the world, they were considered perfectly correct so long as they redounded to the "glory" of France. Lanfrey has completely emancipated himself from such narrow views. He criticises Napoleon's foreign policy even more severely than he does his domestic, does not scruple to denounce the injustice of his wars because they were fought by Frenchmen, and fails to find consolation in the fact that the oppressor of France was, in a still greater degree, the oppressor of almost all Europe. He manfully refuses to bow down before and worship that seductive but evil goddess, "Glory," who has heretofore found her chief priests among French historians, and to whom so many millions of precious lives have been fanatically sacrificed.

Napoleon has generally been regarded in France as "glory" personified, and the consequence is, most Frenchmen that have written about him have done so kneeling. They have not written biographies, but eulogies. Lanfrey, on the other hand, goes calmly up to the "joss" and examines him with the eyes of a critic, not those of a devotee; tells us of what material he is made, pries into his interior mechanism, applies tests to the gilding, to see whether it is real or sham; in short, gives us the figure as it really is, looked at rationally through the medium of common sense, and not through those thick clouds of incense, in the shape of sophistry, with which his predecessors have religiously surrounded their idol before they dared to look upon his face.

And what are his conclusions? They may be summed up in a few words. Intellectually, he believes Napoleon to have been an extraordinarily great commander, a poor statesman, a worse diplomatist, a striking, but bizarre, speaker, and no legislator at all. Morally, he believes him to have been an exquisite combination of Satan and Mephistopheles; and we do not see how any one who carefully reads his work can fail to come to a similar conclusion.

The political crimes of Napoleon are confessedly so colossal that heretofore mankind has been loath to believe that they were committed in the sole interest of their author, and has ingeniously attempted to make "circumstances"—that much-abused word—responsible for them.

Lanfrey's hard-headed logic, however, effectually disposes of all these charitable theories. He proves by relentless facts that the history of France under Napoleon is nothing more or less than a record of the development of one man's selfish ambition. As for Napoleon's personal crimes, if, under these circumstances, it is admissible to make the distinction, they fully entitle him to take high rank among the Borgias and other monsters of history. It is hardly doing justice to his evil nature to say that he was an assassin, a robber, an apostate, a forger, a hypocrite, a rascal, and a liar—and such a liar! These are not mere epithets, but words which express proven facts.

It is really no exaggeration to assert that he was absolutely without moral sense. Carlyle tells a story of a German emperor who, when corrected for a mistake he made in Latin, replied: "I am king of the Romans, and above grammar." Napo-

leon's arrogance was infinitely greater. He thought himself above morality, and really seems to have believed that he had a perfect right to commit any crime, political or personal, that would advance his interests by an iota; and, in truth, he did commit so many that it is almost impossible to keep track of them.

How widely Lanfrey's explanations of the nature and causes of Napoleon's progress differ from those generally entertained, will be seen at almost every page.

In the first place, for instance, he dissipates the nimbus that has heretofore enveloped Napoleon's sudden rise from obscurity to military prominence. He shows us that there was, after all, nothing so very preternatural about it. At the time of his first coming on the scene of action, the chances were never greater for men who had, like himself, received a complete military education. There was a dearth of properly trained officers. Most of the graduates of the military establishments were enemies, from the first, of the popular cause, and were to be found fighting in the ranks of the emigrants. Those who had originally sided with the revolution had been, almost to a man, killed or proscribed. The demand for efficient officers was, therefore, so very much greater than the supply that it would have been a great matter of surprise had Napoleon not risen with unusual rapidity, even had he been possessed of no more than ordinary talents.

A very characteristic passage is that in which he discusses the brutal massacre of twenty-five hundred Turkish soldiers, at Jaffa, during the invasion of Syria. The circumstances of this cold-blooded execution are too well known to need more than a brief comment.

In his advance into Syria, Napoleon, after capturing the towns El Arish and Gaza, stormed Jaffa. The French troops, exasperated at the unexpectedly obstinate resistance they encountered, inflicted a most bloody punishment upon the people and the garrison. After the massacre had been checked, by the efforts of a few French officers, twenty-five hundred soldiers of the garrison still remained alive, as prisoners. These Napoleon ordered to be put to the sword. The original copy of the order for this execution, in which he instructs the executioners to take care that not one of the wretches should escape, still exists. Other historians have labored, with more ingenuity than humanity, to cover up the enormity of this crime by asserting that Napoleon had not food enough for their support, and that he had, moreover, a technical right to do what he did, because the prisoners were found to be men whom he had already captured at El Arish and released on parole. Lanfrey disposes of the first excuse by quoting from Bonaparte's own report of the affair to the Directory, in which he says: "At Jaffa we took more than four hundred thousand (400,000) rations of biscuits and two hundred thousand (200,000) hundredweight of rice." The other excuse is shown to be even more unworthy. By the application of the simplest arithmetic, he overturns all the finely spun arguments of the apologists. Let us give his own words:

"'We found at El Arish,' he [Napoleon] wrote to the Directory, 'five hundred Albanians, five hundred Mogrebins, and two hundred Anatolians. The Mogrebins have entered our service. I have made them an auxiliary corps.' Supposing that all the Albanians and all the Anatolians had fled to Jaffa, which is not admissible, and which it was impossible to verify, that would have made only seven hundred men, dispersed among a garrison of four thousand, the half of which had been already massacred. But, admitting the truth of all the conditions of this hypothesis, the number of El Arish soldiers among the prisoners of Jaffa could not have been more than two or three hundred men. * * * The pretended identity of the prisoners of Jaffa with those of El Arish is one of the numerous fables invented by Bonaparte at Saint Helena to influence the judgment of history. There is not a trace of this assertion in the numberless letters and pieces of various kinds in which Bonaparte gives an account of the event; there is not a word of it in the narrative of Miot, the historiographer of the Egyptian expedition. It is evident that if these prisoners had formed part of the garrison of El Arish, the general would have taken advantage of such a pretext to lighten the odious effect of his order. In writing to the Directory, he merely said, 'I have treated with severity the garrison, who allowed themselves to be taken with arms in their hands.' This was the single crime which, according to his construction of the 'rules of war,' authorized the dreadful massacre." *

This is only one of the innumerable instances where Lanfrey positively annihilates the specious sophisms that grave and respected historians have successfully attempted to palm upon the world as truth.

His review of Napoleon in the character of statesman and diplomatist is marked by the same sound sense and absence of hero-worship that distinguish his remarks on the moral character of the man. He shows, most conclusively, we think, that Napoleon's civil abilities were of no high order. His military talents and resources were so colossal that he had but to threaten

* History of Napoleon I. By Pierre Lanfrey. Macmillan & Co. London and New York.

and he gained his point, no matter how ridiculous that point might be. In considering Napoleon, it is amazing to find how often people fall into the error of estimating the profundity and grandeur of his conceptions by the great effects their execution had upon the world. The decree of Berlin, for instance, was anything but a great conception, yet it directly brought about some of the greatest movements in history.

Looking at the matter from an unprejudiced point of view, we really cannot understand why Napoleon should be called a great diplomatist any more than we can see why a robber, who holds a pistol to your head and demands your money or your life, should be called a persuasive man, because you give him what he asks for. There is scarcely an instance where this "great diplomatist" brought a diplomatic negotiation to a successful close without the employment of threats or force. To put it paradoxically, he won his peaceful victories at the point of his sword. Nor will his most important political measures bear scrutiny if examined on their own merits. The decree of Berlin, the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, the establishment of Joseph on the Spanish throne, the marriage with Austria, are now admitted, even by his most ardent admirers, to have been stupendous blunders which would have ruined any other ruler, and which even his extraordinary military genius could only partially repair. His domestic administration during the two years of nominal peace that followed upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Amiens is often pointed at with admiration, though with what reason we fail to see, unless a systematic endeavor to centralize despotism in the person of a ruler be regarded as an evidence of good government.

Napoleon certainly was, what Lanfrey calls him, a wonderful organizer of despotism, and he devoted all his tremendous powers, during those short years, to reducing the personal and political liberties of his countrymen to a minimum. He was so successful that, had his insane ambition allowed him a few more years of peace, he would undoubtedly have reduced the French people to a deeper state of degradation than that in which they had lived before the great revolution. In return for their liberties he built them some excellent roads and dug a few canals—facts which his admirers are continually bringing forward in proof of his greatness as a ruler, just as defenders of the Second Empire replied to all criticism upon the state of the country by triumphantly saying, "See what a magnificent city Napoleon III. has made of Paris."

Napoleon's fame as a legislator is shown to be built on a still weaker foundation of fact than his fame as a diplomatist and statesman. Many people probably imagine that the great code that bears his name was, in the main, the product of his single mind, whereas it was, in reality, the collective work of a body composed of the best jurists in France. He cannot even lay claim to the merit of having first recognized the necessity for the framing of such a code. The governments of the Convention and the Directory both passed laws to the effect that this great work should be entered on as speedily as possible; but the stormy state of the times and the presence of more pressing affairs caused these laws to remain a dead letter. Napoleon is entitled to great gratitude for having revived and carried them out—but for little else. Lanfrey gives us a most amusing account of the share Napoleon took in the composition of the code. It consisted in occasionally attending the meetings of the board, delivering, in a loud and pompous voice, ridiculous opinions upon subjects of which he knew nothing, and throwing, generally, as much obstruction as he possibly could in the way of the jurists. He even went so far as sometimes to make corrections — corrections which in almost every instance were exceedingly puerile, and without which the code would have been much nearer perfect than it now is. He was perpetually striving to introduce, into laws framed for all time, clauses having a special bearing upon present incidents. Indeed, few men were ever so eminently unfitted for the post of legislator. "As soon as he wished to touch upon matters of pure legislation, his legal knowledge somewhat resembled the Greek and Latin of the *médecin malgré lui*." His genius, as Lanfrey admits, was prodigious, but it moved in a very narrow channel.

The third volume of the English edition gives us the history of the Emperor's career from 1806 to 1810. It is, in many respects, the most interesting, because it presents a new phase of the great struggle—Napoleon *versus* the liberties of mankind. Before the invasion of Spain, he had to do only with princes and governments. The uprising of the Spanish people was the signal for a general popular awakening all over Europe. For the first time Napoleon was forced to deal with moral forces, which he despised,

and which he never learned to fight with success. As Lanfrey says:

"The charm was broken; the weak point of the colossus was discovered; the conqueror of kings was not as yet the conqueror of the people; the side which had so often lost when playing against him might now recommence the game with hope of success."

In no instance is his fairness of mind and elevation above all national prejudices more strikingly shown than in his account of the growth of that great anti-Napoleonic movement that ended in the birth of the German nation. Let us give his own words:

"In Germany, the rebound of the events in Spain caused throughout the land a kind of electric shock which gave birth to what had never before existed, namely, the German nation. The great intellectual *renaissance* of Germany during the eighteenth century had, it is true, prepared the way by forming the moral individuality of the people, but it was amidst the throes of defeat and foreign occupation that this glorious birth took place, and the word German country was pronounced for the first time in the world. All the old antagonism, all the superannuated feuds between Northern and Southern Germany, between the larger and smaller states, between the princes and the higher ranks of the ancient aristocracy, between the noble and the citizen, between the House of Austria and the House of Brandenburg, disappeared instantaneously, to make way for one single sentiment—hatred of the French yoke. The initiative belonged to no class in particular—it was universal and simultaneous."

And this from a Frenchman!

In the noble tribute the historian pays to the memory of Toussaint L'Ouverture, of San Domingo, he says:

"He [L'Ouverture] could die, for he had accomplished a great thing. He had proved to the world that the blacks were men, and men capable of governing themselves."

One can say with equal truth of Pierre Lanfrey that he, too, has proved a great fact which the world has heretofore declined to admit, namely: that there is at least one French historian whose love of truth and justice is far above the reach of national prejudice.

"Why was not this book written before?" is a question we constantly find ourselves asking. Had it appeared thirty years sooner, we sincerely believe the French people would never have patiently submitted to twenty years' degradation under the Second Empire. In no nation have historians more power to shape the destinies of their country than in France. Thiers, for instance, by glorifying the first Napoleon, probably did more than any one man in France to help the third Napoleon to his throne.

It may not be out of place to give a specimen of the different way in which these two historians, Lanfrey and Thiers, regard the same subject. In speaking of the English press at the time of the projected invasion of England, Lanfrey says:

"There was one corner of the earth, and but one, where his [Napoleon's] acts and person could be freely criticised—where one could (a thing a thousand times worse than injuries) speak the truth to him—to him, the man before whom the universe was silent."

Thiers says:

"The British press, insulting and arrogant as the whole press is in a free country, ridiculed Napoleon and his preparations; but it was the ridicule of a mocker who trembles while he laughs."

It certainly is one of the most hopeful signs of the new era in France that Thiers's work is gradually being superseded by that of Lanfrey. This is a significant fact, for no man handles the weaknesses of his countrymen more unsparingly. He has far too high an idea of the dignity of an historian to attempt to gain popularity by flattery. Severe as he is upon Napoleon, he never attempts to make him a scapegoat for those faults that belong to the people at large. Indeed, he frankly declares that a large share of Napoleon's success was due to the skill with which he flattered the "incurable vanity" of the national character. He says:

"History has another mission than that of pleasing. She is no more made to be the courtesan of a people than to be the courtesan of a king."

In conclusion, we would say that this is a book to be read *through*, rather than to be read *in*. Its style is far more argumentative than narrative. The reader who misses a single link in the chain of evidence will be sure to consider the writer exceedingly unjust and one-sided—a conclusion he will never reach, in our opinion, if he read the book from the very beginning to the very end.

One thing is certain: However much opinions may differ as to the literary merits of the work, no earnest person can put it down without saying of its author, "This was a man!"

Could Lanfrey have lived but a few years longer, he would, without doubt, have experienced a keen sense of satisfaction after having read the two posthumous works of Metternich and Rémusat that have recently been given to the public. The certainty

afforded by these new sources that he had divined truly in cases where it was impossible for him to speak absolutely, the confirmation of a judgment that many critics had pronounced positively wrong, and many more had considered bitterly one-sided and prejudiced, and, above all, the triumph of truth and justice for truth and justice's sake, would all have combined to cheer the last moments of a sick and wearied man. When we add to this the fact that the appearance of one of these works, at least, would have put an end to the isolation of his position as a man who had dared to lift up his voice against an idol blindly worshiped by the majority of his countrymen, we can hardly refrain from accusing fate of cruelty, or from calling his death untimely. The least we can do is to recall his memory at this time, when the sensation created by Metternich and Rémusat is at its height, and when his own services to history and humanity are in too great danger of being overlooked. Let us not forget that the accusing voices of the former come to us from the tombs, while that of the latter rang out clear and strong from the lips of a living man, at a moment when the name and the system of the tyrant whom he so ruthlessly exposed were once again enslaving the liberties of his countrymen. The debt that France owes to him is great, and will appear ever greater as the years roll on. When the bitterness of party spirit has passed away, when time has dimmed, as it must and will, the blinding splendor of the Napoleonic star, the name of Lanfrey will be pronounced with gratitude by every patriotic Frenchman, and by every friend of humanity throughout the world.

It would be hard to find three works dealing with the same subject, and pronouncing a verdict so singularly in accord, that differ more from one another than do those of Metternich, Rémusat, and Lanfrey. The intense moral motive, and the breadth of view and freedom from national and personal prejudice that inspire every page of Lanfrey, are wanting to the two former; while, on the other hand, the lack of these qualities is partly made up by the fact that their judgment was formed from actual personal experience, and gives us a view of Napoleon that has all the warmth of a picture copied from life; yet, although each writer regards Napoleon from an entirely different stand-point, he is painted in black by them all.

It is in the nature of things that the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat will be read a hundred times where those of Metternich will be read once; the former will have the most interest for the special biographer, the latter for the general historian. Madame de Rémusat tells us many circumstances about Napoleon that are interesting, striking, and valuable, but few, if any, that have not been related before, though never in such detail or upon such good authority. Metternich, on the other hand, though much more concise, much more dry, and much less pleasing, gives us some facts that he alone could know, and that change the whole current of historical opinion. His exact account of the Dresden interview—the famous "hat" interview, to use a Carlylism—is in itself enough to make his work of incalculable value. It gives us in a few words the key to Napoleon's whole character and policy. Here, when disguise was of no further use, when no witness but Metternich was present to hear his words, he throws aside his mask and stands boldly forth—the brutal egotist that he really was. "You are no soldier," he shrieked out to the Austrian statesman, who had vainly endeavored to make him listen to reason, "and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men," only he used here a brutal expression that the courtly Austrian does not venture to repeat.* Even Metternich—the cold and calculating Metternich—was deeply shocked and moved. "'You are lost, sire!' I said, quickly. 'I had a presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty.'" Notwithstanding the fact that Napoleon has said of Metternich, "He approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well," there is not the slightest reason to doubt that this interview was reported precisely as it happened. That Napoleon's judgment of Metternich—though meant to be complimentary—was as grossly unjust as most of the judgments he passed upon his contemporaries, is beyond question. His own mendacity was so great that he could afford to be generous, and almost the only trace we can discover of that magnanimity for which his admirers are fond of giving him credit is the willing-

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ness with which he concedes to others a share of that attribute which he justly considered to be a prominent feature of his own character. One of his uncles, he used to say with pride, had predicted that he would one day govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. As an instance of the superlative degree of proficiency he had attained in this art, let us give another extract from Metternich's memoirs. The last words of Lannes, as given by Napoleon's official bulletins, have gone the rounds of history. "Farewell, sire!" he is reported to have said. "Live for the world, but think at times of your best friend, who in a few hours will be no more. * * * Would that I might live to serve you and my country!" "You have read," complacently remarked Napoleon to Metternich, "the sentence I put into Lannes's mouth—he never thought of it. When the marshal pronounced my name, they came to tell me, and immediately I declared he must be dead. Lannes hated me cordially. He spoke my name as atheists do the name of God when they come to die. Lannes having called for me, I looked upon his case as hopeless."

Surely, it is not strange that such a man should himself predict that the world would relieve itself of an "*Ouf!*" upon hearing of his death.

It is with no intention of belittling the importance of these memoirs of Metternich and Madame de Rémusat that we say that their greatest value, in our eyes, consists in the fact that they so strikingly confirm and supplement the judgment pronounced by Lanfrey. His study of Napoleon's character and methods was so profound that he has, without the aid of these new sources, and by the simple process of deduction, anticipated the result of the disclosures that they make. Yet, if their appearance should effect no other good than to enlarge the circle of Lanfrey's readers, and to silence those critics who have sought to weaken the effect of his verdict by pronouncing it exaggerated and unjust, the world would still owe a hearty vote of thanks to their authors. It is Lanfrey who has given us the real picture of Napoleon. Others may add touches here and there, but the great central figure, with its bold outlines and gigantic proportions, will always remain his work.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* XII.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE END OF THE WAR, 1718–1721.

When the Tsar returned to Holland from Paris, in August, 1717, he had an interview with Görtz in the château of Loo, and a proposal was made and agreed to, which Charles XII. subsequently accepted, for a peace congress to be held in the Aland Isles. This congress began its sessions in May, 1718, with Bruce and Ostermann as the plenipotentiaries on the Russian, and Görtz and Gyllenborg on the Swedish, side. Negotiating was difficult. The Russians offered to give up Finland, with the exception of Viborg, but nothing more. It was even hard to conciliate the interests of Russia with those of the allies, who were suspicious, although the Tsar had promised to deal openly and uprightly with them. All wanted more than the Swedes were willing to grant. Görtz went to the King, and after a month's absence came back with his consent to cede Livonia, provided he got an equivalent in Denmark. Neither the Swedes nor the Russians wished to abandon Kexholm. Twice more Görtz went back to Sweden, twice Ostermann traveled to St. Petersburg for instructions from the Tsar. It was seen that Görtz, as a foreigner, favored though he was by the King, did not enjoy the confidence of the Swedish Government. At the same time the Swedes hesitated to give concessions, because they were expecting almost daily the outbreak of a vast insurrection in Russia. Ostermann finally came to the conclusion that an invasion was necessary to bring Sweden

* By request of Mr. Schuyler, we desire to state to readers of "Peter the Great" that it was found necessary, on account of the late arrival of the MS., to publish the August installment in a condensed form. The September and October installments were condensed by Mr. Schuyler himself. All three parts will be considerably amplified in the preparation of the book, which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish as soon as possible after the issue of this number of the magazine.—Ed. S. M.

to terms, and expressed the hope that the fool-hardy King would either be shot or soon break his own neck. After the Russian plenipotentiaries had decisively repelled the Swedish proposition that the Tsar should join King Charles in a war against Denmark, Görtz went again to Sweden. This was in November, 1718. He was expected back in four weeks, but instead of him came the news of the death of his master, Charles XII., and of his own arrest and execution. The King was then occupied with a war in Norway, then belonging to the Danish crown, and on the 11th of December was struck in the head by a bullet from the fortress of Fredriksten.*

The accession of Charles's sister, Ulrica Eleonora, made a great difference in the state of affairs. The Brigadier Lefort was sent by the Tsar to congratulate her, and both sides expressed a wish for peace. But still the negotiations made no progress. Finally, in July, 1719, a Russian fleet attacked the Swedish coasts in the neighborhood of Stockholm, and burnt two cities, one hundred and thirty villages, forty mills, and many iron-works. Apráxin came to within a few miles of Stockholm, and laid waste the neighborhood. The Swedish loss was estimated at twelve millions of thalers. Ostermann was then sent to Stockholm, but his reception was cool, and he was asked how the Russians could, at the same time, negotiate for peace and permit the devastation of the country. The Russian plenipotentiaries were instructed to present an ultimatum that, within two weeks, the Russian propositions must be accepted or the negotiations broken off. The Swedes thereupon retired. Sweden had thrown herself into the hands of England, who, by her intrigues, gradually succeeded in alienating all of the allies of Russia. In November, 1719, Sweden concluded a treaty with George I. as King of England and Elector of Brunswick-Luneburg, by which the duchies of Bremen and Verden were ceded to him on condition of the payment of a million of rix dollars. In January, 1720, preliminaries were signed at Stockholm between Sweden and Poland, confirming the peace of Oliva and the independence of Poland, and recognizing Augustus II., though Stanislas was to preserve the title of king during his life-time, and to receive, once for all, a million of rix dollars. On the 1st of February, at Stockholm, peace was also signed between Sweden and Prussia, through the mediation of France and Great Britain. By this, Stettin and the district between the Oder and the Peene, including the islands of Usedom and Wollin, were ceded to Prussia. Even Denmark was at last induced to make peace, on the 14th of June, 1720. She gave up Stralsund, Wismar, and the island of Rügen, and contented herself with the cession of the small district of Bahus, together with the guarantee of her rights to Sleswig by England and France. Russia was thus left entirely alone, and, in view of these intrigues and changes, was preparing an alliance with Spain—then a by no means despicable ally—a project, however, which came to an end with the fall of Alberoni. England feared that the Tsar would support the party of the Pretender, and kept her fleet, under Admiral Norris, in the Baltic. It appeared there again in 1720, and the Tsar received information from London that Admiral Norris had come to protect the Swedish coasts and to assist in the conclusion of peace. Without allowing himself to be intimidated, he ordered all his officers to refuse to receive any communication whatever from the English admiral, and when a letter came to the commandant at Reval, it was sent back to Norris, and Apráxin asked him peremptorily the cause of the appearance of the English fleet. Norris spoke about mediation, and received the reply that in such case it would be better for the English to send a minister to St. Petersburg. At the same time, Russian troops again landed in Sweden and burnt several towns and villages, without the slightest opposition being offered by the English fleet, which gave an excellent subject of laughter to the opposition in Parliament. Again, in 1721, the English squadron appeared. Again the Russian fleet sailed to Sweden, and, in the presence of the English, engaged the Swedish fleet and beat it. Kurákin reported from The Hague about a letter from the King of England to Queen Ulrica, advising her to make peace, as these naval demonstrations were expensive, and were only carried through in the King's council by a small majority.

* In August, 1859, in the presence of King Charles XV. and of his brother Oscar (the present King of Sweden, who has published a description of the circumstances), the coffin of King Charles XII. was opened. An examination of the head proved beyond a doubt that the wound which caused the King's death came from the bullet of an enemy, and that he was not murdered by one of his own men, as had often been maintained.

Finally, through the aid of the French envoy, Campredon, who offered the mediation of France, Bruce and Ostermann were sent, in April, 1721, to Nystàdt, where they met Count Lilienstedt and Baron Stroenfeld, on the part of Sweden. In spite of the operations in the Baltic, discussion went on, and on the 10th of September, 1721, a peace was signed on the conditions on which Peter had insisted. He kept Livonia, Esthonia, and Ingria, part of Kurland with the district of Viborg, surrendered the rest of Finland, and paid two millions of thalers.

In a letter to Prince Basil Dolgorúky, at Paris, Peter said: "All students of science end their course in seven years, but our school has lasted three times as long—twenty-one years. However, thanks to God, it has finished so well that it could not have been better." He was on his way to Viborg to examine the boundary in dispute, when he received the news. He immediately returned to St. Petersburg, and the salutes and music from his boats announced to the inhabitants the end of the war. Immediately upon landing he went to church to give thanks, and his friends surrounded him and begged him, in commemoration of the event, to take the rank of admiral. Casks of brandy were brought out on the place in front of the church, the Tsar mounted a platform, and in a few words told the crowd of the happy event, seized a glass, and drank it off to the prosperity of the people. Cannons were fired from the fortress, and muskets by the regiments drawn up on the place. Twelve dragoons, with white heralds' wands, with banners and laurel crowns in their hands, rode through the city, and with blasts of trumpets announced the peace everywhere. On the 21st of October a great masquerade began, which lasted several days. Peter was like a child, and danced on the table and sang songs. On the last day of October, the Tsar announced to the Senate a general amnesty, and on the same day the Senate begged him to accept the appellation of Father of his country, the title of Emperor,* and the surname of The Great.

* Prussia and Holland immediately recognized the imperial title. Other countries, though some of them had previously translated Tsar by Emperor, made delays and difficulties, chiefly to please the German Emperor. The new title was formally recognized by Sweden in 1723, by Turkey in 1739, by England and the German Emperor in 1742, by France and Spain in 1745, and by Poland not until 1764.

CHAPTER XL.

CHANGE BREEDS DISCONTENT.

THE earlier changes made by Peter in the Government were rather of form than of substance. The names of some departments and of some officials were changed, but their duties and the method of fulfilling them remained nearly the same. The old official hierarchy gradually died out. Its members were not renewed. Instead of boyárs, voievodes, and diaks, Peter appointed ministers, governors, and secretaries. But when the brunt of the war was over, and the Tsar could turn his attention more to internal affairs, he planned changes which affected every branch of the administration, and entered into almost every detail of daily life. Without reviewing the particulars of all these changes, it is sufficient to say that they were made in imitation of foreign models—some German, some Polish, and many Swedish,—for after the war Peter was seized with admiration for the Swedish form of government,—that they were made without the slightest regard to the habits and usages of the Russian people, and that they were enforced by the most severe and tyrannical measures. Although in certain cases the elective principle was recognized, the tendency of all the changes introduced by Peter was to strengthen the central and autocratic government at the expense of local institutions. What little had still remained of self-government was entirely swept away. The result of Peter's reign was to strengthen despotism, and to give it a force which has enabled it to last even to the present day. Peter and his assistants had so little belief in the necessity of progressive development, and so little knowledge of the needs of the country, that his innovations were in many cases only tentative, and in the course of a few years his measures received many changes of form and principle. However useful his institutions were to carrying out his plans for a powerful empire, in many cases they were injudicious, and have been detrimental to the interests and progress of the country. To take but one or two instances, such were the passport system, the poll-tax on the peasantry, and the scale of official ranks. The aim of the great reforms made in Russia since Peter's day has been to get rid of institutions introduced by Peter or strengthened by his measures.

The old council of boyárs gradually gave place to the council of ministers,

and this, in turn, was absorbed by the Senate, an institution established in 1711, on the very day of the proclamation of the war against Turkey—to supply the place of the Tsar and act in his stead when he was absent from the seat of government. It was composed at first of nine members, and it had in every respect full power of government and administration, though one of its chief attributes was to collect as much money as possible, for, as Peter said, "Money is the artery of war." In 1717, all of the ministries or departments were re-organized and turned, on the Swedish plan, into boards or commissions called colleges. The old system of sending voievodes with great powers to govern the provinces was given up, and the whole country was divided into nine governments, and these into provinces, the governors of which reported directly to the Senate. This institution did much for centralization and to break down local self-government. In order to reduce the influence of the old nobility, which had been always more or less hostile to the new institutions, Peter made service to the state obligatory, and invented that "table of ranks" which made honors and titles dependent on good and efficient service. In the church, there were changes of great importance. When the Patriarch Adrian died, no man could be found whose views exactly suited those of the Tsar, and the place was therefore left unfilled for a time, and the management of ecclesiastical affairs was placed in the hands of Stephen Yavórsky, Bishop of Riazán. Subsequently Peter found that, with the opposition which existed everywhere to the changes which he had made, to appoint a new Patriarch, who by custom and law had a power in some respects almost equal to that of the Tsar, would be to give a rallying point to all his enemies, especially to the clergy. He therefore abolished the patriarchal office, and substituted therefor the Holy Synod. The numerous monasteries with which Russia was endowed were placed under the strictest regulations. Their immense property was practically confiscated and applied to charitable uses, small sums being granted for the support of the monks and nuns, who were greatly hindered in accepting novices, and who were confined more strictly to their monasteries.

The greatest need which Peter had was money. For his fleet, for his army, for the war, for the carrying out of his system of re-organization, large sums were necessary, and to increase the revenue he desired to increase the wealth of the country. He interested himself in manufactures and trade, though little in agriculture, but such was the want of knowledge of that time that scarcely anything was touched that was not harmed. The constant interference with the regular channels of trade, the diversion of men from their regular work to building towns and digging canals, the attempts to create new industries, all had an injurious effect. The newly invented "revenue-providers" indeed discovered many new subjects of taxation, but the result was the oppression and impoverishment of the people. With the heavy taxes, with the forced labor, with the recruiting, the peasant and merchant scarcely knew how to gain their daily bread. Yet Peter succeeded in bringing the revenue of Russia at one time to ten millions of rubles. This was by no means all that was collected from the people. There was great exaction and extortion of all kinds, and much of the money paid in stuck to the pockets of the officials on its way to the central treasury. One of the great wants of Peter was men who would carry out faithfully what he ordered. The prevailing dishonesty distressed him, and he devised a system of fiscal agents who in reality were nothing more than spies, and even to this day, in the parlance of the common people, a spy is called a "fiscal." These were insufficient, and other spies had to be sent to watch them. The practice of denunciations of all kinds was encouraged to such a degree that it seemed that the aim of the Government was to make every individual a spy upon his neighbor. Yet, in spite of this, men who were favorites of the Tsar, most intimate in his councils, and most active in carrying out his plans, were sometimes the worst in this respect. Menshikóf fell several times into disgrace, but such was his power over his friend that by the sacrifice of a large amount of money he obtained pardon. Not so with others. Prince Gagárin, the governor of Siberia, in spite of the great service which he had rendered to the Government, was hanged at St. Petersburg for peculation. Kurbátof, one of the most zealous revenue agents of the Tsar, fell into disgrace for the same cause, and died before his case was decided. The vice-chancellor Shafirof—partly, indeed, through the hatred of Menshikóf—was brought to trial for illegal acts, and was condemned to death, but received a commutation of sentence

when he had already placed his head upon the block. Even Nesterof, the Ober-fiscal, the man who for so many years had punished others for corruption, was himself found guilty of the same crime and executed in 1724. Peter, who loved such spectacles, stood at the window of one of the ministries. The old Nesterof, seeing him, bowed, confessed his guilt, and begged for mercy. But the Tsar was inexorable. Nesterof had first his legs and arms broken on the wheel, his head was then struck off and exposed on a stake, and his body placed on a wheel for days.

One new institution came into being, one which has left an impress on Russian life not yet effaced—the Secret Chancery of Preobrazhénsky. In the old time, the Streltsi at Moscow had been charged with the preservation of the public order. They were the police of the city. After the dissolution of the Streltsi, the police duties devolved chiefly on the Preobrazhénsky regiment, and drunkards and other disturbers of the peace were arrested and taken to the post in the square of the Kremlin, or to the headquarters at Preobrazhénsky. The procedure was usually simple. After hearing the prisoner's statement and what little evidence the soldiers who arrested him could produce, Prince Ramodanófsky either imprisoned him for further investigation, had him stripped and beaten, or dismissed him at once if innocent—on payment, however, of a sum of money as expenses for his arrest. The business of the tribunal at Preobrazhénsky constantly increased, and included not only police matters, but crimes, and even treasonable acts. By a decree of October, 1702, this tribunal was legalized, and it was ordered that any person who cried out "word and deed" * should be sent before it. These terrible words brought about the arrest of all persons present or concerned, and the application of the most fearful torture. The Secret Chancery of Preobrazhénsky was subsequently transferred to St. Petersburg, and continued to have exclusive charge of the secret police of the state. In that way, it was the lineal ancestor of what was subsequently known as the Third Section of His Imperial Majesty's Chancery. It is pleasant to know that the numerous pages of its blood-stained records during Peter's reign show but few cases of real crime against the Tsar, and sad to see what numbers of men and women were tortured for chance and sometimes ill-understood words and expressions, or on the denunciation of some personal enemy.

We remember what dissatisfaction greeted the first innovations of Peter. Nevertheless, the distasteful changes continued. The war began; taxation and recruiting bore heavily on all classes, but especially on the peasants. After the Streltsi had been crushed, there was nothing about which an organized opposition could be grouped; there were no natural leaders or parties who could take up the cause of the people. The protests against the despotism of Peter took the form either of dissent or of rioting and brigandage. The Cossacks and half-wild people on the southern and eastern frontiers received accessions of strength in many men animated by fanaticism and embittered by persecution. In the more central districts of Russia, the discontent showed itself in violent and "unseemly" speech, in rumors and predictions, which, though comparatively harmless, were pursued and punished. What sort of "unseemly" talk was current, we can learn from the abundant records of the tribunal of Preobrazhénsky. Every denunciation was followed by a rigid investigation, and every investigation, whether it showed guilt or innocence, was attended by inhuman tortures. A peasant, for example, groaned out: "Since God has sent him to be the Tsar, we have no happy days. The village is weighed down with furnishing rubles and half-rubles, and horses and carts, and there is no rest for us peasants." A boyár's son complained: "What sort of a Tsar is he? He has forced us all into the service, he has seized upon our people and peasants for recruits. Nowhere can you get away from him. Every one is lost. He even goes into the service himself, and yet no one kills him. If they only killed him, the service would stop, and it would be easier for the people." Some peasant women and soldiers' wives cried out: "What sort of a Tsar is he? He has completely ruined the peasants, carried off our husbands to be soldiers, and left us and our children orphans, to pass all our lives in weeping." A serf said: "If he lives long he will ruin all of us. I am astonished that people have not put him out of the way before now. He rides about early and late at night, with few

* "Word and deed of the Tsar" was the accepted term for denouncing high treason, even before the compilation of the code of the Tsar Alexis, but its origin is unknown.

people and alone. It is not a good time for the Germans now, because his father-in-law Lefort is dead. What sort of a Tsar is he? He is the deadly enemy of the peasants, and if he rides long enough about Moscow he will lose his head one of these days." A beggar said: "The Germans have got the better of him. One hour strikes, all is well. Another strikes, there is groaning and weeping. Now he has even attacked God—he has taken the bells out of the churches."

The change in the popular feeling toward the sovereign was very perceptible. In the time of the Tsar Alexis the people had many causes for discontent, but they threw the blame on Plestchéief, Morózof, and other boyárs and ministers of the Tsar, whom they considered to be the real causes of their troubles. Peter was no longer the demi-god who remained quietly in his palace or appeared only in state, ready to interfere to protect his people against the rapacity and the injustice of the boyárs. He had too often been seen in the streets and neighborhood of Moscow consorting with foreigners. He had shown his personal will too often during the executions of the Streltsi, at Vorónezh and elsewhere, for the people not to understand that the government was different, that the Tsar was the life and soul of it. Their blame, then, was directed against him alone. The popular mind needed some explanation of this strange phenomenon, and the first was ready to hand: "The Germans had got around him—had bewitched him." Following German fashions, he had ordered them to cut off their beards. He would probably go still farther. "The Tsar had traveled beyond the sea, and had fallen in love with the German faith. He was going to compel the monks to drink milk on Wednesdays and Fridays." But the explanation of German influence did not seem sufficient. The popular imagination embroidered on this, and began to inquire whether, after all, Peter was the real Tsar, the son of Alexis. In 1701, Prince Basil Sontsef was executed for two murders and two robberies. Surely his crimes were enough, but he had committed even a greater one. He had said that the Princess Sophia had called Peter "son of a Strelets." But this accusation explained nothing. At last the popular fancy hit on what seemed sufficient. Peter was the son of a German, and a changeling. The real child of the Tsaritsa Natalia was a girl, and as she greatly wished an heir to the throne, the midwives had changed the infant for a boy from the German suburb—even for the son of Lefort. But the legend did not stop here. The Tsar had gone abroad, rumors had come of the unpleasantness at Riga. It was said that the foreigners had killed him, and sent one of their own men back to Russia to take his place, and to turn all the orthodox away from Christianity. This fancy took the form of a fairy tale:

"When the Tsar and his companions were beyond the sea, he went into the German lands, and was in Stekólme, the realm of glass [Stockholm]. Now the realm of glass in the German land is ruled by a woman, and that woman made mock at the Tsar, and put him on a hot frying-pan, and then, taking him out of the frying-pan, had him thrown into prison. When it was the name's-day of that woman, her princes and boyárs asked her for the sake of this feast to let out the Tsar. She answered:

"'Go and look; if he is still turning around, I will let him out at your request.'

"The princes and boyárs went and looked at the Tsar, and said:

"'He is weak, O mistress!'

"Then she said:

"'Since he is weak, bring him out.'

"So they brought him out and set him free. Then he came to our boyárs, and our boyárs crossed themselves, made a cask and nailed it full of nails, and wished to put him into that cask; but one of the Streltsi found it out, and, running up to the Tsar's bed, said:

"'O lord Tsar, get up and go away! You know nothing of what is to be done with you.'

"And the Tsar got up and went away, and that Strelets lay on the bed in his place, and the boyárs came, and, dragging that Strelets from the bed, put him into that cask, and rolled him into the sea."

This story leaves it uncertain what became of Peter, but evil tongues set afloat a rumor that he had been killed abroad. "This is not our lord—he is a German. Our Tsar was nailed up in a cask by the Germans and thrown into the sea."

The opponents of the innovations went still farther. The Dissenters, and, in general, the religiously disposed Russian peasantry, were greatly given to apocalyptic teachings and to explanations of the Biblical mysteries. They had seen the fulfillment of prophecies in Nikon and Alexis, and were ready to be convinced that Peter, with the changes which he had made in the sacred and established order of things, was the true Antichrist.

The fate of one expounder of the doctrine of Antichrist created much sympathy. In the year 1700, information had been given to the tribunal of Preobrazhénsky that a scribe named Gregory Talítsky had used all sorts of injurious and unseemly epithets

about the Tsar, and was engraving some boards in order to print a pamphlet and distribute it among the people. He fled, but was soon caught. On the application of torture, he confessed to having written a letter to the effect that the last times had now arrived, that Antichrist was come, and to having advised the people to refuse to obey the Tsar, who was Antichrist, or pay the taxes, and to having recommended them to search for Prince Tcherkásky, who wished good to the people. Among his accomplices were Ignatius, Bishop of Tambóf, who had encouraged him to write and print pamphlets, and Prince Iván Havánsky, who blamed himself for having taken part in one of the revels of the court where sport had been made of religion, and where he himself had acted the part of a metropolitan. Talítsky and his most faithful supporter were slowly burned, or rather smoked to death, as Vockerodt tells us. Others were knouted and sent to Siberia, and the Bishop of Tambóf was degraded and imprisoned for life in the Solovétsky monastery. Prince Havánsky died from his tortures before the end of the trial. Stephen Yavórsky tried to refute the teachings of Talítsky in a pamphlet called "The Signs of the Coming of Antichrist"; but, as usually happens, his arguments—which Vockerodt calls very weak—were read only by those who had no need of being convinced. The Government circulated the story that Talítsky had recanted at the stake, but the belief of many ignorant men was not shaken. The fame of Talítsky as a martyr, added to the reputation which he was said to have gained, during the torture, in a dispute with the Bishop of Riazán, spread among the people. Persons of higher rank, even Peter's son Alexis, were interested in him, and in after years Peter's daughter Elisabeth collected documents with regard to this affair.

Menshikóf, as Peter's special favorite, was said to have abandoned Christianity and to be surrounded by swarms of devils. The little cross pricked into the left-hand of the recruits to mark them was everywhere called the seal of Antichrist. The inhabitants of whole villages fled to the wastes of the north, east, and south-east, and lived in the woods and on the steppes to avoid contact with unholiness.

A curious specimen of the apocalyptic teachings of the Dissenters of this time is to be found in an old manuscript from the Solovétsky monastery, preserved at Kazán:

"The Apostle says, first comes a falling away, then is revealed the man of sin, the son of perdition, the Antichrist. First came the falling away from the holy faith by the Tsar Alexis in the year 666,* the number of the beast, thus fulfilling the prophecy. And after him there reigned on the throne his first-born son Peter, from his second and unlawful marriage. He was consecrated to the throne of all the Russias by the Jewish laws from head to foot, showing that he is the false Messiah and the false Christ, as the Sibyl prophesied about him that a Jewish Tsar will reign. And that false Christ began to set himself up and be called God by all, persecuting and torturing all orthodox Christians, destroying their memory from the face of the earth, spreading his new Jewish faith throughout all Russia. In the year 1700, to the accomplishment of his wickedness, and on the festival of the circumcision of Christ, he called together a heathenish court and erected a temple to the heathen god Janus, and before all the people practiced all sorts of magic rites, and all called out, '*Vivat! vivat!* the new year!' and he sent to all parts of the realm the command to feast for the new year, thus breaking the laws of the Fathers, who in the first Œcumenical Council commanded the feast of the new year to be on the 1st of September. In the year 1721 he took upon himself the patriarchal title, calling himself Father of the country, Head of the Russian Church, and Autocrat, having no one on an equality with himself, taking craftily to himself not only the power of the Tsar, but also the authority of God, and claiming to be an autocratic pastor, a headless head over all opponents of Christ—Antichrist. Therefore must we conceal ourselves in the deserts, just as the Prophet Jeremiah ordered the children of God to flee from Babylon. The years of the Lord have passed; the years of Satan have come."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LAST YEARS, 1722–1725.

It would seem as if the internal affairs of the Empire, and the great changes which he was trying to effect in the organization of the Government, were insufficient for Peter's active nature. The ink on the peace of Nystadt was hardly dry when the Tsar turned his attention to Asiatic affairs, and intervened in the Persian difficulties. Hussein IV. was one of those weak, negligent Asiatic despots, addicted to the pleasures of the harem, who by some fatality of the East seem destined to succeed the fierce, vigorous conquerors who established empires. Already Candahar had fallen away from his sway, and the ruler of Afghanistan had founded an independent monarchy. The

* It is very common in old Russian books to find the first figure of dates omitted. The year 666 meant the year 1666, the date of the Council of Moscow, and of the armed attack on the Solovétsky monastery.

BEARING THE BODY OF CHARLES XII. (AFTER A PAINTING BY CEDERSTRÖM.)

country was a prey to internal dissension. Profiting by this, the new ruler of Afghanistan, the Emir Mahmud, compelled Hussein to accept him as grand vizier and actual ruler of Persia. Humiliated in this way, Hussein abdicated in favor of his youthful son, Tohmas Mirza. Daud Bek, the ruler of the Lesghians, a tribe in the Caucasus, who paid a yearly tribute to Persia, followed the example of the Afghans. He took Shemakha, robbed the Russians who traded there, and utterly ruined Yeoréinof, a very wealthy and at that time well-known Russian merchant. At the same time Vakhtan, the Prince of Georgia, who not long before had become a Mussulman to please the Shah, tried now to free himself from the Persian yoke, and for that sought support from Russia. He applied to Volynsky, the governor of Astrakhan, expressed his willingness to return to the Christian faith, and offered forty thousand troops to act against Persia. Moved by the representations of Volynsky, who shortly before had made a journey of observation through Persia, and fearing that the Turks might use this opportunity to establish their supremacy in the Caucasus, and perhaps on the Caspian, the Tsar resolved on an expedition to the Caspian, and on giving unasked-for support to the young Shah of Persia. In the beginning of 1722 he went to Moscow, ordered ships to be prepared on the Volga, and in May, together with Catherine, set out by water to Astrakhan, stopping from time to time along the Volga, and entertained by the wealthy Russian manufacturing family of Strógonof at Nijni-Novgorod. In spite of strong representations from the Porte, Peter sailed from Astrakhan to Derbent on the 29th of July, with twenty-two thousand infantry and five thousand sailors. His cavalry, to the number of nine thousand, besides forty thousand Cossacks and Kalmuks and thirty thousand Tartars, marched by land. Tarku surrendered, but it was necessary to attack and destroy Utamysh, whose ruler offered opposition, and on the 3d of September the Tsar arrived at Derbent, and received its keys from the commandant. Peter remained here a month.

Autumn drew on, it became difficult to supply his army, and therefore, leaving a garrison in Derbent, he returned to Astrakhan and thence to Moscow, where, on the 24th of December, he made a triumphal entry

into the old capital. The usual praise for his victories was heightened by the fact that he had captured a town founded, as the legend went, by Alexander of Macedonia. He remained in Moscow until spring, and, on the eve of his departure to St. Petersburg, set fire with his own hands to his old wooden palace at Preobrazhénsky, saying to the young Duke of Holstein: "Here I first thought of war against Sweden. May every thought of enmity disappear with this house! May Sweden be the truest ally of my empire!"

The troops which Peter left behind him did their work well. Shipof established himself at Resht, in spite of the ill-will of the inhabitants and of the Persian authorities, who objected to this unasked-for assistance, and Matiushkin, being refused admittance to Baku in the summer of 1723, was obliged to take that town. These actions, however, were of little importance, for at the end of September, 1723, a treaty was made with an envoy sent by Tohmas Shah to St. Petersburg, by which Russia agreed to protect the Shah against rebels, and the Shah in return promised to provide for the auxiliary troops sent, ceded to Russia the towns of Derbent and Baku, together with the whole of the coast of the Caspian, including the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad. In this way, almost without a war, Russia succeeded in obtaining a strip of territory in Asia which was to be of great consequence to its future, for although portions of this were subsequently returned to Persia, its occupation led to the annexation of the whole of the Caucasus. The efforts to settle the country with Armenians from the Turkish possessions brought about disputes with the Porte, and in January, 1724, matters had come to such a point that there was imminent danger of war. The mediation of the French embassador was accepted, and resulted entirely in the favor of Russia. The Armenian emigration was allowed, but Vakhtan, the Georgian prince who had returned to Christianity, was oppressed both by Turks and Persians, and was finally obliged to give up his throne to a rival prince, and to seek refuge in Russia.

The most important event in the relations of Russia with the Western powers was the conclusion of a defensive alliance with Sweden, in February, 1724; the two states after their long war had entered into a firm friendship. Both powers agreed to prevent internal disorders in Poland and to uphold its ancient liberties and elective government. These stipulations confirmed the policy of the neighboring states toward Poland, for it was well seen that the maintenance of the old Polish liberties would sooner or later bring about the ruin of the Republic and give possibilities of profiting by its dismemberment. Ever since his visit to Paris, Peter had been in the best of relations with the French court, and he had at one time the design even of marrying one of his daughters, Elisabeth, to the young Louis XV. Fate brought about that, instead of the daughter of Peter, the French King married the daughter of his old enemy Stanislas. The good understanding with France assisted in keeping up friendly relations with the Stuarts. Peter supported the Pretender because he had for a long time been on bad terms with King George I. But this support did not lead Russia to any active undertakings on his behalf. When the French became reconciled to England, Peter was ready to follow their example, but that did not come about in his life-time.

The health of Peter had become much more broken. He was subject to frequent attacks of fever and weakness, and now every summer went for a while to the iron springs which had been discovered in the government of Olonetz. He evidently felt that his end might come soon; and in 1722 published a decree about the succession, by which all rights of inheritance were abolished. The permission was given to every sovereign of Russia to name his successor as he thought best, without regard to relationship or rank. His sons were all dead, and he did not seem favorably disposed toward the claims of his grandson, the child of Alexis. Yet he had not named a successor. It appears that he had the idea in his mind of leaving the throne to his wife Catherine. It is nowhere plainly expressed, and can be deduced only from circumstances. In the spring of 1724, he resolved on the coronation of Catherine. She was already called Empress, but only as his wife. He now desired to give her this title independently of him, and in a proclamation addressed to his people he recounted all her services to him and to the state, laying especial stress on what she had done during the campaign on the Pruth. The coronation took place on the 18th of May, 1724, in the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, for Moscow still remained the center of the national unity. The ceremony was conducted by the Met-

ropolitan of Novgorod, and Theophán Procópovitch, Bishop of Pskof, preached the sermon, but Peter himself placed the crown on the head of his wife. Such an event had never been known in Russian history, except when Maria Muishek, the wife of Demetrius, had been publicly crowned. Feasts, masquerades, and balls, together with popular festivities, lasted for days, and as if to show that he had prepared for Catherine a power equal to his own, he allowed her to create Peter Tolstói a count.

While feasts and merriment prevailed at court, the condition of Russia was by no means happy. Everywhere there were complaints of misery. The recent bad harvests had made provisions dear. The grain store-houses which the Emperor long ago commanded to be built everywhere throughout Russia, existed only on paper. Crowds of poverty-stricken wretches wandered through the streets and along the high-roads, though Peter had often ordered that there should be no beggars in his empire, and under pain of penalties had forbidden his subjects to give alms. The hungry peasants turned to robbery and murder, and even in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg there were bands of marauders. The deficiencies in the taxes became greater and greater; the Boards of War and Marine had not enough money to keep up the army and the fleet. Still the burdens of the people did not diminish. The colonization of Russian peasants to the detested St. Petersburg was continued, and many debtors to the treasury were sent to hard labor at Cronstadt and Rogerwik (now Baltic Port) —a new port laid out by Peter near Reval. While the courtiers were amusing themselves at masquerades, loud curses were heard among the people, for which many unfortunate persons were dragged to the privy chancery and given over to barbarous tortures. After the return of the court to St. Petersburg, preparations were made for new festivities to celebrate the marriage of the young Duke of Holstein, nephew of Charles XII., with the Princess Anna, the daughter of Peter and Catherine. The character of Peter had in some respects changed. Sometimes he was indefatigable in work; at others he desired solitude, and was so morose that no one dared speak to him, even about business. At times he would indulge in long conversations with his chaplain; at others he would send for his doctor, and perhaps immediately afterward give himself up to drinking and feasting. At the end of August, he took part in the

THE PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE PERSIAN EMBASSADORS.

LIFE OF A PEASANT—HOLIDAY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)

consecration of a church at his new country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo. The festivities continued for several days, and as many as three thousand bottles of wine were drunk. The consequence was an illness which kept Peter in bed for a week, but he had no sooner got up again than he went off to Schlüsselburg, and there had a new debauch on the anniversary of the capture of the fort. From Schlüsselburg Peter went to the iron-works of Olónetz, hammered out with his own hands a sheet of iron weighing more than a hundred pounds; then went to Novgorod, and from Novgorod to Staraya-Rus, to examine the salt-works. After this came a visit to the Ladóga canal, which, under the directions of Münnich, was making great progress. During the previous five years, hardly twelve versts had been dug by twenty thousand men, while Münnich had succeeded in cutting five versts in a single year, hoped before winter to dig seven more, and employed only twenty-nine hundred soldiers and five thousand free workmen. The cost of working, too, was much less than before. In the early part of November Peter returned to St. Petersburg by water, and immediately started for Systerbeck to examine the iron-works there. As he approached the village of Lakhta, near the mouth of the Neva, he saw a boat full of soldiers and sailors carried in every direction by the wind and storm, which finally grounded before his eyes. Peter impatiently ordered his men to sail up to it, jumped into the water up to his waist, and aided in dragging the boat off the shoal. Several of his own crew were drowned in assisting him, but Peter worked the whole night in the water, and succeeded in saving the lives of twenty men. The next day he felt an attack of fever, put off his cruise to Systerbeck, and sailed back to St. Petersburg.

While Peter was still suffering with fever, a series of events occurred which greatly affected him morally. Catherine had a secretary who stood high in her favor and had charge of her property—William Mons, a brother of the Anna Mons who had been Peter's mistress before he made Catherine's acquaintance. Another sister, Metrena Balk, was a lady of honor. They profited by their position and the confidence placed in them to take bribes for the influence of the Empress. More than this, Peter, who had grown strangely suspicious, began to be jealous of Mons, and suspected his relations toward the Empress. Soon after the return of the Emperor to St. Petersburg, Mons was arrested one evening at his own house by the director of the secret chancery, who demanded his sword and his keys and sealed up all his papers. The next day he

PETER SAVING THE SAILORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE NEVA.

was subjected to an interrogatory in the presence of the Emperor, which so unnerved him that he fainted, and it was necessary to bleed him. The next day, he was again questioned and was threatened with torture. To save himself from this, Mons confessed that he had turned to his own use the revenues of several estates of the Empress, and that he had taken a bribe from a peasant with the promise of making him a groom of the Empress. He was sent to the fortress, and subsequently, on the 25th of November, was condemned to death. Catherine had the courage to ask Peter for the pardon both of Mons and his accomplices, at which the Emperor flew into such a passion that he smashed with his fist a handsome Venetian mirror. "Thus," he said, "I can annihilate the most beautiful adornment of my palace." Catherine could not but understand that in these words there was a hint at her own position, but calmly replied: "And have you made the palace any the more beautiful by doing so?" Peter then

calmed, but refused to listen to his wife's prayers. On the 27th of November, at ten o'clock in the morning, Mons and his sister were taken in sledges to the place of execution. Mons calmly bowed whenever he noticed his acquaintances in the crowd of people standing about; with a show of courage he ascended the scaffold, took off his fur coat, listened to the sentence of death for receiving bribes, bowed once more, and placed his head on the block. His sister, Metrena Balk, was punished with eleven blows of the knout, and sent to Tobolsk. Two others were whipped and sent to hard labor at Rogerwik. After the execution, Peter drove out with Catherine and passed close by the stake on which the head of Mons was exposed. He forced his wife to look at this bloody trophy, and it is reported that, looking the Emperor straight in the eyes, she said: "How sad it is that there should be such corruption even at court!"

Next came disclosures about Makórof, the secretary of the cabinet, who was accused of taking bribes for the reports which he made to his master, and about Menshikóf, who had before on two occasions been pardoned for his corruption and extortion, and who, on this new accusation, was removed from his position as president of the War Board. Meanwhile, on the 5th of December, the name's-day of the Empress, Peter celebrated the betrothal of his daughter Anna with the Duke of Holstein. In accordance with the decree by which Peter reserved to the sovereign the right of appointing his own successor, the Princess was obliged to renounce for herself and her posterity all claims to the Russian throne. A strange destiny made this renunciation of no effect, for the son of Anna, as Peter III., was the founder of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, now reigning in Russia.

Peter's health, instead of improving, grew every day worse, and he developed aggravated symptoms of a disease of the bladder. Nevertheless he controlled himself, attended to public affairs, and even indulged in some of his favorite occupations. At the end of December he took part in one of those coarse farces which seemed to satisfy a certain side of his nature, but which, as he grew older, seemed so incongruous with his character and his position. He proceeded to elect a new "prince-pope," the head of his college of fools, in place of Buturlín, who had died some months before in consequence of his drunkenness and gluttony. In a hall in Buturlín's house a throne was erected, covered with striped material, on which Bacchus presided, seated on a cask. In the next room, where the "conclave" assembled, fourteen boxes were constructed, while in the midst was a table with representations of a bear and a monkey, a cask of wine, and dishes of food. After a solemn procession, the Emperor shut up the "cardinals" in the room of the conclave, and put his seal on the door. No one was allowed to come out until a new "pope" had been chosen, and every quarter of an hour the members of the conclave were obliged to swallow a large spoonful of whisky. The next morning, at six o'clock, Peter let them out. They had disputed among themselves for a long time, and as they could not decide on a pope, had been obliged to ballot for him. The lot fell on an officer of the commissariat, who was then placed upon the throne, and all were obliged to kiss his slipper. In the evening which followed, the guests were served with meat of wolves, foxes, bears, cats, and rats.

On the 27th of January, Peter, who had again caught cold at the blessing of the Neva, was forced to take to his bed, under the care of Doctor Blümentrost. On the 2d of February he confessed and received the sacrament. On the 6th, he signed a proclamation freeing all persons who had been exiled to hard labor, and pardoned all criminals except those who were condemned for murder and for heinous offenses. Catherine, by her entreaties, obtained the pardon of Menshikóf. The next day he expressed a wish to write out his intentions with regard to the succession to the throne. The paper was given to him, but he succeeded in writing only two words—"Give all," when the pen dropped from his hand. He called for his daughter Anna, in order to dictate to her, but when she appeared he was no longer able to pronounce a single word. The next day, the 8th of February, at six o'clock in the morning, he expired.

When it became known that the state of the Emperor was hopeless, the senators and other magnates assembled in one of the halls of the palace, to take measures for the succession. Many of them still clung to the old feeling in favor of hereditary succession, and declared themselves on the side of the little son of Alexis. Others, and the more influential, felt that this would be a dangerous risk for them. Tolstói knew that the nation hated him and accused him

of being the murderer of the Tsarévitch; Yaduzhínsky owed everything to Peter and Catherine; Menshikóf was sure that if Catherine ascended the throne he could manage affairs at his pleasure, and he had taken the precaution to surround the palace with two regiments of guards, after having previously assured himself of their fidelity. The dispute was long and bitter, and Prince Repnin, the field-marshal in command of the army, stood out long for the young prince. At last he yielded to the view of Tolstói that, in the absence of any written or oral declaration of his will by the Emperor, the oath given by them to Catherine on her coronation should be considered binding. The Senate therefore decided that, when Peter died, they would recognize Catherine as Empress. When this was done, they all went into the next room, where the dying Emperor lay, and remained there until all was over. They then withdrew, and a little after, Catherine, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Holstein, came in and besought them to protect and defend her. When she had finished speaking, Apráxin threw himself on his knees before her and announced the decision of the Senate. The hall resounded with cries of acclamation, which were repeated in the streets by the guards, and the announcement of the accession of Catherine was spread through the city as soon as that of the death of Peter. The oath of allegiance to the Empress was not administered everywhere without protest, but the terror and awe inspired by Peter's name were still too great for any decided opposition. On the 10th of February the embalmed body was placed in one of the smaller halls in the palace, on a bed of state, covered with robes given by Louis XV. on Peter's visit to Paris, and the people were admitted to view it. On the 24th of February, the coffin of Peter was transferred to another *salon*, which had been decorated as a hall of mourning, and not long afterward there was placed beside it another coffin, containing the body of his little daughter Natalia. On the 19th of March, with imposing ceremonies, the coffin was transferred to the Cathedral of Ss. Peter and Paul in the fortress, and after the liturgy a sermon was preached by Theophán Procópovitch. The body was sprinkled with earth according to the Russian rite, the coffin was closed, the imperial mantle was thrown over it, and it remained on the *catafalco*, under a canopy in the center of the church, until the 1st of June, 1731, in the reign of the Empress Anna, when it was consigned to the vault where it now reposes.

People breathed more freely in the West when the news came that Peter was dead. Rudakofsky wrote from Poland in February, addressed to Peter himself, that his enemies had spread the news of his death. "The dead flies," he says, "have begun to raise their noses again, and think that now the Russian Empire is going to destruction.

LIFE OF A PEASANT—WORK. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)

LIFE OF A PEASANT—THE END. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)

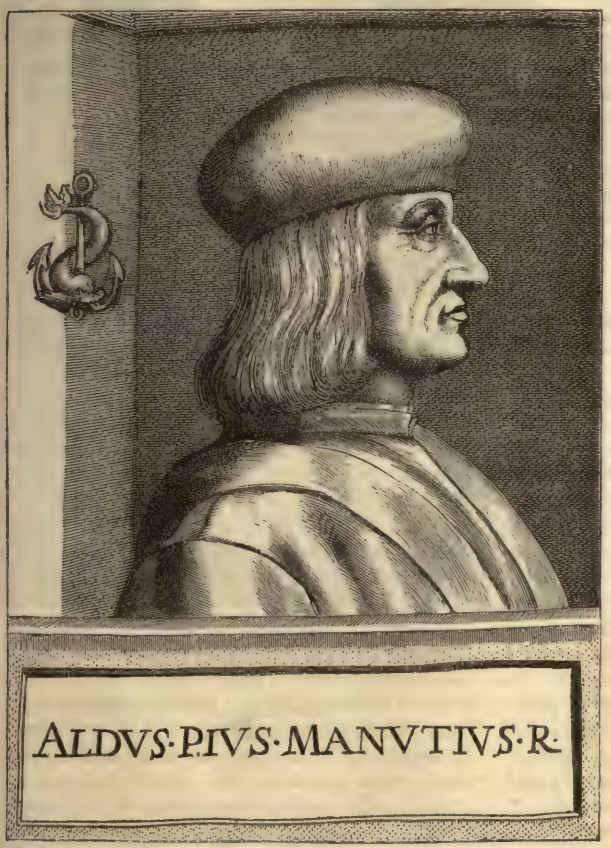
There is everywhere the greatest joy, everywhere firing of musketry and banqueting." The Russian minister at Stockholm wrote that he had seen that the King and his partisans were greatly delighted, and that there was everywhere the conviction that there would be the greatest disturbances in Russia. Bestuzhef wrote from Copenhagen that, at the news of Peter's death, "all, even the first at court as well as the common people, got drunk from delight." The Queen sent a thousand ducats to the poor, ostensibly on account of the convalescence of the King, but really, it was said, to express her joy at Peter's death. The King, he added, was, however, very angry at such manifestations, but that people in general expected there would be anarchy in Russia. King Frederick William I. of Prussia was an exception. He shed tears when Golófkin gave him the news, wore mourning, even in Potsdam, and ordered the official signs of grief to be continued for three months, as if he himself had died.

We have seen the feeling of the Russian people toward Peter. Since that time he has passed into legend. His severity has not been forgotten, but the awe is tempered with admiration, and in the popular imagination he is a hero like Iván the Terrible.

Among the higher classes it is the fashion to speak of him as a demi-god, and writers scarcely mention his name without adding "that man of genius." Even those who blame the way in which he forcibly warped the current of Russian history render homage to his great qualities. As Kostomárof says: "He loved Russia, loved the Russian people—loved it not in the sense of the mass of Russians contemporary with and subject to him, but in the sense of that ideal to which he wished to bring the people. For that reason, this love constitutes that great quality in him which causes us, even against our will, to love him personally, leaving out of view his bloody tribunals and all his demoralizing despotism, which has exercised a baneful influence even on posterity. For the love of Peter to the ideal of the Russian people, a Russian will love Peter as long as he does not lose himself this national ideal, and for this love will pardon in him all that lies with such heavy weight on his memory."

THE FIRST EDITOR.

It was at the beginning of the revival of classical literature, and appropriately enough, about 1450,—the year generally accepted as that of the invention of typography,—that Aldus Manutius, the greatest of early printers, was born. His birthplace is not certainly known: it is supposed to be Sermonetta, a little town of the Roman States. Although educated in the best schools of



Rome and Ferrara, Aldus did not give any early promise of marked ability. Even when he reached full age, he was so shy, taciturn, and awkward, that he refused to qualify himself for any of the learned professions. He had leanings to the priesthood, but accepted without murmur the quiet duties of student and teacher, and for nearly twenty years was a tutor in the houses of the princes of Carpi. He was about forty years old when he abandoned this peaceful life, and, with little money in his purse, but with liberal promises of patronage from the princes, went to Venice, and there, some time near 1490, began to edit and prepare for printing the works of almost forgotten Greek authors. To a prudent man printing Greek texts must have seemed most quixotic of enterprises. Printing had already been overdone. When Aldus reached Venice, there were, or had been, one hundred and sixty printers and publishers in that city; most of them were diligently engaged in glutting the market with books of uncertain sale. The state of the trade at Rome was no better. Sweinheym and Pannartz, the oldest printers of that city, had petitioned the pope for help to save them from the bankruptcy about to follow their over production of Latin texts. What need was there of books in Greek—in a language then untaught at Oxford, neglected at the University of Paris, and read in Italy only by her ripest scholars and the few Greek refugees who had fled before the Turks?

Nor were the times propitious for business enterprise. All Italy was disturbed by rumors of impending war, of which Aldus must have had repeated forewarning, but its fears did not change his purpose. He went to printing, because he believed it was his appointed work; it was in the line of his duty as an educator of the people. His way to the teaching of a larger school, and to more appreciative scholars, was through the door of a printing-office. Diligent study of the classics had made him emulous of antique sages, whose lives were models of zeal and disinterestedness. His motives are fairly enough stated in this extract from the preface of one of his early books:

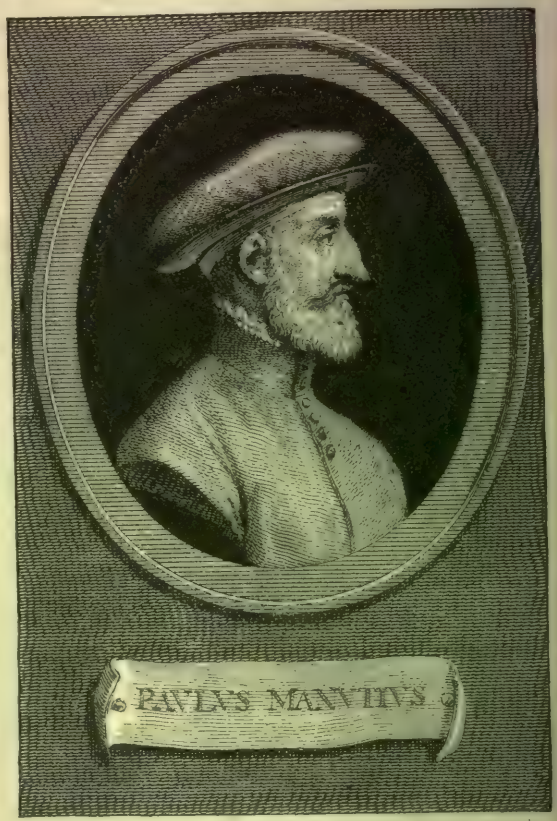
"I have made a vow to devote my life to the public good. God is my witness that this is my most earnest desire. * * * I leave a peaceable life, preferring this which is laborious and exacting.

* * * Man was not born for pleasures unworthy of an elevated spirit, but for duties which dignify him. Let us leave to the vile the lower life of animals."

The duties of a printer and publisher of the fifteenth century were more arduous than they are now. The modern printer waits for orders to print; the modern publisher invites or receives the works he publishes; neither of them pretends to edit the books he produces. The early printer had to hunt them up and have them edited; his merit as a printer was gauged by his ability as an editor. The manuscripts he needed were scarce; most of them were full of errors made by ignorant copyists; all of them called for a critical reading before they could be given to the compositor. To buy or borrow different copies, to compare them, and prepare a new text for printing, could not be done without much time, money, and learning.

A great difficulty in Aldus's path was his ignorance of printing and publishing, for he did not enter the trade through the regular door of apprenticeship. There is no evidence, no probability, that he ever composed a page of type or printed a quire of paper with his own hands, either before or after his entrance. From the technical point of view, he was not a printer; yet he was better qualified for his work than any of his rivals. Printing, as then practiced, did not suffer for lack of mechanical skill. There was no need of steam-presses, type-setting or paper-making machines. In every branch, from type-founding to press-work, the machinery was amply good enough for the work to be done, and was worthily used. But there was need of greater scholarship—need of a printer who could do something more than servilely multiply the texts he handled. Aldus was the man for the time—the first of the craft who dignified it with marked editorial ability. The field in which he labored never could be worthily occupied by a mere trader or mechanic.

Aldus had to create the Greek types he needed. Clumsy Greek types had been made at Rome, Milan, and Florence; one was fitted to capitals more Gothic than Greek; one was entirely in Greek capitals; all of them were meanly provided with accents and full of badly formed and almost unreadable characters. It was difficult to get a good model. Some copyists wrote in uncials, some in cursive, some in the old mural capitals; some combined different styles, and added mannerisms of their own.



The old saying, "It's Greek; skip it," must have arisen not so much from the strangeness of the language as from the changeable forms of the written letters. Aldus thought it necessary to design, cut, and cast an entirely new character, in which he tried to combine the legibility and grace of the small cursive letters of Demetrius of Crete, as shown in the Greek grammar printed in 1476, by Paravasinus, of Milan, with the severe dignity of the old capitals as they were soon after shown in the "Anthology," printed at Florence in 1494. This was a graver task than making types for a text to be printed in Roman or Gothic character. A text in Latin or Italian could be acceptably printed from twenty-four capital and twenty-four small letters (J and U were not then in use), and a few signs for punctuation and abbreviation—in all about sixty characters;

but a text in Greek, with its complex accents and ligatures, according to Aldus's ideas of propriety, required about six hundred characters. At the outset, he fairly reproduced all the accents, and, as soon as he could, all of the ligatures. To reduce the straggling Greek characters of the manuscripts to symmetrical proportions, to adjust them on these bodies so that each letter would be in harmony when combined with any other letter, was a great undertaking. He did the work fairly, but not to his own entire satisfaction.

He seems to have been painfully conscious of the defects of his early Greek types, for his first books were thin little quartos that gave the notion of preliminary practice work. To him, the greatest defect was the sparsity of ligatures, which his poverty and his novice-like eagerness to do something did not allow him to present in the profusion he desired. In one of these early books (the "Poems of Museus," undated, probably 1493), he tells the reader that he needs money:

"Accept my book, but not gratis. To furnish you with excellent Greek books, it is necessary that I have money. I cannot print without money, and plenty of money."

In his first book with date—the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, 1494—a work which he had corrected and enlarged—he calls attention to its superiority and usefulness, and calls again for money to enable him to produce more important work.

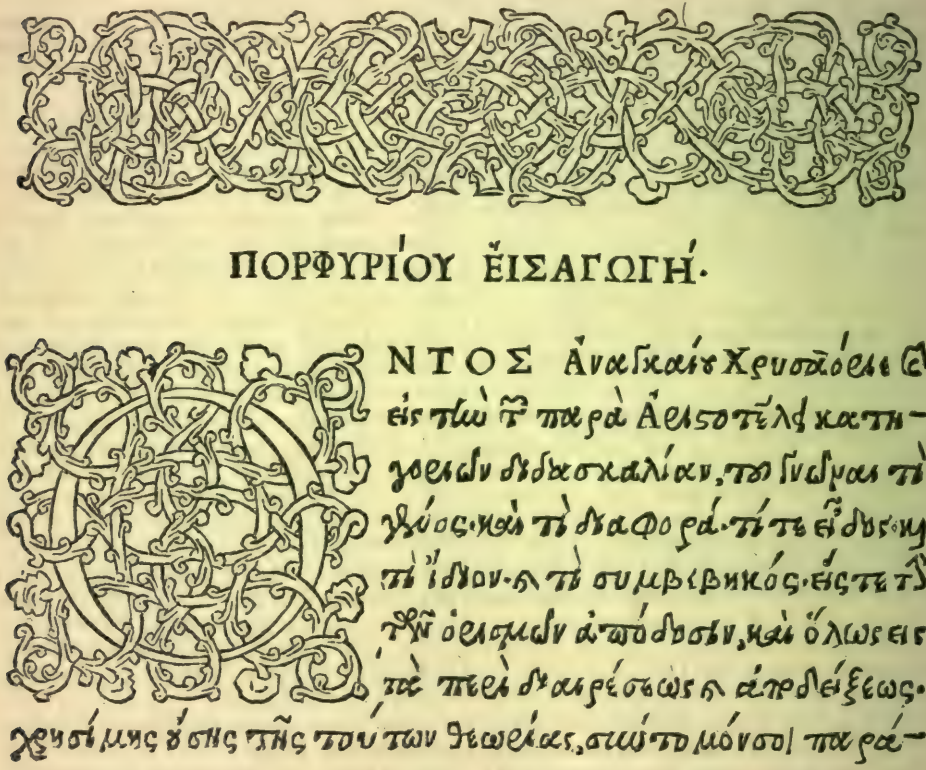
This important work was an edition, in five volumes folio, of the works of Aristotle, the first volume of which—the "Organon," published in November, 1495—was in the largest and most legible Greek text that had then been printed. Its superiority was acknowledged by Greek scholars everywhere, and Aldus was encouraged to go on with other large work. Before the year 1500, he had printed editions, in folio, of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Aristophanes, four more volumes of Aristotle, and other books in quarto. To produce these books, he had to direct the making of three fonts of Greek and two of Roman types, to organize a great printing-house, and superintend the work of many men, from the composition of the types to the binding and selling of the books. This was work enough for a man of extraordinary ability; but Aldus did more. He prepared the copy for all these books, rewrote two Greek grammars and a new Greek lexicon, read all the proofs, and kept up an extended correspondence. The difficulties he met in preparing the copy were most discouraging. In his preface to the "Theocritus," he says the texts he consulted were so mutilated and transposed that the author himself, if living, might not have been able to unravel the tangle. It does not surprise one, in view of the great work he did, to read this pathetic confession in the preface to his "Thesaurus" of 1496: "In this seventh year of my self-imposed task, I can truly say—yes, under oath—that I have not, during these long years, had one hour of peaceful rest."

All of Aldus's early books were printed from large, round, open types, and had broad margins—in all points fair imitations of the best manuscripts of his day, and in the style now most commended by bibliographers. But he was not fortunate in getting the approval of all critics. One of his literary friends, Urceus Codrus, in a letter written by him in 1498, said that he was pleased with the workmanship and the accuracy of the "Aristotle," but was indignant at the price. He thought Aldus was too prodigal of paper, and plainly said that he would deal more fairly were he to give more type and less margin. To prove that he was aggrieved, he adds that with the money paid for Aldus's five volumes of "Aristotle," he could have bought ten of the largest and best manuscripts in Latin. Alas for the mutabilities of fashion in book-making! A fair manuscript of the fifteenth century is now of more value than the ordinary printed book of the same period—not that the manuscript is more legible or more accurate, but because it is rarer. The broad margin which Codrus disparaged is now the evidence of superiority in the edition.

Codrus's complaint tempts to a consideration of the prices of Aldus's books. In his first catalogue, this edition of "Aristotle" bears the price of eleven ducats. If sold for silver, Aldus received about twenty dollars in American currency; if in gold, about twenty-six dollars. The purchasing capacity of the ducat in bread and meat—which is needed to make a just comparison of values—cannot be given. That Aldus thought the price too low is plain, for, in his catalogue of 1503, he asked four ducats for one of the volumes. His son, Paul Manutius, who succeeded him, in a financial statement made to an academy for which he printed, gives prices for similar work, which were about one-fourth more than those of

his father. That they were necessarily higher is proved by the financial perplexities of the family, and by the slow and steady advance in the price of folios and large-paper copies. The average price of the folio or large quarto, published in London at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was ten or twelve shillings; the price of a similar book published there now is rarely less than thirty shillings, and often fifty. The prices asked by Bodoni, the famous Italian printer, in the first quarter of this century, were twice and not be cheapened by steam presses or type-setting machines. The man who can plan and print a well-made book will ask and get for his labor at least as much as the man who makes a pair of good boots.

In 1498, Aldus paid the penalty of overwork with a severe sickness. In view of death, he vowed that he would become a priest should he get well. He did recover, and, regretting his vow, asked and obtained of the spiritual authorities a release from this obligation. The motive may be inferred when we read of his marriage in 1499



LARGE GREEK TYPES OF ALDUS. FAC-SIMILE OF UPPER HALF OF FIRST PAGE OF "ARISTOTLE."

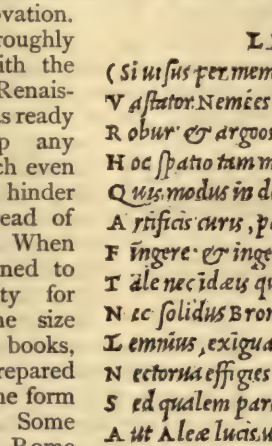
thrice as much as those of the elder Aldus. Improvements in machinery enable modern publishers to produce newspapers, magazines, and popular books, which can be sold in large quantities, at very low prices; but they have not at all cheapened the large-paper copies or those books that are certain to have small sale. A few copies of a book finely printed cost more now than ever; nor is it probable that this higher cost will ever be much reduced, for the great expense of the small edition of a choice book is, and always will be, that of hand labor. It can-

to Maria, daughter of Andrew Torresano, of Asola, an eminent brother printer and publisher. Although Aldus was then nearly fifty years old and his wife was very young, it seems to have been a happy marriage.

It may have been the advice of his thrifty father-in-law, who was a successful publisher, —it may have been the complaints of Codrus and his friends that his books were of too high price,—that induced Aldus to change his methods of book-making. Like all the early printers, he had believed that the broad-margined and large-typed folio was

the true model; but he and they soon discovered that it was not entirely acceptable. There is a flavor of querulousness in his prefaces before the year 1500, which indicates that his books did not find cheerful purchasers. To get the buyers he desired, he must make cheaper books. To do this, he must make smaller types, and put a large page on a small leaf. He did not shrink from the innovation. He was thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Renaissance and was ready to give up any method which even seemed to hinder a wider spread of knowledge. When fairly awakened to the necessity for changing the size of popular books, he was also prepared to change the form of the letters. Some printers at Rome and at Venice had made their earlier books popular by rejecting Gothic and printing them in light, clear Roman letters. Why might not he be as successful with an entirely new character? The model for this new character he found in the thin, sharp, inclined handwriting of the poet Petrarch; smaller, clearer, simpler than the Gothic; more condensed and paper-saving than the round-faced Roman; the very letter, as he thought, to fairly show the most matter in the least space.

He took this writing to Francesco Raibolini of Bologna, an expert goldsmith at Venice, and hired him to redraw the characters in typographical proportion, and to cut the punches or models of the types he wanted. The cutting of the new character was not so tedious as the cutting of punches for Greek, but it had its own difficulties—especially in the adjustment of inclined letters on square bodies. The labor would have been lighter if Aldus had been content with one form only of each letter. He was not. The vitiated taste which induced him to make ligatures for Greek, compelled him to order "tied" letters, or double letters, for the new font. His ideal of a popular character was a close imitation of stiff or set penmanship, the beauty of variety, not of uniformity.


LIB. VIII.

(Si uisus per membra feras) hoc pectore preſſus
Vaſtator Nemees hæc exitiale ferebant
Robur & argeos frangebant brachia remos.
Hoc ſpatio tam magna breui mendacia formæ.
Quis modus in dextra quanta experientia docti
Artificis curis, pariter geſtamina menſæ
Fingere & ingentes animo uerſare Coloſſos?
Tale nec idæis quicquam Telchines in antris
Nec ſolidus Brontes nec qui polit arma deorum
Lemnius, exigua potuiſſet ludere maſſa.
Nectoria effigies populus q; aliena remiſſis,
Sed qualem parci domus admirata Molorchi
Aut Aleæ lucis uidit Tegæa ſacerdos.
Qualis & ætæis emiſſus in aſtra fauillis
Nectar adhuc torna lætus Iunone bibebat.
Siquitus multus ueluti de pectore gaudens
Horreret menſas tenet hæc marcentia fratris
Pocula adhuc ſæuæ memnit manus altera cædis.
Suſtinet occultum Nemeæo tegmine ſaxum
Digna operi fortuna ſacro. Pellæus habebat
Regnator lætis numen uenerabile menſis.
Et comitem occaſus ſecum portabat & ortus.
Prenſabat q; libens, modo qua diademata dextra
Abſtulerat dederat q;, & magnas uerterat urbes.
Semper ab hoc animos in craſſina bella petebat.
Hinc aces uictor ſemper narrabat opimas.
Siue cathenatos Bromio detraxerat Indos.
Seu clauſam magna Babylôna refregerat haſta.
Seu Pelopis terras libertatemq; pelaſgam
Obruerat bello. magnoq; exagmine laudum

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF ALDUS'S EDITION OF STATIUS.

The first work printed in the new character was an edition of Virgil, an unpaged book of two hundred and twenty-eight leaves in octavo, which was published in April, 1501. It is properly called an octavo, for the leaf is one-eighth of the sheet on which it was printed, but the unschooled reader, who is more familiar with the larger size (six by nine inches) of the modern octavo, would rate it as a small eighteen-mo, for the leaf of this Virgil, lightly trimmed, does not measure four by six inches.

The new character was successful. By Italians it was called Aldino or Aldine, in honor of the inventor. In France, where it was counterfeited, and where there was a motive to suppress the name of the inventor, it was called Italic, the name by which it is now known to French and English readers. In a decree dated November 13, 1502, the senate of Venice gave Aldus exclusive right to the use of this character, and threatened counterfeiters with fines and the confiscation of printing materials. This patent, which was confirmed by Pope Alexander VI. on December 17, 1502, was subsequently renewed for fifteen years by Pope Julius II. (January, 1513), and by Pope Leo X. in the

same year. These patents gave no protection. With shameless impudence the punch-cutter, Raibolini, made duplicates for the rival printer, Girolamo Soncino, of Fano, which he at once put to use in an imitated edition of Aldus's Virgil, stealing in one venture not only the letter but the editorial work of Aldus. The Giunta, a printing association at Florence, also made a clumsy imitation of Italic, with which they printed many books. An unknown printer, at Lyons, reproduced this Virgil, with other Aldine books, in close imitation of this Italic, and with the trade-mark of Aldus, and sold the books wherever he could, as the product of Aldus's presses.

Explicit feliciter. Anno dñi. M.CCCCC.XI Die vero. q. Menſis Septembris. Expenſis honeſti viri Bartholomei trot.

IMPRINT OF ONE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS AT LYONS, "THE HONEST MAN, BARTHOLOMEW TROT."

Aldus could not prevent this piracy, nor could the state help him. He could do no more than publish this warning against counterfeiters, which first appeared under date of March 16, 1503:

"When I undertook to furnish good books to lovers of letters, I thought that I need only see that the books issued by our Academy should be as correct as care could make them. But four times within the past seven years I have had to protect myself against the treachery of my workmen. I have defeated their plots and punished their perfidy. Yet, in the city of Lyons, books are fraudulently printed under my name. These books do not contain the name and place of the real printer, but are made in imitation of mine, so that the unwary reader will believe them printed in Venice. Their paper is inferior and has a bad odor. The types displease the eye, and have French peculiarities. The capitals are deformed. The letters are not connected, as mine are, in imitation of writing."

It is impracticable to show a fac-simile from this Virgil, but the accompanying fac-simile of a page of Statius, a book of the same size, and printed from the same types by Aldus in 1502, when the types were but slightly worn, will just as fairly show the peculiarities of his early Italic. The printed page has the appearance of leaded types (or of types separated by increasing space between the lines) but it is not leaded. The characters were cast on a body nearly as large as that known to English and American printers as pica, but the short letters, which constitute the greater part of the font, like the *m* and *a*, are at least two sizes smaller than is usual for types on this body. The new character was cut with plain intent to get many letters in a line. All the short letters are angular and pinched. Two letters are often put together in one type, making the tied, condensed character which Aldus admired. This tying and pinching was overdone, for, although the Aldine Italics are of firmer face, and have an open, leaded appearance, they are not as easily read as modern Italics of the same size. An overnice criticism could note defects of proportion and fitting, but every type-founder will admit that for a first experiment this Italic was well done.

The composition is good in its comparative freedom from the abbreviations then in common use,—not so good, perhaps, in its bewildering use of a few punctuation points. Its great peculiarity is the queer shape of the capital letters at the beginning of each line. The capitals are not higher than the short letters of the text; they do not incline, but stand up straight; they are separated from the words to which they belong by a wide space. The spacing-off of capitals in poetry was a mannerism then in fashion with Italian copyists, which Aldus reproduced. No reason has been given for his use of upright capitals. It is probable that this peculiarity was caused by his reverence for classic models. He had no scruples about altering the shapes of Petrarch's letters to suit the needs of type-founding, but he did shrink from meddling with the shape of classic letters. To incline the capitals as we do, and make them harmonize with the text, he regarded as literary vandalism. He would as soon have altered the words of Cicero as the shape of Cicero's letters.

Aldus's substitution of small capitals for capitals, and his method of joining straight and inclined characters, have not been approved by printers. Yet his small capitals have everywhere been recognized as a great improvement. All type-founders provide them as a necessary part of each font of Roman type.

The paper of this edition of Statius is thin, of smooth face, and of fair color, but it is unsized and not fit for writing on. It came, as did most of his paper, from the mills of Fabriano, a place that long maintained a good reputation for paper-making, for the Fabriano papers were honorably mentioned by a jury of the World's Fair, of which Firmin-Didot was chief, at London in 1851. For special copies, Aldus selected finer papers. His friend Lorenzo, writing to Aldus's

patroness, Isabella d'Este, tells her that the promised copies of Petrarch and Ovid are delayed by Aldus's inability to get fine, pure white linen paper; that only fifteen choice copies each of these books will be printed; that the printed sheets of her copies will be carefully selected by Aldus himself, and that the price of the Ovid will be five ducats. These special copies, on finer paper, elegantly bound, and ever since carefully preserved, may have led to the error that Aldus always printed on full-sized paper. As full-sized paper was expensive, and not easily printed, the printers of that time selected it for choice copies only.

The price of the new octavos was a little less than fifty cents in American silver. Compared with the earlier editions in folio, they were marvels of cheapness,* but the sequel proved that they were too cheap for the time.

Immediately after his recovery from his dangerous sickness, Aldus had to confess that the task he had undertaken was too great. To select, procure, and prepare for press the manuscripts he proposed to print, it was necessary that he should have the assistance of the ripest scholars. For this purpose he founded, in 1501, the New Academy, a voluntary association of eminent scholars, among them Greek exiles, Venetian senators, Roman cardinals, professors in universities, and men of letters.† This Academy did a great service to classic literature by its discussions concerning the relative value of different authors, the true reading of different versions, and the genuineness or spuriousness of disputed passages. The need of the work done by this Academy is clearly stated by Erasmus, in his article on Aldus's motto, *Festina lente*:

"We now give as much care to the exact rendering of a manuscript as to the wording of a legal paper. This care was a once sacred duty, but it was intrusted too long to ignorant monks, and afterward to women. What trouble this neglect has made for the printer! Yet our law-makers do not concern themselves about the matter. He who sells English cloth for Venetian cloth is punished, but he who sells corrupt texts in place of good ones goes free. Innumerable are the books that are corrupted, especially in Germany. There are restraints on bad bakers, but none on bad printers, and there is no corner of the earth where bad books do not go."

With these helpers, Aldus gave himself up to his printing-office work with renewed earnestness. In one book he says: "You do not know how busy I am; the care I have to give to my publications does not allow me proper time to eat or sleep." So busy a publisher and editor may be pardoned the irritability he showed to bores, and printing-house correspondents. How feelingly he describes them! The pedagogue who sent him sixteen-page letters of advice; the incompetent author who wanted his unsalable book printed at Aldus's expense; the would-be author who asked him, as if it were a favor conferred, to read and correct his manuscript; the literary idler who wanted to talk about books; the inquisitive man about town who wanted to know, you know, what he would publish next—are they not as much of the nineteenth as of the fifteenth century? In self-defense, Aldus put this warning on his door:

"Whoever you are, Aldus entreats you to be brief. When you have spoken, leave him, unless you come like Hercules to help Atlas, weary of his burden. Know that there is work here for every one who enters the door."

Strangers were often refused admission, and required to wait until Aldus should be ready. Erasmus, wittiest and wisest of the authors of his time, met this rebuff when he visited Aldus to arrange for the printing of a new book. Although Aldus greeted him cordially, with regrets for the delay, and afterward printed and praised his book, and made him an inmate of his house, and a member of the New Academy, and gave him employment as editor and corrector, the waspish little Dutchman never forgot the incivility. For Erasmus was nothing if not critical. To live and work with Aldus was to see points of attack. He did not spare him. Years after, when attached to the printing-house of Froben, of Basle, he made occasion to remark that Aldus's early editions had many errors. Accused of assisting in the production of these erroneous books, Erasmus indignantly denied that he had ever served as a proof-reader for Aldus on any books but his own. It was a vile

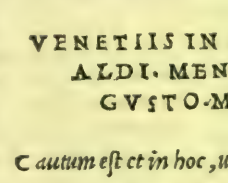
*Cheap as this may seem, the book has been made at a lower price. In 1806, Pierre Didot, of Paris, published a Virgil of the same size, the first of a stereotyped edition of classic texts, ornamented with vignettes on copper by Andrieux, and beautifully printed, for the paltry price of one franc. This, also, was an unprofitable venture.

† The rules of the Academy are curious. All conversation must be in Greek. Whoever spoke in any other language was fined. If the fine was not paid after the offense, it was doubled at the next meeting. These fines were put in the hands of Aldus, to defray the expense of an occasional feast. No jokes were tolerated; the jester who poked fun at the Academy must be expelled. The jocular man, so the rules say, was unfit to realize the sweet dream of a new Academy after the ideal of Plato.

slander that he had ever been a proof-reader for wages. In one of his Colloquies, Erasmus sneers at the mean table of an Italian who nearly starved his boarders. It was understood at the time that this mean Italian was Aldus. Scaliger, a model scold, intimates that Erasmus was a glutton—"drinking like three, but doing only half the work of one man." Like most Italians, Aldus was frugal and abstemious. Erasmus, with his northern likings for beef and beer, was dissatisfied with the bread and thin wine which Aldus provided for the thirty-three persons, most of them his employés, who sat at his table.

Aldus's fortunes were not improved by the publication of books in the more salable size of octavo, nor by cheap editions in the more popular languages of Italian and Latin. The book-market was overstocked, for the world was thinking then more about arms than books. The interruptions to trade made by jealousies and wars between Italian states drove printers and buyers to more peaceful cities. Venice, which in 1503 had made a dishonorable peace with the Turks, was unable or unwilling to unite with sister states in trying to repel the invasion of France and Spain, yet was reckless enough to seize a part of the territory of the pope, and provoke an enmity which led to an invasion of Venetian territory by the Germans and Swiss. In 1506, Aldus was compelled to stop business, to close his printing-office, and leave the city. He was arrested as a spy, and for a short time was imprisoned at Mantua. When he reopened his printing-office, in 1507, he was greatly impoverished, and had to receive assistance from Torresano, his father-in-law, and was able to publish but one volume in that year. In 1508 and 1509 his office was fully engaged, and he published seven volumes, but he was again obliged to close his office on account of the war which followed the league of Cambray. The city of Venice escaped invasion during this war, but it was ravaged by an accidental fire, which destroyed much of its wealth, and drove away nearly half of its population. No book was printed by him in the years 1510 and 1511. Next year he began again, but poorer than ever. His imprints after 1513 show that he was then in partnership with Torresano, who furnished most of the money capital.

His ardor in publishing books increased with age and with the accession of means; in two years he printed twenty-one books, eight of them folios. This activity was the flash of a dying lamp. In January, 1515, he was seized with a sickness which he knew was his last. He made a will, intrusting the sale of his interest in the printing-office (which was but one-fifth) to the care of his wife, and the education of his four minor children to his father-in-law and business partner, Andrew Torresano. One of his executors in Ferrara was "the very illustrious Duchess of Ferrara," the sister of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, the Lucretia Borgia of Donizetti's opera, and by that and by other writings known to the world as the archetype of female depravity. For many years she had been friend and patron to Aldus. It is possible that she may have been, as a recent Italian historian declares, the best abused woman in history. His wife, mentioned in the will with affection, was to have the use of his estate until the sons were twenty-five years of age, when it was to be equally divided among them. "And, lastly, as the Italian letter needs improvement, I beg my father-in-law to intrust to Giulio Campagnola the making of new capital letters which shall accord with the small letters."



IMPRINT OF ALDUS.

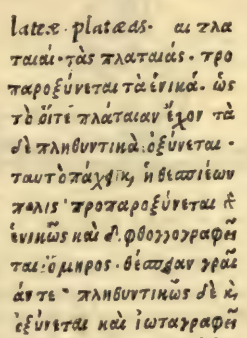
Aldus died February 6, 1515. His body was buried, as he requested, at Carpi, where he had passed his youth and early manhood. Andrew Torresano religiously obeyed all requests of the will. His sons were fairly educated. One of them, Paul, afterward became the head of the printing-house, and almost as famous as his father.

Aldus began to print at an age when most men think their life-work at least half done, and he was interrupted by sickness, war, and loss of property; yet he printed one hundred and twenty-six editions known to bibliographers, seventy-eight of them quartos and folios, and many of two or more volumes. It is probable that he also printed, for account of others, books which do not appear in his catalogue. In time of peace his printing-house was in full employment; he had a right to say, as he did, metaphorically, that he kept his types warm and made his presses sweat. Very proud he was, in 1502, when he told his readers that his expenses for labor were two hundred ducats a month, and that his increasing business was the envy of all his rivals.

Unlike these rivals, he neglected books of theology,—not because he was a skeptic, or a heathen of the classic model, as was many a brother academician, for he was always a devout Catholic,—but because he believed it was his proper work to print school and text books. Only five of his books are theological; a few relate to science and belles-lettres; some are historical; most of them are the grammars and text-books of classic literature. In all departments his work was thorough—just as thorough in writing and editing rudimentary Latin and Greek grammars for boys' schools as he was in preparing accurate copies of the great Greek authors. These grammars, frequently reprinted, were popular long after he died. His zeal in trying to reform Italian orthography, his good advice to students, and his valuable papers on education, entitle him to high rank as an educational reformer. Erasmus thought his attention to grammar was a waste of time. He says, in his "Praise of Folly":

"I know a man well read in all the sciences, thoroughly versed in Greek, Latin, mathematics, philosophy, and medicine, and yet he loses his good sense in the study of grammar. It will be his great happiness to live long enough to nicely establish distinctions concerning the parts of speech—a task which nobody, neither among Greeks or Latins, has perfectly done. As if it were cause of war to use a conjunction instead of an adverb! There are already as many grammars as grammarians,—indeed, there are more, for my friend Aldus has produced five, and there are none, no matter how barbarous and fatiguing they may be, that Aldus has not read and re-read."

It is hardly necessary to allude to the ungenerous taunts of Erasmus at certain faults in Aldus's earlier Greek texts. Aldus did his best to make them correct. Considering the difficulties he had to encounter, not the least of them the difficulty of getting compositors who could read Greek MSS. and compose Greek types, it is a wonder that they are as correct as they are. Some of them are above reproach. When he offered to the reader of his edition of Plato, as he did in the preface of that book, a gold crown for every discovered error, he must have had a confidence in its accuracy which comes only from the consciousness of thorough editorial work. Aldus's taste as editor went beyond the text. Not content with an accurate version, he had that version presented in pleasing types. Everybody admits the value of his invention of Italic, even if his use of it as a text letter be not approved. But few persons consider that we are indebted to Aldus for the present form of Greek printing-types. Modern taste has weeded out the ligatures he admired, but the forms of the single Greek letters that we have adopted are the forms that he introduced. How great this obligation is will be readily acknowledged after an examination of the uncouth characters and the discordant styles of Greek copyists before the sixteenth century. Aldus's invention of small capitals has already been noticed. Here, then, are three distinct styles of book printing-types which he introduced, and which have been adopted everywhere almost without dissent. Other printers have done work of high merit; other type-founders have made pleasing ornamental or fancy types; but no printer or founder since Aldus has invented even one original style of printing types which has been adopted and kept in use as a text letter for books.



ALDUS'S SMALL GREEK TYPE, FROM STATIUS.

This remarkable success was not had without effort. His first Greek types were inferior and were discarded. The second font was better, but imperfect. A steady improvement may be noted in the four succeeding fonts which he made. But he was never entirely satisfied with any font; every year he made changes in some character. Type-founding was his ruling passion, strong in death. He was not successful with his first Roman types, which are inferior to those of Jenson and De Spira. The second font was worse. The third, cut by Francesco Raibolini, has remarkable beauty. The fourth was bad; the fifth very good. Of Italic he made but two sizes. The specimen here shown is the larger—the one he preferred, which was kept in use by his sons for fifty years. The smaller size was used only for tables or summaries of chapters.

Aldus's types were extravagantly praised by his admirers. Some said, in all seriousness, that their beauty was owing to the silver of which they were made. Probably they had noted the white, silvery appearance of his newly cast types, and had concluded that they were made of this precious metal. Aldus was too practical for such folly. His types, like those of his contem-

poraries, were of lead and tin, with possibly a little antimony. In speaking of his printed books, which were in imitation of handwriting, Aldus says that they were made "with a hand of tin"—meaning that the types were largely composed of tin.

Aldus did not excel in everything. His press-work is always good, but not superior to that of Jenson and Torresano. His skill in printing wood-cuts, and even in showing to advantage the beauty and delicacy of well-cut type, was decidedly inferior to that shown by Kerver, Vostre, and Pigouchet, of Paris, the printers of illustrated missals and books of devotion. Aldus had no enthusiasm for this department of printing. His first experiment in this difficult field was his last. This experimental book, the "Reveries of Polyphilus," a stout folio of two hundred and thirty-four leaves, fully illustrated with designs from an unknown but able master, possibly Benedetto Mantegna, was published at the expense of Leonardo Crasso, in December, 1499. The author, the ecclesiastic Francesco Colonna, judiciously withheld his name, for it is a queer book to have been written by a priest, and he was wise in securing the protection of the cardinal to whom it was dedicated. The subject matter is the love of Polyphilus for Polia, a weak and wordy imitation of the amorous poetry of Dante and Petrarch. The amatory sentiment is extravagant, yet even that is kept subordinate to the author's desire to display his profound knowledge of art and mythology. The designs are of high merit, the engraving, fairly done, is in the old outline style of the early block printers; the press-work does not show marked skill.

DEVICE OF ALDUS, FROM STATIUS.

Among the illustrations of this book is one of a dolphin twining about an anchor. It pleased Aldus, who at once adopted it as his trade-mark, showing it for the first time in his edition of Dante of 1502, and ever after in all his books. Erasmus, explaining the device, with the motto (added afterward) *Festina lente*, says the dolphin signified speed, the anchor deliberation, and was an exemplification of the proverb, "Make haste slowly." This illustration is taken literally, faults and all, from the Statius of 1502. Four variations of this design were afterward made by Aldus or his sons; two of them are more ornate, but none is better than this.

Aldus died poor. He may have had the money-getting, but he did not have the money-keeping, faculty. Whether he sold folios at high price, or octavos at low price, the result was the same. Directly or indirectly, he gave to the book-buyer quite as much as he received.

In 1529, Andrew Torresano died. His sons and the sons of Aldus continued the work of their fathers, but they did not agree. They published but few books. In 1540, the sons of Torresano withdrew, and the books of the house after this date bear the imprint of Aldus's sons. Paul Manutius, the elder, then twenty-eight years old, was the manager. Like his father, he drew about him many learned men, and kept the favor of eminent Italian ecclesiastics and princes. He re-opened the Academy, and with its aid published many valuable books. But the wars and the waning commercial prosperity of Venice compelled him to remove his printing-office to Rome, where he was cordially received and provided for by Pope Pius IV.

Although Aldus did a great deal for the revival of learning, neither he nor his sons lived to see the benefits which he hoped would follow a wider study of classic texts. The golden age of literature that he hoped for did not return. His books and exhortations did not bring to Venice the ideal republic of Plato. They did not fully accomplish the purpose for which printing was sent. Of help to the wise, but of no benefit to the ignorant, they really widened the gulf between the two classes at a time when they should have bridged it. It was not in the shadow of St. Mark, where Aldus labored, nor in the palaces of the Medici and of the Vatican, where his sons were welcomed, that printing received the nurture that made it a reorganizing force in the world. The seed from which the greatest harvest of good came was sown by early printers, like those of England, who seldom printed a Greek or Latin text, but who made books in languages that common people could read.

A PLEA FOR RAILROADS.

THE war against railroads, which commenced several years since at the West and was waged by the Grangers with more or less success, has recently been transferred to the East, and during the past year New York has been the immediate field of hostilities, the chief operations being conducted before a legislative committee of investigation, by commercial "committees on transportation," aided by able and astute counsel. The voluminous testimony—if much of it can be called testimony—taken in this investigation is full of conflicting opinions and a spirit of opposition. Its effect has been to create a feeling adverse to railroads, outside of the authors of the investigation, which is unintelligent and extreme. It has given rise to a very general outcry in the commercial world, and charges of "extortion," "discrimination," and "watering stock" against all railroad corporations. Without discussing this contradictory testimony or the arguments of counsel, and steering clear of the extreme opinions on either side, it may be well to consider if railroad management in general is as black as it is painted, and if something cannot be justly and reasonably said on behalf of the railroads, admitting their responsibility to the public and their subjection to State control in some respects, but asserting their rights and privileges under a fair construction of law.

There is a quite common opinion in the business world, supported by a recent letter of Hon. Jeremiah Black, in reply to certain interrogatories proposed by the New York Chamber of Commerce, that railroads are simply *public highways*. There are, it is true, some judicial opinions looking in the same direction; but the recent common opinion goes a step farther than the judicial opinions, and, according to that, *quasi* public highways have become actual public highways. The argument is that private property can be taken by right of eminent domain only for public use, and, private property being taken for the construction of railroads, they are roads dedicated to the public, and the property taken from individuals becomes the property of the public—"the people," or the representative of the people, the State. Now that is not true in fact, and it is not founded in reason, however plausible it is in theory, and easily evolved from some old principles of law. The necessities of modern progress render a modification of old theories, and even of old principles, inevitable; and, since the introduction of railroads, the idea that private property taken for the purpose of travel in a peculiar manner, and under new conditions, becomes a public highway as a county road is a highway, is no longer tenable, and, in practice, is not recognized. When the earliest railroad corporations were chartered, it was supposed that they would be open to the use of everybody, each with his own vehicles and motive power (horses), upon the payment of tolls for such use, as canals had previously been used. The introduction of steam locomotives at once changed all that. Without taking into view the cost of locomotives, such a mode of using railroads was palpably impracticable, and the old theory of the rights of the public in such a road was necessarily modified in practice, though it still lingered in its earlier form in the minds of some jurists.

A railroad, whether constructed over land taken by the right of eminent domain granted to the corporation by the legislature, or over land the fee of which has been purchased, is the property of the corporation. Even if it be only an easement it is held exclusively by the corporation or its assigns, and the body of railroad law which has grown up in the last fifty years, in spite of adverse theories, recognizes it as the property of the corporation. A person walking on it is a trespasser and liable to a penalty; its structures, fixtures, and appliances are protected by stringent laws. The State cannot take it without paying for it, and all laws which authorize such purchase recognize it as the property of the corporation. Only in case of forfeiture of its franchise can the State take from the corporation its road. So long as it performs its functions as a railroad corporation and violates no fundamental law of its existence as a corporation, its property cannot be taken from it. It has the exclusive right to move cars over its rails and to carry passengers and goods. So far as the roadbed, rails, and fixtures are concerned, the public has no right in or to them. It simply has a right to be carried over them by the proprietors. The relation of the railroad corporation to the public is simply that

of a common carrier. It is authorized to construct a railroad and to exercise exclusively on that railroad the functions of a common carrier. Deriving its right by grant from the State, it is subject to the control of the State to a certain extent, so far as such control does not violate the contract between the State and the corporation, or trespass upon the legal rights of the corporators. That is the relation of the railroad to the State, and that relation is conceded by most railroad managers.

As common carriers, railroads are subject to the common law concerning common carriers, reënforced, modified, and supplemented by statute law. By such laws they are bound to carry all persons (not excluded by police regulations), and, if they are freight roads, all goods (under the same restrictions) at certain established rates. They must transport at reasonable rates, and they have no right, in most of the States, to make unequal rates to different persons for the same service; or, in other words, to make unjust discrimination in favor of or against any parties.

It is undoubtedly true that many railroad corporations have not observed this last-mentioned law, and the existence of any such law is in some quarters denied. In Massachusetts, however, most intelligent railroad managers recognize their obligation not to make any unjust discrimination. But, honestly admitting the force of the law, they as honestly differ with many who are bitterly denouncing all railroad managers in their view of what are reasonable rates and what is discrimination.

And, first, as to reasonable rates. It may be said, at the outset, that there can be no common standard for "reasonable rates." What is reasonable for a road of easy grades, and a large volume of business, would be unreasonably low for a road of heavy grades and a small volume of business. And there is no classification yet attempted that will not work injustice to some roads. The question, "What is reasonable?" therefore, will naturally be answered according to the point from which the matter is viewed,—whether by railroad managers, from the stand-point of their own roads, or by the traveling and commercial public, from the stand-point of their own interests. Which of these parties is best qualified to determine the question? Railroad managers are men who are familiar with the operation of railroads; who know the cost of maintenance of way, stations, and rolling-stock; the amount of wages of numerous employés; the expense of running trains under various conditions; the necessity for providing for contingencies and increased facilities for a growing business; and they know, too, how large is the investment in the plant and other property of the corporation, which is entitled to a fair profit, if it can be legitimately obtained. With such knowledge and qualifications, are they not better judges of the rates at which transportation can be afforded on their respective roads than the commercial or traveling public, who have little or no knowledge of the cost of operating a railroad, and who judge of rates by the margin of profit which the market affords, or the amount they are willing to take from their purses for railroad fares?

These trained railroad managers are chosen or appointed by the stockholders as their agents to carry on the business of common carriers. As agents and trustees of valuable properties, they are in duty bound to look after the interests of their principals, and so to manage the business as to avoid loss, and if possible to secure a fair return. It is the fashion with many of those who are "fighting" the railroads to denounce railroad managers as extortioners, and to act and speak as if the stockholders had no rights which the general public is bound to respect. Human nature is not very different in the various pursuits of our busy age, and it may well be doubted if the greed of gain is any greater among railroad managers and stockholders than among grain merchants and other large or small patrons of railroads. Each of these conflicting interests desires to avoid a loss and insure a profit. The one seeks to make as wide a margin as possible between the market price of his merchandise and the cost, by making the rates of transportation as low as possible; and the other, knowing the actual cost of transportation, seeks a margin of profit in the rates. If there are some managers who are disposed to make rates "as high as the merchandise will bear," it would not be difficult to find merchants who would like to have their goods transported at rates below the actual cost. Who then are best qualified to determine what is reasonable? Certainly those men who by an analysis of expenses have ascertained the cost of transportation, rather than those who, ignorant of that cost, seek only to obtain the lowest possible rates.

But it is said that railroad managers, knowing the cost of carriage, seek to make as large a profit as possible and then establish unreasonable rates. It may be admitted that this is sometimes the case, if it is fair to compare the rates of one locality with those of another; but in many cases it is done not so much to secure an excessive profit as to obtain a fair return in some other direction, or to protect their business on some other part of the road. At most centers of trade, however, on the great lines of railroad, rival routes meet, and competition prevents unreasonable rates. It is only on the branch lines, at non-competitive points, that there is much if any reason for complaint. To adjust the adverse interests of carriers and shippers in such cases, there may well be some tribunal; and if such tribunal is wisely constituted, and acts in each case on a full knowledge of the questions at issue, according to the facts and a fair application of the law, intelligent railroad managers will prudently, if not altogether willingly, abide by its decisions. But it is said that competition affords no protection to the shipper, because it invariably results in combination which imposes high rates. It is true that sharp competition, by which rates have been reduced to a ruinously low figure, has resulted in a combination of the competing lines as a measure of self-protection, and the shippers who had been rejoicing in the low rates have cried out against the higher rates as extortion. But experience has shown that if the combination agrees upon exorbitant rates they are soon "cut" by some of its members, and competition again follows. This fluctuation of rates has proved injurious alike to railroads and their patrons. Hence the great trunk lines have sought to prevent such fluctuations by a federation of competing and connecting roads, with stringent rules to prevent the cutting of rates, which are established on a fairly paying basis, and with a commissioner to administer the affairs of the federation, and a tribunal of their own choice to settle all questions between its members. This plan has worked better than any previous combination, both for the railroads and the public; the rates have been more steady and not open to any just complaint that they are exorbitant or unreasonable. It is said, perhaps, that this federation is merely a voluntary association which can be dissolved at any time, and that the commissioners or arbitrators have no power to enforce their decisions or compel a conformity to the rules of the compact; and, therefore, as the roads are in different States, legislation by Congress is necessary. But if railroads enter into such a federation for certain legitimate purposes of business, they contract, each with the other, to be bound by the rules they establish, and that contract can be enforced by the courts of the several States, or, in some cases, by the federal courts, without any legislation of doubtful policy or questionable constitutionality.

In the matter of discrimination there are unquestionably grounds for complaint; and it is not the purpose of the writer to defend or apologize for those railroad managers who deliberately discriminate in favor of certain parties to the serious injury of others. Generalizing from such cases, many people make a common complaint against any discrimination whatever. But there is a discrimination recognized and made necessary by the natural laws of trade, and is common to all branches of business. A man who buys goods at wholesale expects and will receive more favorable terms than the one who buys at retail. The man who buys a thousand barrels of flour will get them at a cheaper rate than the man who buys but ten or a hundred. And the seller can afford to dispose of them at a lower rate, for by one such transaction he is saved the trouble and incidental expenses of many smaller ones, as well as the cost of storage, while he also has the advantage of turning his capital more speedily. This discrimination is so natural and so founded in reason that no one thinks of calling it discrimination. It is practiced in every branch of trade, from large commercial transactions to the buying of family supplies. Why should not the same rule apply to the business of railroads—to transportation? Yet it is proposed by some reformers that railroads shall carry all merchandise, whether in large or small quantities, at a fixed rate per ton per mile, whether an unbroken train is hauled to the terminus of the line, or the cars of which it is composed are distributed at numerous points along the route, with the delays and expenses of "switching," and of taking on other cars (if they are to be had), that the engine may not continue its journey with but the fraction of a load.

Discrimination, to be illegal at common law, and to furnish reasonable cause of complaint, must be unjust. But discrimi-

nation is not unjust so long as equal rates are given all parties for like service, under like circumstances, and for like quantities of merchandise.* As already admitted, there are railroad managers who pay little regard to their obligations to afford equal rates to all shippers of like amounts under like circumstances; and there are some who do not hesitate to favor their own private interests to the damage of others. The number is probably not so large as is often imagined, but it ought to be smaller. It is true, also, that in the complex system of railroad transportation, unintentional discrimination favors certain places or parties as against others. But neither of these offenses or mistakes affords just ground for the sweeping charge that is often made that all railroads willfully and wantonly practice discrimination. And some of the measures proposed to remedy the evil complained of would in many cases be not only unjust to the railroads, but injurious to the general public. In a case which was investigated by the Railroad Commission of Massachusetts within a year, the complainants desired that the railroad might be prohibited from permitting corn to be ground in transit, at a point where it could be ground cheaply by water-power and then forwarded with only a small additional charge for switching, for the reason that the millers at the terminus of the road, with more costly buildings and more expensive steam-power, could not compete with their country rivals. But the commissioners wisely decided that it was not for the interest of the public to prohibit that which cheapened meal to the consumers, in order to protect a few city millers who could not compete with their rivals enjoying superior natural advantages.

Local discrimination is perhaps more general with railroads than discrimination in favor of individuals. Higher rates frequently—it might be said almost invariably, unless controlled by law—are charged for the carriage of freight to non-competitive points than for a longer haul to competitive points. In many cases this is not unreasonable. The rates to the non-competitive point may, in themselves, be just and fair, while those to the competitive point may rule so low as to afford no profit, even if they pay expenses. The company must compete with rival lines or abandon the business; but it is oftentimes wiser to continue the business, even at a temporary loss, in order to command it at some more favorable time. It is better, too, for the public, for if one road abandon the business to a rival so that it cannot be readily resumed, rates would speedily go up. But a reduction to profitless rates at a competitive point affords no good reason for a like reduction at a non-competitive point. The only question then in such cases should be, Is the rate reasonable? A place that enjoys the advantages of competing lines to the sources of its supplies or to the market for its products, is like one which by its situation enjoys superior natural advantages. Places less accessible, whether by natural avenues like navigable waters or by railroads, may be less fortunate, but it is scarcely just or profitable—it must be unprofitable to some interest—to undertake by arbitrary laws to supply the advantages denied by their situation.

This is a question, however, which has deeply agitated business communities at different points on the same line; and the demand for regulation has been answered by a rule which in the main is not unreasonable. Massachusetts and some other States have enacted laws which prohibit a railroad charging more for the transportation of freight a shorter distance than they do for a longer distance on the same line, and from the same original point of departure, —that is, it may not charge more for transportation from the same point to a way station than to its terminus. Against this law there is no reasonable cause of complaint on the part of the railroads; for, if the rates for carriage the whole length of the roads are profitable, they will afford no less profit for carriage a part of the distance. In fact, railroad managers do not complain unless competition reduces the through rates to too low a figure. Doubtless the law is sometimes evaded in local shipments, but in the great bulk of business—the transportation of produce and live-stock from the West—it is generally faithfully observed.

* The courts have sometimes construed this rule very liberally. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has said: "If, for special reasons, in isolated cases, the carrier sees fit to stipulate for the carriage of goods or merchandise of any class for a certain time or in certain quantities for less compensation than is the usual, necessary, and reasonable rate, he may undoubtedly do so without thereby entitling all other persons or parties to the same advantage and relief." In a more recent case the same court decided that "the selling of season tickets to certain students at a reduction from the regular price did not entitle all such students to the same reduction, and did not constitute a violation of the statute requiring railroads to give reasonable and equal terms," etc. See 128 Mass. Reports, p. 326.

Nor have communities along the line any just cause of complaint, for all are placed on an equal footing, and competitive and non-competitive points are served alike. The rule on the whole is more equitable both for railroads and the public than the establishment, by authority outside of the railroads, of fixed rates per ton per mile for all distances and under all circumstances, which is the favorite prescription of those who cry aloud for reform. For it leaves the business still subject to some of the natural laws of trade, with room for elasticity of rates according to circumstances, and allows the rates to be fixed by those who best understand the conditions and cost of the service, rather than by the iron rule of legislative enactment, or the arbitrary decision of a commission which acts, however honestly, without a full knowledge of all facts and circumstances. Wherever such an arbitrary establishment of rates has been attempted, it has worked injustice to some roads, and has sometimes imposed additional burdens on the public.

Another very common charge against all successful and well-developed railroads is "the watering of stock." A certain class of complainants simply echo a popular cry, and without any knowledge of facts apply it indiscriminately to all the large corporations. Others make the charge against those corporations only which have increased their stock without the payment, by those who receive it, of the par value of the shares into the treasury of the company. It is not to be denied that there have been some gross cases of "watering" the stock of railroad corporations, but the dilution is by no means so general or so great as many people believe.

An increase of capital stock, without actual payment of its value in cash by purchasers into the treasury of the corporation, may be, and in a majority of cases is, an honest and legitimate operation. It is simply capitalizing the money which has been invested in permanent improvements and added to the value of the property. A part of the operating expenses of every well-managed road goes into permanent improvements and additions to the rolling-stock. Besides this, the surplus earnings are always invested in such improvements and additions, increasing the capacity of the road and furnishing greater facilities to the public. The annual surplus may not be large, but it belongs to the stockholders, and might be divided among them. In the course of years it amounts to a considerable sum, which has been converted into new property on which additional earnings are realized. If the surplus earnings were enormous, that might justify a demand for a reduction of rates, but is no good reason why they should not be capitalized if invested in the road. And generally the annual surplus is not excessive, is comparatively small, and so long as it has gone into improvements which have added to the value of the property, those improvements represent so much of the money of the stockholders. And what difference does it make to the public whether that surplus so invested is capitalized or is paid out in dividends, and is then paid for new stock of a like amount in order to make those same improvements? Whatever difference there is is in favor of the former course, for the public enjoys the advantages of the improved facilities at an earlier day than they would by the latter.

The war against railroads has now got into Congress, and parties outside are making persistent efforts to secure legislation concerning the inter-State business of railroads. Various measures are proposed to regulate this great industry, some of them very comprehensive and stringent, others more general and moderate. It would be curious, were it not so serious a matter, to see how the stout advocates of State sovereignty and opponents of "centralization" can bring themselves to support such measures; for they would be a longer stride toward centralization and over the bounds of the Constitution than any Federal election laws or other "usurpations" of which these statesmen complain.

Among other measures proposed is one to fix by Federal law the rates at which railroad lines extending into more than one State shall transport merchandise in those States. Such legislation, crude and ill-considered as it is likely to be in a body influenced by sectional interests and prejudices, would be fraught with mischief to some sections of the country. It would legalize discrimination in favor of those ports which are nearest to the wheat-fields; and the growing commerce of the more eastern ports, which has been encouraged by the present system of rates, would receive a serious check if not its death-blow. If Congress can adopt such a measure, why may it not regulate the fares of stage-coaches running from one State into another? Why not fix the rates of express companies carrying goods from one State to another? Why not

control the flow of water from a reservoir in one State to the mills in another? Why not prescribe the dimensions of lumber sawed in Michigan to be carried to Massachusetts, or exercise authority over any industry which is carried on jointly in more than one State, or which produces in one State and sells in another? The railroad companies (with few exceptions) are not the creatures of Congress but of the several States, and within their borders the States alone have any right to control or regulate them. The authority of Congress concerning inter-State commerce, as hitherto construed, extends only to securing free trade between the States, and to the prohibition of restrictions of any kind by one State upon the products or business coming from another. If it is extended beyond this and undertakes to control and regulate transportation, the door is opened for Federal regulation of any industry in which the people of these States are engaged. Moreover, any legislature is an unfit body to undertake the regulation of rates or any details of railroad operation, and of all legislative bodies the most unfit is the Congress of the United States.

One would think, from the language of some of those engaged in the "investigation" of railroad management, and the general tone of the complainants, that railroad corporations were public enemies,—monstrous monopolies, leagued together in opposition to the interests of commerce and travelers. The vast benefits which these roads have conferred, and are daily renewing, seem to be forgotten,—how they have hastened the development of the great West, and brought the products of the most distant fields within reach of a market; how they bring the interior granaries to the sea-board to supply the wants of the manufacturing and commercial communities, to increase our foreign commerce, and to supplement the failing crops of Europe; how they distribute our manufactures and imports throughout our broad territory; how many millions of passengers are carried, on business or pleasure, with rapidity and safety; how they have multiplied the industries and added enormously to the wealth of the country; how they have, in the main, kept pace with the demands of an enterprising people; and how, by their facilities, they cheapen the cost of many of the prime necessities of life, as compared with other modes of transportation; how, indeed, it would be impossible, by any other means, to meet the wants of our population and business. These benefits, past and always continuing, should not be forgotten, and it may be well to consider if merchants and the public at large have not suffered more at the hands of speculators, who have created "corners" in articles of necessity, than they have by the alleged extortions and discriminations of railroads. Selfish and unscrupulous men may have made some of these roads—as all other means of profit—subservient to their inordinate avarice. "Railroad kings," ambitious of wealth and power, by gigantic stock operations and far-reaching combinations, may have sought to control continuous lines across the continent. But even such schemes are not altogether injurious in their results, and a majority of railroads, in the main and in the long run, have steadily promoted the prosperity and welfare of the country.

No intelligent manager will pretend that railroad management is above criticism; but it will not be improved by an indiscriminate warfare upon it, or by hostile and ill-considered legislation concerning rates and discriminations. Such improvement can best be accomplished by the action of railroad managers themselves, through the influence of more diplomatic measures and the pressure of public opinion. State control over railroad corporations, as common carriers, is admitted; but it should be wisely exercised, in order to do no injustice to that part of the community who are stockholders, and in order to secure permanent benefits to the public at large; and that can best be done, not by direct legislative action upon the details of management, but through some tribunal which can study the railroad problem so far as its jurisdiction extends, and can apply the common law and reasonable statutes to special cases, with intelligent reasoning to support its conclusions. And such a tribunal should be established, not by Congress, but by each of the several States which have created the corporations, and alone have the right to control them.

THE SONNET IN ENGLISH POETRY.

If there be one species of poetical composition which more than another depends for its effect upon a rigid adherence to *form*, it is the sonnet, and it is this one which, more than all others, has been suffered to depart most widely from it. The law which governs the construction of the sonnet is immutable. It must consist of fourteen lines, no more and no less, which are divided into two parts,—the first consisting of eight lines, and the second of six lines. The major division is technically known as the octave, the minor division as the sestette. The octave possesses but two rhymes, the sestette never more than three. The construction of the quatrains composing the octave is imperative, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyming with each other, repeating the same vowel sounds, while the second, third, sixth, and seventh do the same, repeating, of course, their vowel sounds, which should be dissimilar to those which precede and surround them. The versification of the terzettes composing the sestette admits of more variety, which, however, does not include a couplet at the close. The best disposition of the rhymes in the sestette is that which marries the first and fourth, the second and fifth, and the third and sixth lines, the vowel sounds of which, varied as in the octave, and contrasting with them, complete the melody, or, it may be, the harmony of the sonnet. Such is the structural law of this perfect little composition, concerning which a Spanish proverb declares that he is a fool who cannot make one, and a madman who makes two.

The sonnet derived its name from being played or sounded. "To *sound*, in Italian, still means to play music," says Leigh Hunt, who has written more intelligently upon the sonnet than any English author with whom I am acquainted. It dates back to the beginning of the twelfth century, and is understood to have been the invention of Friar Guittone, of Arezzo, who builded better than he knew. A favorite form of composition with the early Italian poets, it has never lost its popularity in Italy, where it is still a common intellectual pastime.

"The melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow."

Italy was a great storehouse, wherefrom the old English poets drew the subjects of their verse, which was largely of a narrative character. Chaucer, we know, was indebted to Boccaccio and Petrarch, and his biographers tell us that he visited the latter at Padua. This visit was made, they believe, the year before Petrarch's death, the year in which he wrote his Latin version of Boccaccio's Griselda, which Chaucer afterward retold in the "Canterbury Tales," where it figures as "The Clerkes Tale," the narrator of which, the poor clerk of Oxenford, professes to have learned it at Padow (Padua) of

"Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete."

Among the many obligations which the old English poets owe to their Italian forerunners and masters, it is curious to note that there is none of an amatory nature. Their love poetry, such as it was, was their own; at any rate, whatever form it took, it never took that of the sonnet. "How are we to account for the non-appearance of a sonnet in the poems of Chaucer,—" asks Hunt, "of Chaucer, who was so fond of Italian poetry, such a servant of love, such a haunter of the green corners of revery, particularly if they were 'small'—of Chaucer, moreover, who was so especially acquainted with the writings of Petrarch's predecessor, Dante, with those of his friend Boccaccio, and who, besides eulogizing the genius of Petrarch himself, is supposed to have made his personal acquaintance at Padua? Out of the four great English poets, Chaucer is the only one who has left us a sonnet of no kind whatsoever, though he was qualified for every kind, and though of none of the four poets would it seem more naturally to have fallen in the way. The secret, I conceive, lay in one of three reasons, perhaps in all three combined; first, that the Anglo-Norman court which he served had so close a connection with France as to lead him, when he was not writing his narrative poetry, rather into French miscellaneous poetry than Italian; second, that the sonnets neither of Dante nor Petrarch had yet followed into England the great poem of the one, or the fame of the Latin poetry of the other;

and third, that Chaucer's propensity to narration and character was so truly his master-passion in poetry, as to swallow up all the rest of his tendencies in that direction." To these reasons for the absence of the personal sonnet from English poetry (and the sonnet, so far, was nothing if not personal) might be added a fourth, which existed in the cast of the English mind, that was less fervid than the Italian mind, and, consequently, under better discipline. The difference between them is shadowed forth in the swallow song in "The Princess":

> "O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
> That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> And dark and true and tender is the North."

If Chaucer had loved an English woman, he would hardly have canonized her, as Dante did Beatrice, nor would he have transformed her into a laurel, as Petrarch did Laura; and the chances are, in any event, that she would not have been the mother of eleven children! No English poet had yet learned to covet his neighbor's wife,—a refinement of passion reserved for the days of that brutal voluptuary, Henry the Eighth, who, Lamb says, kept wives where other kings kept mistresses.

Not until the first half of the sixteenth century do we find the sonnet in English poetry. A delicate exotic from the luxuriant gardens of the South, it lost its fair proportions in the sterile soil of the North, where it wasted its sweetness on the desert air. Whether it was first transplanted by Wyatt or Surrey cannot now be ascertained; but, as they were contemporaries and friends, it is certain that they cultivated it simultaneously, and it is probable that any priority which may have existed belonged to Wyatt, who was several years the elder. It is not known that either was ever in Italy, nor were there any love passages in their lives which would have accounted for their studiedly amorous effusions. I have not forgotten, of course, the romantic story of Surrey's passion for the fair Geraldine (Lady Elizabeth Gerald), which was never heard of until nearly fifty years after her death, but was invented by Thomas Nash, a notorious pamphleteer of the period, and inserted in "The Unfortunate Traveller, or, Life of Jack Wilton" (1594), a book of imaginary adventures which antedated by about a century the realistic fictions of De Foe. Drayton was credulous enough to accept the statements of Nash, to which he gave poetic currency in his "England's Heroical Epistles" (1598), where they passed unchallenged for upward of two centuries, receiving embellishments from time to time, all of which were accepted as facts. A little chronology disposes of them at once. Surrey was in England, a husband and a father, when he was said to have been tilting in Florence in honor of Geraldine, who was only thirteen at the time of their supposed intimacy, and was hardly nineteen when he ended his days on the scaffold.

Imaginative biographers have sought to find in the sonnets of Wyatt a proof of his attachment to Anne Bullen, whose paramour he was accused of being, and have met with but indifferent success, the strongest proof they have been able to produce being a poem, seven lines long, containing the name Anna, which is truly declared to be a word that changeth not,

> "Though it be turn'd and made in twain."

If internal evidence were of any value, the sonnet in which he describes a hind, the collar upon whose fair neck is inscribed with diamonds,

> "Noli me tangere, for Cæsar's I am,"

might be quoted for its seeming allusion to the wife of his sovereign, but, unfortunately, a moment's comparison of it with a sonnet of Petrarch's (*"Una candida cerva sopra l'erba"*) discloses its poetic origin. That Wyatt read, imitated, and translated Petrarch is evident from at least two of his sonnets, one beginning

> "If amorous faith, or if a heart unfeigned,"

which is a version of Petrarch's one hundred and eighty-eighth sonnet (*"S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto"*), the other,

> "Cæsar, when that the traitor of Egypt,"

which is a version of Petrarch's eighty-first sonnet (*"Cesare, poi che 'l traditor d'Egitto"*). A third version of the great Italian master is the "Description of the contrarious passions in a lover,"

> "I find no peace, and all my war is done,"

which is a close translation of his one hundred and fourth sonnet (*"Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra"*).

Technically speaking, the sonnets of Wyatt, of which there are about thirty, are superior to those of Surrey, though they violate the law of the legitimate sonnet by

closing with couplets. For the most part, the octaves are constructed correctly; the sestettes generally consist of three rhymes, of which two are sometimes arranged as in the quatrains, and sometimes as our elegiac stanza (*i. e.*, 1–4–2–3, and 1–3–2–4), concluding in every instance with the inadmissible couplet. Practically speaking, they cannot be said to rank high, albeit they sparkle with felicitous phrases and spirited lines. "England's first sonnet, in Wyatt's hands, is as rough as if poetry itself had just been born in the woods, among the ruggedest of the sylvan gods."

The sonnets of Surrey, which are illegitimate, close with couplets. The first twelve lines of the first three ring the changes on two rhymes; the rest consist of three stanzas of four lines each, which are sometimes arranged as in the legitimate octave. Two have sufficient merit to justify their place in the collections,—the "Description of Spring,"

"The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,"

and the "Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine,"

"From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race."

Neither Wyatt nor Surrey can be said to move easily in the sonnet, and the glory of the latter depends less upon his skill in it than upon his invention of the mighty line—blank verse. Extensively circulated in manuscript, their amorous fancies were first printed, together with numerous fugitive pieces by other writers, two years after Surrey's death, in a work called "Tottel's Miscellany" (1557), which was the first poetical collection in the language, and which met with extraordinary favor, being reprinted four times within two months, and passing through seven editions in twenty-two years; besides being printed in single sheets and "Garlands," and multiplied in manuscripts. The popularity of this work was so great that Shakspere is thought to have had it in mind when he made *Slender* say, "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here." It was followed by several similar publications, of which the chiefest were, "A Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers" (1575), "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" (1578), "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1578), "A Handful of Pleasant Delites" (1584), "A Phœnix Nest" (1593), and "England's Helicon" (1600). The quarter of a century covered by these works, and others which might be named, was prolific in sonnets, though not so much so as in the class of nameless poems in which the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey were set, and which corresponded to the odes, canzones, and madrigals in the sonnets of Petrarch. Most of the sonneteers included in these collections were poets of little or no reputation, who indulged in sonnet-writing because Wyatt and Surrey had set the fashion, and because their effusions seemed to have found readers in manuscript. With one or two exceptions, they were either ignorant of the form of the legitimate sonnet, or were unable to conform to its laws. A notable exception was Barnabe Barnes, whom Churchyard, his fellow-poet, called "Petrarch's Scholar," and whose "Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets" contains only five which are of irregular construction. The sonnets in the "Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," the "Handful of Pleasant Delites," and "England's Helicon," are nearly all, if not quite all, illegitimate. It was so much easier to write three elegiac stanzas and a couplet than to write genuine octaves and sestettes.

I must leave the consideration of these minor English sonneteers, however, and return to the chronological study of my subject, which now concerns itself with the sonnets of Sidney, who was the idol of his contemporaries, and whose name is to-day the synonym of all that is chivalrous and honorable:

"The expectancy and rose of the fair State."

He was one upon whom every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. High-born and nobly bred, he excelled in all the learning of his time, and in all martial exercises; was an accomplished courtier and a gallant soldier, the patron of poets, and a poet himself. Fortune smiled upon his cradle, and all good fairies attended his footsteps. Prosperous and admired, he lacked but one thing,—possession of the woman whom he loved, and whom he had hoped to wed. She was high-born like himself,—the Lady Elizabeth Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Essex, and a matrimonial treaty had been entered into by their parents; but it was broken off (why, we are not told), and she became the wife of Robert, Lord Rich, with whom she led an unhappy life. Sidney married a lady of family, a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who was remarked for "extraordinary handsomeness,"

and whom he respected, we may be sure, though he did not love her as he might have done if his heart had been fancy free. No whisper was ever breathed against him as a husband; and if Lady Rich forgot her wifely vows, it was not with him, but with her less Platonic lover, Charles Blount.

If we knew when Sidney wrote the "Arcadia" (in which she figures as Philoclea) and his sonnets (in which she figures as Stella), we should know just when his life was darkened by the shadow of Lady Rich. Whenever it was, it was not for long, for he died, before he was thirty-two, of the wound he received on the fatal field of Zutphen. He was the third English sonneteer in point of time and the first in point of merit within less than thirty years after the publication of the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey, though he was not publicly known as such until five years later, when "Astrophel and Stella" was given to the world.

Most of the sonnets in "Astrophel and Stella" fulfill the laws of the sonnet as far as the octave is concerned, for out of the one hundred and eight in that collection seventy-three are legitimate, the remainder consisting of elegiac stanzas. The sestettes are of irregular construction, the majority, to the number of eighty-four, ending in couplets. A slight comparison between them and the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey shows that they were written in a more literate period than that of Henry the Eighth. Versification had become more fluent than it was then, and language had gained in copiousness and elegance. The numbers of Wyatt and Surrey are harsh beside those of Sidney, who is one of the most musical of poets. He abounds with conceits, but he sometimes relieves them (as well as his readers) by masculine thought and unaffected expression. To say that he did not feel strongly because he did not express himself simply, is to misunderstand him and his age. Poetry was an art which had not reached that higher art which passes for nature. It was fettered by limitations which it had imposed upon itself, and from which it never escaped, except at lucky moments. It is not easy to detect where art ends and nature begins, but such detection is not impossible, I think, in Sidney's sonnets, which faithfully reflect his personality. We have a glimpse of him in the twenty-seventh sonnet,

"Because I oft, in dark, abstracted guise,"

and more than a glimpse in the forty-first sonnet,

"Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,"

wherein he recounts his prowess at a tournament. The same theme is touched upon in the fifty-third sonnet,

"In martial sports I had my cunning tried,"

where the presence of Stella made a window bright, and dazzled the eyes of her bewildered knight, who forgot to rule his horse, and to fight, heedless of the trumpet's sound and of friendly eyes:

"My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see."

In the eighty-fourth sonnet he addresses the highway through which he rides to her house,

"Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,"

and wishes that it may kiss her feet hundreds of years. He addresses the Thames in a similar strain in the hundred and third sonnet,

"O happy Thames, that did'st my Stella bear,"

and declares that he is surrounded by impassioned confidants:

"The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine."

To read between the lines of Sidney's sonnets is to find the lover as well as the poet. They are pure poetry, in spite of their conceits, and the best of them have never been surpassed. If I were called upon to select one favorite out of many, it would be the magnificent sonnet on Sleep, which is worthy of any poet that ever lived. Here it is:

"Come, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

Better known, perhaps, than this, is a night-piece of Sidney's, which was a great

favorite with Lamb. It is the thirty-first sonnet of "Astrophel and Stella":

"With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

The fourth English sonneteer was Spenser, though when his first sonnets were written cannot be determined. They appear to have been early productions, and are sixty-six in number. The first series, consisting of thirty-two sonnets, entitled, "Ruines of Rome," is a translation from Joachim du Bellay, a French poet of considerable reputation, who died in the childhood of Spenser: the second series, "Visions of the Worlds Vanitie," consists of twelve sonnets: the third and fourth series, which are called Visions, and consist respectively of fifteen and seven sonnets, are translations from Bellay and Petrarch, those from the latter being Englished from the French of Clement Marot. Whether Spenser was really the author of these productions cannot be positively ascertained, their authenticity depending solely upon the authority of his book-seller, by whom they were issued in a volume of "Complaints" the year after the publication of the first three books of the "Faerie Queene." To say that they are dull and pedantic, and that those which are translated from Bellay and Petrarch are not sonnets but quatorzains, closing with couplets, is to say all that is necessary. Of the form of the second series ("Visions of the Worlds Vanitie"), to which I shall return hereafter, I will only say here that it is thought to have been invented by Spenser, whose experiments in versification were not always crowned with success.

The next English sonneteer was one of the great names of the age of Elizabeth, soldier, sailor, adventurer, courtier—Raleigh. Out of favor with his royal mistress, he paid a visit to his friend Spenser, on his Irish estate at Kilcolman, about three years after the death of their common friend, Sidney, and while there he read in manuscript the first three books of the "Faerie Queene." Never had poet a more impassioned reader than this daring Shepherd of the Ocean, who might have ranked among the greatest of poets, if he had wooed the Muse as stoutly as he did Bellona. Fired with enthusiasm by the noble numbers of Spenser, he persuaded him to return to England, where he was graciously received by Elizabeth, to whom he read portions of his incomparable poem. It was soon published (1590) with a number of commendatory poems, among which was a magnificent sonnet by Raleigh. This sonnet was cast in the form of a Vision, wherein he saw the grave of Laura in a temple, where vestal fire was wont to burn. He was passing that way to see that buried dust of living fame, which fair Love and fairer Virtue kept, when he suddenly saw the Fairy Queen, at whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept. The Graces forsook the place to attend upon this Queen; and Oblivion laid himself down on the hearse of Laura. The hardest stones were seen to bleed, and the groans of buried ghosts pierced the heavens,—

"Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife."

The conception of this sonnet is bold, and the execution, though careless, is spirited; everything in the process (as Hunt well observes) is as grandly as it is summarily done; and Raleigh's abolition of Laura, Petrarch, and Homer, all in a lump, in honor of his friend Spenser, is in the highest style of his willful and somewhat domineering genius. There are in the first edition of the "Faerie Queene," besides this sonnet of Raleigh's (which is composed of three stanzas and a couplet), seventeen sonnets by Spenser himself. They are addressed to the great personages of the time whom he was anxious to secure as his patrons,—statesmen, noblemen, and the like,—Hatton, Burleigh, Northumberland, Essex, Buckhurst, Walsingham, not forgetting the Countess of Pembroke, and are written in the form which Spenser is supposed to have invented, and which he used for the first time in his "Visions of the Worlds Vanitie." They are as melodious as the stanzas of the "Faerie Queene," to which they are related, and whose Alexandrines they have borrowed to swell the musical volume of their close.

If it were as easy to detect causes as to describe effects, I might account for the succession of sonnets which now rapidly

succeeded one another in English poetry, and were as true to the spirit of Italian sonnet writing as they were false to its letter. They may be partially accounted for, perhaps, by the popularity of Sidney's sonnets, the form of which failed, however, to impress itself on the minds of his followers. But whatever the cause, obvious or recondite, the sonnet was now naturalized in the language, and its chief inspiration was an affectation of amorousness. It had somehow become the fashion to write love poetry, and if the poet was not in love, he could at least pretend to be, and write accordingly. The first of the new school of make-believers was Samuel Daniel, who published, in 1592, a collection of fifty-seven sonnets, entitled "Delia." He was an estimable man, and was a good poet, according to the standard of his day, which was more tolerant of tediousness than ours. That he was a lover is not evident from his sonnets, which are not without a certain tenderness and elegance, and which may be read as exercises of fancy with considerable pleasure. One of the best, an invocation to Sleep, will bear reading after Sidney's famous sonnet on the same subject. The highest compliment that can be paid them is to say that two or three of them might have been written by Shakspere, who seems to have had them in mind while writing his own sonnets. With the exception of two, which are Italian in the octaves, they are written in elegiac stanzas, and they close with couplets. Four of them (36-39) must be read as a single poem, the last lines of three being repeated as the opening lines of their successors.

As I have quoted Sidney's sonnet on Sleep, the readers of this paper may like to see Daniel's. It is the fifty-first sonnet in "Delia":

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain."

The nineteenth sonnet of "Delia" has always reminded me strongly of the manner of Shakspere:

"Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love;
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to the orient do thy pearls remove;
Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white,
To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet;
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again:
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain."

Daniel's sonnets, artificial as we feel them to be, are natural when compared with the series which Drayton published in the following year (1593), under the fantastic title of "Idea." There are sixty-three of them, and all but nine are in the same measure as those of Daniel, the exceptions being half octaves, or stanzas in which the first and fourth lines rhyme, the second and third lines making a couplet. Drayton's touch is less delicate than Daniel's, and his poetry is of a heavier character: it is dull. The best sonnet in the series ("Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part") is not in the original edition. Drayton disclaims genuineness of feeling in a sonnet addressed to the reader; but he asserts in his "Odes" that he celebrated a real woman, and that Coventry was her birthplace. She was born on the fourth of August, at Mich-Park (a noted street in that old town), to which pilgrimages will in future be made in his and her honor:

"The old Man passing by that way,
To his Sonne in Time shalt say:
There was that Lady borne, which long
To after Ages shall be sung;
Who unawares having passed by
Back to that House shall cast his Eye,
Speaking my Verses as he goes,
And with a Sigh shut ev'ry Close."

Henry Constable, whose "Diana" reached a second edition in 1594, was highly commended as a sonneteer by his contemporaries; but the specimens of his handiwork which have come down to us in the collections do not justify their commendations. A greater than he and his masters, Drayton and Daniel,—the poet's poet, Spenser,—was the next to take the world into his confidence by publishing for its delectation a volume of sonnets called "Amoretti." They were written (his biographers believe, from internal evidence) between the latter end of 1592 and the summer of 1594, and they describe in poetic fashion his attachment to the lady whom he married, and of whom nothing is known except that her name was Elizabeth. She is called a

country lass in the "Faerie Queene," and is said, in the "Epithalamion," to live near the sea. Critics differ with regard to the poetic value of these "Amoretti." Hunt, who greatly admired Spenser, disparages them. "The title is good; but, compared with what was to be expected of them, these 'little loves,'—not to speak it irreverently,—are rather a set of dull, middle-aged gentlemen, images of the author's time of life and of the commonplace sufferings which he appears to have undergone from a young and imperious mistress." Christopher North says, on the contrary, that they overflow with love's tenderest fancies. "All those in which joy is subdued by serious thought, and in which he looks with conjugal eyes and a conjugal heart on his betrothed, are beautiful exceedingly." They do not particularly impress me, except with their melodious versification, and when I remember that they celebrate a creature of flesh and blood, I cannot but wonder at the temperate time kept by the pulse of the poet. The form of these sonnets, of which I have already spoken, and which consists of stanzas in alternate rhymes, of which the first line of the second rhymes with the last line of the first, and the first line of the third with the last line of the second, may have been invented by Spenser when he was experimenting with the stanza in which he cast the "Faerie Queene," although he may have received a hint for it from the *terza rima* of the Italian poets.*

Spenser's sonnets are poetical, in spite of the conceits with which they are disfigured, but they are not very quotable. The last of the "Amoretti" is as good, perhaps, as any in the collection, so I give it, merely stating that the bird mentioned in the opening line is the dove, and that the verb "hove," at the end of the ninth line, is the Spenserian form of "hover":

"Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss."

Other sonneteers who bestowed their tediousness upon English readers in the last decade of the sixteenth century, were Robert Barnefeilde, who published a number of sonnets in a miscellany entitled "Cynthia" (1595); William Smith, who, in his "Chloris; or, The Complaint of a Passionate Shepherd" (1596) inscribed a half century of amorous sonnets to Spenser as the "deere and most entire patron of these maiden verses"; and B. Griffin, who in the same year published sixty-two sonnets, addressed to "Fidessa, more Chaste than Kind." Griffin's chief claim to remembrance is that the third of these sonnets was printed three years later as Shakspere's, in "The Passionate Pilgrim,"

"Venus, and yong Adonis sitting by her."

The same doubtful honor was paid in this collection to one of Barnefeilde's sonnets,

"If musick and sweet poetry agree,"

as well as to one of his best lyrics,

"As it fell upon a day,"

which is not unworthy of the Master. A favorite "poet's corner" (if I may call it such), in which the minor Elizabethan poets displayed their dexterity and good will, was among the commendatory verses with which it was the fashion to usher new volumes of poetry, or new editions of old volumes, into the world. The dramatists of the period, who with scarcely an exception were hack-writers, were not so ready to indorse their fellows, and were not addicted to sonnets. I find none in Greene, Peele, Nash, Lily, and Marlowe. An exhaustive catalogue of early

*I am the first, I believe, to question Spenser's claim to the invention of this measure, which depends upon the date at which the "Visions" were written. They read to me like very early productions; and that he set little or no value upon them is evident from the statement of his printer, who assured the gentle reader that they were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself (Spenser), and that some of them had been diversely embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea, *i. e.*, to Ireland, whither he is supposed to have gone in 1580. They were first published in 1591, seven years after the appearance of "The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie," by his Majesty King James of Scotland, which contained, among other pedantic trifles, twelve "Sonnets of Invocation to the Goddes," and five dedicatory sonnets by contemporary Scottish poets, all of which are in this measure. The honor, then, such as it is, must be divided between Spenser and King James.

sonneteers would include the names of Gascoigne and Lodge, the latter, indeed, occupying the earliest place after Sidney, his "Scillaes Metamorphosis" (1589) containing a Sidneian sonnet in Alexandrines; his "Euphues' Golden Legacie" (1592) six; and his "Margarite of America" (1596) twelve.

There was now in London, whither he had come about the year that Sidney died, a young man from Stratford-on-Avon, where he had left a wife and three children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was in her fourth year. He left home to better his fortunes, and gaining a foothold in the metropolis, he obtained employment at the Globe and Bankside theaters, for which he touched up and worked over dramatic works belonging to the players, and for which he produced original plays of his own. The dense obscurity which shrouds the career of this young man does not enable us to state when his plays were written, nor the order in which they followed each other. He never printed them, nor was privy to their printing by others, contenting himself with the publication of two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" (1593), and "The Rape of Lucrece" (1594). These were his literary contributions to the poetry of his day; his plays were vocal contributions to the entertainment of the theater-loving Londoners. He was disliked by his contemporary dramatists, who accused him of pilfering from them; he was an upstart crow beautified with their feathers. They did not dream that he was the greatest of living poets, not merely in tragedy and comedy, but in the lesser art of writing sonnets. If "Love's Labor's Lost" was written in 1592, as Dyce supposes, Shakspere at once and easily surpassed Daniel, with whose sonnets I believe him to have been familiar. *Longaville* reads a sonnet, as the students of Shakspere will remember, in the third scene of the fourth act of this comedy,

"Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye";

the curate, *Sir Nathaniel*, recites another (a Sidneian sonnet in Alexandrines) in the preceding scene,

"If love make me forsworn";

and a third is embedded in the conversation of *Biron* in the first scene of the first act,

"Study me how to please the eye indeed,"

the general versification of which may be described as sonnetary.

"With this key
Shakspere unlocked his heart."

The sonnets of Shakspere extend over a considerable period, but most of them were written, I think, in his early manhood. The conceits with which they abound, and a certain crude richness of diction, wherein maturity and immaturity struggle for mastery, determine their date. They are magnificent first drafts. Their reputation was noised abroad eleven years before they were published, when they were mentioned by Meres in his "Palladis Tamia" (1598), where the soul of Ovid was declared to live in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspere,—"witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' and his sugared sonnets among his private friends." Who were the friends of Shakspere, and who was the one friend to whom a large number of them appear to be addressed,—the "Mr. W. H." to whom the publisher dedicated them as their only begetter? "What songs the syrens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond conjecture." Conjecture, puzzling long, has persuaded itself that the "lovely youth" of these syren songs was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. I have forgotten the ground of this belief, which merely engrafts a known historic name upon these enigmatical initials, nor does it matter, since it would not help us to a better understanding of the sonnets themselves. They were not written to, or for, one friend, but to, or for, friends; that is, if they were seriously written to, or for, anybody at all. To read them appreciatively, we need only read them as exercises of fancy,—as poems, the fact or fiction of which does not concern us. Disbelief in the actual existence of the lovely youth does not disturb our belief in his ideal existence, nor our enjoyment of the fanciful arguments by which he is urged to marry. Dyce, who is second to no Shaksperean, expresses my opinion, so far as I have one, in regard to these remarkable productions. "I have long felt convinced," he writes, "after repeated perusals of the 'Sonnets,' that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion, of the author's intimate associates. While, therefore, I contend that allusions scattered through these pieces should not be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakspere, I am willing to grant that one or two 'Sonnets' have an individual application to the poet, as, for instance, the CX. and the CXI., in

which he expresses his sense of the degradation that accompanied the profession of the stage. Augustus Schlegel is of opinion that sufficient use has not been made of them as important materials for Shakspere's biography; but, even if we regard them as actual transcripts of his genuine feelings, what a feeble and uncertain light would they throw on the history of his life!"

One can persuade himself, if he is determined to, that certain of Shakspere's sonnets are of a biographical character, or, more strictly speaking, that they were somewhat colored by his personal feelings at the time of writing. Mr. Dyce has indicated two, which, he thinks, have a personal application; let me add to these two others (LXXI. and LXXIII.), which are as beautiful as they are sad:

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love well that which thou must leave ere long."

Shakspere is at his highest, I think—objectively, if not poetically—in his one hundred and sixteenth sonnet, which leaves but little to be said about love. It is a masterpiece:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no: it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

The sonnets of Shakspere were very much underrated formerly. Steevens pronounced them inferior to those of Watson (which are not sonnets at all, but poems of eighteen lines each, *i. e.*, three elegiac stanzas with couplets added), and sneeringly declared that an Act of Parliament would be necessary to make them read. The order in which they stand in the original edition (1609) is by many considered an arbitrary one, though others maintain that it is nearly, if not quite, correct. Others, again, think that they are not so much sonnets as parts of an integral poem, the unities of which they believe they have discovered. Charles Armitage Brown, the friend of Keats, was of opinion that they were divisible poems in the sonnet stanza, similar to Spenser's "Visions of Petrarch," "Visions of Bellay," and others already mentioned. In the first poem (1-26) Shakspere addresses his friend, whom he tries to persuade to marry: in the second (27-55) he accuses him of robbing him of his mistress: in the third (56-77) he complains of his coldness: in the fourth (78-101) he complains that he prefers another poet's praises: in the fifth (102-126) he excuses himself for having been for some time silent: and in the sixth (127-152) he charges his mistress with infidelity. Mr. Brown, if I apprehend him rightly, understands these sonnet-poems literally. Mr. W. H. was William Herbert, who robbed Shakspere of his mistress, and was forgiven by him. "Continually has it been lamented that we know almost nothing of our poet's life; yet here we have an event in it on which we can rely, described by his own hand, with many attending circumstances, every one of which exemplifies his character; and together they form a tale of interest, the like of which, among the biographies of other great men, poets or not, we may seek in vain. This is fresh from the well-spring of truth in his own bosom." If poetry is to be turned into biography in this way, who shall 'scape calumny? Another writer, whose name is unknown to me, but who in 1859 re-arranged and divided the sonnets into four parts, or poems, identifies Marlowe as the poet whose praises were preferred to Shakspere's. Nor does he stop there; for branching off from the sonnets

to "Antony and Cleopatra," he identifies Marlowe with Lepidus, Herbert with Pompeius, Southampton with Enobarbus, Shakspere with Antony, his mistress with Cleopatra, and Mrs. Shakspere with Octavia. "It is not probable that Miss Anne Hathaway ever dreamt of being the sister of Cæsar and the wife of a greater than Cæsar." If the force of biographical fooling can go further than this, it can only be within the walls of a lunatic asylum.

I have no theory in regard to the sonnets of Shakspere, which I read simply as poems. Strictly speaking, they are not sonnets, but quatorzains, consisting of three elegiac stanzas and a couplet. They are full of faults, but with all their faults there is not one which does not betray the hand of a great poet. Felicitous phrases and sinewy lines are frequent, and their intellectual intention, despite the conceits with which it is beset, is masculine. "Next to the dramas of Shakspere," says Dyce, "they are by far the most valuable of his works. They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm."

I pass without mention several minor English poets, who indulged in the writing of sonnets, and come to two poets who are generally classed together, partly because both were sonneteers, but more, I think, because both contributed to the poetic literature of Scotland. The elder was William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, the younger William Drummond, better known as Drummond of Hawthornden. If to have loved and suffered was to be poetical, they were poets. We have to take their love and suffering for granted, for neither authenticates itself in their sonnets, which are as unimpassioned as those of Daniel or Drayton. The fair mistress of Alexander is the merest shadow. She was his first love, we are told, which appears probable, if she excited the tender passion in his breast when he was but fifteen, and a very obdurate first love he found her. She was punished, however, for she "matched her morning to one in the evening of his age" (in other words, married an old man), and he was consoled, after a short courtship, with the hand and fortune of another. Drummond was nearly twice the age of Alexander when he met his fate in the person of Mary Cunningham, daughter of the laird of Barns, whose seat was on the side of the Firth of Forth opposite that on which Hawthornden stands. "He met with suitable returns of chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the solemnization of it, she took a fever, and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow." He retired to Hawthornden, where, among his beloved books, he devoted himself to melancholy musings. At length he was consoled, as Alexander had been, consolation coming in the shape of Elizabeth Logan, a minister's daughter, who proved a prolific mother.

Drummond embalmed the memory of his first love in several sonnets, of which the following is a fair example. It was addressed to his fellow-amorist, Alexander:

"Alexis, here she stay'd: among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair:
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
She sate her by these musked eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what served it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?"

The sonnets of Alexander, which were published in 1604, under the title of "Aurora," are studied and artificial. They are Petrarchian, in that they are interspersed with songs, elegies, and madrigals, but of irregular construction; only twenty-three out of the whole one hundred and six conforming to the law of the legitimate sonnet. I have not been able to interest myself in them, though I have succeeded in reading the Monarchicke Tragedies of their courtly author, whom his Majesty King James was pleased to call a philosophical poet. The sonnets of Drummond are of a higher order than those of Alexander, and judged, as they should be, by the standard prevailing when they were written, are entitled to great praise. They are less artificial than Daniel's, for example, and are more poetical; their most distinguishing quality is elegance of expression,—a tender pensiveness of sentiment, and a vein of meditation that

bespeaks a serious thinker. Hunt considers him the next best sonnet-writer to Shakspere. "Drummond's sonnets," he says, "for the most part, are not only of the legitimate order, but they are the earliest in the language that breathe what may be called the habit of mind observable in the best Italian writers of sonnets: that is to say, a mixture of tenderness, elegance, love of country, seclusion, and conscious sweetness of verse. We scent his 'musked eglantines,' and catch glimpses of the 'sweet hermitress' whose loss he deplores." The best of them were published in a volume of his miscellaneous poems in 1616, the year that Shakspere died.

The great names of Shakspere and Drummond were not powerful enough to preserve the fashion of sonnet-writing. Ben Jonson wrote but four, two of which were prefixed to volumes of verse by other poets, the third being addressed to the Lady Mary Wroth, a daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and the fourth to the household of Charles the First. The first and second bear the dates of 1600 and 1604, the fourth of 1630. If any can be said to be good, it is the last, which is an indignant demand for the tierce of canary to which he was entitled as laureate. One would hardly expect to find sonnets among the poems of such harsh and unmusical writers as Donne and Herbert, whose literary art was of the slightest, but they are there, nevertheless. Donne wrote twenty-nine sonnets, the first seven of which form a single poem, the last line of one being repeated as the first line of another,—a poetic artifice which was first employed, I believe, by Daniel. With but one exception they are legitimately constructed, and are not so bad as they might have been. Herbert wrote fourteen sonnets, all on sacred themes, and all illegitimate. They are better on the whole, perhaps, than those of Donne, one of them being good enough for Gray to steal from. The latest of all these sonnets must have been written before the third of March, 1632, the date of Herbert's death, which was less than a year after the death of Donne. They belong, therefore, to the poetical productions of the first third of the seventeenth century.

Eight years before the death of Shakspere there was born in London a boy whose name, in the fullness of time, was to be associated with his as the second great English poet. The light of day shone first upon his infant eyes in Bread street, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, which was the armorial ensign of his family. His father, who was a scrivener, and distinguished for his musical talents, saw early promises of genius in his precocious mind. A poet at the age of ten, he turned two psalms into creditable poetry when he was fifteen, after which feat he was admitted a pensioner to Christ's College, Cambridge. Here he was soon distinguished for his skill in writing Latin poetry—a laborious accomplishment, which was then greatly esteemed by scholars, and has not yet fallen into disfavor in English universities. He wrote four English poems while at college—an elegy on the death of a fair infant dying of a cough, in the measure of Shakspere's "Lucrece," and a vacation exercise, in couplets, in praise of the English language; the third and fourth poems were sonnets. The vacation exercise and the elegy need not detain us, for other poets might have written them; but the sonnets must not be passed over lightly, for they mark an era in English sonnet-writing, the first close of which they illustrated and delayed. Both have what may be called a personal basis—one being the feelings of a young poet on listening to a nightingale, the other his reflections on his twenty-third birth-day. They differ from all the sonnets of the time, in that they are simple in thought and unstudied in expression, and that they convince us of the entire sincerity of the singer. We feel that they were not written because other poets had made a reputation by such compositions, but because their writer had something to say, and knew that the best way for him to say it was in this form. If he had read Shakspere and Drummond, or Drayton and Daniel, he forgot them in his remembrance of Petrarch, whose form he mastered, at the age of twenty-three, as no English poet since Sidney had done. They do not read like the productions of a young man, for they are mature in conception and severe in execution—demanding our deepest respect as well as our highest admiration. The credentials of a strong intellect, which knows itself and the work it has to do, their gravity is Shaksperean. They bear a weight of thought which had never before laid upon the English sonnet, and they bear it lightly as a flower. Such, I conceive, are the sonnets of John Milton, which were as slow of acceptance by the readers of poetry as those of Shakspere. "They deserve not any particular criticism," Johnson declared, "for of the best it can only be said they are not bad."

The sonnets of Milton cover a period of

about thirty years, beginning with the one "To the Nightingale," written in 1631, and ending with the one "On his Deceased Wife," written in 1658. They are more autobiographic than the sonnets of any other English poet, and they show, as no other poetic compositions could do, his indomitable dependence upon himself. If he could have been influenced by consideration of popularity, he would scarcely have written sonnets, for they had ceased to be popular when he began, and were nearly, if not quite, extinct when he finished. A change had come over the form of English poetry which I chronicle but cannot explain, and which contributed to the dethronement of the sonnet and the crowning of the lyric in its stead. There was no great change in its spirit, which occupied itself with what by courtesy is called love-poetry, but it was in a fashion of its own, which was foreign to that of the early masters, and no whit nearer nature than theirs. Carew was singing the praises of Celia, Habington the praises of Castara, Waller the praises of Saccharissa, Lovelace the praises of Lucasta, Cowley the praises of the shadow which he pretended was his mistress, and the lesser poets—the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease—the praises of their Chloës and Amandas, but none in the measured octaves and sestettes of Petrarch, or the loose stanza-sonnet of Shakspere. I recall but one sonnet in the poetical works of Carew, ten in those of Fanshawe, and eight in those of Cotton. A curious semblance of the sonnet lingers, however, in Habington's "Castara," but it is a remembrance of its spirit, and not its form; for while it inspired fifty-four poems of fourteen lines each, it allowed them to shape themselves in couplets.

If the sonnets of Milton produced no other effect upon the class of compositions which they adorned beyond those of all other English poets, they dealt a death-blow to its artificiality and fondness for conceits, and introduced in their stead the uncommon poetic quality of common sense. It cropped out in the next century in the next sonnet of which we have any knowledge, and never again disappeared from the body of English poetry. This sonnet was written by Thomas Gray, in commemoration of his friend, Richard West,—a fellow Etonian, the son of the Lord Chanceilor of Ireland, who died in the summer of 1742. It is a manly production, which has not escaped the censure of Wordsworth, who objected to the touch of classicism in the second line:

"And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire,"

though he was willing to permit himself, when it suited him, to

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Milton and Spenser and Dryden are laid under contribution in it, and the last line,

"And weep the more because I weep in vain,"

is taken bodily, either from Fitz-Jeffrey's "Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake" (1596), or Cibber's adaptation of "Richard the Third" (1700), most probably the latter.

The next English sonnets came from the pens of Thomas Edwards and Thomas Warton. Edwards, who was a member of Lincoln's Inn, was an early Shaksperean, who was moved to wrath by the ignorance and arrogance displayed in Warburton's edition of his favorite poet, which he proceeded to scarify in his "Canons of Criticism" (1748). This passed through several editions, the latest of which, published in 1765, contained forty-five sonnets, thirteen of which appeared eight years before in Dodsley's Collection of Poems. They are not remarkable for originality of thought, but the sentiments which they express are pleasing, and the language in which they are clothed is scholarly and refined. The same may be said of the sonnets of Warton, of which the earliest were published in the same Collection four years later than those of Edwards. A better sonneteer than either was John Bampfylde, a man of family in the last century, whose only wish was to live in solitude and amuse himself with poetry and music. His relatives thought this was a sad life for him, and forced him to London, where he was put into Newgate for breaking the windows of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Released by his mother, Lady Bampfylde, his alacrity in sinking landed him in beggarly lodgings in Holborn, whence he was sent to a private mad-house, where he remained twenty years, only recovering his reason when he was dying of consumption. His sonnets, which were published in 1778, were dedicated to Miss Palmer, a niece of Sir Joshua's, to whom he was inclined to pay his addresses. They indicate a sensitive temperament, an appreciation of natural scenery, a cultivated sense of the picturesque and the beautiful, and shed a

tender light over one of the most pathetic pages in the Calamities of Literature.

Three minor English poets now published volumes of verse, which increased the bulk, if not the value, of sonnet-literature,—Charlotte Smith, in 1784, Samuel Egerton Brydges, in 1785, and William Lisle Bowles, in 1789. Mrs. Smith was an English gentlewoman, who married before she was seventeen the partner of her father in a mercantile business in London. A reckless, extravagant man, who lived beyond his means, he became an inmate of the King's Bench, whither she accompanied him, the mother of eight children, who, as well as their worthless father, were dependent on her for support. Enamored of poetry in her childhood, she collected what she considered her best poems and printed them. They hit the taste of the public, and passed through five editions in as many years. Her only dated sonnet was written in May, 1784. As the earliest dated sonnet of Brydges was written nearly two years before (July 18th, 1782), he was probably the older sonneteer. He was certainly the less popular, for twenty-two years elapsed before his sonnets reached a fourth edition. He has composed one sonnet, "On Echo and Silence" (October 20th, 1782), which has been placed by common consent among the few imperishable sonnets; but, with this exception, he cannot be said to have surpassed his fair competitor, who possessed more poetic sensibility than he, and obeyed more readily the dictates of her heart. She had a warmer love of nature, a keener susceptibility to its beauties, and (unfortunately for her) a more intimate acquaintance with suffering. Bowles, who was the same age as Brydges, had an attachment for the niece of Sir Samuel Romilly, which resulted unhappily, and caused him to wander on the Continent, and to sonnetize. He had so little thought of writing down his sonnets that many of them escaped his recollection until his return to England, when he committed them to paper. Three poets were captivated by them—Coleridge, who reproduced them several times in manuscript; Southey, who said they meliorated his poetic style; and Wordsworth, who, on the eve of a pedestrian tour from London, retreated into one of the recesses of Westminster Bridge, and could not be induced to rejoin his companions until he had finished the perusal of them. Coleridge addressed a sonnet to their author, beginning with the line,—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those soft strains,"

but was afterward ashamed of his enthusiasm. Three or four years after their publication the veteran Cowper became a sonneteer. He began by translating the Italian sonnets of Milton, and followed by writing four sonnets to his friends—one to Romney, who had painted his portrait (October, 1792), another to his Platonic mistress, Mrs. Unwin (May, 1793), a third to his kinsman Johnson (May, 1793), and a fourth to Hayley (June 29, 1793), who was a poet in a small way.

A greater poet than Cowper—a fiery southern soul, whose misfortune it was to be born in Presbyterian Scotland—tried his "'prentice han'" on two sonnets, one upon his thirty-fourth birthday (January 25th, 1793), the other in memory of his whilom friend Riddell, who died in the spring of 1794. To say that they are indifferent is to dismiss them lightly.

The last lustrum of the eighteenth century witnessed a mild triumph for the sonnets of Bowles in the sonnets of Coleridge, which they suggested, and a milder one in the sonnets of Lamb, which they suggested at second hand, the effusions of the two poets appearing together in a single volume in 1796. The early sonnets of Coleridge are uninteresting, from whatever point of view we regard them, and those of Lamb are only noticeable on account of their allusions to a tender attachment, concerning which his biographers have nothing definite to tell us. Both Lamb and Coleridge wrote a few good sonnets, but they are not included in the joint volume above spoken of. The birth of his son Hartley quickened the erratic genius of the latter, who remembered for a moment that he was a husband and a father, and recognized his human obligations toward the hostages he had given to fortune, and it produced one remarkable sonnet. It was written after September 19th, 1796, and was addressed to his friend Lamb, who asked him how he felt when the nurse presented the infant to him:

"Charles! my slow heart was only sad when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be.
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss; and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—

"Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

The century closed with the sonnets of Southey, who struggled to lift his commonplace into poetry by rash metrical experiments, but never succeeded in mastering the laws of the sonnet, if, indeed, he cared to master them,—and who never wrote a sonnet that is worth remembering.

If Wordsworth had been asked to name the successor of Milton, there can be no doubt, from what we know of him, that he would have named himself. He would have admitted that he had not written an epic like "Paradise Lost," but would have asserted, as he once did to Lamb, when the plays of Shakspere was in question, that he could have done so, if he had a mind to. ("You see," said Lamb, "he hadn't a mind to.") He would have placed his "Excursion" by the side of, if not above, "Paradise Lost," and would, I believe, have preferred his own sonnets to Milton's. He had a right to think highly of his sonnets; for when they are good they surpass those of his contemporaries; but, unfortunately, the number of his good sonnets is small. He has written hundreds (say five hundred in round figures), of which it would be difficult to name twenty that substantiate his poetic greatness. He wrote upon all occasions, and many of his occasions, it must be confessed, are of the slightest. To stub his toe was to set his poetic feet in motion, and to evolve a train of philosophical musings upon toes in particular and things in general. His prime defect (*me judice*) is his stupendous egotism, which dwarfed that of Milton, great as it was, and which led him to worship himself, morning, noon, and night. Sacred in his own eye, he could not be otherwise in the eyes of others. That he was, or could be tedious, never entered into his calculation. I honor his memory this side of idolatry, as Ben Jonson wrote of Shakspere, but when I read his sonnets I am constrained to say, with the wicked Jeffrey, "This will never do." Let us see what they are about:—One hundred and thirty-two are devoted to ecclesiastical subjects; one hundred and twenty-two to miscellaneous subjects; seventy-nine to national independence and liberty; forty-four to the river Duddon; twenty-three to a tour in Italy; nineteen to a tour on the Continent; and fourteen each to liberty and order, and the punishment of death. Shakspere himself could not have written so many sonnets upon such themes, the majority of which are neither poetical in themselves, nor capable of poetic treatment. Wordsworth was a worshiper of nature, a lover of freedom, a philosophic thinker, a man of lofty aims and austere virtues; but he wrote too much, and with an evenness that is as provoking in the end as worse writing would be. Critical justice demands that I should admit this, and demands further that I declare him one of England's greatest poets. He rescued the sonnet from his unskillful predecessors—Bowles, Brydges, and the rest —restored its dignity of form, and made it impressive with his meditations.

"In his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few."

The sonnets of Wordsworth which linger longest in the memory are: the one which was composed upon Westminster Bridge,

"Earth has not anything to show more fair";

the one in which he protests against the over-worldliness of his countrymen,

"The world is too much with us";

the last of his three sonnets on Sheep,

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by";

the addresses to Milton and the men of Kent,

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour,"

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent";

and the noble recognition of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, on his departure from Abbotsford for Naples. Two or three others, which do not at once occur to me, are notable examples of his art of saying things, —a poetic gift, which he possessed beyond any poet of his time, and which determines his place among the great poets of all time. In his felicity of epithets, he is Shaksperean.

Wordsworth honored himself, as well as Scott, by the sonnet which I have mentioned above, and which I quote here as a noble tribute from one poet to another. It was written at Abbotsford, in the evening of September 22d, 1831:

"A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blythe strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptered King or laureled Conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

Wordsworth's arbitrary division of his poems into classes—a folly of his later years, which disturbs their chronological order—prevents me from affixing dates to his sonnets, and consequently from tracing the influences under which they were written. The few dates which he has allowed to remain only enable me to state that they extended from his early manhood to his old age, a period of about fifty years. The sonneteers of this period, which may be said to cover the first half of the present century, are not of sufficient importance to be studied carefully. Foremost in point of time was Henry Kirke White, whose position among the English poets is quite as much due to Southey's sympathetic memoir of him as to the promise of his early verse. He wrote twenty-three sonnets, the best of which are actual transcripts of his feelings, and as such are still interesting. The poets of the day dropped their melodious tears over his grave, among others a young nobleman, who was soon to astonish the world with his lawless and impassioned genius. Lord Byron wrote seven sonnets, which, curiously enough, conform to Italian models. He professed to hold the sonnet in contempt, for after finishing the two "To Ginevra" (December 19th, 1813), he remarked in his Diary: "I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest and many years ago, as an exercise —and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, Platonic compositions." His next sonnet (for of course he did not keep his promise) was written on the Continent (June, 1816), after his separation from his wife, and was prefixed to "The Prisoner of Chillon." It was followed in the next month by a sonnet "To Lake Leman" and by a translation of a sonnet of Vittorelli's; and three years later (June 21st, 1819) by a sonnet to the Countess Guiccioli, to please whom he wrote "The Prophecy of Dante," and another (August 12th, 1819) addressed to George the Fourth, for whom he professed a momentary respect. "There, you dogs," he wrote to Murray, in reference to the last, "there's a sonnet for you. You wont have such in a hurry from Fitzgerald." Another nobleman, whose poetic aspirations were sneered at by Byron in doggerel verse, and by Moore in the "Edinburgh Review," wrote a number of sonnets, which are the salt of the volume in which they were published ("Poems on Several Occasions," by Edward, Lord Thurlow, 1813). Lord Thurlow, if not positively a poet, had the instincts and the feelings which go to the making of poets, and would, I think, have left an enduring name if he had lived in the age of Elizabeth, or of Charles the First. As it was, he mistook his time, and the temper of his contemporaries, who ridiculed his antiquated affectations, and overlooked the suggestive excellence of his poetry. He is a striking illustration of the truth of the divine saying, that many are called, but few chosen.

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning—"

wrote Keats to Haydon sixty years ago, and posterity has confirmed his verdict. For great spirits were certainly sojourning then,—Shelley, and Keats himself, and a lesser but beautiful spirit—Hunt. The three were companions, and the first and last were bosom friends. The story of their poetic amity is pleasanter, I think, than that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, for they were less opinionated than their elders, and more generous to each other. They wrote sonnets, and one day in the winter of 1818 each wrote one "To the Nile," probably at the suggestion of Hunt, in whose library they were. The merits of these sonnets, which are preserved in their poetical works, are in inverse ratio to their powers, Shelley's being the worst, and Hunt's the best. Once before (December 30th, 1816), Hunt and Keats had waged a similar poetical duel, and the laurels were divided pretty equally between them. It will be long before the companion-sonnets "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket" will be forgotten. Hunt was the better scholar, and the better artist, but his art was soon eclipsed by that of his young disciple. He wrote upwards of thirty sonnets, first and last, of which he preserved about half, including those I have mentioned, and which are the finest. The characterization of Cleopatra in the Nile sonnet,—

"The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands,—"

is worthy of any poet that ever lived. Keats wrote fifty-three sonnets, the first on the day that Leigh Hunt left prison (Feb. 3d, 1815),

"What though, for showing truth to flattered state,"

and the last,

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art,"

in the autumn of 1820. Between the writing of these sonnets he ripened from a clever young versifier to a great master of epic song,—the peer of Milton and Æschylus. Possessed of a purer poetic intellect than any of his contemporaries, he was more fortunate than they in that he was nurtured by Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakspere. Having nothing to unlearn,—for his instinct had directed him to the most poetical of poets,—his progress was rapid and sure. What Chaucer and Spenser were to him we see in his early poems, as well as in the sonnets which he devoted to their honor; and what Homer was he has trumpeted forth in his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," which is not only a magnificent tribute from one poet to the genius of another, but one of the greatest sonnets in the language.

The personality of Keats is clearly revealed, I think, in his sonnets, which are more autobiographic than he was aware. The art of dissimulation, in which Byron was proficient, was so foreign to his nature that we may be sure we know the man as well as the poet. The poet speaks in his sonnets "To the Nile," and "On first looking into Chapman's Homer"; in the two sonnets "On Fame," and in the exquisite sonnet "To Sleep," which is superior to Sidney's: and the man speaks—with what sincerity and sorrow—in the impassioned sonnets which were wrung from him by the cruel coquetries of Fanny Brawne. What had Shakspere done in his twenty-sixth year—the age at which John Keats died?

None of the poets that surrounded and succeeded Keats added to their laurels by sonnets; for the greatest, Shelley, who wrote ten, never mastered even their lowest forms of construction, and never contrived to say anything in them that is worth listening to now. I should mention here the name of John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend of Keats, whose delightful poem of "Robin Hood" was inspired by three of his sonnets,—and the greater name of his future brother-in-law Hood, who was feeling his way as a sonneteer in the pages of the "London Magazine." There is an indescribable sense of loveliness in the sonnets of Hood, and curious touches of natural description in the artless quatorzains of the peasant poet Clare.

Keats has added to the small stock of good poems of which the Sea has been the inspiration, by the following sonnet, which was written in April, 1817, at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, whither he had gone in order to write "Endymion":

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
O ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!"

I pass over Charles and Alfred Tennyson, whose early sonnets are entitled to considerable praise, and come to a gentle-hearted, bright-minded, erratic, and unfortunate creature, whose heritage of genius was a heritage of woe to himself and others. Never did poet have such a son as Coleridge in his first-born Hartley, and never did son have such a stimulated and unguided childhood. Practically fatherless, he grew like a wilding plant in the household of his uncle Southey, whose life was his best poem, and in the society of Wordsworth, whose heart warmed toward him. His father hoped great things from him as he lay in his cradle, and prophesied that he would wander like a breeze by lakes and sandy shores, and beneath the crags of ancient mountains, and see lovely shapes and hear intelligible sounds of the eternal language of God. But Wordsworth, whose admiration of him was not less than that of his father, was full of mournful forebodings:

"I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee."

With the assistance of Southey and other friends of his father, he went to Oxford, where he stood high for the Oriel fellowship. He did not obtain it, however, for what with his originality and independence of speech, and his indiscretion in drinking, he was considered unsuitable for the duties attached to it, and was dismissed with the sum of £300. He went to London, and adopted literature as a profession, but after a year or two removed to Ambleside, where he

opened a school. From there he removed to Grasmere, and finally to Nab Cottage, on the banks of Rydal Water, where he spent the rest of his days. He had no enemy but himself, nor was he so great an enemy to himself as another might have been in his place; for whatever his life was at times, his heart was always tender and loving, and his genius pure and beautiful. Tempted, suffering, repentant, he died in his fifty-fourth year, and was buried by the side of Wordsworth. "Let him lie with us," said the old poet; "he would have wished it."

If the irregular life of Hartley Coleridge left its impress on his writings, it did not impair the clearness of his mental vision, nor the exquisite finish of his workmanship. If it saddened his sensitive nature, it did not make him morbid, or unjust to others. There is a grace, a sweetness, a sense of shy, secluded beauty in his sonnets, which separate him from the poets of his time as surely as the odes of Collins separate him from the versifiers of his time, and which have given him an enduring though not a lofty place among the sonneteers of England.

The last half of the third century of the English sonnet need not detain us, for, amid the multitude of singers who have illustrated it, I find but one who seems to me to rank with the great masters of this species of composition,—Mrs. Browning. Nearly twenty years have passed since this lady closed her eyes to earthly things in the Italian home she loved so well. She has had successors of her own sex, but none who has proved worthy to fill the high place from which she was stricken. She possessed an intense, fiery nature, which allied her to the greatest of poets, and which justified the intellectual relationship that one of her admirers claimed for her, when he christened her "Shakspere's Daughter." Her earliest sonnets (for it is her sonnets alone that concern us here), which were published in the second of her two volumes of collected poems, in 1844, are remarkable productions. They are all, if I remember rightly, of the legitimate Italian construction, which Mrs. Browning (then Miss Elizabeth Barrett) was too accomplished a scholar to despise, and on that account are entitled to high praise as art-work among the clumsy quatorzains of her contemporaries; but they are exceedingly provoking, they are so strained and harsh, and so negligent of the minor morals of verse. They were followed about two years later (in point of composition I mean) by a series of personal sonnets, which are the noblest ever written—I will not say by a woman, which might sound invidious—but by anybody. I refer to the series of forty-four, in which she confessed the impassioned secrets of her heart, when it was first touched to its finest issues, and which were finally given to the world as "From the Portuguese." Never before was there such revealment of the depths of woman's nature, such recognition of the divine necessity of love. The sonnets of Petrarch are artificial in comparison, and those of Shakspere, magnificent as they are, should be read before, and not after them, to be fully enjoyed. She has surpassed her English and Italian masters, in that she has written the one great personal poem of all time. All honor, then, to this glorious woman, who has so grandly completed the third century of the English sonnet.

THE CONIFEROUS FORESTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. II.

GRAND SILVER-FIR. WHITE-FIR.

(Picea grandis.)

We come now to the most regularly planted of all the forest belts, composed almost exclusively of two magnificent firs, *Picea grandis* and *Picea amabilis*. It extends, with no marked interruption, for four hundred miles, at an elevation near the middle of the range of from five thousand five hundred to eight thousand five hundred feet, gradually ascending toward the south and descending toward the north. The *grandis* forms the lower portion of the belt, the *amabilis* the upper, while the middle is made up of about equal numbers of both species.

In its young days, *Picea grandis* is a strikingly symmetrical tree, holding itself strictly erect, with its branches regularly whorled in level collars around the whitish-gray axis, which terminates in a strong, hopeful shoot. The leaves are put on in two horizontal

FOREST OF GRAND SILVER-FIRS. TWO SEQUOIAS IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE LEFT.

rows, along branchlets that commonly are less than eight years old, forming handsome plumes, pinnated like the fronds of ferns. The cones are grayish-green when ripe, cylindrical, about from three to four inches long by one to two wide, and stand bolt upright on the upper branches.

Full-grown trees, favorably situated as to soil and exposure, are about two hundred feet high, and five or six feet in diameter near the ground, though larger specimens are by no means rare.

As old age creeps on, the bark becomes rougher and grayer, the branches lose their exact regularity, many are snow-bent or broken off, and the main axis often becomes double or otherwise irregular from accidents to the terminal bud or shoot; but throughout all the vicissitudes of its life on the mountains, come what may, the noble grandeur of the species is patent to every eye.

LOVELY SILVER-FIR. RED-FIR.

(Picea amabilis.)

THIS is the most exactly beautiful tree in the Sierra woods, far surpassing its companion species in this respect, and easily distinguished from it by the purplish-red bark, which is also more closely furrowed than that of the Grand, and by its larger cones, more regularly whorled and fronded branches, and by its leaves, which are shorter, and grow all around the branchlets and point upward.

In size, the two species are about equal, the *amabilis* perhaps a little the taller. Specimens from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high are not rare on well-ground moraine soil, at an elevation of from seven thousand five hundred to eight thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. The largest that I measured stands back three miles from the brink of the north wall of Yosemite Valley. Five years ago it was two hundred and forty feet high, with a diameter of a little more than five feet.

Happy is the man with the freedom and the love to climb a silver-fir in full flower and fruit. How admirable the forest-work of Nature is then seen to be, as one makes

VIEW OF FOREST OF THE LOVELY SILVER-FIR.

SILVER-FIR FOREST GROWING ON MORAINES OF THE HOFFMAN AND TENAYA GLACIERS.

his way up through the midst of the broad, fronded branches, all arranged in exquisite order around the trunk like the whorled leaves of lilies, and each branch and branchlet about as strictly pinnate as the most symmetrical fern-frond. The staminate cones are seen growing straight downward from the under side of the young branches in lavish profusion, making fine lines of rosy purple amid the grayish-green foliage. On the topmost branches are found the fertile cones, set firmly on end like small casks. They are about six inches long, three wide, covered with a fine gray down, and streaked with delicious crystal balsam that seems to have been poured upon each cone from above.

Both of the silver-firs live to a good old age—two hundred and fifty years or more when the conditions about them are at all favorable. Some venerable patriarch may often be seen, heavily storm-marked, towering in severe majesty above the rising generation, with a protecting grove of saplings pressing close around his feet, each dressed with such loving care that not a leaf seems wanting. Other companies are made up of trees near the prime of life, exquisitely harmonized to one another in form and gesture, as if Nature had culled them one by one with nice discrimination from all the rest of the woods.

It is from this tree, called red-fir by the lumberman, that mountaineers always cut boughs to sleep on when they are so fortunate as to be within its limits. Two rows of the plushy branches overlapping along the middle, and a crescent of smaller plumes for a pillow, curving inward at the tips, form the very best bed imaginable. The essences of the pressed leaves seem to fill every pore of one's body, the sounds of falling water heard near and far make a soothing hush, while the ferny arches overhead, two hundred feet high, afford noble openings through which to gaze and dream into the deep, starry sky. Even in the matter of sensuous ease, any combination of cloth, steel springs, and feathers seems vulgar in comparison.

The fir woods are delightful sauntering-grounds any time of year, but most so in autumn. Then the noble trees are hushed in the warm, spicy light, and dripping with balsam; the cones are ripe, and the seeds, with their ample purple wings, mottle the air like flocks of butterflies; while deer feeding in the flowery openings between the groves, and birds and squirrels in the branches, make a pleasant stir, which

enriches the deep, brooding calm of the glorious wilderness and gives a peculiar impressiveness to every tree.

No wonder the enthusiastic Douglas went wild with joy when he first discovered this species. Even in the forests of California, where so many noble evergreens challenge admiration, we linger among these colossal firs with fresh love and extol their beauty again and again, as if no other in the world could henceforth claim our regard.

THE TWO-LEAVED PINE. TAMARACK-PINE.

(Pinus contorta.)

THIS species forms the bulk of the alpine forests, extending along the range, above the fir-belt, up to a height of from eight thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and growing in beautiful order upon moraines that are scarce at all changed as yet by post-glacial weathering. Compared with the giants of the lower zones, this is a small tree, seldom attaining a height of a hundred feet. The largest specimen I ever measured was ninety feet in height, and a little over six in diameter four feet from the ground. The average height of mature trees throughout the entire belt is probably not far from fifty or sixty feet, with a diameter of two feet six inches. It is a well-proportioned, rather handsome little pine, with grayish-brown bark, and crooked, much-divided branches, which cover the greater portion of the trunk, not so densely, however, as to prevent its being seen. The lower limbs curve downward, gradually take a horizontal position about half-way up the trunk, then aspire more and more toward the summit, thus forming a sharp, conical top. The foliage is short and rigid, two leaves in a fascicle, arranged in comparatively long, cylindrical tassels at the ends of the tough, upcurving branches. The cones are about two inches long, growing in stiff clusters among the needles, without making any striking effect, excepting while they are very young, when they are of a vivid crimson color, and the whole tree appears to be dotted with brilliant flowers. The sterile cones are still more showy, on account of their greater abundance, often giving a reddish-yellow tinge to the whole mass of the foliage, and filling the air with pollen.

No other pine on the range is so regularly planted as this one. Moraine forests sweep along the sides of the high, rocky valleys for miles without a single interruption; still, strictly speaking, they are not dense, for flecks of sunshine and flowers find their way into the darkest places, where the trees grow tallest and closest together. Tall, nutritious grasses are specially abundant, growing over all the ground, in sunshine and shade, like a farmer's crop, and serving as pasture for a multitude of sheep that are driven from the arid plains every summer as soon as the snow is melted.

The two-leaved pine, more than any other, is subject to destruction by fire. The thin bark is streaked and sprinkled with resin, as if it had been showered down upon it like rain, so that even the green, fresh trees catch fire very readily, and during strong winds whole forests are destroyed, the flames leaping from tree to tree, and forming one continuous belt, that goes surging and racing onward above the bending woods, like the grass-fires of a prairie. During the calm, dry season of Indian-summer, the fire creeps quietly along the ground, feeding on the dry needles and burs; then, arriving at the foot of a tree, the resiny bark is ignited, and the heated air ascends in a powerful current, continually increasing in velocity, and dragging the flames swiftly upward; then the leaves catch fire, and an immense column of flame,

VIEW IN A FOREST OF THE TWO-LEAVED PINE.

beautifully spired on the edges, and tinted a rose-purple hue, rushes aloft thirty or forty feet above the top of the tree, forming a grand spectacle, especially on a dark night. It lasts, however, only a few seconds, vanishing with magical rapidity, to be succeeded along the fire-line at irregular intervals by others—tree after tree flashing and darkening for weeks at a time, and leaving the trunks and branches hardly scarred. The heat, however, is sufficient to kill the trees, and in a few years the bark shrivels and falls off. Belts miles in extent are thus killed and left standing with the branches on, peeled and rigid, appearing gray in the distance, like a misty cloud. Later, the branches drop off, leaving a forest of bleached spars. At length the roots decay, and the forlorn trunks are blown down during some storm, and piled one upon another, until they are consumed by the next fire, and leave the ground ready for a fresh crop.

The endurance of the species is shown by its wandering occasionally out over the lava plains with the yellow-pine, and climbing moraineless mountain-sides with the dwarf-pine, clinging to any chance support in rifts and crevices of storm-beaten rocks—always, however, showing the effects of such hardships in every feature.

Down in sheltered lake-hollows, on beds of rich alluvium, it varies so far from the common form as frequently to be taken for a distinct species. Here it grows in dense sods like grasses, from forty to eighty feet high, bending all together to the breeze, and whirling in eddying gusts more lithely than any other tree in the woods. I have frequently found specimens fifty feet high less than five inches in diameter. Being thus slender, and at the same time well clad with leafy boughs, at least near the top, they are oftentimes bent to the ground when laden with soft snow, forming beautiful arches in endless variety, some of which last until the melting of the snow in spring.

JUNIPER. RED-CEDAR.

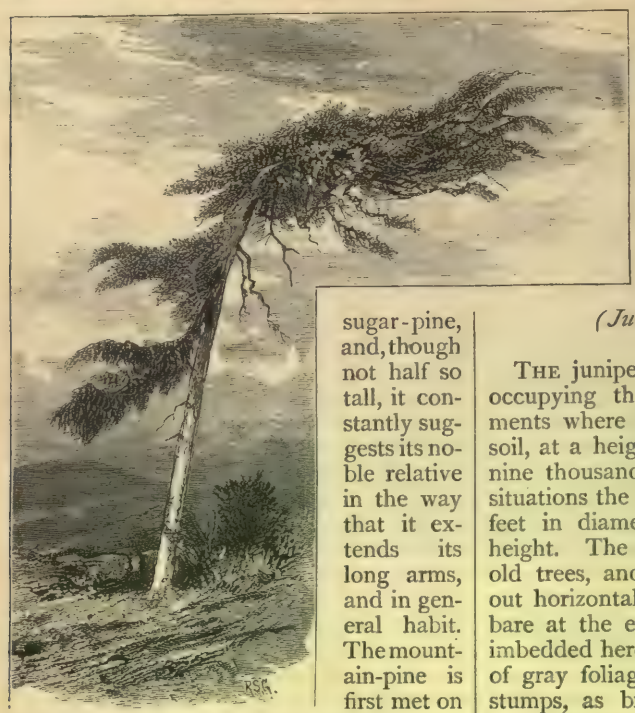
MOUNTAIN-PINE.

(Pinus monticola.)

THE mountain-pine is king of the alpine woods; brave, hardy, and long-lived; towering grandly above its companions, and becoming stronger and more imposing just where other species begin to crouch and disappear. At its best it is usually about ninety feet high and five or six in diameter, though a specimen is often met considerably larger than this. The trunk is as massive and as suggestive of enduring strength as that of an oak. About two-thirds of the trunk is commonly free of limbs, but close, fringy tufts of sprays occur all the way down, like those which adorn the colossal shafts of Sequoia. The bark is deep reddish brown upon trees that occupy exposed situations near its upper limit, and furrowed rather deeply, the main furrows running nearly parallel with each other, and connected by conspicuous cross furrows, which, with one exception, are, as far as I have noticed, peculiar to this species.

The cones are from four to eight inches long, slender, cylindrical, and somewhat curved, resembling those of the common white-pine of the Atlantic coast. They grow in clusters of about from three to six or seven, becoming pendulous as they increase in weight, chiefly by the bending of the branches.

This species is quite nearly related to the



STORM-BEATEN WILLIAMSON SPRUCE, FORTY FEET HIGH.

sugar-pine, and, though not half so tall, it constantly suggests its noble relative in the way that it extends its long arms, and in general habit. The mountain-pine is first met on the upper margin of the fir-belt, growing singly in a subdued, inconspicuous form, in what appear as chance situations, without making much impression on the general forest. Continuing up through the two-leaved pines in the same scattered growth, it begins to show its character, and at an elevation of about ten thousand feet attains its noblest development near the middle of the range, tossing its tough arms in the frosty air, welcoming storms and feeding on them, and reaching the grand old age of a thousand years.

JUNIPER. RED-CEDAR.

(Juniperus occidentalis.)

THE juniper is preëminently a rock-tree, occupying the baldest domes and pavements where there is scarce a handful of soil, at a height of from seven thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet. In such situations the trunk is frequently over eight feet in diameter, and not much more in height. The top is almost always dead in old trees, and great, stubborn limbs push out horizontally that are mostly broken and bare at the ends, but densely covered and imbedded here and there with bossy mounds of gray foliage. Some are mere weathered stumps, as broad as long, decorated with a few leafy sprays, reminding one of the crumbling towers of some ancient castle scantily draped with ivy. Only upon the head-waters of the Carson have I found this species established on good moraine soil. Here it flourishes with the silver and two-leaved pines, in great beauty and luxuriance, attaining a height of from forty to sixty feet,

AN OAK GROWING AMONG YELLOW-PINES.

and manifesting but little of that rocky angularity so characteristic a feature throughout the greater portion of its range.

Two of the largest, growing at the head of Hope Valley, measured twenty-nine feet three inches and twenty-five feet six inches in circumference, respectively, four feet from the ground.

The bark is bright cinnamon colored, and, in thrifty trees, beautifully braided and reticulated, flaking off in thin, lustrous ribbons, that are sometimes used by Indians for tent-matting.

Its fine color and odd picturesqueness always catch an artist's eye, but to me it seems a singularly dull and taciturn tree, never speaking to one's heart to excite love. I have spent many a day and night in its company, in all kinds of weather, and have ever found it silent, cold, and rigid like a column of ice. Its broad stumpiness, of course, precludes all possibility of waving, or even shaking; but it is not this rocky steadfastness that constitutes its silence. In calm sun-days the sugar-pine preaches the grandeur of the mountains like an apostle, without moving a leaf.

On level rocks it dies standing, and wastes insensibly out of existence like granite, the wind exerting about as little control over it, alive or dead, as it does over a glacier bowlder. All the trees of the alpine woods suffer, more or less, from avalanches, the two-leaved pine most of all. Gaps two or three hundred yards wide, extending from the upper limit of the tree-line to the bottoms of valleys and lake-basins, are of common occurrence in all the upper forests, resembling the clearings of settlers in the old backwoods. Scarce a tree is spared, even the soil is scraped away, while the thousands of uprooted pines and spruces are piled upon each other heads downward, and tucked snugly in along the sides of the clearing in two windrows, like lateral moraines. The pines lie with branches wilted and drooping like weeds. Not so the burly junipers. After braving the storms of perhaps a dozen centuries in silence, they seem in this, their last calamity, to become somewhat communicative, making sign of a very unwilling acceptance of their fate, holding themselves well up from the ground on knees and elbows, seemingly ill at ease, and anxious, like stubborn wrestlers, to rise again.

WILLIAMSON SPRUCE.

(Abies Williamsonii.)

THE Williamson spruce is the most singularly beautiful of all the California coniferæ. So slender is its axis at the top, that it bends over and droops like the stalk of a nodding lily. The branches droop also, and divide into innumerable slender, waving sprays, and are arranged in a varied, eloquent harmony that is wholly indescribable. Its cones are purple, and hang free, in the form of little tassels from all the sprays from top to bottom. Though exquisitely delicate and feminine in expression, it grows best where the snow lies deepest, far up in the region of storms, at an elevation of from nine thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet, on frosty northern slopes; but it is capable of enduring the stormy exposure of alps considerably higher, say ten thousand five hundred feet—never attaining in such locations a greater height than fifty or sixty feet. The tallest specimens, growing in sheltered hollows somewhat beneath the heaviest wind-currents, are from eighty to a hundred feet high, and from two to four feet in diameter. The very largest specimen I ever found is nineteen feet seven inches in circumference, four feet from the ground, growing on the

GROUP OF ERECT DWARF-PINES.

A DWARF-PINE.

edge of Lake Hollow, at an elevation of nine thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. At the age of twenty or thirty years it becomes fruitful, and hangs out its lovely purple cones, about two inches long, at the ends of the slender sprays, where they swing free in the breeze, and contrast delightfully with the cool, green foliage. They are translucent when young, and their beauty is delicious. After they are fully ripe, they spread their shell-like scales and allow the brown-winged seeds to fly in the mellow air, while the empty cones remain to beautify the tree until the coming of a fresh crop.

The staminate cones of all the coniferæ are beautiful, growing in bright clusters—yellow, and rose, and crimson. Those of the Williamson spruce are the most beautiful of all, forming little conelets of bluish flowers, each on a slender stem.

Under all conditions, sheltered or storm-beaten, well-fed or ill-fed, this tree is always singularly graceful in habit. Even at its highest limit upon exposed ridge-tops, though compelled to crouch in dense thickets, huddled close together as if for mutual protection, it still manages to throw out its sprays in irrepressible loveliness; while on well-ground moraine soil it develops a perfectly tropical luxuriance of foliage and fruit, and shows itself beyond question to be the very loveliest tree in the forest.

Now fancy you see this specimen at home on the mountain-side. It is seventy-five feet high, poised in thin white sunshine, clad with branches from head to foot, yet not in the faintest degree heavy or bunchy,—towering in unassuming majesty, and in its drooping, satisfied habit seemingly unaffected with the aspiring tendencies of its race, as if loving the ground while transparently conscious of heaven and joyously receptive of its blessings,—reaching out its branches like sensitive tentacles, feeling the light and reveling in it. Storm-enduring strength combined with feminine beauty—this is the most interesting characteristic of the species. No other of our alpine conifers approaches it in veiled power. Its delicate branches yield to the mountains' gentlest breath; yet is it strong to meet the wildest onsets of the gale,—strong not in resistance, but compliance, bowing snow-laden to the ground, gracefully accepting burial month after month in the darkness beneath the heavy mantle of winter.

When the first soft snow begins to fall, the flakes lodge in the leaves, weighing down the branches against the trunk. Then the axis bends yet lower and lower, until the slender top touches the ground, thus forming a fine ornamental arch. The snow still falls lavishly, and the whole tree is at length buried, to sleep and rest in its beautiful grave as though dead. Entire groves of young trees, from ten to forty feet high, are thus buried every winter like slender grasses. But, like the violets and daisies which the heaviest snows crush not, they are safe; for this is only Nature's method of putting her darlings to winter sleep instead of leaving them exposed to the biting storms.

Thus warmly wrapped they await the sum-

mer resurrection. The snow becomes soft in the sunshine, and freezes at night, making the mass hard and compact like ice, so that during the months of April and May you might ride a horse over the prostrate groves without catching sight of a single leaf. At length the down-pouring sunshine sets them free. First the elastic arches begin to appear, then one branch after another, each springing loose with a gentle rustling sound, and at length the whole tree, with the assistance of the winds, gradually unbends and settles back into its place in the warm air—dry, and feathery, and fresh as young ferns just out of the coil.

Some of the finest groves I have yet found are on the southern slopes of Lassen's Butte. There are also many charming companies on the head-waters of the Tuolumne, Merced, and San Joaquin; and, in general, the species is so far from being rare that you can scarce fail to find groves of considerable extent in crossing the range, choose what pass you may. The mountain-pine grows beside it, and more frequently the two-leaved species; but there are many beautiful groups, numbering a thousand individuals or more, without a single intruder.

I wish I had space to write more of the surpassing beauty of this favorite spruce. Every tree-lover is sure to regard it with special admiration; apathetic mountaineers, even, seeking only game or gold, stop to gaze on first meeting it, and mutter to themselves: "That's a mighty pretty tree," some of them adding "d——d pretty!" The little striped tamias, and the Douglas squirrel, and the Clark crow make a happy stir in autumn, when its cones are ripe. The deer love to lie down beneath its spreading branches; bright streams from the snow that is always near ripple through its groves, and bryanthus spreads precious carpets in its shade. But the best words only hint its peculiar beauty. Come to the mountains and see.

DWARF-PINE.

(Pinus albicaulis.)

This species forms the extreme edge of the timber-line throughout nearly the whole extent of the range on both flanks. It is first met growing in company with *Pinus contorta*, on the upper margin of the belt, as an erect tree from fifteen to thirty feet high and from one to two feet in thickness; hence it goes straggling up the flanks of the summit peaks, upon moraines or crumbling ledges, wherever it can gain a foot-hold, to an elevation of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet, where it dwarfs to a mass of crumpled, prostrate branches, covered with slender, upright shoots, each tipped with a short, close-packed tassel of leaves. The bark is smooth and purplish, in some places almost white. The fertile cones grow in rigid clusters upon the upper branches, dark chocolate in color while young, and bear beautiful pearly seeds about the size of peas, most of which are eaten by two species of tamias and the notable Clark crow. The staminate cones occur in clusters, about an inch wide, down among the leaves, and, as they are colored bright rose-purple, they give rise to a lively, flowery appearance little looked for in such a tree.

Pines are commonly regarded as sky-loving trees that must necessarily aspire or die. This species forms a marked exception, creeping lowly, in compliance with the most rigorous demands of climate, yet enduring bravely to a more advanced age than many of its lofty relatives in the sun-lands below. Seen from a distance, it would never be taken for a tree of any kind. Yonder, for example, is Cathedral Peak, some three miles away, with a scattered growth of this pine creeping like mosses over the roof and around the beveled edges of the north gable, nowhere giving any hint of an ascending axis. When approached quite nearly it still appears matted and heathy, and is so low that one experiences no great difficulty in walking over the top of it. Yet it is seldom absolutely prostrate, the lowest usually attaining a height of three or four feet, with a main trunk, and branches outspread and intertangled above it, as if in ascending they had been checked by a ceiling, against which they had grown and been compelled to spread horizontally. The winter snow is indeed such a ceiling, lasting half the year; while the pressed shorn surface is made yet more complete by violent winds, armed with cutting sand-grains, that beat down any shoot that offers to rise much above the general level, and carve the dead trunks and branches in beautiful patterns.

I have oftentimes camped snugly beneath the low, interlacing arches of this little pine during stormy nights. The needles which accumulate for centuries make fine, wholesome beds, a fact well known to other mountaineers, such as deer and wild sheep, who paw out oval hollows, and lie beneath the larger trees in safe and comfortable concealment.

The longevity of this lowly dwarf is far greater than would be guessed. Here, for example, is a specimen, growing at an elevation of ten thousand seven hundred feet, which seems as though we might pluck it up by the roots, for it is only three and a half inches in diameter, and its topmost tassel is hardly three feet above the ground. Cutting it half through and counting the annual rings with the aid of a lens, we find its age to be no less than two hundred and fifty-five years. Here is another telling specimen about the same height, four hundred and twenty-six years old, whose trunk is only six inches in diameter; and one of its supple branchlets, hardly an eighth of an inch in diameter inside the bark, is seventy-five years old, and so filled with oily balsam, and so well seasoned in storms, that we may tie it in knots like a whip-cord.

WHITE-PINE.

(Pinus flexilis.)

This species is widely distributed throughout the Rocky Mountains, and over all the higher of the many ranges of the Great Basin, between the Wahsatch Mountains and the Sierra, where it is known as white-pine. In the Sierra it is sparsely scattered along the eastern flank, from Bloody Cañon southward nearly to the extremity of the range, opposite the village of Lone Pine, nowhere forming any appreciable portion of the general forest. From its peculiar position, in loose, straggling parties, it seems to have been derived from the Basin ranges to the eastward, where it is abundant.

This species has long been confounded with the *Pinus albicaulis* of Engelmann, though quite distinct. It is a larger tree—under favorable conditions, at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea, often attaining a height of forty or fifty feet, and a diameter of from three to five feet. The cones open freely when ripe, and are twice as large as those of the *albicaulis*, and the foliage and branches are more open, the latter having a tendency to sweep out in free, wild curves, like those of the mountain-pine, to which it is closely allied. It is seldom found lower than nine thousand feet above sea-level, but from this elevation it pushes upward over the roughest ledges to the extreme limit of tree-growth, where, in its dwarfed, storm-crushed condition, it is more likely to be mistaken for its companion, *Pinus albicaulis*.

Throughout Utah and Nevada it is one of the principal timber-trees, great quantities of it being cut every year for the mines. The famous White Pine Mining District, White Pine City, and the White Pine Mountains have derived their names from it.

Pinus aristata.

This species is restricted to the southern portion of the range, about the head-waters of Kings and Kern rivers, where it forms extensive forests, and in some places accompanies the dwarf-pine to the extreme limit of tree-growth.

It is first met at an elevation of between nine and ten thousand feet, and runs up to eleven thousand without seeming to suffer greatly from the climate or the leanness of the soil. It is a much finer tree than its companion. Instead of growing in clumps and low, heathy mats, it manages in some way to maintain an erect position, and usually stands single. Wherever the young trees are at all sheltered, they grow up straight and arrowy, with delicately tapered bole, and ascending branches terminated with glossy, bottle-brush tassels. At middle age, certain limbs are specialized and pushed far out for the bearing of cones, after the manner of the sugar-pine; and in old age these branches droop and cast about in every direction, giving rise to very picturesque effects. The trunk becomes deep brown and rough, like that of the mountain-pine, while the young cones are of a strange, dull, blackish-blue color, clustered on the upper branches. When ripe they are from three to four inches long, yellowish brown, resembling in every way those of *Pinus monticola*, to which this species is closely allied. Excepting the sugar-pine, no tree on the mountains is so capable of individual expression, while in grace of form and movement it constantly reminds one of Williamson spruce.

The largest specimen I measured was a little over five feet in diameter and ninety feet in height, but this is more than twice the ordinary size.

This species is common throughout the Rocky Mountains and most of the short ranges of the Great Basin.

NUT-PINE.

(Pinus Fremontiana.)

The nut-pine covers, or rather dots, the eastern slopes of the Sierra, to which it is

mostly restricted, in grayish, bush-like patches, from the margin of the sage-plains to an elevation of from seven thousand to eight thousand feet.

A more contentedly fruitful and unaspiring conifer could not be conceived. All the species we have been sketching make departures more or less distant from the typical spire form, but none goes so far as this. Without any apparent exigency of climate or soil, it remains near the ground, throwing out crooked, divergent branches like an orchard apple-tree, and seldom pushes a single shoot higher than fifteen or twenty feet above the ground.

The average thickness of the trunk is, perhaps, about ten or twelve inches. The leaves are mostly undivided, like round awls, instead of being separated, like those of other pines, into twos and threes and fives. The cones are green while growing, and usually cover all the surface of the tree, forming quite a marked feature as seen against the bluish-gray foliage. They are quite small, only about two inches in length, and give no promise of edible nuts. But when we come to open them, we find that about half the entire bulk of the cone is made up of sweet, nutritious seeds, the kernels of which are nearly as large as those of hazel-nuts.

This is undoubtedly the most important food-tree on the Sierra, and furnishes the Mono, Carson, and Walker River Indians with more and better nuts than all the other species taken together. It is the Indians' own tree, and many a white man have they killed for cutting it down.

In its development Nature seems to have aimed at the formation of as great a fruit-bearing surface as possible. Being so low and accessible, the cones are readily beaten off with poles, and the nuts procured by roasting them until the scales open. In bountiful seasons a single Indian will gather thirty or forty bushels of them—a fine squirrel-relish employment.

This tree is almost the only one found on the mountain ranges of the Great Basin available for the use of settlers.

NOTE.—There are four or five other conifers in the Sierra: *Pinus muricata*, which comes in from the coast range around the head of the Sacramento Valley, *Taxus brevifolia*, *Torreya Californica*, and *Cupressus Lawsoniana*, none of which forms any telling portion of the general forest to ordinary observers. The *cupressus* is a beautiful tree, seventy-five or eighty feet high, growing along the banks of cool streams on the upper Sacramento, toward Mount Shasta. Only a few trees have as yet reached the Sierra. *Taxus brevifolia* is a bush or small tree, with dark-green foliage, found in shady dells in the northern Sierra, at a height of from two thousand to three thousand five hundred feet.

Torreya Californica, or California nutmeg-tree, is found in gulches and along cool streams on the western flank of the range throughout the lower portion of the main forest-belt, attaining its fullest development at an elevation of about four thousand feet. It is a small, glossy, dark-green tree, the largest about thirty or forty feet high, and from six to eighteen inches in diameter, with rather slender, feathery branches, spreading and radiating near the top. More frequently, however, it is small and ragged and of no determinate form. The fruit is not at all cone-like, but, on the contrary, resembles a greengage plum—smooth, oval, about an inch and a half long, green and fleshy, containing one seed like an acorn, the shell of which is hard, and the albumen so colored and folded that a cross-section resembles that of the common nutmeg, whence the popular name.

The wood is fine grained and of a beautiful creamy yellow color like box, sweet scented when dry, though the green bark and leaves, when bruised, emit a very disagreeable odor.

Picea nobilis, Loudon, is only a variety of *amabilis* with long projecting bracts. Intermediate forms, with the bracts scarce at all exserted, blend inseparably with the so-called *nobilis*, the bracts of which project half an inch or more.

SUMMER NIGHT.

THE vast half-sphere of plain and sky
Brims full with pallid light;
Moon-whitened all the grain-fields lie,
Like seas grown still with night;
And scattered houses, far and nigh,
Among their trees gleam white.
Oh, warmly does the night enfold
The earth, caressed with showers of gold.
And yet, not so, sweet night,
Not so I long for thee,
Not so come thou to me.

Come, mighty shade, till earth might be
Alone in primal space,
Till I lie drowned beneath a sea
That upward from my face
Goes on and on unendingly,
Nor hints of time or place;
Till I might think that o'er my eyes,
Close-shut, the earth forever lies.
So longs my soul for thee,
Oh, so, I pray, sweet night,
So come thou unto me.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH there are few more familiar phenomena than the periodical migration of birds, none is usually considered so thoroughly enveloped in mystery. Even recent writers on the subject have not hesitated to affirm that it may be looked upon as the "mystery of mysteries" of the animal world. Yet our knowledge respecting many points of the problem is nearly complete. Where the birds, which in summer inhabit the temperate and colder latitudes, go in winter, is no longer a matter of conjecture; their wanderings have been quite fully traced, and their winter homes are known, in the majority of cases, with considerable exactness. At a not very remote time, it was a general belief that swallows, rails, and some other birds passed the cold season in a state of torpidity, concealed in hollow trees or in the mud at the bottom of ponds and rivers. As late as the beginning of the present century this belief found supporters among naturalists of high standing, and even within the present decade instances of the discovery of hibernating swallows have been detailed by intelligent observers so circumstantially that cautious writers on the subject are loath to aver that such a thing is, on physiological grounds, wholly impossible, especially in view of the fact that not a few mammals, which live in cold countries, pass the winter in a lethargic state. While the possibility of hibernation among birds is not, even now, universally denied, the supposed evidence is practically ignored, since our knowledge of their movements precludes the necessity of any theory of hibernation to account for their disappearance from northern latitudes during the cold season.

The reason why birds retire to warm countries at the approach of winter is, in most cases, evident, being, in at least very many instances, obviously due to the failure of food through the decline of temperature and other seasonal changes. How they are guided in their journey; what it is that impels their return in spring to their summer homes, and enables them to reach them with such precision, after the long absence of months, at localities thousands of miles distant—these are the "mysteries" that science still strives to solve.

As is well known, all birds are not in the same degree migratory, and before attempting any explanation of the mysteries of migration, it may be well to consider briefly its phases and modes. In respect to our own birds, we note the appearance in spring of many species which remain only during the warmer season, disappearing again at the approach of autumn. In winter, we observe others which have come from more boreal regions to pass the inclement season, but which repair to their northern homes with the return of milder weather. Others still are seen for only a few weeks in spring and fall, they visiting high northern latitudes to rear their young, and finding a winter home amid the verdure of the tropics. Comparatively few species reside with us permanently, and even of these only a small proportion are truly sedentary, there being a periodical swaying of the whole mass northward and southward, unperceived by ordinary eyes, but easily detected by the ornithologist. In other words, while certain species may remain with us throughout the year, their winter representatives are not the birds which enliven our fields and forests in summer, but migrants from the north, which at this season replace the summer sojourners that have moved a short distance southward. While the species is really migratory, it appears to be sedentary, since the great wave of migration does not wholly sweep past us. Other birds, which may properly be termed resident, are, to some degree, roving in winter, their movements being influenced by the supply of food, and never extending far from the place of their birth. The few strictly sedentary species are the various kinds of grouse, which rarely leave their native copses, while the jays, crows, and woodpeckers afford examples of the resident, but more or less roving, class. Titmice, nut-hatches, creepers, and some kinds of sparrows illustrate those which, to the common observer, are sedentary, but which are in reality represented by different individuals in winter and summer. Of the migratory species, some wholly retire from the northern States in winter, which may still be found within a few hundred miles of the northern limit of their summer range; others are not found north of southern Georgia, Florida, and the Gulf States, while still others pass on to Mexico, the West Indies, Central America, and even northern South America.

We have thus, among our own birds, every degree of migration, from those which always inhabit the same places to those that are simply roving in winter, or move but a few hundred miles southward, or even pass the summer within or near the arctic regions, and the winter within the tropics. But the chain of gradation is even still more nearly complete, for several species, as the meadow-lark, the purple grackle, the red-winged blackbird, and the towhee bunting, are partly migratory and partly sedentary, those which occupy the northern half or two-thirds of the breeding range of the species moving southward in winter, while toward the southern limit of their respective habitats, the same individuals are permanently resident.

Considered in respect to their food, it is found that the strictly insectivorous species —as the swallows, swifts, and fly-catchers— are, with few exceptions, the earliest to depart and the latest to arrive. Those which subsist chiefly upon insects, but partly upon soft, pulpy fruits,—as the vireos, tanagers, and grosbeaks,—are almost as early in their departure and as late in their return as those which are exclusively insectivorous. The great mass of the warblers and thrushes tarry still later; while the hardier seed-eating finches remain till the leaves have fallen and sharp frosts have seared the fields. The sandpipers, woodcock, and snipe linger till the oozy shores and marshes no longer yield them their accustomed food, the chill of autumn having driven their insect prey beyond their reach. The water-fowl and sea-birds abandon their summer haunts only when the touch of winter has locked in ice the inland lakes and rivers, or driven their finny prey to deeper waters. The non-migratory species—as some of the woodpeckers, the omnivorous crows and jays, and the grouse—are those whose food is of such a nature that the change of season only remotely affects the supply. As would be naturally inferred, the distance traversed by the migratory kinds in passing from their summer to their winter homes is in direct relation to their habits in respect to food; those wholly, or almost wholly, insectivorous being not only the first to leave, but those which penetrate farthest south, only finding congenial surroundings in sub-tropical or inter-tropical regions. Temperature has, doubtless, less influence in inciting migration than failure of food, although it is impossible that the early autumnal migrants could long withstand the chilling blasts they would soon encounter, were the food supply unfailing. Only by a gradual change, acting through a long series of generations, could these lovers of summer skies become inured to frost and snow. That change of temperature is not the direct incentive to migration seems evident from a study of our hardier migrants, a few individuals of whom sometimes linger throughout the winter at sheltered localities, where food remains accessible, safely daring the severest cold.

While there is an easily recognized cause for the movement of birds from a colder to a warmer climate, the reason for their return is less apparent. The summer of high latitudes doubtless affords them the most congenial environment during the nesting season, but how has this fact become so impressed upon their consciousness that they experience an irresistible desire to return after the lapse of a definite interval? The return of birds to their accustomed breeding stations—their only true homes— has been attributed by some to that strong home-affection which so many birds give evidence of possessing in a high degree, as will be presently noticed in connection with another portion of the general subject of migration. Others believe it to be due mainly to those ever-recurring physiological changes which mark the annual cycle of bird-life; or, in other words, the "instinct" of procreation,—to something innate, and not to any external impressions directly resulting from seasonal changes of climate. However unsusceptible of demonstration these suppositions may appear, no other hypothesis seems adequate, while certain well-known facts, at least, favor them. In some species, for example, which require several years to attain maturity, the young or immature birds do not complete the full migration, but pass the summer at points far to the southward of the usual southern limit of the breeding range, while in other cases they are the laggards which arrive much later than the fully mature birds. The usual answer given, not only to this question, but to the cognate ones of what impels birds in the right direction at the outset, and how they are guided in their long journeys, is the magic word "instinct," which, in most cases, is merely the confession of complete ignorance. If, however, we accept the term instinct in its modern sense,—namely, as transmitted habit, or inherited intelligence,—we gain at least one step in the solution of these questions.

As preliminary to any theoretical considerations, let us regard for a moment the bird fauna of North America in relation to the geographical distribution and probable place of origin of its principal types. Viewed in this relation, the species fall naturally into three classes,—namely: first, those which belong to genera which are nearly cosmopolitan; second, those belonging to genera which are restricted to the northern hemisphere, where, however, they have usually a wide distribution; third, those which represent distinctively American types. These latter may be supposed to have originated either within or near the present American tropics; or—and, perhaps, with greater probability—at more northerly points, prior to the inception of the extremes of climate that now so strongly characterize different portions of the continent. The metropolis of the groups to which these latter belong is, almost without exception, still within the tropics. Even that most numerous and distinctively characteristic group of North American birds, the family of the wood-warblers, and particularly the genus *Dendroica*, is still represented by resident species within tropical latitudes, to which several genera of the family are as yet exclusively confined. The brightly colored tanagers, the brilliant orioles, the fly-catchers, the humming-birds, and some of the more showily attired finches, are but waifs from the tropical home of the groups they respectively represent. Our grackles and cow-birds belong to genera the species of which are otherwise tropical, as are all their most intimate generic allies. Throughout the great equatorial belt, and for some distance on either side of it, the birds which there rear their young are, as a rule, non-migratory, the migratory birds consisting mainly of winter exiles from higher latitudes. The characteristic or peculiar forms are, therefore, sedentary, while the migrants belong to families which are for the most part cosmopolitan.

With these facts in view, we have but to indulge in a few suppositions, so probable in their nature as to amount almost to certainties, to obtain an apparently rational clue to the origin of the instinct of migration. The change in climate at the close of tertiary times, which reduced the temperature of the higher latitudes from subtropical, or at least warm-temperate, to frigid conditions, must have resulted in the crowding of bird-life toward the equatorial regions, thereby intensifying the struggle for life to such a degree that the overcrowding of the species would lead those best able to withstand climatic change to avail themselves of the milder interim of summer to enlarge the boundaries of their range, while the recurrence of winter would force a temporary removal to milder regions. Granting the hereditary nature of habit, now so generally conceded, we have at once the conditions for the development of a new instinct, at first, doubtless, feeble and uncertain in action, but strengthening by exercise and by the inevitable "weeding out" of those individuals in which it was undeveloped or weakest. With the increased diversity in the conditions of environment called into existence by the great climatic and other changes occurring at or near the close of the tertiary epoch, there was greater play for the modifying action of physical influences, resulting in the development of new specific types as well as the instinct of migration. A greater diversity of forms not only began now to characterize the North American fauna, but in many instances a separation, not only specific but occasionally generic, of homogeneous types that previously ranged over a large part of the northern hemisphere. Prior to this period, or when climate was everywhere more nearly equable, the necessity for migration can hardly be supposed to have existed, since nothing would apparently have been gained by change of locality. The invasion of the cold wave being from the northward, rendering uninhabitable the extreme northern portions of the continent, the pressure of bird-life southward would cut off and isolate species belonging to wide-ranging generic and family types, which, as slightly differentiated forms, still linger as components of the North American avi-fauna, transformed from sedentary to migratory species, in accordance with present climatic necessities.

Accepting the above brief outline of the origin of the instinct of migration as at least probable, we have still to consider how birds are guided in their long wanderings. Whatever the directing principle may be, it can hardly be considered as separable from the instinct of movement itself. The heredity of habit in animals, on which the above hypothesis so largely depends, and on which hangs much of the reasoning which follows, being so well supported by fact and observation, and so generally conceded by those who have given most attention to the subject, no argument will be

here attempted in support of so well-sustained an assumption. The phenomena of the "homing" of carrier-pigeons, and the return of lost animals to their homes under most perplexing circumstances, point to memory as a powerful agent in the problem. Memory must have been the chief guide during the early stages of the development of the migratory instinct, the inheritance of which, becoming stronger and stronger in succeeding generations, may well have resulted in what we now term the instinct of migration. That birds possess remarkable memory of direction and locality is indicated by the readiness with which they find their carefully concealed nesting-sites, be they in the reedy marsh, the level, grassy prairie, or the thick forest. Birds of prey are well known to return year after year to the same eyrie, after a roving life of many months, or, perchance, according to the habits of the species, after an extended winter migration. Colonies of herons resort from time immemorial to the same swamps, and even the same trees, to rear their young; terns, gulls, cormorants, and other water-fowl in like manner repair to the same stretch of sandy beach, or the same cliffs, and only abandon them for more secure retreats after a long period of ceaseless persecution from human foes. Many, it is believed most, other birds return year after year to the same tree or the same immediate locality to nest. While it may be urged that absolute proof of this is wanting, owing to the difficulty of positively recognizing individual birds, such recognition is at times possible, and has in many instances been made. Circumstantial evidence is, however, abundant, as all who have observed birds closely will testify. Expert field ornithologists have no doubts in the matter, and often profit by their experience in securing rare nests and eggs for their cabinets; knowing that the same pair of birds will in all probability return, if spared, to the same spot the following year, the collector notes the locality and returns with some degree of confidence at the proper time to secure the coveted spoils. This is true not only in the case of the larger species, but equally so for the smaller ones, and has been especially noted in those which are of rather rare occurrence, attention having been naturally most directed to these. In the case of hawks, not only has the same pair been observed to return to the same tree, the same cliff, or the same marsh, according to the habits of the species, for a long series of years, but the intense solicitude they display for many weeks (in some cases, before the breeding season begins) when the precincts of their home are invaded, shows that their return is actuated by strong home affection. No one at all observant of bird-life can have failed to notice the manifestations of joy displayed by our familiar bluebird on its first arrival in spring at the old nesting-tree or bird-house which has been its home in former years, or how persistently it defends it from all intruders for weeks before the actual nesting-time arrives. Orioles and vireos appear to return often to the same tree, or even to affix their nest to the same branch, for successive years; the wren, the pewee, and the robin in like manner repeatedly occupy the same nesting-sites. Such observations show that birds are able to find their way not only to the general district of their former home but to its exact locality, with a facility that betokens great strength of memory and prompt recognition of landmarks, and that such return is actuated by a true home love.

In regard to the question how birds find their way, it is found that careful consideration of the manner in which their long migratory journeys are performed affords many suggestions toward its solution. With most species, the movement is a gradual one, occupying generally a considerable period, and is performed frequently by easy stages, the birds stopping for portions of each day for rest and food. In the case of those which pass over but a few hundred miles of territory, the same individuals often tarry for days together at various points along the way. In other instances, the passage is more rapid, varying in proportion to the distance separating the winter and summer homes of the species. The swallows, preëminent in power of wing and keenness of vision, migrate with the greatest rapidity; but, even with these, a considerable interval elapses between their appearance in spring in the Gulf States and in Canada or New England, and between their disappearance at different points in fall. Some species migrate singly, many others in small, scattered parties, and some in immense flocks. While some appear to move chiefly by day, others are believed to migrate almost exclusively by night, and still others, as is certainly known, indifferently either during the day or night. The arrival of some species is, consequently, first noted toward evening; others are seen in numbers in the early morning, where not a repre-

sentative of their kind had been previously observed for many months. Cranes, storks, some herons, swans, geese, and other large wading birds and water-fowl, often, perhaps usually, fly at a great height and make long passages without alighting, but there is little if any evidence that the smaller land-birds make their journeys at great elevations; but, on the other hand, much to the contrary. During autumn our woods for many weeks are filled with busy troops of mingled species, consisting mainly of vireos and warblers, the general trend of whose leisurely movements is southward, while in spring the movement of similar gatherings is northward.

Whether birds migrate by definite routes, as some writers have maintained, is still a matter for investigation. That such is the case seems probable from their greater numbers near large water-courses than over the country at large, as well as their special abundance at particular points. Their routes, however, evidently vary in different years, as is indicated by the scarcity of some species over a wide area where they are at other times numerous. It is also noteworthy that the vernal and autumnal routes are not always the same, being, it is believed, in a few species habitually different. Birds during migration are also more or less at the mercy of the elements. Heavy storms often deflect their courses, and many thousands sometimes perish by being irresistibly borne far out to sea.

The keenness of sight in birds being duly recognized, together with the fact of the low flight and the short stages by which the passage between distant points, in the case of a large proportion of the species, is usually made, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that they are guided largely by the prominent landmarks of the country traversed, as the outlines of coasts, the trend of mountain-chains and of the larger rivers; and that the contrary view, often urged, is based on an erroneous conception of the general facts involved. To this aid must, of course, be added that of memory, both individual and inherited. Evidence that birds direct their course by the sight of well-remembered landmarks seems to be afforded by the state of bewilderment they sometimes exhibit in thick weather, and the mistaken directions they at such times are known to take. The light-houses along coasts, than which there are no more destructive agents of bird-life, are well known to be fatal in proportion to the density of the fog or the darkness, and the height of the light above the sea. In the thick darkness they become the only objects discernible, and, through strange infatuation, lead the birds only to destruction.

A few birds make long passages over the sea, as in reaching distant islands, or in passing from one continent to another. Ordinarily, the birds of North America which visit Central and South America during the winter migration, make the passage mainly by the way of the West Indies, and thus without being at any time far from land. Many of the migratory birds of Europe pass the winter in Africa, and are thus obliged twice yearly to cross the Mediterranean; but here again no great breadth of sea is encountered. It is otherwise, however, with species that habitually visit distant islands, as the Bermudas and the various groups in the Pacific and Indian oceans. With few exceptions, the birds which take these exceptional and remarkable flights are various species of plovers and sandpipers, the most roving of all birds, many of whom pass from high northern latitudes to quite remote parts of the southern hemisphere. They are, however, evidently not wholly without means of directing their course. Their general experience undoubtedly gives them a sense of direction, so that when not disturbed by unusual exigencies,—as protracted storms and heavy gales,—their ability to find their way is not really so marvelous as at first sight seems. They are strong of wing and can make the passage quickly. The sun may be their guide by day, and the usual phenomena of air and sky, the prevailing winds, and the changes of temperature attending change of latitude, may further aid them in their course. Such flights, considered in all their bearings, are, perhaps, even less remarkable than the usual pelagic wanderings of the petrels and albatrosses, which follow the same ships for hundreds of miles in mid-ocean, although during portions of the year they are not without a "local habitation and a home," and probably never allow themselves to be led beyond certain definite boundaries. To account, however, for the long pelagic journeys of certain land-birds, it has been conjectured, and, perhaps, with some degree of probability, that they follow the ancient routes of the species, and that in remote times there were numerous islands along the line of present flight, which have disappeared by gradual subsidence, and that they derive

their ability now to pursue these routes through inherited experience. The existence in many cases of such former landmarks and resting-places appears not improbable, but to accept the explanation thus suggested seems placing an almost unnecessary burden upon the theory of the transmission of habit.

In the autumnal migration, the young birds often, and in some species always, precede their parents, the interval varying from a few days to several weeks, according to the species. This has been claimed to indicate that it is folly to suppose that birds are guided in their wanderings by memory, as young birds, only three to five months old, can, of course, know nothing of the routes pursued by their ancestors, and yet find their way without difficulty. This, however, seems only to show that the instinct of migration is really transmitted habit, and that the knowledge of routes depends largely upon inherited rather than individual experience; for it should be remembered that if there is anything in heredity,—and that there is much in it seems beyond question,—it has operated through many thousands of generations in all migratory species of birds, and may therefore be supposed to have developed a potency that precludes the necessity of an acquired knowledge of routes through individual experience. That individual experience and memory, however, are important factors in the problem, seems evident from the facts already detailed in relation to the return of birds for many successive years to the same nesting-sites,—indisputable facts that admit of no other so probable, we may almost say evident, explanation.

While in the autumnal movement the young birds so often precede the old ones, the reverse, as already intimated, is the case in spring. If the physiological changes which characterize the approach of the reproductive season be presumably the stimulus of movement toward the breeding-station, nothing is more natural than that the mature birds should constitute the van. A further noteworthy feature of the spring migration is the frequent separation of the sexes during the northward journey, the males generally arriving somewhat in advance of the females, the interval varying somewhat with the species. This seems not in the least strange when it is considered that the initiative in all that relates to the continuance of the species devolves upon the male, in whom the sexual impulse is first awakened and is apparently stronger. Among the raptorial birds, and in not a few of the common song-birds, the sexes are paired on their first arrival, as appears to be generally the case with our bridge pewee, and not unfrequently with the bluebird, the robin, and the Carolina dove. In such species it seems probable that the conjugal tie remains unbroken through life, as appears to be certainly the case in most birds of prey. It is commonly believed, however, that the alliance between mated birds is of short duration, lasting only for a few months. It is certainly true that the pairing season is often marked by fierce contests between rival males for the possession of favorites of the opposite sex. Yet the return of particular pairs of birds to the same nesting-tree in species in which the arrival of the males precedes that of the females, as well as other circumstances, may well lead to the belief that in not rare instances the males are rejoined by their former partners.

Closely connected with the general subject of migration are the erratic movements of birds—the casual or accidental appearance of individuals at localities far away from the usual habitat of their kind. Respecting such occurrences, two general facts are apparent: first, that in probably nine cases out of ten they occur at or near the time of the fall migration; second, that these waifs are almost always young birds, or "birds of the year." The appearance in New England, and even as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, of single examples of species whose true home is far to the south or west of even the middle portions of the United States, may be cited in illustration. In explanation of such erratic movements two suggestions immediately arise: either that these stragglers are true wanderers, which have inadvertently moved in a direction quite the opposite to that they should have taken, or, that they have been blown from their course while *en route* to their winter homes. While the fact of such wanderers being young birds might suggest their having taken a wrong direction, the same fact equally favors the theory of their having been carried by storms out of their true course, which their weakness and immaturity would enable them to resist less effectually than do the stronger adults. That the latter is the correct explanation of such phenomena is not only generally assumed, but seems to be borne out by the occasional appearance of North American birds in Europe under precisely similar circumstances, and the much greater

rarity of the occurrence of European species on this side of the Atlantic, the prevailing winds and the course of storms being, as is well known, from North America toward Europe. Still further proof, however, is afforded by the appearance in midwinter of species as far north as Massachusetts, and even Nova Scotia, whose home at this season is the Gulf States, or even Mexico. In the latter case, the inference seems irresistible that such stragglers are carried upward by cyclones and borne rapidly and helplessly north-eastward to these distant points.

It is a popular belief that birds, especially certain northern species which in winter suddenly appear in temperate latitudes with or just before heavy storms, as well as various kinds of wild fowl, have the ability to discern approaching changes of the weather. While this idea has often been treated by scientific writers as fanciful, accumulative evidence shows that it has a basis in fact. Among such evidence may be mentioned the monthly weather reports of the United States Signal Service Bureau, in which, under the head of miscellaneous phenomena, reference is often made to the movements of birds. From these reports it appears that the southward migration of geese and other water-fowl usually precedes, often by only a few hours, the approach of heavy storms, and a sudden and very great reduction of temperature, which they often wholly avoid by keeping in advance of the change. Instances of this are too frequent to lead to any other conclusion than that birds have the power of recognizing approaching changes of weather. It is also well known that many birds display great restlessness just before the occurrence of severe storms, and that some species move southward in large flights to regions of less severity.

The general facts and conclusions presented in the foregoing remarks may be thus briefly summarized: 1st. That the habit of migration resulted from changes of climate occurring at a not very remote geological period. 2d. That every gradation exists between species the most widely roving and those which are strictly sedentary; and that even representatives of the same species may be either migratory or sedentary according to whether they occupy, as breeding stations, the northern or southern portion of the common habitat. 3d. That failure of food induces a movement toward warmer regions. 4th. That the return of birds to their breeding stations, which are their only true homes, is prompted by the recurrence of the season of procreation and strong home affection. 5th. That they usually pursue definite routes, and are guided in part by prominent landmarks, or by memory, and in part by "instinct" or inherited experience. 6th. That erratic movements are the result of transportation by storms. 7th. That birds discern approaching meteorological changes.

POEMS.

Psyche.

A BUTTERFLY, from flower to flower,
Has fluttered by;
He seems to say: "I live my hour,
How glad am I!"
Ah yes, while suns shine on the flower,
Blue is the sky!
But presently there comes the shower,
And he must die.

Thou, too, bright heart, from flower to flower
Dost flutter by;
Thou, too, dost say: "I live my hour,
How glad am I!"
But presently the clouds will lower,
And storm be nigh;
Then rise thou, far above the shower,
Caught to the sky!

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Change.

ALL life and light, sweetness and bloom,
Gather within this one low room;
All love, hope, joy here concentrate
In bliss one presence can create;
Beyond, a blank—a shadowy space,
Where floats nor outlined form nor face.
My narrow world, ah me, how small,
For thou art near, and thou art all!

Interminable wastes and waves
Stretch out before me,—mountains, graves,
Deep caverns, and rude, jagged rocks;
Dull, buzzing multitudes;—keen shocks
That clashing, crowding, intervene
My heart and one bright spot between!
Now thou art far, and seas divide,
The world is wide—alas, how wide!

CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

The Tapestry-Weavers.

I.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly work their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but his own can tell.

II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks—we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear;
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and alway in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And, when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin, but a crown!

ANSON G. CHESTER.

Lights along the Shore.

THE wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wold.
The sea-gulls gather on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The hoarse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Life," I said, "is like the sea,—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."

A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Sped up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing-boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.

"At yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits."
And singing still, she flitted past.
"I thank Thee, O my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"

AMALIE LAFORGE.

Palingenesia.

A LOCK of sunlight hair
In this old volume, and it seems as soft
And silken as when first I placed it there—
Tress gazed at fond and oft.

Upon the embers—thus!
The flame devours the thing before my eyes;
So ends the past. What phantom vaporous
Do I see slowly rise?

It sits in yonder chair—
The graceful figure in the kirtle blue,
The eyes of tempered steel, the golden hair,
That once so well I knew.

Has she arisen, then,
Spurning her cerements, from her narrow bed,
With all her arts to be admired of men—
Is not the sorceress dead?

And with her rises now
The spirit-pangs and madness of my youth,
The throbbing heart, stirred soul, and aching brow,
And doubt of woman's truth.

Smile not as once you smiled;
Put off the beauty that in death was drowned;
Beguile me not as one time you beguiled,
Ere I your falsehood found.

Go! get you to your tomb!
Lie down amid your fellows' moldering bones—
Your beauty born again fills me with gloom:
Silence those siren tones!

The figure fades in air;
Dies on my ear a faint, remorseful moan;
Before me I behold an empty chair—
I am once more alone.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Seen and Unseen.

A DREAM OF REALITIES.

I ROSE with sunrise, not so long ago,
To smell the morning air and feast the sight;
The purple east grew golden—all aglow
With quivering, new-born light.

The morning star drew in behind a veil
Of clearer beauty than the face it kissed;
The ardent sun rose up with crimson trail,
And drank the morning mist.

From golden into crystal passed the light,—
From amber into azure cooled the sky,—
The burnished dew flashed softly red and white,
To vanish: not to die.

The trees met over where I stood, and twined
Their sprays together—linden, oak, and bay;
The verdured mountains braced the dome behind,
Quick with the living day.

Between them, the blue ocean, vexed and rude,
Dimpled a hundred hues from other seas;
And from the gray rocks where the light-house stood
Flowed in the salty breeze.

The summer light warmed upward into noon,
And sloped away from zenith to the west;
The day of toil wrought its resultant boon,
And sank in rosy rest.

The dawning starlight and the fading day
Met with full kiss upon each other's lips;
The silver sea blinked up the shaded way
And jeweled the eclipse.

O saddest heart! wake up some happy thought
Among God's thoughts of love in shape so fair;
O doubting heart, know thou the beauty wrought
Because the love is there!

Sweet worlds look down, and sweeter voices fall
With higher meaning than our faith can gain:
"The blessing of the Lord enriches all,
And adds no thought of pain."

The mountains darkened while the peaceful night
Fell over that vast beauty, sweet and deep;
And, where the morning woke with orient light,
The evening fell asleep.

GEORGE HOPKINS.

The Lights.

I SEE in the forest coverts
The sheen of shimmering lights;—
They gleam from the dusky shadows,
They flash from the ghostly heights:

No lights of the tranquil homestead,
Or the hostel warm are they,—
But waning flames of the Titan fire
Which stormed through the woods to-day:

Each darts with an aimless passion,
Or sinks into lurid rest,—
Like the crest of a wounded serpent drooped
On the scales of its treacherous breast!

Let them idly dart and quiver,—
Or sink into lurid rest,—
Above, like a child-saint's face in Heaven,
There's a sole sweet Star i' th' West;—

Ah! slowly the earth-lights wither,—
But the star, like a saintly face,
Shines on with the steadfast strength of love,
In its God-appointed place!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Mary's Ward.

My boy lay cradled for his last, long sleep,
On the white pillow of his coffin-bed,
With rose-buds in his hand; I came to weep
Above the stricken glory of his head.
And, "Oh! I cannot have it so," I cried.
"Come back to me from Heaven, my babe, my own!
No sorrow such as mine the whole world wide
Has ever seen!" was my unreasoning moan.
Above me, where I wept my precious child,
The dear Madonna clasped her infant son;
And thus she seemed to say,—that Mary mild:
"O mother, loved I not this little one?
Yet through a life of pain I saw him go,
Till on the cruel cross I saw him die!
Be still and think, is this, thy young heart's woe,
Like my pierced soul's long pain and agony?"
Such gentle pity seemed her lips to move,—
The blessed Mother of the blessed Lord,—
Her accents seemed so full of tender love
From that dear heart, once pierced by sorrow's sword,
I said, "O Mary! as thou lovedst thine,
Guard thou the treasure I intrust to thee!
Fold thy fond care, as I had folded mine,
About my boy, and keep him safe for me!"
And so I yielded him to her embrace.
I know she keeps him through the long years gone!
I charge thee, Mary, when I see thy face,
Lead back to me in Heaven thy ward, my son!

M. B. C. SLADE.

The Gate of Home.

O GRAVE, how still thou art!
No sigh is heard in thee;
No groan. No helpless heart
Aches there with misery.
Tears fall not all the night,
O grave, in thee.

O grave, how safe thou art!
By this low, peaceful shore,
Whose music soothes the heart
Like mother-hymns of yore.
Fears, troubles, sleep in thee,
O grave, no more.

O grave, stretch forth thine arms;
Open thy faithful breast,
And gather tenderly
The desolate to rest.
Hope dead, to sleep in thee,
O grave, were best.

O grave, thou art the gate,
The flower-wreathed gate of Home;
By thee the faithful wait,
Until their chosen come.
Shut *me* no longer out,
O grave, from home.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

Not Dead.

HERE, at the sweetest hour of this sweet day,
Here, in the calmest woodland haunt I know,
Benignant thoughts around thy memory play,
And in my heart do pleasant fancies blow,
Like flowers turned toward thee, radiant and aglow,
Flushed by the light of times forever fled,
Whose tender glory pales, but is not dead!

The warm South wind is like thy generous breath,
Laden with gentle words of cordial cheer,—
And every whispering leaf above me saith,
"She whom thou dream'st so distant, hovers near;
Her love it is which thrills the sunset air
With mystic motions from a time that's fled,
Long past and gone in sooth, but oh! not dead!"

The silvery murmur of cool brooks below,
The soft, still clouds, that seem to muse on high;—
Love-notes of hidden birds that come and go,
Making a sentient rapture of the sky—
All the rare season's peaceful ecstasy,
Hints of pure joys of ours forever fled,
Joys past, indeed, and yet they are not dead!

Far from the motley throng of sordid men,
From fashion far, mean strife, and frenzied gain,
In those dear days through many a mountain glen,
By mountain streams, and fields of rippling grain,
We roamed, untouched by passion's feverish pain,
But quaffing friendship's quiet draughts instead—
Its waters calm, whose sweetness is not dead!

Above that nook of fond remembrance stands
A dove-eyed Faith that falters not, nor sleeps;
No flowers of Lethe droop in her white hands,—
And if the watch that steadfast angel keeps
Be pensive, and some transient tears she weeps,
They are but tears a soft regret may shed
O'er twilight joys which fade, but are not dead!

Not dead! not dead! but glorified and fair,
Like yonder marvelous cloudland floating far
Between the quivering sunset's amber air,
And the mild luster of eve's earliest star,—
Oh! such, so pure, so bright these memories are,
Earth's warmth, and Heaven's serene around them spread—
They pass, they wane, but, sweet, they are not dead!

A Life-Lesson.

SPIRIT of God! our sullied wings
Soar not to heights where Thou dost dwell;
We grope among life's meaner things,
And grovel in its mimic hell.

Our coward souls, with spears in rest,
Halt on the edge of life's hot fields,
Where Faith, by Fear's battalions pressed,
The contest uncontested yields.

With bated breath we weakly stand,
Scared by the rush of Action's tide,
Unmindful of the halcyon land
That stretches on the other side.

We sit at Passion's ample feast,
And Lust's Circean goblets drain,
Where Folly waits, with song and jest,
And tempts us to her mad refrain.

Delving in Traffic's sunless mine,
We barter souls for Fortune's dross,
God's lasting stores of good resign,
Unheeding our eternal loss.

We trust our all in Friendship's grasp,
And look for added stores of bliss;
And lo! the poison of the asp
Concealed within Love's honeyed kiss!

Sin sets her snares for trustful feet,
And lures with Pleasure's gilded spoils;
Then, when her triumph is complete,
Spurns the poor fool who dared her toils.

Ambition's chalice greets our lip,
Red with the beaded wine of Fame,
And we from seeming nectar sip
The maddening gall of Guilt and Shame.

Our stock-marts lift their giddy fronts
High over Mammon's rush and rout,
And, if the Christ would enter once,
We bar the unwelcome stranger out.

For greed of gain, and Folly's gaud,
We forfeit manhood's fairest dower;
And on our brothers' necks is trod
Our ruthless way to place and power.

We feed content on husks of Sin,
Or kiss the gilded chains of Vice,
And vainly think by fraud to win
The road direct to Paradise.

O fleshless bait! O damning cheat!
O Upas shade! O syren voice!
We curse ye all, and still our feet
Perversely make your paths their choice!

Great God! when come the golden years
So long foretold—delayed so long?
When, through Life's harvest-rain of tears,
Shall sighing blossom into song?

When shall this waste and ruin cease—
This death-blight on our manhood's life—
And the clear sunlight of Thy peace
Break through this cloudy pall of Strife?

Thy hands, outstretched to lift us up,
Our earthward eyes refuse to see;
We spurn Thy mercy's proffered cup
To drink the dregs of misery!

Thy "still, small voice" in vain appeals
Where human babblers prate and rave,
Though Reason's night-shade but reveals
The bowered entrance to her grave.

O matchless Might! with strength endow
Our puny hands to dare and do,
And in life's battle triumph Thou,
Whether by many or by few!

Let Thy blest Spirit, as of old,
Breathe down the billowy wrath of man!
And in our chastened lives unfold
The workings of Thy wondrous plan!

So, on these mingled tides of death
Thy Love's supremest beams shall shine,
And all above, around, beneath,
Pay rightful homage at Thy shrine.

So, through the age foretold so long
By poet's lip and prophet's pen,
Right shall hold scepter over Wrong,
And Eden's garden bloom again.

S. P. DRIVER.

The Soul of the Sunflower.

THE warm sun kissed the earth
To consecrate thy birth,
And from his close embrace
Thy radiant face
Sprang into sight,
A blossoming delight.

Through the long summer days
Thy lover's burning rays
Shone hot upon thy heart.
Thy life was part
Of his desire,
Thou passion-flower of fire!

And, turning toward his love,
Lifting thy head above
The earth that nurtured thee,
Thy majesty
And stately mien
Proclaims thee sun-crowned queen.

On earth, thy gorgeous bloom
Bears record of thy tomb,
And to transcendent light
Thy soul takes flight
Till thou art one,
O sunflower, with the sun!

SARA JEWETT.

Irrevocable.

I DID not know that thou couldst grow still dearer,
With every passing hour.
I did not dream that thou couldst draw still nearer,
Consume, absorb, devour,
Till life without thee is a barren thing,—
A fig-tree cursed, and done with blossoming.

I thought that summer of idyllic pleasure,
For us, was "summit line";
I said, the vintage grapes that give such measure
Must ripen on a vine,
Clinging to some volcanic rock, whose heart
Sends through each branch its fiery counterpart.

But oh, these days of more than tropic beauty,
These sweet and bitter days,
When passion drags the loosened chain of duty,
And every sense betrays,
When, all the outposts stormed, enforced retreat
Is victory more cruel than defeat.

These days when all the starved and orphaned senses,
That through long years have cried,
Are filled and fed with heavenly recompenses,
Rested, and satisfied,
When asking lips, and eyes, and hands confess
The living love, and the lost loneliness.

These days where sin is not, nor selfish feeling,
But two souls made as one
See, in the light of this strange self-revealing,
Their birthright sold and gone—
Behold around them arid desert sand,
Beyond their reach the blessed Promised Land.

Dearest, the wasted years are unreturning,
Give, then, as spendthrifts give.
What if the oil consumes itself in burning?
We die that we may live.
Living or dead, in essence we shall prove
The indivisibility of love.

MARY L. RITTER.

The Poet's Wood-fire.

A GRACIOUS Presence sits before the flame,
Of one like noble Paladin of old.
A knightly figure; gentle, calm, all-bold
For Truth, all-stern for Honor's stainless name.
What visions glow on Memory's page to claim
His thought, as ranks of silver scales unfold
On shimmering brands the wealth of forest-wold!
What hopes, what fears, for fortune and for fame!
He breathes again the grand, eternal calm
Of Eastern skies, beneath empurpled nights,
Whose stars, that glisten through the fronded palm,
Burn o'er unfathomed snows of Alpine heights;
And through it all, with tender, royal grace,
There shines for him one fair, beloved face.

MARIE MASON.

Afterglow.

FOUR mounds of earth lie side by side
Where summer sunshine far and wide
Its largess throws. No dismal shade
From cypress or from yew is made;
The sweet-brier trails across the sward
Where happy-hearted daisies guard
From rude approach the precious sod
That lies upon that hill of God.
An hundred throats their carols pour
From out a full, exhaustless store,
As if their rapture bore along
Refrain from one undying song.
The light, the song, the roses' breath,
Preclude the gloom and chill of death,
As—calm and still—the holy dust
Awaits the rescued spirits' trust;
And joyous life upspringeth fair
Where they have climbed the heavenly stair.

Can love from out our lives be lost,
Whose fibers with our own have crossed?
Are yon bright angel's brows more fair,
'Neath glory of the haloed hair,
Than when they bent to me below
All glistening with the Paschal-snow?
Do they—in happy life above—
Forget their ministry of love?
Though years on years of silence fall
Since they have answered to my call,
Their coming footsteps still I hear
(And stretch my arms to draw them near),
Their garments rustle on the stair,
Their tender accents thrill the air;
So close they seem, so calm, so bright,
The lonely way is touched with light!
Like afterglow in Eastern lands,
That flushes all the desert sands.

MARIE MASON.

At the Foot of Parnassus.

THERE was a shepherdess who fed her flocks
At foot of Mount Parnassus. Dawn by dawn
She saw new glory burn upon the rocks,
And sipped their honey'd springs, and felt up-drawn,
And filled with music, as a star with fire;
Till, from the foregone tuneful company,
She caught a far-off murmur, "Come, come higher,
For thou art of us: here thy place shall be."

And she made answer, though her heart gave heed,
"One day, one day, it shall be even so.
But now, what hand my wandering lambs would lead
Among the pasture-lands that lie so low?"
Her rustic pipe she touched at even-tide—
Sweet, sweet its wildness to her ear had grown—
But when the dewy leas grew dark, she sighed:
"Peace, peace, my heart! the Muses know their own."

Sometimes the voice waxed louder: "Come away!
Inhabit now the country of thy dream."
"But I was set to do this task." One day,
Following her feet along the lonely stream,
Death came by stealth and kissed the pallid cheek.
Far, far, and dim the heights of glory grew—
"At least, at least," the cold lips strove to speak,
"I did the thing that I was set to do."

EMILY S. OAKEY.

A Legend of St. Peter.

SAINTLY but sinful, bold but weak as erst,
Old Simon Peter scarce through grace repressed
Under white hairs the impetuous heart that first
The Christ confessed.

Fisher of men, though faith had oft grown weak,
Toiling all night and toiling yet in vain,
Still at the dawn he heard the Master speak,
"Let down again!"

And then the draught of souls his strength renewed,
Up sprang the faint heart for a space that slept—
His Lord betrayed, denied, once more he viewed—
And Peter wept.

Hotter the powers of Hell their furnace made,
For persecution lit its fires in Rome;
And creeping near, its tongues of threatening played
Around his home.

He shrank (what human heart has not its dread?)
Forgot the faith that had surnamed him Rock;
Apostate now, the Christian leader fled
And left his flock.

Beyond the gates, adown the dusty road,
The old man sped, while fear his steps outran;
When lo! atoward the city walls there trode
A wounded man.

Why did that old head bow its snowy crown?
'Twas but a man. Yet see his nail-pierced hands—
His riven side! The Apostle knelt him down
In the hot sands.

"Depart from me," again arose the cry,
As in the fisher's boat on Galilee;
"Thou knowest that a sinful man am I,
And death I flee.

"But Thou, O Son of God, where goest Thou?"
Tender and low there came the sad reply,
"To Rome, upon the cross of wood to bow,
For thee to die!"

His Lord had vanished, and, a Rock once more,
Old Simon rose and hastened back to Rome;
From a red cross that night the angels bore
A martyr home.

Weary and faint of heart, O brother mine,
I take fresh courage from thy fitful strife;
And gleams of victory through the shadows shine
Upon my life.

I've shunned the cross; I've turned my coward face
From the rough road of duty; but, O God,
Thou'lt teach my feet the pathway to retrace
St. Peter trod.

JOHN FLAVEL MINES.

The End.

YES, you have gone! and I have let you go!
Without one word to stay you. None can tell
The bitterness, the blackness of the woe,
That filled my heart, love, when you said farewell.

I could not keep you, dear, for other ties,
More strong than mine, have bound you close and fast.
I may not claim the love-light of your eyes,
Nor feel your presence near, for all is past.

I must not be a clog about your feet,
To drag you back, when you would onward press,
But, O my love! it would have been so sweet
To share with you life's woes or happiness!

Forgive me, dear, the seeming cruel wrong;
Though you have gone, I cannot bear your frown:
I stood alone! the barriers were so strong,
And one weak woman could not beat them down.

Yes, all is over! nothing will remain
But saddest longing and a vain regret.
I loved you so! and bitter is the pain,
Because, though all is lost, I love you yet!

M.

A Thought.

HERE are bitter, bitter tears; here are weariness and pain:
This is life! Who that hath known it e'er could wish it back again?
In that silent, twilight land; in that land so far, yet near,—
That is death! Who that hath known it may not hunger to be here!

LUCRÈCE.

Steps in the Right Direction.

In an article published a year ago, or more, upon the importance of political education, we said:

"There is no good reason why Yale and Harvard, or any other college, for that matter, should not have a department of politics, which should give a solid three years' course of study. There is no reason why a man should not go before a high examining board at Washington, from such a school as this, and win his certificate of fitness for public office. There are a thousand good reasons why such a man should receive the suffrages of the people for any office which they wish to fill."

Well, that which we presented as a desideratum is already furnished by two important institutions, viz., by Columbia College and by the University of Michigan. The former, more than a year ago, furnished such a course of study, in a "School of Political Science," and the latter now announces the establishment of such a school. We heartily congratulate these institutions on their far-sighted enterprise, intimately related, as it is, to political reform and the future statesmanship of the country. It has not come too soon, and it has come in good time. Through the operations of the political machine, the qualifications of our legislators and diplomats were probably never lower than at the present time. Let us imagine what Congress would be, with every member a graduate of the three years' course of political education which Columbia gives and the University of Michigan proposes. Suppose every member had systematically studied international law, political economy, the history of diplomacy, constitutional and administrative law, political and constitutional history, social science, political ethics, sanitary science, finance and statistics, or, in other words, had gone through the curriculum of one of these schools of political science. The supposition presents to the mind such a Congress as this country never possessed during its entire history. Our Congresses and legislatures are made up very largely of men who know little of any of these subjects—men without political education, and even without political intelligence, further than they have acquired it in their current newspaper reading. Our public agents abroad, mainly put in office by the machine, have been, in almost numberless instances, a disgrace to the country, knowing literally nothing of good society, nothing of the languages of the governments to which they have been accredited, nothing of diplomatic history, and nothing whatever of the forms and details of diplomatic business. The crudities of legislation and the blunders in finance and in all matters of political economy are notorious in the history of our law-making bodies. We have had a world of bad legislation, and that legislation has fitly measured the legislative ignorance.

Now, scattered up and down the land, there are a great many young men with political ambitions. Many of these are in the legal profession, or are studying, or are about to begin the study of, the law. Others are tradesmen, but men who have a desire to mingle in politics, and in the management of the government of cities, or states, or the nation. There are others still—young men of fortune—who do not care to enter upon business, but who have a taste for politics. What better can any one of these young men do than to enter this new department of Columbia and the University of Michigan, and thoroughly prepare himself for political life? Such a preparation would be not only a preparation for political life: it would be a preparation for citizenship. It would make every graduate an important and influential man in whatever community he might find himself placed. These institutions announce that all students who are graduated by their schools of Political Science will be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

We say that these schools have not come too soon, and that they have come in good time. A good many things have happened lately, that give special significance to this movement in the interest of political education. The power of the party machine has received a most damaging blow in the defeat of Mr. Conkling at Albany. He, more than any other man in America, represented the political machine. In his hands it had become the instrument for cheating the people of their power, for introducing partisans into place, for making all office the reward of party service, for shaping executive appointments, and for controlling the action of the Senate of the United States. Mr. Conkling undertook to control the President, and failed; undertook to control the United States Senate, and failed; undertook to control the State legislature, and failed; and with him fell the power of the machine in New York State. The fall of Conkling is practically the fall of the stronghold of the power of the machine. It is safe to say that no United States Senator will ever resign again because he cannot control an executive appointment. There is, at least, no question that the cause of civil service reform has received a great impetus in the fall of Conkling's power. What the state has gained—what the country has gained—in the cause of political morality and reform, is worth all it has cost. We are thankful that everything happened as it did. The result compensates for all losses and all expenses.

Then again, if we may believe the reports, the present administration has been thoroughly converted to civil service reform. It has been worn out and disgusted by the applications for office, and has had a new insight into the evils of the old system. There is no question that men in high places and low are stirred in this matter as they have never been stirred before. Mr. Dawes writes a letter to the people of Massachusetts, assuring them of the readiness of all their representatives in Congress to agree to recommend no more candidates for office

until the executive asks their advice, provided the influential people of the State will stop asking them to do so. Mr. Dawes's logic is not good. If there were any other way provided for introducing men to office, this one would not be resorted to. Let legislation of the right sort be had, and that would end all the trouble of Mr. Dawes and his associates with petitions for influence in getting office. But Mr. Dawes's letter indicates what is passing in men's minds. So we greet the movement at New York and Ann Arbor as a good step taken at the right time, and we shall be much surprised if it be not attended with signal success.

Literary Eccentricity.

If the foreign visitor at Brussels should omit a journey to the Wiertz Gallery of paintings, he would miss the greatest curiosity of that interesting city. It is a collection of pictures by a local artist, whose work was so eccentric and characteristic that the city has given it a permanent home, and classed it among its notabilities. These paintings do not lack skill in their treatment: on the contrary, some of them are rare pieces of work in their way. But their way is so eccentric that no sane painter would desire the reputation of painting them. Their subjects are oddly chosen. Great pains have been taken to represent things not worth representing, and tricks of handling are resorted to which are considered beneath the dignity of a good, self-respecting artist. Nobody imitates this remarkable work, and most people regard it as the product of a badly balanced imagination,—all of which goes to show that, in art, there are certain recognized canons of taste and rules of treatment to which the general and normal artist-mind is loyal—canons which are either ignored or contemned by the work in the Wiertz Gallery.

Wagner, the musician, has, by sheer force of talent and will, compelled the world to give him audience, yet, from the learned in musical matters he has met a strong and persistent protest at every step of his progress. His theories have been at war with the prevalent theories of musical art, and he is likely to leave behind him, not a school to propagate his theories and his style, but only his own work, some of which will doubtless live, but most of which will be regarded simply as the product of fruitless industry and misdirected power. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and the better masters of opera will be continuous in their influence and control, and Wagner will subside into the uninfluential reputation of an eccentric. In the course of centuries, certain ideas of music become established—certain principles, rules, powers, and limitations. Where a composer ignores or endeavors to supplant these, he is at once regarded with suspicion and met with opposition. Orthodoxy in art is as conservative as orthodoxy in religion and politics.

We have had a great deal of talk, first and last, concerning an American order of architecture, but the order does not appear, and, if it should do so, it would be met by a burst of ridicule from one end of the land to the other. Why? Simply because all men who have systematically learned architecture know that, in classical and mediæval times, every strong and graceful form possible in building was embodied in an order, and that all future architecture must draw upon these orders for any new combination. We have a good many attempts at originality, but not a pillar, nor an arch, nor an architrave, nor a capital, nor a frieze, can appear, that a skilled architect will not at once refer to its origin in one of the recognized orders. So, when men get outside of these orders or undertake an incongruous mixture of them, their work is recognized as eccentric, and eccentricity is ugliness.

So much as illustrations of what we desire to say about eccentricity in English literature. There are canons of taste in literature, as it concerns structure and style, and when men step outside of these they offend. We do not mean by this that there is somewhere in English literature a model which all writers are to copy—that there is no room for individuality of expression; but that there are limitations, within which there is plenty of room to work, but still limitations, outside of which no one can go without convicting himself of eccentricity and bad taste. So those who have called for an American literature, supposing that, somehow, it must have a characteristic and original form in order to be American, have called for that which can never be. The Englishman and the American, using the same language, are bound by the same laws of sound taste, and one can transgress them no more than the other. Mr. Stedman, in one of his recent articles in this magazine on "Poetry in America," quotes and approves the statement of Mr. Richard Grant White that it is the spirit, not the letter, which must characterize poetry as distinctively American. Both these men are right. There can be no distinctively American English that is not bad English. That which must characterize American literary art must belong, not to forms, but to vitalities. It is the life in the forms that must characterize them as American, if anything shall do that.

England has given us a notable instance of a man who undertook to escape from the idiomatic bondage of the English tongue. He was a Germanized Englishman, and nothing but his transcendent talent saved him from the reputation of a mountebank. If any man less than Carlyle had written in his turgid, involved, and bombastic style, he would have met nothing but ridicule. His imitators and followers have met nothing else, but these are few and far between, and Carlyle's works, or many of them, will stand in all the future as warnings rather than as examples, so far as their style is concerned. He stepped outside of the limitations of good taste. He trampled upon the idiomatic usages of his mother-tongue. He was a lawless, elephantine blunderer, whose example would do much damage if it could or should be followed. This is the kind of thing Americans would achieve if they should adopt the theory that an American literature is to be

created by inventing some new form in which to cast the English language.

Our cousins on the other side of the water are a little unreasonable in expecting from us a literature cast into some new form. They threw up their hats when Walt Whitman appeared, but Walt Whitman is a more egregious blunderer than Carlyle was, with a smaller supply of brains. We believe we appreciate all the vitalities of Walt Whitman's literary performances, but his productions, in their forms, are simply abominable. They are literary eccentricities. He will do less damage than Carlyle has done, because he has no followers or imitators. No self-respectful *littérateur* would risk his reputation by seriously issuing a poem after Whitman's manner. Even those who praise him and his barbarisms would scorn the use of his forms in any production whatever.

The English and American literatures are certain to run together and to mingle in a common stream. The two nations are constantly getting nearer to each other. They speak and write the same language, and each reads the classics of that language. Different institutions, different climates, different circumstances, will endow each literature with a different spirit, and in this spirit must be found the characterizing flavor and power of each. Each must bow to the same laws and limitations, and shun all those eccentricities of form, structure, and style which oppose the usages of the masters and confuse and sophisticate the idioms of the mother-tongue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Book of Mormon.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In the number of this magazine for August, 1880, appeared an article by myself entitled "The Book of Mormon." That article contained a statement, together with evidence substantiating it in part, by Mrs. McKinstry, a daughter of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, that the Book of Mormon was derived from a novel called "The Manuscript Found," written by her father in 1812, and that the manuscript of this novel was in 1834 delivered to one D. P. Hurlburt.

When the article appeared, there seemed to be no other proof that this manuscript was delivered to Hurlburt. Believing it to be important to follow up this clue, I recently visited Hurlburt at his home near Gibsonburg, Sandusky County, Ohio, in company with Oscar Kellogg, Esq., a well-known lawyer of that vicinity. As the result of this visit, I have received the following sworn statement:

"GIBSONBURG, OHIO, January 10th, 1881.

"*To all whom it may concern:* In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four (1834), I went from Geauga County, Ohio, to Munson, Hampden County, Massachusetts, where I found Mrs. Davison, late widow of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, late of Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Of her I obtained a manuscript, supposing it to be the manuscript of the romance written by the said Solomon Spaulding, called the 'Manuscript Found,' which was reported to be the foundation of the 'Book of Mormon.' I did not examine the manuscript until I got home, when upon examination I found it to contain nothing of the kind, but being a manuscript upon an entirely different subject. This manuscript I left with E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Geauga County, Ohio, now Lake County, Ohio, with the understanding that when he had examined it, he should return it to the widow. Said Howe says the manuscript was destroyed by fire, and further the deponent saith not.

"(Signed) D. P. HURLBURT.

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of January, 1881.

"(Signed) J. KINNIGER,
"Mayor of the Village of Gibsonburg, Sandusky County, Ohio."

In this statement Hurlburt gives the impression that he procured this manuscript from Mrs. Davison at Munson, Massachusetts, but Mrs. McKinstry, in her statement, says he got it by an order addressed to Jerome Clark, at Hartwick, Otsego County, New York, and this is undoubtedly the truth. In fact, Hurlburt admitted as much to me before Mr. Kellogg, in the conversation I had with him at his house in Gibsonburg. This is further confirmed by George Clark, a son of the above-mentioned Jerome Clark, and his wife, in two letters copied below.

In a former statement signed by Hurlburt,—the original of which is in my possession,—dated August 19th, 1880, he says: "I do not know whether or not the document I received from Mrs. Davison was Spaulding's 'Manuscript Found,' as I never read it."

In the conversation I had with Hurlburt at his house, and before Mr. Kellogg, he admitted that he "just peeped into the manuscript, and saw the names Mormon, Maroni, Nephi, and Lamenite."

The original "Manuscript Found" was in existence at Onondaga Valley, Onondaga County, New York, in 1818, as appears in the following statement, never before published. Mrs. Redfield is now living at Syracuse, New York.

"SYRACUSE, June 17th, 1880.

"In the year 1818, I was principal of the Onondaga Valley Academy, and resided in the house of William H. Sabine, Esq. I remember Mrs. Spaulding, Mr. Sabine's sister, perfectly, and hearing her and the family talk of a manuscript in her possession which her husband, the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, had written somewhere in the West. I did not read the manuscript, but its substance was so often mentioned, and the peculiarity of the story, that years afterward, when the Mormon Bible was published, I procured a copy, and at once recognized the re-

semblance between it and Mrs. Spaulding's account of the 'Manuscript Found.' I remember, also, to have heard Mr. Sabine talk of the romance, and that he and Mrs. Spaulding said it had been written in the leisure hours of an invalid, who read it to his neighbors for their amusement. Mrs. Spaulding believed that Sidney Rigdon had copied the manuscript while it was in Patterson's printing-office in Pittsburgh. She spoke of it with regret. I never saw her after her marriage with Mr. Davison, at Hartwick.

"(Signed) ANN TREADWELL REDFIELD."

The original "Manuscript Found" was in existence at Hartwick, N. Y., in 1831, as appears by the following letters, never before published, of George Clark, the son of the Jerome Clark above referred to:

"SONOMA, CAL., Dec. 30th, 1880.

"MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

"DEAR MADAM: I remember that Mrs. Davison spent a winter in my father's house nearly fifty years ago, and left there to go to Munson, Massachusetts. A year or two later she wrote to my father to sell her effects, bureau, feather-bed, linen, etc., and remit the proceeds to her, which he did. The old trunk still remained in the garret when I sold the farm, in 1864, and was given away, to whom I know not. It was worthless and empty. My wife remembers that Mrs. Davison gave her a manuscript to read during her stay with us, and that she read a part of it and returned it to Mrs. Davison, who told her it was written by Mr. Spaulding as a pastime to while away the days of sickness.

"Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE CLARK."

LETTER No. 2.

"SONOMA, CAL., Jan. 24th, 1881.

"MRS. E. E. DICKINSON.

"DEAR MADAM: My wife does not remember the words 'Mormon, Maroni,' etc., nor anything else of the contents of the Spaulding manuscript in question. She remembers perfectly that it looked soiled and worn on the outside. She thought it dry reading, and, after reading a few pages, laid it aside. She remembers perfectly, too, what Mrs. Davison said about it as being the origin of the Mormon Bible, and she thought it would die out in a few years. It was in 1831 Mrs. Davison left our house for Munson, Massachusetts.

"GEORGE CLARK."

(My interview with Hurlburt is too long to be inserted here. The gist of it is that he admitted before Mr. Kellogg and myself that he obtained a manuscript at Hartwick, Otsego County, New York, through an order from Mrs. Davison, in 1834, which he believes was written by Solomon Spaulding, that it was called "Manuscript Found," etc., that he peeped into it and saw the words Mormon, Maroni, Nephi, Lamenite, etc.)

What is the fair conclusion from these new facts? Is it not that Hurlburt got the original "Manuscript Found" in 1834? It has probably disappeared. It was obviously of value to the Mormons. They have probably had it in their control, and the fate of it will never be known.

That this "Manuscript Found" was the basis of the "Book of Mormon" still further appears from the following statements, never before published:

"CONNEAUT, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO,
"December 23d, 1880.

"I have resided in the neighborhood of Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sixty-six years. During all that period I have known Hiram Lake, whose statement [given below], dated Dec. 23d, 1880, I have read. This statement I believe to be true. I was acquainted with Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, John N. Miller, and Nathan Howard, the persons named in Hiram Lake's statement, and about 1834–5, the time of the excitement concerning Mormonism, I heard them all say that the Book of Mormon was undoubtedly taken from a manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding, which they had heard Spaulding read in 1811 or 1812, called the 'Manuscript Found, or the Lost Tribes.'

"LORIN GOULD."

"CONNEAUT, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO,
"Dec. 23d, 1880.

"I am sixty-nine years of age, and have lived all my life in Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio. My father, Henry Lake, was partner with Solomon Spaulding in 1811 and '12, in a forge in Conneaut (then Salem). About 1834, when I was about twenty-three years of age, I remember that there was a great excitement concerning Mormonism in Conneaut. My father read the Book of Mormon, or heard it read, and was familiar with its contents, and he told me it was unquestionably derived from a manuscript written by his former partner, Solomon Spaulding, called 'Manuscript Found, or the Lost Tribes.' I believe my father, about this time, made an affidavit to the same effect, which was published. Since 1834, I have conversed with Aaron Wright, John N. Miller, and Nathan Howard, old residents here, now deceased, all of whom lived here in 1811 and '12, and who had heard Spaulding's manuscript read, and they told me they believed the Book of Mormon was derived from Spaulding's 'Manuscript Found.' Some or all these persons made affidavits to this effect, which were published in a book called 'Mormonism Unveiled,' edited by E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Ohio.

"HIRAM LAKE."

These two gentlemen are highly respected residents of Conneaut, where the writer saw them in November last. E. D. Howe, above referred to, in conversation with me at Painesville, Ohio (the same month), gave it as his opinion that the Book of Mormon was derived from Spaulding's manuscript, and that this manuscript was of too much value to the Mormons, when it was in their possession, to allow it to escape them. The theory he advanced was that Hurlburt got the real Spaulding manuscript, but what disposition he made of it has not been told, and that the one given by Hurlburt to him was something else.

It may be interesting to state that on my trip to Ohio, I called on General Garfield at Mentor, and conversed with him on this subject. I found that he was much interested in Mormonism. The first Mormon settlement was at Mentor, which is only three miles from Kirtland, where the first Mormon temple was built, a structure which is still in tolerable preservation. President Garfield's farm at Men-

tor was purchased from a Mormon. Mrs. Garfield told me that her father studied Latin and Greek with Sidney Rigdon; that she and her husband remember to have heard Rigdon preach. She also said that her father told her that Rigdon, in his youth, lived in that neighborhood, and made mysterious journeys to Pittsburgh. From my conversation with General and Mrs. Garfield, I gathered that they believed that Rigdon was the prime author of the Book of Mormon, and that Joe Smith was merely his tool in that matter.

From a statement made by John Spaulding, the brother of Solomon Spaulding, printed in a memorial or genealogy of the Spaulding family, I have learned that he (John Spaulding) believed that Rigdon, then a printer, when a very young man, was familiar with the contents of "Manuscript Found," as he resided in the neighborhood of Conneaut, and is said to have been familiar with Mr. Spaulding's writings, and that he secretly followed him to Pittsburgh, worked at his trade with Patterson, and suggested to his employer to borrow the curious romance written by Mr. Spaulding, with the possible idea of publishing it. Many facts seem to confirm this statement.

During my recent visit at Conneaut, the locality of the earth-mound which so fired Solomon Spaulding's imagination was pointed out to me, as well as the site of his foundry and dwelling-house. Last year some curious evidences of a prehistoric civilization, such as personal ornaments, cooking utensils, fragments of pottery, etc., were found near the old mound, and a number of families of the vicinity possess souvenirs of this kind.

ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

"Advertising Patent Medicines": A Reply.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The discussion of the business of advertising patent medicines, in the June number of SCRIBNER, is incomplete, in that no account is taken of the position of the medical profession.

The argument is mainly based on the assumption that the people are necessarily the judges, both of doctors and medicines,—which, it seems to me, is not true. This is to confound patronage with criticism. This, notwithstanding the disclaimer, is advising every man to be his own doctor; and to be his own lawyer, if the principle is extended. But the assumption is a fallacy. It is no more true of medicine than of any other art or science. The value of a judge's opinion is measured by his knowledge. The merit of a painting, or a statue, is determined by the canons of art, as applied by painters, sculptors, and connoisseurs. But that the meretricious in art may acquire a certain reputation and success with the people, we know and deplore. The standing of a lawyer is fixed at the bar by his brother lawyers and judges, and not by the jury, or the applauding auditory. Broadly stated, the people do not judge between the facts of astronomy and chemistry, and the myths of astronomy and alchemy.

Nor is it true that "medicine is all empirical," in the sense that it is applied without science by its practitioners. The practice of rational medicine demands a knowledge of the sciences of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and physics. That "there is no authority whose prerogative it is to say to the public, that this or that man, or this or that system, is the best," is now true enough. So much the worse for the public! But that is a proper function of the State, and the time is coming when the State will assume the care of the public health. When we shall have left the age of barbarism a little farther behind, the State will be clothed with the power to establish the standard of qualifications of physicians, and to forbid the sale of secret, and therefore dangerous, nostrums. Then "we may know what are frauds and what are not." Until then we must get along with the relics of barbarism as best we may.

Is there no such thing as medical authority? Then is there no such thing as rational medicine; and it were better to throw all physic into the sea, and thus save mankind, at the expense of the fishes. For it is one duty of the physician to prevent the people from taking medicine, whether patented or not. But, it is said, the people judge by results. Again, judgment without knowledge. One falls sick and dies in the hands of a wise and skillful physician. Another, attacked by the same disease, takes a nostrum and gets well. The people, judging by results, enrich the quack and let the physician starve. And, while he suffers, he may know that no art or skill could save the one, and only violence could kill the other. The evidence that makes and sustains the reputation of patent medicines, if genuine, is worthless, for the reason that it is not evidence at all for those competent to determine the value of such testimony. It is also *ex parte*. The other side has not been heard. What nostrum vender ever "advertised" the nameless thousands who have swallowed his mixtures and who have died and made no sign? These never swell the figures in the almanacs and religious newspapers. They do not appear against the reputation of a patented medicine. Not so with the physician, who, too often, buries his reputation with his patients.

One who uses a patent medicine assumes to determine the nature of his disease and its remedy—that is to say, he attempts to be his own physician. His action is more irrational than if he offered to be the physician of others—but it is more tolerable.

Any secret remedy that has potency is potent for evil in unskillful hands, and one that has no potency is a deception. In either case its use is therefore to be discouraged, as injurious to the public health and morals. That certain nostrums may be innocuous, or even salutary, who shall say? Seeing that their composition is unknown, their quality uncertain, and their effects undetermined, they do not furnish the necessary conditions for a just estimate of their powers.

The manufacture and sale of these articles in this country have attained enormous proportions, and are increasing. It is time that sensible and intelligent people should recognize the fact that this business is in every way, excepting the way of trade, an evil thing.

H. S. K.

"Music in American Public Schools": A Reply.

LONDON, August 2, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The reference to a remark of my father's, made by Mr. H. E. Holt in your August number, needs a word of explanation. The statement is correct, but the inference is wrong. My father often said that, if music had been taught in England upon more natural principles, the success of the Tonic Sol-fa system would have been smaller. No doubt, also, as Mr. Holt reports, he may have said that had Dr. Lowell Mason's Pestalozzian system been at hand, he would not himself have been driven upon the course of inquiry which resulted in his promulgation of the Tonic Sol-fa system. But my father never meant it to be inferred that he considered Dr. Mason's method superior, or even equal, to the Tonic Sol-fa. The experience of our best teachers more and more proves the need of our letter notation in the early steps of the pupil, and its invaluable help in enlightening musical study. There is not the slightest need for any scare about "doing away with the old notation of music." Three-quarters of our pupils pass on to that notation; and, after twenty-five years' experience, we find we are making more readers of that notation than all other musical systems put together.

Yours respectfully, J. SPENCER CURWEN.

(Associate of the Royal Academy of Music; President of the Tonic Sol-fa College.)

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Books on the Training of Children.

MANY a young mother finds herself the guardian of a precious little life, utterly ignorant of the best methods of caring for it. What does she do? What would she do if she wished to become an accomplished artist or linguist? Does she set about becoming proficient in motherhood as she would in music, or in French? Does she not rather trust to her *instincts* to guide her in the matter, looking to relatives or friends for advice?

The root of the evil is to be found, of course, in the fact that nothing has been done in the previous life of the mother to prepare her for the duties that now devolve upon her.

"Is it not an astonishing fact," says Herbert Spencer, in his "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," "that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims."

There must be somewhere a remedy for this evil. Where can the mother go for help in her difficulties?—for hers they principally are at the beginning, though fathers have much more responsibility, even in this matter, than is generally assumed.

Any mother who will enter upon her duties in this spirit—the same spirit with which she would enter upon her duties as a student of art, or philosophy, or anything of the kind, will be amazed to find how many helps there are for her, how many most excellent works there are on this subject whose teachings will be of incalculable assistance to her, if properly studied and properly applied.

Herbert Spencer's work (from which I have quoted), "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," is published in pamphlet form by D. Appleton & Co., and can be had for fifty cents. It is a book that should be owned and well read by every father and mother capable of understanding it, and, indeed, by every one who has the responsibility of the training of children. More detailed works on the subject are "Physical Training of Children," by P. H. Chavasse, a well-known English physician; "The Training of Children," by James C. Jackson, M. D., of Dansville, N. Y.; "The Mother's Hygienic Hand-book," by R. T. Trall, M. D., and "The Management of Children in Sickness and in Health," by A. M. Hale, M. D., Philadelphia. Of books of rather a different order are "The Child," by M. H. Kriege, published by Steiger, of New York, and "Aids to Family Government; or, From the Cradle to the School" (Holbrook & Co., New York),—a book most highly recommended by Miss Elizabeth Peabody. Of a different order still are Abbot's books, "The Mother at Home" and "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young"; and "Principles of Education," by Sewell (D. Appleton & Co.),—all containing most valuable information. "What is Play? Its Bearing upon Education and Training," by John Strachan, M. D. (of Edinburgh, I think), is a most interesting little book, most ably written. "How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage," an English book by Mrs. Warren, is also one that should not be omitted in a list of this kind. Besides these, there are several books that may not seem at first to belong with those I have mentioned, but which surely ought to be read by every woman in the land, and particularly by those who have the care of the "little women" of our time,

namely, books on woman's dress. For surely the unhygienic, unphysiological way in which woman's body has been clothed has gone very far toward making her the delicate creature, or the suffering creature, she so generally is. Several excellent works on this subject have been written, but it will be sufficient to mention "Dress Reform," by Abby G. Woolson (Roberts Brothers, Boston), and "Dress, Health, Beauty," published by Ward, Lock & Co., London.

The books I have named do not, by any means, exhaust the list of those on this most important subject, but these will, I think, be enough for the purpose. MARGARET A. LAKE.

Girls' Letters.

WHO nowadays writes letters? We all dash off hasty notes, or hurriedly scribble a postal-card, under pressure of immediate necessity, but the "epistolary art," so dear to our grandmothers, is becoming extinct.

It is not long since postage was so high that letters were a luxury, rather than the necessity that they are now. The arrival of one was looked upon as a great event, and to destroy one was little short of sacrilege. It was worth while to spend some time and pains on a letter which would be read and reread, and perhaps handed down for the benefit of posterity.

The disjointed productions that pass for letters in these degenerate modern days would have shocked an educated girl of the last century. There is no reason why girls who can speak French and German should not be able to write English. Many young ladies who have had a smattering of recondite science, and have dipped into the grammars of one or more of the ancient and half a dozen of the modern languages, are still unable to write a letter in their own tongue, that in arrangement and choice of words might not disgrace a properly taught child of twelve. Especially, the distinction between the third and first person is often so hazy that a formal note begun in one is finished in the other!

A good correspondent begins her letter by writing her address and the full date plainly at the top of the page. Letters are so often referred to as evidence in trifling or important matters that this is worth remembering. If they should happen to be kept for any length of time, the date would add materially to their interest.

Many persons seem to think it is an insult to the intelligence of their friends to write straightforward from page to page in the natural manner, and that the more their letters resemble a puzzle the more piquantly interesting they will be. It is hard to tell why a sentence commenced at the bottom of one page should not be continued at the top of the next, instead of rushing wildly off at a tangent, and being found at last written crosswise, in the very last place a person would look for it.

The girl who really answers a letter is no common correspondent. We have all groaned with mild exasperation over a letter supposed to be a reply to one of our own, but which took not the smallest notice of our modest communication, even in a cursory mention of its arrival, left all our questions unanswered, and, with curious ingenuity, omitted every scrap of information on the subjects that most interested us.

The best time to answer a letter, when it is possible, is immediately after first reading it. So many things rush into one's mind that cannot be recalled afterward. Very few people have the requisite leisure to do this, as, in ordinary cases, it involves a rather brisk correspondence; but it should not be put off longer than necessary.

In keeping up a regular correspondence with friends at a distance, it is a good plan to jot down at night little pieces of news, or anything of interest that has occurred during the day. This journal can be used in writing the letter; nothing will be forgotten, and there will be less danger of repetition.

People who are traveling abroad are very apt to make their home letters too much like guide-books. Descriptions of scenery and famous places are generally tedious. It is the little things that are entertaining; a droll adventure, a peculiarity in dress or speech, anything which especially strikes the writer, will be certain to be given vividly, and will add color and interest to her letter.

The full name should be signed, so that should the letter miscarry, it may be returned through the Dead-Letter Office, which would be impossible if the only clew were "Lulu" or "Katie."

E. R. SCOVIL.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Letters of Madame de Rémusat.*

THE feeling of uncertainty which every reader who keeps his eyes open must have experienced while examining the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, follows him in the selection of letters written by that charming and clever lady which has been made by her grandson, Senator Paul de Rémusat. If there are fewer passages that seem to bear the trace of the Senator's own finger, there always remains the question of taste and discretion involved in the suppression of letters that are in his judgment inadvisable to print. He tells us that letters full of repetitions, necessitated by the bad postal arrangements of the day, and the insecurity of letters from the visits of the police, have been omitted; also those relating to the writer's numerous bodily ailments. The translators have thought best to expurgate further, by selecting

* A Selection from the Letters of Madame de Rémusat to her Husband and Son. From 1804 to 1813. From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

only those "which they believe likely to have the greatest interest for English readers." The double recension is not encouraging. But when we come to the letters themselves, we find to our dismay that Madame de Rémusat has pursued a system of reserve in the mention of prickly topics which strikes at the foundation of interest in these letters as pieces useful in judging of the history of her times. When she goes still farther, and colors the letters to her husband with statements and compliments meant for the eye of the Emperor, should they, in consequence of the prevalent habit of opening correspondence, reach him through that system of espionage which he developed to such an extreme, then we are just as much in the dark as ever. We only receive another jar to our confidence in her veracity. Indeed, M. Paul de Rémusat has a large stock of confidence, if he supposes that either Memoirs or Letters are going to be received on his bare statements. Without going so far as to accuse him of willing deception, it is not hard to show that the records he has inherited repose on documentary evidence of the flimsiest variety. But as to his qualifications as editor, it looks, to say the least, singular that he should allow himself so gross an error concerning the Yankee school-teacher and Tory partisan of the Revolution, Benjamin Thompson, as is involved in this note (page 85): "Count Rumford, a German, born in America, was paying his addresses to Madame Lavoisier, whom he afterward married." Any good cyclopedia ought to have shown him that he is as wrong about the nationality of the inventor and humanitarian as his grandmother was about his real merits. A special bitterness against Thompson, Count Rumford, appears to have been nourished by Madame de Rémusat and her mother. Perhaps it was merely because he was supposed to be a German, having had his title from the Archduke of Bavaria, and having introduced improvements in hygiene and the preparation of food for the German masses, besides publishing his political, economical, and philosophical essays in German as well as French. They seem to have been unaware that he was an Englishman by conviction and adoption, and one of the founders of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science. Under date of January 10, 1806, the lady in waiting to the Empress Josephine writes to her husband then at Vienna, in attendance on Napoleon:

"I am requested to ask you to make inquiries at Munich about Count Rumford. I heard such an extraordinary account of him that I am curious to know the truth. It would seem, if I may believe my informant, that this 'man of science' is a mere philosophic charlatan, without fortune or position, and mixed up with several unpleasant stories. * * * * My mother wants you to get full particulars, and desires me to tell you that since the wedding a recipe for economical marriages has been discovered. They are called *Rumford marriages*."

To this scurrilous and malignant passage Paul de Rémusat adds a note which contains two important misstatements, namely, that Rumford was obliged to leave Paris, and that he lived on an allowance from his wife. "The allusion here," he explains, "is to cheap soups and Rumford stoves. The rumors then prevalent regarding that learned man may have been exaggerated. The marriage, however, ended in a separation, as may be seen in the Memoirs, and Count Rumford was obliged to leave Paris and reside in Germany, on an allowance made by his wife." A minor matter, truly, but perhaps not unimportant as a hint of what credence is to be put in other statements of the Rémusats. The letters themselves show plainly one source of this direful gossip about Rumford. Madame de Rémusat does not spare the philosophers and writers who found warm corners at the fireside of the Widow Lavoisier until dispossessed by the elderly lover. She seems to be bearing malice against that worthy lady for having so attractive a *salon*. When Rumford appears in the character of a successful suitor, Madame Rémusat actually inherits many of the *habitués* of the widow and one or two of her more ardent admirers; moreover, she shows herself far from indifferent to the honor they conferred on her own little *salon* by their desertion.

So many are the drawbacks to the series of letters that their historical worth is reduced to a minimum. But, on another and minor side, which, after all, is also history, they present excellent material. The descriptions of various circles of Paris, of the theaters and the streets, during the alternations of ill-will toward the Emperor and frantic joy at his various victories in 1805 and 1806, are fine bits of contemporary history, and corroborate many writers on the Empire, if they do not offer a new view of the inner situation. The position of the actors of the Comédie Française, as regards the court, receives a fresh light upon it, owing to the fact that Rémusat had charge of the amusements, spectacles, etc., etc., and during his prolonged absence from Paris was kept posted concerning those "kittle cattle" by his wife, who seems to have done her best to keep the peace among them. She seems to have been reasonably free from officiousness and intermeddling, considering the temptation and her own strong leaning toward being a *bas bleu*.

Whatever may be the impression gained from the Memoirs in respect to the slanderous bent of Madame de Rémusat, the letters prove her a wise and affectionate wife, as well as a most devoted mother. To English readers, and perhaps to the Frenchman of the present generation, her endearments may sound forced and her style sensational. The grandson is careful, however, to point out that the epistolary style of the day among the persons and writers whom his grandmother considered models was far more gushing. The explanation is fair and credible. Less acceptable, however, is the explanation of the absence from the letters of those formidable accusations against the Bonapartes which give the keenest edge to the Memoirs. Madame de Rémusat could not always have been in such deadly terror of the spies of her sovereign but that some of the letters should repeat or hint at the accusations. At most there are one or two passages shadowing out some court scandal, in

which a foolish woman has been talking as if she had some special hold on the Emperor. This fact deepens the suspicion already expressed in this magazine that the Memoirs are unsound testimony, having been colored either by Madame de Rémusat when old age and ill-health had soured her, or by Paul de Rémusat, who is a bitter Republican, or rather anti-Bonapartist, or, possibly, by both together, working in succession toward the same end.

The tendency toward monarchism shown by Madame de Rémusat in her attitude in relation to the Beauharnais family and the *émigrés* of the old line comes out much clearer in her letters. In 1805 she had been reading French history, and came to this conclusion, expressed in a letter to her husband at Strasburg: "Judging from the excesses into which she has plunged, France is less adapted than other nations for liberal self-government." On airing this opinion to an old friend, the Abbé Morellet, she writes: "You should have heard him lecture me on my hankering after despotism! He was not surprised, however—all women have a leaning that way.'" And her son, the father of the present Senator, has left a note speaking of his mother's liberalism, but qualified by the phrase, "although full of the prejudices natural to the daughter of one of the victims of 1793."

In spite of the injustice that the Memoirs do the Bonapartes, one cannot fail to recognize a character of strength and superiority in Madame de Rémusat, which, added to the virtues that made her so efficient a wife and mother, give the best reasons for the admiration with which she is regarded by her grandson. While still very young, she holds with tact and success a most difficult position, although surrounded by the malcontents of both the Faubourgs Saint Germain and Saint Honoré. Her criticisms of men and books are keen and decisive. She has her prejudices, and shares in the torrent of scandal far less than might be expected. It is interesting to watch the gradual transference of her hero-worship, qualified though it was, from Bonaparte to Talleyrand. Her later letters speak of Talleyrand affectionately or playfully as their *ami*, their *curé*. It is only fair to suppose that Napoleon's treatment of Josephine finally disgusted Madame de Rémusat with him. At any rate, it will always stand to her honor that she accompanied her Empress into exile, though offered a place at the court of the new Empress, and though her failing health counseled rest rather than a voyage. Save for the love-passages, there is not a dull paragraph in the whole series, so far as translated.

Grimm's "Life and Times of Goethe."*

WHEN so great an authority as Mr. Matthew Arnold pronounces a book like the present worthless, we suppose he does not insist upon being interpreted with absolute literalness. He qualifies his statement, however, by adding that it was written for the purpose of proving that the Germans have a literature equal to the greatest. It is therefore only secondarily a life of Goethe, and as such necessarily defective. The national consciousness of the Germans has grown so tremendously aggressive since the war with France that it has become positively dangerous to dispute, in a company of Teutons, the superlative greatness of anything *Deutsch*. Mr. Arnold, while heartily recognizing Goethe's genius, is of opinion that Mr. Grimm has pandered to the vanity of his countrymen, and, with a considerable expenditure of talent, has produced only a mediocre book.

There can be no doubt that these strictures are in the main just, and reveal the real weakness of a work which, whether as a biography of Goethe it be worthless or not, is nevertheless exceedingly entertaining. Mr. Grimm (who, by the way, is a son of Wilhelm Grimm, and the son-in-law of Bettina von Arnim) writes in a style which is at once refined and vigorous, and he is endowed with the most sensitive æsthetic antennæ, from which not even the subtlest and most fleeting qualities of a literary work can escape. In fact, he is very apt to carry his subtlety to a point where the common reader loses his patience and begins to sigh for more tangible verdicts. But it is well to bear in mind that Mr. Grimm is primarily an art critic, and that the extreme development of his æsthetic sense is due to its continual cultivation in passing judgment on works of art. "The Life of Michael Angelo," upon which he has hitherto based his scholarly reputation, displays approximately the same faults and exactly the same excellences as the present work, although, to be sure, amid the scenes of the Italian renaissance, Mr. Grimm finds no occasion for giving vent to his patriotic ardor. So much the more does he improve his opportunity in his novel, "Invincible Powers," in which a beautiful American heroine cuts many wonderful capers in her relations with a young German hero, with whom she has the misfortune to be irrationally captivated. A little novelette, entitled "The Child," shows Mr. Grimm at his best, and is altogether a rare and delicate piece of work.

It is vain to expect that any man, however variedly endowed, should be able to do full justice to Goethe in the many capacities in which he claimed the attention of the world. Haeckel, in Jena, and a number of other scientific specialists, have proved how greatly he was in advance of his age in his views on geology, anatomy, and botany, and have explained what a largeness of vision his apparently unimportant discoveries involved; Tyndall, while elucidating the fundamental error, has yet a good word to say in praise of the much-abused "Doctrine of Color." An army of critics and biographers have emphasized now this, now that, side of his work or character to the comparative exclusion of all the others, and yet the majority of Goethe students feel, at the present day, that the last word has not yet been said,—that, in fact, the subject is unexhausted and inexhaustible. What Mr. Grimm has accomplished better than any of his predecessors is to show the exact nature of the change which the Italian journey wrought in Goethe's

* Life and Times of Goethe. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Sarah Holland Adams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1880.

development; to account, as it were, for his artistic regeneration in the presence of the great monuments of ancient art. It has for a long time been the fashion in Germany, as it is yet among the half-cultivated in England and the United States, to decry those of Goethe's works which were written after the effects of the classical renaissance had matured in him; and no amount of sagacious demonstration will ever convince these people that "Iphigenia" and the "Roman Elegies" possess a merit at all comparable to that of "Werther" and the first part of "Faust." After all, each man must be permitted to enjoy that which corresponds most nearly to the state of his own culture; and there is undeniably among Goethe's writings much which will always remain a book with seven seals to all except the special student who studies him as he would Homer, and investigates all the collateral testimony which tends to throw light upon his age and his personal character. Whether this circumstance is an evidence of strength or of weakness, we shall not undertake to decide. It distinctly removes Goethe from the class of poets to which Homer and Shakspere belong,—poets who, even though they may yield a higher enjoyment to the initiated few, have yet an easily comprehended surface meaning which appeals alike to lay and learned. This distinction Mr. Grimm has in no wise appreciated, and he loses no opportunity to place Goethe, Shakspere, and Homer in friendly juxtaposition, as if they were members of the same guild. It is, in fact, highly characteristic of the clique of German scholars to which Mr. Grimm belongs (most of whom are ardent admirers of Bismarck's high-handed methods of government) to ignore the very existence of the vulgar populace who have no university education and are unable to conjugate a Greek verb. Even though the first impulse toward the union of Germany into one nation or confederacy may have emanated from the "educated,"—as Mr. Grimm insists that it did,—there certainly is some credit due to the thousands who fought and bled in the war of independence in 1814, and in the invasion into France in 1870. And, as every one knows, it was chiefly these two wars which accomplished the political resuscitation of the German empire. Mr. Grimm, with the intellectual arrogance peculiar to a German professor, refuses to give the people who did the actual fighting their due share of credit:

"Out of this unity of the language arose among us the true fellowship in higher intellectual enjoyment to which we are solely indebted for our political unity,—a unity which could never have been achieved without the unceasing activity of those whom we, in the highest sense, call 'the educated,' and to whom Goethe gave the first common direction."

It is also in perfect keeping with Mr. Grimm's "imperial" creed, which finds incidental expression in every chapter of his book, that he should make the following startling assertion: "Republics have always been based upon the sovereignty of a few powerful families." The Italian republics of the Middle Ages, of which the author has made a profound and exhaustive study, were undoubtedly oligarchies, nor were the republics of antiquity pure democracies. But we modestly suggest that the United States and Switzerland also be entitled to some consideration; and we think it would be hazardous to maintain that their governments are "based upon the sovereignty of a few powerful families."

Inaccuracies like these would hardly interfere seriously with the value of the work, as a biography, if they did not betray a tendency to make out a case, at all hazards. The spirit of national complacency and self-congratulation, which crops out on every occasion, places the foreign reader on the defensive, and makes him distrustful of the author's conclusions, even when they are beyond dispute. Instead of giving him a vital impression of Goethe's greatness, Mr. Grimm, by his indiscriminate panegyrics, accomplishes the very opposite of what he intended. In exciting a very natural antagonism to his hyperbolical claims in favor of his nation, he also rouses a spirit of incredulity and detraction toward his claims in favor of Goethe. Mr. Lewes's "Life of Goethe" was an elaborate and ingenious apology, addressed to what he conceived to be the prejudices and narrow morality of English Philistines, and, as the Philistines are no less numerous in Germany than in England, the book was translated into German and found a larger audience there than any previous biography of the poet. But the intellectual oligarchy of the Father-land have always felt an irrepressible irritation against the book, because, in spite of its exalted view of Goethe, it still conceived of him as a man whose greatness was dimmed by many glaring faults, and who, accordingly, was a subject for mingled praise and apology. The Vulpius affair, which, in the eyes of all sensible men, will always remain a deplorable episode, is now sufficiently remote to have lost the character of a scandal; but it was reserved for Mr. Grimm to prove that Goethe's marriage to an uncultivated woman, who, in her later years, was habitually intoxicated, was, on the whole, a wise step, and entirely consistent with his greatness. The results, however, do not vindicate this view of the matter. The vice, inherited, in Christiane Vulpius's case, from a series of dissolute ancestors, re-appeared in Goethe's son, who came to a sudden and premature death, and the family of Goethe is now represented by two old bachelors, who are, to be sure, estimable men, but are destined to carry the great name with them into the grave.

Of Miss Adams's translation it is difficult to speak with respect, and when Mr. Grimm pronounces it excellent, we can only say that his knowledge of English must be even more imperfect than is his translator's acquaintance with German. What, for instance, can be more awkward and inelegant than the following (p. 13):

"The oversight of a university devolved upon him, which, in those days, was of far greater importance than it is now, where he called into existence or promoted institutions for scientific purposes, organized public criticism, and prescribed its direction."

She translates the German *advocat* with "advocate," instead of lawyer or barrister; the German

so she sometimes renders with the same word in English when it should be rendered "then," and *selbst* she once mistakes for the pronoun where it is an adverb, and should be translated "even." She sometimes translates German titles and sometimes prints them in the original, being guided, apparently, by her own caprice. Thus, we can see no reason why she should retain the German words in the case of Herder's "Die Kritischen Wälder," when she has just before (p. 44) translated the title of "Fragmente über die Neuere Deutsche Literatur." The most monumental blunder in the book, from a grammatical point of view, is on page 21, where Miss Adams boldly prints "the *Jungen* Goethe," which, for her sake, we hope is a typographical error. We have not the space to detail further the twenty or more blunders which we had marked for quotation.

Griffis's "Japanese Fairy World."*

THE popular stories that circulate in a nation, and especially those that are told chiefly to children, are an infallible index of the character of the people. Mr. Griffis has, it is true, selected those which are not "bloody, revengeful, or licentious," and himself bears testimony to the fact that much of Japanese popular literature is not suited to Western ideas. But these thirty-four stories are nevertheless truly typical of one side of the Japanese character, and that the most prominent, and the one with which the foreigner is surest to come in contact. Strangers are accustomed to regard the Japanese more as a pack of grown children than responsible adults; while their love of laughter, *bonhomie*, and kindly disposition give them the air of good children, too. Now this little collection makes one think of good children possessed of extraordinary powers of imagination joined to great simplicity, who are making fables of all sorts of things round about them. From the creation of heaven and earth, the rising of the sun, the movement of stars across the Milky Way, to the fable of frogs, crabs, and talking kettles—all is fish to the imaginative net of the Japanese. And just as behind the stories of Mother Goose events of the highest importance are concealed, so, but far more clearly, there lurk behind these genial tales the greatest acts of the world of natural phenomena, and doubtless often, also, events in the history of Japan. Mr. Griffis will be remembered as the author of a delightful book called "The Mikado's Empire." His selection is excellent and most charmingly expressed. It is a pity that the publisher did not bestow greater pains upon the little volume, for its unpretending cover and very ordinary typography may keep many readers from discovering the treasure it contains. A feature of unusual interest is the series of illustrations by an artist of Tokio.

Mr. Griffis tells how his own curiosity was roused to understand the meaning of the figures and scenes that appear on the Japanese books, bronzes, fans, lacquered boxes, and knickknacks, and how the pursuit led him to "behold the wondrous fertility of invention, the wealth of literary, historic and classic allusion, of fun, myth, and riddle, of heroic wonder and legendary lore, in Japanese art. Some of these stories I first read on the tattooed limbs and bodies of the native foot-runners; others I first saw in the flower-tableaux at the street floral shows of Tokio." We can think of no national collection of fairy-stories which surpasses the Japanese in originality and freshness. Those presented here almost always end pleasantly, as if the story-teller were too good-humored to afflict his hearers. They are full of odd and pleasing turns of thought. Many are plainly satires; others are instructive fables with a hidden moral; "Little Silver's Dream of the Shoji" is a temperance story that might appropriately be dedicated to Mrs. Hayes.

Twelve designs by Ozawa have the clever drawing and peculiar perspective of Japanese artists, without the agreeable background upon which they make their pictures. The paper is "natural tint" merely, and the wood-cutting not particularly good. The best are of "Yorimasa and the Night-beast," and "The Star-lovers' Meeting on the Bridge of Birds." The stories are of the greatest interest to savants occupied with the comparison of myths, and the pictures to artists who have come to acknowledge that to them also Japan has a good deal to say.

Coquelin's "The Actor and his Art."*

THIS is an admirable translation of an admirable little book. Mrs. Alger has rendered into smooth and idiomatic English the graceful periods which M. Coquelin wrote for his own delivery—for his essay was a lecture before it got itself into print. At this late day it is not necessary to define M. Coquelin's position as one of the greatest comedians of the day, or to dwell on his exceptional qualifications for the discussion of his art. He is not the first of the comedians of the Théatre-Français who has chosen to turn author also: indeed, the list is long, from Molière to M. Coquelin, who plays Molière's parts in the house of Molière. In our own day it includes Samson, the tutor of Rachel, who wrote a didactic poem called "L'Art Théatrale"; and M. Regnier, the teacher of M. Coquelin, who has written, for one thing, the history of histrionic art in France. M. Coquelin begins by asserting that his art is an art; and then he considers its conditions. This preliminary defense of the actor and the glorification—if one may call it so, although the word is perhaps too strong—of his art were, no doubt, the occasion of the essay. In France, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, although given to obscure artists, authors, journalists, and even to men who have merely made money, has not been awarded to an actor, however high his rank. M. Regnier only received it after he had

* Japanese Fairy World. Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

* The Actor and his Art. By C. Coquelin, of the Comédie-Française. Translated from the French by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1881.

left the stage; it has not yet been given to M. Coquelin, M. Got, or M. Delaunay. It is an honor denied to the artists who embody the *Alceste* of Molière, the *M. Poirier* of Augier, and the *Gringoire* of Théodore de Banville; while it is freely given to the writer of an obscure farce like "Pink Dominos." After a plea—as clever as it is courteous—for the honor of his craft, M. Coquelin considers the foundations of the art of acting. His remarks should be read by every one who is fond of good acting. Like Lewes's acute essays on "Actors and the Art of Acting," it will help to clarify the understanding. It is safe to affirm, for one thing, that most readers will be greatly surprised at M. Coquelin's assertion that a great actor is not carried away by the whirlwind of his passion; that he remains absolute master of himself; and, indeed, that he moves others less in proportion as he is more moved himself. This is Diderot's "Paradox on the Comedian," and the great critic of the last century was right in this, as he was in most of his judgments.

Ingersoll's "Friends Worth Knowing."*

THE felicitously named volume before us comprises eleven of Mr. Ingersoll's recent essays, three of which have become familiar to our readers in these pages, the others having first appeared in nearly as many different periodicals, and treating such homely subjects as snails, wild mice, the eagle, the buffalo, the oriole, etc.

The larger portion of the book is devoted to the birds, there being separate chapters on winter birds, bank-swallows, and the song-sparrow. In noting the habits and traits of the birds, as well as other animals, Mr. Ingersoll is usually close and accurate. He makes a nice distinction in speaking of the migratory habits which, to some extent, belong to all species: "The true home of a bird is where it rears its young, even though it be not there more than a third of the year, and everywhere else it is merely a traveler, or *migrant*." It must be by accident that he drops the statement that the robin is one of the birds which "truly and gracefully walk!" Certainly, if any bird moves upon the ground exclusively by hopping, in distinction from walking as the quail and partridge do, it is the robin.

"A Midsummer Prince" is the happy title by which our charming Baltimore oriole is designated in an essay devoted to him. No other of our birds, we think, combines so many attractions—plumage, structure of nest, variety and melody of song, and graceful flight. Mr. Ingersoll discusses these traits at length, and offers an original and plausible explanation of the fact that the nest of the oriole is so different from that of its fellows. The theory is founded on the fact that the oriole is the only species we have of which the female is rendered conspicuous by bright plumage; were its home of the ordinary type, the mother bird would be exposed when sitting and would, consequently, be in danger from its enemies—hence the unique protection of a pensile nest.

The chapter on "Civilizing Influences" considers one of the most interesting subjects of natural history, namely, the effect of man, and of the changes he brings upon the face of the country, on the habits and instincts of animals.

Leroy and Renouard's "Pensionnaires du Louvre."*

THE text of this handsome quarto of one hundred pages, collected after serial publication in "L'Art," vies with the designs for lightness of wit and piquancy of caricature. It is the woman copyists of famous pictures in the Louvre which employed the facile pen of M. Leroy, and he has brought to the task all the audacity and some of the unscrupulousness of the superior reporters for the journals of the Boulevards. The frequent use of names of real people may strike the reader as very bold, but, for Paris, the book is, in truth, by no means audacious. Almost all the copyists, or *pensionnaires*, at the Louvre are women. Some are old, some are young; many are Frenchwomen, but a good proportion of foreigners is also present. The chance for antithesis and contrast is wide; the opportunity for a bit of gossip here and a touch of naughtiness there does not go unused. Criticism of various schools of art can also be cleverly introduced. The Impressionists are the usual butts. Treading in the footsteps of Diderot, when he makes "Le Neveu de Rameau" his mouth-piece for a variety of heresies and sharp sayings, M. Leroy strolls through the Louvre under the guidance of a painter of the most virulently Impressionistic stripe, named Potet. The latter knows well all the regular copyists, and adroitly enters into conversation with all the new. The two come to a common-looking woman in spectacles, working away for dear life at a copy of one of Chardin's pieces of still life. She is Madame Zénaïde Chaumonot; but her attitude, dress, and talk tell plainly enough that she likes plenty of cabbage in her soup. Potet delivers himself of some of the heresies in art of which once Courbet was, and now Manet is, supposed to be the artistic chief. The old lady is disgusted at such ideas.

"'Do be done with your impressions; I have impressions, too, but that does not stop me from drawing.'

"'You really think you have them?'

"'Don't I tell you so?'

"'Very well; I am too polite to answer you with a coarse denial; I merely allow myself the affirmation that your impressions are to mine what the heavy duck is to the light and brilliant humming-bird.'

"(That's what he calls polite!)

"'They dry up as they come from your brain—petrify themselves on your canvas. Your outlines are hard, abrupt; they hurt the eye. My dear Madame Chaumonot, you'll hurt yourself against them some day. Your unlucky coloring lacks

* Friends Worth Knowing: Glimpses of American Natural History. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* "Les Pensionnaires du Louvre." Par Louis Leroy. Dessins de Paul Renouard. Paris: Librairie de "L'Art." New York: J. W. Bouton.

vibrations; it lacks everything. Mine, on the contrary, indecisive and floating, has a pair of diapered wings, which never allow it to rest heavily on the object brightened by it.'

"'One has to turn to chance to get illumination with you, I suppose,' answered the old lady, with some maliciousness.

"'We have proclaimed the independence of form—the respect due to the outline—which is undetermined! What right has the model to ask that we should copy it servilely? Is not the interpretation the fundamental rule in art? I interpret—therefore I feel; I feel—therefore I ——'

"'Ta, ta, ta! Enough about your feelings. Have you remembered the recipe you promised to give me for that famous soup, with cheese *à la Savoyarde?*'"

Then there is the American girl, "Miss Colorado," who will answer nothing but "Yes" to all the respectful advances of Potet. When, however, he is betrayed into advice, couched in the broken French suited to an ignorant foreigner, "Miss Colorado" turns upon him in excellent French, laughs at him, gives him to understand that she does not care to be spoken to by strangers, and goes off to her lunch.

Dropping Potet, the bright writer of dialogue gives a series of talks between copyists at the Louvre and the ghosts of the masters whom they copy. Regnault, for example, is astonished to hear the musical terms which his copyist employs. All this is very good fooling, especially in a daily paper; but it may be questioned whether there is anything like art-criticism in it. Amusement of the reader, at any cost, seems to be the effort.

The figures by M. Renouard (some engraved and some "processed") are very clever in the expression of character, but the engraver has sometimes evidently failed to preserve the original effect.

Miss Hale's "Peterkin Papers."

It is an unpleasant moment to a young man when he hears that the boy who was at the foot of the junior class, when he left school, is married and has two children. For the first time he realizes that his capital of youth is diminished; that men will soon ask of him—not, What will he do? but, What has he done?—and that the answer to this question may not be wholly satisfactory. There is many a young man who, to-day, will feel that depressing period brought back to him with unwelcome iteration when, looking for a book for his old chum's eldest boy, he comes across Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.'s reprint of Miss Lucretia P. Hale's "Peterkin Papers." He will find it hard to realize that it is not yesterday, but a good fourteen years ago, that he himself smiled over those quaint sketches in the pages of "Our Young Folks"; and that "Our Young Folks" has since died, like the "Riverside," and has risen phœnix-like in "St. Nicholas." Yet he will find that he can smile over them still, and that the boy of eight will enjoy them as heartily as did the older boy who read them at sixteen.

Two generations have become intimately acquainted with the Peterkins. Mrs. Peterkin is the original Lady Who Put Salt in Her Coffee, and who called in the Chemist, who tried to neutralize the objectionable element with chlorate of potassium, and bichlorate of magnesia, and tartaric acid, and hypersulphate of lime, and ammonia, and oxalic, cyanic, acetic, phosphoric, chloric, hyperchloric, sulphuric, boracic, silicic, nitric, formic, nitrous-nitric, and carbonic acids, and calcium, and aluminum, and barium, and strontium, and bitumen, and half of a third of a sixteenth of a grain of arsenic, and a little belladonna, and atropine, and some granulated hydrogen, and some potash, and a very little antimony, finishing off with a little pure carbon. Then, as all the world knows, she called in the Herb-Woman, who doctored the brew after her own empirical method, and said the coffee was bewitched. And poor Mrs. Peterkin never got her cup of coffee until an inspired genius from Philadelphia suggested to her to make a fresh cup.

Mrs. Peterkin had quite such a family as might be expected of her, comprising Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon—the eldest son, who had been to five colleges, and had been graduated at none, because the professors would ask him just the questions he could not answer; Elizabeth Eliza; Solomon John, and the Little Boys, who may have been two and may have been three—"they were always coming in or going out, and it had been difficult to count them."

The adventures of the whole family are recounted at length in this volume. They go to the Centennial; Solomon John writes a book—or rather gets ready to write it, and then finds he has nothing to say; they have a Christmas-tree, and alter the house to fit the tree; and they do many things highly entertaining to those who read about them.

All this is told in an agreeably clear, straightforward style, marred only occasionally by the use of New England phrases, perplexing to outside barbarians. It is mere fooling, of course, and not wholly original fooling—being but an amplification, in fact, of the French conception of "Calino," or his antique prototype, that rare old myth known as "a certain simpleton," of whose antics the boys are now reading in the "Gesta Romanorum"; but it has a natural, wholesome humor of its own, such as children like, and here and there are passages the cleverness of which their elders can better appreciate—such as the demure explanation of some unexpected exhibition of common sense by the significant statement, "*for* there was a driver in the wagon beside Solomon John;" or such as this, from "The Peterkins celebrate the Fourth":

"Mr. Peterkin thought there actually was no danger, and he should be sorry to give up the peanut. [Mrs. Peterkin was afraid that the roasting-machines would burst.] He thought it an American institution, something really belonging to the Fourth of July. He even confessed to a quiet pleasure in crushing the empty shells with his feet on the sidewalks as he went along the streets. Agamemnon thought it a simple joy."

Recent Progress in Photography.

THE introduction of the highly sensitive dry-plates used in photography (see THE WORLD'S WORK for May, 1881) has been accompanied by a wide-spread interest in the whole subject of photography. The ease with which pictures can now be taken in all climates and under every imaginable circumstance, and by persons of only moderate skill, has called the attention of both artists and men of science to the subject, and from their labors have sprung a number of improvements in the art that promise to be of real value in the shop, the field, and school-room. First among these improvements is the manufacture of small portable cameras, suitable for surveyors, reporters, contractors, builders, manufacturers, tourists, and teachers. In bringing the camera from the studio to the field and workshop, it is essential that both the apparatus and process should be cheap and simple. A camera suitable for business purposes can be easily carried in a hand-bag, and the price is about ten dollars. The usual size for dry-plates for industrial purposes, which are now made on a commercial scale for about one dollar and fifteen cents a dozen, is four by five inches. With such a camera and plates, pictures can be taken of buildings, architectural details, works and machinery in process of construction, furniture, decorations, patterns and models, tools, railroad work, and landscapes. The pictures are of a convenient size for mailing, and are sufficiently large and clear for all business purposes. In printing from the negatives, the blue ferro-prussiate paper proves for some purposes quite as good as the more expensive and troublesome photographic paper. A very brief exposure of the paper, under a negative, to the light, and a soaking in cold water in the dark, is sufficient to print and fix the pictures. This paper saves all the trouble and expense of using the photographic printing chemicals. It costs forty-five cents a square yard, and may be purchased of the dealers in artists' materials. The prints are blue on a white ground, but this is not objectionable where the pictures are to be used as advertisements, or as memoranda of work done, or as mementos of travel. All the chemicals and apparatus used in developing dry-plates are very cheap, and a small shelf in any closet will answer for a laboratory. Any room may be used as a dark room at night, because the plates after exposure can be developed at any time, provided they are kept in the dark. The faculty of taking the pictures and developing the plates can be easily acquired by any boy or girl in two or three lessons, and a person of ordinary intelligence can gain sufficient skill for all business purposes in a week's practice. The portable camera and dry-plates have also proved of the greatest value in schools, both in making pictures of places and things studied by the classes, and as a simple and inexpensive method of making pictures of geological formations, plants and minerals, studies in drawing and plastic models, and in making copies of maps.

Among the most useful applications of the dry-plates is their use in the manufacture of transparent slides for lantern projections. The lantern has now become indispensable in the lecture-room and in schools, and it might become a valuable adjunct of the manufactory and salesroom. For instance, suppose an agent has a certain piece of real estate to sell, or a carriage-maker, or a dealer in furniture, other goods to dispose of. A photograph can be taken of the goods, carriages, or buildings, and when it is important to exhibit the picture in the minutest detail, or before a large number of people, a lantern will throw up the picture on a large scale, and give every detail, and with a very fair degree of projection. In this way, the purchaser can get a better idea of the place or goods than can be obtained from a photographic print. Slides of the usual size can be made very quickly and cheaply by using the dry-plates. The plate is put in a common printing-frame (in the dark room), and covered by a negative. It is then exposed to the light of a gas or oil lamp for about five seconds. The developing is the same as if the plate had been exposed in a camera. The result is a positive copy on glass of the negative, and, when properly protected by varnish, such a plate is ready for use in a lantern. The advantages claimed for this use of photographic positives as slides are evident. The copy is direct and simple, and, in the lantern, details that would not be visible in the print are quite clear. The method is one that can be recommended for the use of schools.

The demand for colored photographs is so great that efforts have been made to find some mechanical means of producing prints in colors direct from nature. The search for a material sensitive of itself to all colors, and able to copy them in the camera, appears, however, quite as hopeless as ever. Nothing of this kind is expected, in a new method of making photographs in colors that is now receiving some attention, but to make colored pictures that may be an improvement on the prints painted over by hand. Supposing the object to be photographed to exhibit two colors,—say a green-leaved plant with red flowers,—two negatives are taken, one designed to represent the leaves and the other the flowers. This has been done before by taking the two negatives and treating them mechanically, stopping out in one all the leaves and in the other all the flowers. From each negative a print is taken and each is colored, either mechanically or by using colored sensitive films, or, in fact, in any manner that will give a semi-transparent colored film. The two prints are then laid one over the other, and, if properly "justified" or fitted together, give a single colored picture of the green-leaved plant with red flowers. The prints are said to show the half-tints, and to give all the gradations of light and

shade, with none of the hardness and density of painted photographs. The novel feature of this process appears to be confined to the method of taking the negatives. Instead of stopping out the green portions of one negative and the red portions of the other by hand, two negatives are exposed to the plant at the same time, and by the use of colored screens each is caused to select its own color. By this is meant that only red light is admitted to one camera and green light to the other. These screens are made by filling thin glass vessels with colored liquids. For the negative designed to show only the red flowers, a red screen is set up before the camera. This transmits red light only, and seen through it the plant appears to have dark or black leaves, with red flowers. Through the green screen, it appears to have green leaves with black flowers. The two negatives exhibit, when developed, only the parts where the light was transmitted, the black portions being unaffected or blank. Prints are taken from each negative in its proper color, and are laid one over the other to give the finished picture in two colors. It will be seen that in making two such negatives, each reflecting its own color, it is essential that they should be exactly alike. It is clearly impossible that they can be taken at the same time from the same point of view, and to take one after the other would make it very difficult to give each exactly the same aspect. To overcome this difficulty, two cameras, each with its colored screen, are placed side by side, and before the first one is set up a sheet of clear plate-glass, at such an angle that the image of the plant will be reflected from the surface of the glass into the camera. As the glass is transparent, the larger portion of the light passes through it, and, falling upon a mirror placed at the same angle, is reflected into the second camera. In this way each camera has precisely the same aspect, for each faces its mirror, and the two mirrors are in line and at the same angle with the light. Three mirrors and three cameras have been used, but this is probably the limit, as the transparent mirrors absorb so much light that the third must reflect all that is left or the image will be too faint.

Besides these interesting discoveries in photography, a general advance is to be observed in the progress of the whole art, both in methods and materials. Some of these are yet in the experimental stage, and will be considered more fully at some other time. The general tendency seems to be to find cheaper methods of taking the negatives, making prints on a large scale, and to bring the art more and more into use in science, education, and business. Among the most valuable of these improvements is the use of the salts of platinum, in place of the salts of silver, in making the sensitive paper used in printing from negatives. The development is by the ferros-oxalate process, and the prints have the merit of great permanence. Among the more curious of the recent discoveries is the art of making what are known as composite pictures. These are made by taking the portraits of a number of persons, say the members of a family, or of patients suffering from the same disease, and exposing these portraits, one after the other, to a sensitive plate. The result is a compound or composite picture, that is not exactly like any one individual, but resembles all. Composite pictures made up of a dozen portraits of criminals of a certain class have given ideal portraits, showing all the facial characteristics of that class. In like manner, a composite picture made by combining the portraits of a family of brothers and sisters has given a picture having a strong resemblance to one of the parents or grandparents. The most recent improvement in photographic printing is in the so-called rapid printing paper. From experiments seen in the laboratory of a photographer of this city, who brought the paper from England, it appears that the new paper will prove of the greatest value in making prints, either of the same size of the negative or enlarged. The paper is coated with a film of bromo-gelatine, prepared precisely as if for dry-plates. The paper examined was placed in a printing-frame with a negative in the dark room, and then exposed to the light of a common match for five seconds. The development after soaking was by the ferros-oxalate process. The fixing was in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, the paper being placed in the bath for one minute and then washed. A large sheet of the paper was set up on an easel, and a common magic lantern was used to project a negative upon it for five minutes by diffused light. The development showed a life-size picture, perfect in all its details. An oil lamp may be used in the lantern, and prints are only limited in size by the size of the paper.

The second annual convention and exhibition of the Photographic Association of America, held in this city August 16th, 17th, and 18th, gave an opportunity to examine the present position of photography as an art. It would appear that the tendency in this profession is toward greater artistic skill in the studio and retouching room. Mechanical excellence in the camera and printing-lantern, and thoroughness in the chemical department, have been attained. The photographer must now become an artist. The use of backgrounds painted from nature, the adjustment of light, and the combination of scenic effects with truthful and natural accessories, and artistic posing in the studio, now give ample scope for knowledge and taste. Retouching the negatives also gives a wide field for skill. The exhibition, composed of pictures from all parts of the country, and the valuable papers read at the convention, showed that the aim to raise the artistic standard of the work has been resolutely and intelligently taken up by the profession.

The London "Punch" on Wood-Engraving (?)

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor: "You haf a bleasing foice, my young vrent. Pot you ton't brotuce it in a lechidimate vay!"

Our Tenor: "Perhaps if I did it would no longer please."

Herr Professor: "Ach! Vat of dat? Bleasure is not effery ding! You should alvays brotuce your foice in a lechidimate vay, vedder it kifs bleasure or not!"

How Iö Died.

WHEN I was at Latin a tyro,
I read, in the old classic story,
About a dear damsel named Iö,
Who had a *penchant* amatory
For Jove; but his wife showed her power—
(Æneas once felt it, as you know),—
And so, most completely to cow her,
She was changed to a heifer, by Juno!

But after her buzz by that gad-fly,
When Jove had remade her a maiden,
I often have questioned, and sadly,
Who aided my lady to Aidenn.
At last, a fair female physician
(From skill does the pride of the lassie come)
Disclosed me her final condition.
She said: "Iodide of potassium!"

The Dame and the Critic.

[Versified from Hans Christian Andersen.]

Two waiting souls, just freed from fleshly guise,
Knelt, suppliant, at the gates of Paradise:
He, arrogant, imperious, bold of mien;
She, meek, yet fearless, patient and serene.
And as, to him, the time seemed long to wait
Before the final opening of the gate,
He fell, at length, to talking.
"Dame," quoth he,
"While good St. Peter searches for the key,
Pray tell me—if to ask be no offense—
Your name and station, how you came and whence;
What you accomplished in the world below."
(He was a critic, reader, you must know.
Well skilled to censure, little given to praise,
The man had spent the substance of his days
In idle ease, while yet his caustic pen
Belabored better, because busier, men.)
"I am old Margaret," the dame replied;
"My home was in a hut the sea beside:
I've lived a calm and uneventful life,
By crime unsullied and unvexed by strife;
But as for aught that I have done, or been,
These blessed gates of Paradise to win,
I have no plea to make."
"But tell me now,"
The curious critic questioned, "why and how
You left the world."
"Indeed, I scarce *can* tell,"
Replied the dame, "since what at last befell
Seems strange to me and dim. I can recall
One dreadful night: beyond the great sea-wall,
Built up to keep the bristling tide at bay,
The towns-folk, young and old, had gone to play
And sport upon the ice, to skate and feast
And dance to pleasant lutes. The crowd increased
With every moment; large and round and red
I saw the moon rise, looking from my bed:
For I was feeble, sickly, worn and old,—
Nay, well-nigh helpless, if the truth were told.
But, as I said, I saw the red moon rise,
A ball of fire from out the eastern skies,
And marked, along the marge, a strange, white cloud
Slow-spreading, like a spectral, ghastly shroud;
And, as I gazed, behold, its center grew
Black—black as ink. Oh, horror! then I knew—
For I had seen the fearful omen twice,
In my long, lonesome life beside the shore—
Its import, and the errand that it bore
To the doomed people skating on the ice.

"I knew that terror, tempest, flood and wreck
Waited like demons on its awful beck;
That, ere an hour had passed, the frightened deep
Its icy bonds would break and overleap
The wall in frightful floods. Was it too late
To save the people from impending fate?
Alas! alas! what hand, unless 'twere mine,
Could give them warning, knowing not the sign?
'Oh, impotent! great heaven! but give me power
To save my people in this awful hour!'
I cried aloud, in sorest agony.
The dear Lord heard; he heard and answered me:
A strange strength came to me in every limb,
My mortal weakness seemed a sick-bed whim;
I rose, I ran, I hurried to the door,
I rent the air with shrill and frantic cries,—
'Good friends! good neighbors! hear me, I implore!
Yon cloud! yon cloud! oh hasten! make for shore!'
In vain, in vain: no questions, no replies
Came floating back to me. My voice was drowned
Amid the merry-making and the sound
Of tinkling lute and viol. Once again,
Twice, thrice, I called. Oh! was it all in vain,
And must they perish?
"Suddenly, a thought,
A daring purpose (it was heaven that wrought
And sent the inspiration)! I would fire
My hut, my home, and haply thus the dire
And dread calamity forestall. I knew
The people were too good, too kind and true,
To guess what plight was mine and fail to come
Straight to the rescue. So, with trembling, dumb,
And eager haste, I lit the scanty straw
That filled my frugal bed. Oh, joy! I saw
The quick flames kindle—saw them rise and rise;
I heard the startled people's sudden cries,
And, groping blindly to my open door,
Beheld them hurrying wildly to the shore,—
Beheld them reach, at length, the great sea-wall,
And knew, thank heaven, that I had saved them all!

"Then came a rushing, roaring, deafening sound,
A thunderous crash, as if the solid ground
Were breaking up; then silence, chaos, night.
I know no more; the tumult and the fright
Were too much for a weakly, helpless thing
Like me, and so death's kind and pitying wing
Hovered above and brought me safely here,
To find, perchance, a home of light and cheer
In place of that I lost. But this I know,—
'Tis all of God's sweet grace, if it be so."

With that, the gates of heaven opened wide,
And straight an angel to the good dame's side
Glided with noiseless speed. He had been sent
To lead her in; but lo! as on they went,
A single straw, which had escaped the fire
When at the first she lit her funeral pyre,
Fell at the woman's feet; and as the two
Looked down upon it, suddenly it grew
Into a spray of brightest, purest gold,
With lovely leaves and blossoms manifold.
"Fair pledge and symbol of a good deed wrought!"
The angel, stooping, cried; "and hast thou aught,
Thyself, O critic,—aught like this to show
In proof of service done to man below?
Then learn thy doom"—but here the dame's kind soul
Was moved to tender pity: "Give him dole
Of the large grace vouchsafed by heaven to me,"
She bravely pleaded of the angel: "See!
His brother wrought me, in my sorest need,
Bricks for my hut; shall not this kindly deed
Atone for *him?*" "You hear;" the angel cried;
"Another's work, forsooth, must be applied
To cover your life-lack! Nay, nay, not so!
And yet, this respite I would fain bestow:
Remain outside these walls; a day of grace
Is granted you. If, haply, in this place,
Where yet a late repentance may avail,
You see your sinful folly, and bewail
Your error, and, by dint of earnest quest,
Accomplish something—not, perhaps, the best,
But something, *something*—it may be that you,
Saved as by fire, at length may enter, too,
And find a home within this blissful gate."

The proud and hapless critic heard his fate:
"That clumsy little speech I could have wrought
Much more effectively myself," he thought;
But from expressing it in words refrained,
And that—for him, at least—was *something* gained!

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

De squ'el kin beat de rabbit clammin' a tree; but den, de squ'el makes de bes' stew, an' dat sort o' ekalizes de thing.

De waggin-wheels aint 'fraid to tell you whar' dey been.

Don't was'e no time coaxin' a sick 'tater-slip; stick a fresh one in de hill.

'Taint no countin' on de notions ob a gra'-vine nor de chune ob a morkin'-bird.

It don't make much diffunce whar de rain comes fum, jes' so it hits de groun' in de right place.

De crab-grass b'lebes in polertics.

A short crap an' a long face.

De old sheeps wonder whar de yarn socks come fum.

A feather-bed aint much service to de young corn.

Palin's wa'n't fixed for clammin' ober.

Some smart folks can't tell a rotten rail widout settin' on it.

De people dat stirs up de mos' rackit in de meetin'-house aint always de bes' Kwis'chuns.

'Arly peach-blossoms got to run de risk o' de fros'.

Ef you aint got nuffin' smaller'n a dime when de hat comes 'round in chu'ch, drap it in; you'll git de change some o' dese days.

De fat beef aint got much conferdince in de butcher.

Sometimes de runt pig beats de whole litter growin'.

Don't trus' a mad bull jes' 'cause he aint got no horns; he kin do some right sharp pushin' anyhow.

You better not fool wid a water-milion dat puts orf gittin' ripe till horg-killin' time.

A meller apple dat drops on de groun' widout any shakin', is mos' too willin'.

Folks dat go to sleep in de meetin'-house do heap o' late settin' up at home.

Muskeeters don't suit long pra'rs.

De people dat do de bigges' talkin' at home is ap' ter do de mos' whettin' in de harves'-fiel'.

Don't trus' a man dat nebber got tired in his life.

Satan habs de Scripter in his school-'ouse.

Prevalent Poetry.

A WANDERING tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs.
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hyiouxs.

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs
March single file—never by tiouxs—
And by "blazing" the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests ne'er liouxs.

All new-fashioned boats he eschiouxs,
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs;
These are handy and light,
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dyiouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian maize, which they briouxs
And hominy make,
Or mix in a cake
And eat it with pork, as they chiouxs.

* * * * * * *

Now doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fyiouxrious!
So a word to the wise!
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious.

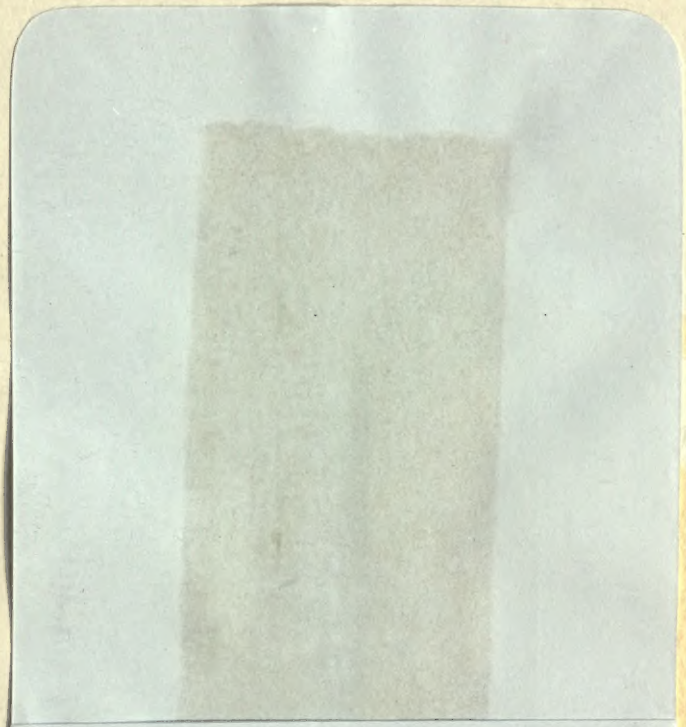
An Old Rondo.

HER scuttle hatt ys wondrous wyde,
All furry, too, on every syde,
Soe out she trippeth daintylye
To lett ye youth full well to see
How fayre ye mayde ys for ye bryde.

A lyttle puffed, may be, bye pryde,
She yett soe lovelye ys thatt I'd
A shyllynge gyve to tye, perdie,
Her scuttle hatt.

Ye coales ynto ye scuttle slyde,
So yn her hatt wolde I, and hyde
To stele some kysses—two or three:
Butt synce she never asketh me,
Ye scornful cynic doth deryde
Her scuttle hatt!

BINDING SECT. MAY 4 1966



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